

THE QUIVER

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PAPERS, ADDRESSES, STORIES
POEMS, MUSIC

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THE QUIVER.

HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT OF TO-DAY.

By A. Wallis Myers.



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A TAOIST PRIEST.

WHAT is a heathen priest? In the first place, he is the embodiment of unalloyed superstition; anything uncanny, mystic, or eccentric appeals to his heart with a tenacity which is overpowering, not only to himself, but to the thousands of heathen souls with whom he comes in contact, and which

is lifelong. He usually possesses intelligence and talents which at once place him above his fellow-men, but which, the owner being instilled with an absurd notion he can cure, kill or denounce his followers as his fancy or circumstances shall approve, he uses with great power and more often than not in an evil direction.

This pretentious and self-conscious individual may be found in one form or another in every heathen country of the world. He lives to a good old age, thrives on the heavy penalties he imposes on his numerous victims, and is held in fear and trembling by the natives.

In China the man of mystery abounds. The very atmosphere in which he and his servants breathe is laden with a



(From a Photograph supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

A CHINESE PRIEST PROCESSION.



(Photo: Watts and Sken, Rangoon.)

A BUDDHIST PRIEST AND HIS PUPILS.

(At a priest's school in Burma.)

mist of witchcraft and superstition. Woe to the man who defies the Chinese Taoist priest, for death to the offender is but the natural sequel to the slightest misdemeanour. To have one's head amputated in China is to have one's tooth out at an English dentist's: a trifle unpleasant to contemplate, but very soon over. Were there travelling executioners in the Celestial country, the hangman's journey-bill might be totalled up in millions; but such humane methods of execution are unknown over there; the more blood and barbarism the better.

Taoism, one of the most rampant creeds in China, is the result of compromise and competition. Buddhism had been imported from the West. It was denounced by orthodox Confucians as a barbarian superstition. The history of Buddha is overlaid with a mass of extravagant and incredible legend, and some authorities even consider it doubtful whether the Buddha was an actual historical personage, if not rather an

allegorical figment. It was probably during the first four or five centuries of our era, as a result of persecution, that Buddhists were driven from the large cities into the hills of the West, where they constructed those remarkable cave-temples, the number of which (and their magnificent structure) has been the marvel of all who have seen them. One authority says that nine hundred Buddhist excavations are still extant in India, nearly all in the presidency of Bombay. How can we account for the evolution of another system in a land whose scholars held Confucianism to be orthodox? In man's heart of hearts everywhere there is found, at some time or other, the definition of heterodoxy as something delicious. Confucius had to warn his disciples against foreign things simply because they were foreign; and his orthodoxy on this point seems to have been fairly well adopted ever since. Buddhism found compromise the best method for

gaining a footing in a land dominated by the *literati*, and Chinese scholarship found compromise the best facilitated plan for retaining a hold on the popular heart. Buddhism, then, in a land where monotony was a bugbear, turned its Nirvana into a realm of perfect delight; and, originally endorsing celibacy, its embrace is extended to unmarried and married folk alike. Over each it had come with its "earth-prison," or purgatory; it divided this purgatory into ten compartments and placed ten deified Chinamen in possession.

From various missionaries who have carefully studied Chinese life we find that to its paradise Taoism offers easy access. There is a small Taoist Bible, of about the size of the Sermon on the Mount, which has some good moral teaching in it, as well as many absurdities, but to those who have read it (or have read it and disregarded its precepts), Taoism affords (with Buddhism) a post-mortem substitute for righteousness of life. One of the delights offered by the Taoist paradise is such that a man, a possible Confucianist, whose relative or parent has died, seems unable to decide which is the better, and so chooses both, employing priest-monks of both classes, thus taking a "single" excursion ticket by two different boats. By Taoism, its modern representatives gain their rice by conjuring sick folks back to health and mass-droning sinners into paradise. Taoism fattens on imposture, mocks at evil, and proceeds on its inglorious career, flourishing and defying condemnation.

It may be interesting at this point, perhaps, to briefly describe a Confucian temple in which the Confucian priests of China are daily to be seen. In exterior they present handiwork of marvellous beauty and adept craftsmanship. The forefront exhibits a screen or curtain wall which closes off the inner from the outer courtyard. Curious Chinese word-characters adorn the walls. Over the centre gateway at the temple at Tai-fuan-Fu there is an inscription which, being translated, means, "The entrance to the stars"—a title

which is common to all buildings dedicated to Confucius, meaning that his doctrine and virtue were so high and far-reaching that, like unto the stars of heaven, they are beyond the grasp and attainment of mortal men. To impress this upon the worshippers, the centre door of the temple is universally kept locked. It matters not what the dignity of the official; be he magistrate, prefect, or viceroy, entrance is only obtainable by the side door. For one person only may the centre door be opened—the Emperor. As the Emperor cannot sleep outside Peking, it will be clear that throughout the Empire, with the exception of the capital and a very few adjacent places, this door will never once have been opened from the time the temple was built to the time it crumbles into decay.

Chinese spiritualism, as evolved by



(From Photo supplied by the London Stereoscopic Socy. (c).)

A BONE DOCTOR AND ATTENDANT.

priests of the Celestial country, embraces many curious and weird customs. Table-turning, for instance, is practised in the following way: An inverted table is placed upon a basin of water, a stick

of incense inserted in each of the upturned legs. Then four children lay their fingers upon the legs,

"And yearn till the yearning slips
Through the finger tips
In a fire which a few discern,
And a very few feel burn,"

but which is supposed to be infused by the table-god, the rotation taking

form, that form depending on the merit or demerit of his former life. If his previous sins would not be adequately punished by a mere earthly existence—in the shape, say, of a slave or of a plant, a horrible animal or even of a mineral—he will be born in one of the hundred and thirty-six Buddhist hells. These Infernos are graduated in the intensity



(Photo: B. W. Carey, Durban.)

• A ZULU WITCH DOCTOR "SMELLING-OUT."

place after a rhyming ditty has been sung:

"Spirit of the table,
Spirit of the table,
Turn it round as thou art able."

It would seem, however, that no communication comes from the spirit, other than the rotary motion of the well-balanced table, and the excitement of the company. If we are not mistaken, this infantile pastime, believed to hold spiritualistic connection, is not unknown in the English parlour and drawing-room.

Burma is perhaps the home of the purest form of Buddhism in the world. It is here enshrined in all its extravagant ritual, all its endless variety of legend. It is only necessary to cite one pre-eminent belief in order that the manner of this most peculiar of faiths may be emphasised. According to Buddhism, when a man dies, he is at once born again and appears in a remodelled

of their degradation and torment, and in the length of time one is imprisoned; the least term of incarceration is ten millions of years, the longest—well, we will not endeavour to specify. However extended his detention, the culprit is eventually born again, and is bidden to recommence life with its awful possibilities. The Buddha, himself, by the way, before his last birth as Sakya-muni, had gone through every conceivable form of creation—on the earth, in the air, water, hell or heaven. One of the legends actually gives an "authentic account" of his exploits as an elephant, as a hawk, as a fowl, and so on! One trembles to contemplate the adventures of this protean individual. 'Tis a pity Buddhist tradition finally deposed Sakya-muni from existing. His countless achievements would make excellent reading, on the scale of the Arabian Nights.

There are no large landowners in Burma, and the only aristocrats are the officials. The most influential and respected class are the Buddhist priests, whose life-function is to set an example of correct behaviour (in the eyes, of course, of themselves and the natives), and to instruct the young. In number the Burmese monks are some 20,000 strong; and they observe strictly their vows of celibacy and poverty, though option is extended to them of unfrocking and returning to the world when they please. In their monasterial homes—which, by the way, are not endowed—the monks endeavour to improve their minds, and those of their juniors with whom they come in contact. Books in Burma were very rare at one time; in the early

live in monasteries, and are recognised as the schoolmasters of Burma. The smallest village does its share in supporting its priests, and feeds them daily. Our illustration on page 2 depicts a picturesque schoolroom scene, where the Buddhist priest, the Burmese Phoon Gye, is instructing his little black pupils; for the Kwangs are schools as well as monasteries, and the young people are educated free by the priests.

Monk-burials in Burma are remarkable spectacles. Around the corpse of a monk of Buddha are other monks, or monks in the sense which their appearance—shorn heads and long flowing yellow robes—implies. On such an occasion the monks may be seen meditating on the “evils of this world”; upon their



(From a Photograph supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

A GROUP OF AFRICAN FAKIRS.

'seventies it would have been nearly impossible to find a book anywhere except in a monastery or a large town. It is changed now; printed books are finding their way all over Lower Burma, and are sold in nearly every market.

The very sight of the “toga” is sufficient to make the Burmans give room to the exalted wearer thereof. Burmese monks

beads or “Pa-dees” they are repeating the words, “Analksa, Doaka, Waydana” (“Oh! the impertinence of life! Oh! the misery of living,” etc. etc.) over and over again. In the background behind the bier may be seen the mother of the dead monk, who holds the belief that in the “next birth” she will, through her son's merit, gain merit of her own and be

the nearer to Nirvana. The few young monk-boys who are there will, if they behave themselves, eventually wear the "Thingan" or robes which now cover the bony forms of their elders.

The priesthood of India belongs to the first caste, or that of the Brahmans, exclusively. In most districts it is eminently select. To perform his functions properly, to recite the complicated sacred

of any straight bone, each about three inches long. With these simple weapons he does as much work (or harm) as any man in the country. He is generally a member of some tribe not found in the district—on the principle, probably, that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country"—and is supposed to possess powers for determining the cause of anything that goes wrong, and for this purpose casts his bones in a mystic manner. As they fall, so he gives his verdict. Alas! the credibility of some people! A man, let us say, loses his cattle and hurries to the bone doctor to ascertain the direction in which they have wandered. Note well that, before casting his bones, this ingenuous priest insists on payment, which varies according to his victim's social status. That his gains are lucrative is evident by the number and position of his *clientèle*.

Closely allied with the above is the Isanhose, the smelling-out doctor. It is hard to say where the first ends and the second begins, but the latter is generally a supplement or higher court of the first. A native is subjected to witchcraft; the case is taken to the bone doctor. This gentleman failing to indicate the witch, the aid of the "smelling-out" doctor, the very sight of whom is alarmingly repugnant, is called in. It may happen that the first Isanhose is unable to solve the problem, in which case a second is consulted; but rarely a third is sought—for his own reputation the quack accuses someone. The methods employed by this class of heathen priest are eloquent of the craftiness and cruelty dominating the Matabele nature. In the case, for instance, of a group of natives, who through jealousy, are desirous of getting rid of a comrade more fortunate in the possession of this world's goods, they represent to the king or chief that great sickness prevails in their kraal—someone has bewitched them. The king points to one of the many Isanhosi, who previously has been advised of the name of the victim and propitiated by the present of an ox. In the presence of all the kraal inhabitants the priest begins his incantations, puts many mysterious questions to a few bystanders, and eventually names his victim. In vain does the poor denounced fellow protest; he may even go to the king and plead for compassion. Scant mercy will he find in that



(From Photo supplied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.)

A DEVIL PRIEST OF CEYLON.

texts, and to engage in the complex ceremonial which the sacrificial acts embrace, the Brahman must be learned in most of the Vedas and in ritual law. His duties comprise the general culture of the deity, and he is the interpreter of the oracles of the temple.

Closely associated with the superstition of witchcraft are the functions of the various orders of doctors and fakirs among the Matabele and among the natives of India. Of these orders there are four—the bone, smelling-out, rain, and medicine doctors. As regards the bone doctor, or Inyanga, his cheap paraphernalia consists simply of four pieces



(From Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

A SHINTO PRIEST OFFERING "SAKI."

quarter. The Isanhose has spoken—there is no appeal; and the king pronounces doom with perfect sangfroid. "The vultures are hungry!" or "The wolves are ready!" he mockingly cries, and the innocent wretch is led away to death amid the unanimous approval of the populace. "Jebo Komalo!" they cry, "It is good, O king!"

But the rain doctor is even more powerful than his other two evil compatriots. In a hot country nothing is so mixed up with superstition, to the heathen mind, as rain. The rainy season extends from October to April; should the start be late, the natives grumble with a vengeance and upbraid the local rain doctors. The king, by the way, is known as the rain-maker—a more than omnipotent personage. If the rains happen to be local, falling in one district more than another, the particular doctors of that district are liberally rewarded, while the others go penniless; but if the rain falls all over the country, then the honour of bringing it descends on the king. His generosity is applauded on all sides. If the king studies anything, it is the weather. He watches keenly any indications in the

skies that rain is likely to come; when such are favourable, he prepares his pot. The ingredients are many, but the favourite specific is the liver of the crocodile—the Oriental sacred animal—which finds companionship in roots, bones, feathers of every hue, leaves, and various kinds of bark. This fanciful concoction is boiled in a pan and poured out as a libation, which, if failing to bring rain, imbues a fear that witchcraft has intervened with the king's plan. Some poor victim is charged as a witch, and thrown to the wolves. It is a matter for human sacrifice.

There are, of course, many other varieties of so-called doctors who exercise a powerful influence over the minds and hearts of the heathen. Two more of these "superior men" are to be found in the snake doctor and the devil priest of Ceylon—both with a large following.

But the above details should suffice to prove the gross superstition prevailing in the interior of Asia and in Africa, a superstition so obviously foolish and pointless to the view of the Christian.



(Photo supplied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.)

A COLOMBO SNAKE DOCTOR

Heathenism never went lower than in the depths of the African veldt or the Indian jungle.

Coming to Asia again, we find in Japan several interesting specimens of

or feudal prince; his crest can be clearly distinguished on the sleeve of his outer garment.

It is a matter of intense interest to students of Buddhism and the priests



(Photo: Kapp and Co., Calcutta.)

BUDDHIST PRIESTS WORSHIPPING BEFORE IDOLS.

heathen priesthood. One of our illustrations shows the "orthodox" method of offering gifts by Shinto priests, or other devotees, at the shrines before the spirit-gods. The peculiarly shaped raised tray (called *sam-bo*) may be either—and is more often than not—of pure white unpainted wood, or (as in the picture) lacquered black, and upon it the offerings of rice, cakes, etc., are placed. The tray is supporting two porcelain flasks, containing saké, a spirituous liquor distilled from fermented rice, with spiral white-paper corks stuck in their necks. Many of these priests are of the highest rank, being nobles and even princes of the Imperial family. The costume here shown (page 7) is that of some such daimio,

who promote its precepts to note the many points of apparent similarity which exist between this remarkable religion and Christianity. Nor is Buddhism in some of its most active departments very far removed from Roman Catholicism. One cannot see such observances as, for instance, those depicted in a scene showing a couple of Buddhist priests at their devotions—the one in a sitting posture is "telling" his beads or rosary, while the other bows his head in what must be a somewhat painful manner before the artificial deity—without being impressed with the strong resemblance existing between the elaborate ritual of these heathens and that form of worship which emanates from Rome.

There are shoals of other orders of heathen priests who teach and practise forms, ceremonies, and doctrines as varied and as diverse from one another as is possible to imagine. In the "forbidden land" of Thibet there are priests who delight in wearing the most hideous masks; and at Darjeeling the Buddhist Lamas sport headgear which can only be described as ludicrously awful. The masks are worn on great religious festivals. Representations of animals' heads predominate; one man has a mask emulating a bird's head, with a beak like a parrot; another a stag's head, its horns adorned with tufts of rag, such as are suspended from sacred bushes as votive offerings from wayfarers to the spirits. Some of the trumpets you see are made out of human thigh-bones, the bones of dead Lamas. But in ordinary attire, their appearance, as will be seen, is not uncanny, and some facial

intelligence is observable. Beads, of course, abound, while the bearded centre priest, who possesses a bell, is thus classified as the leading light of the learned coterie.

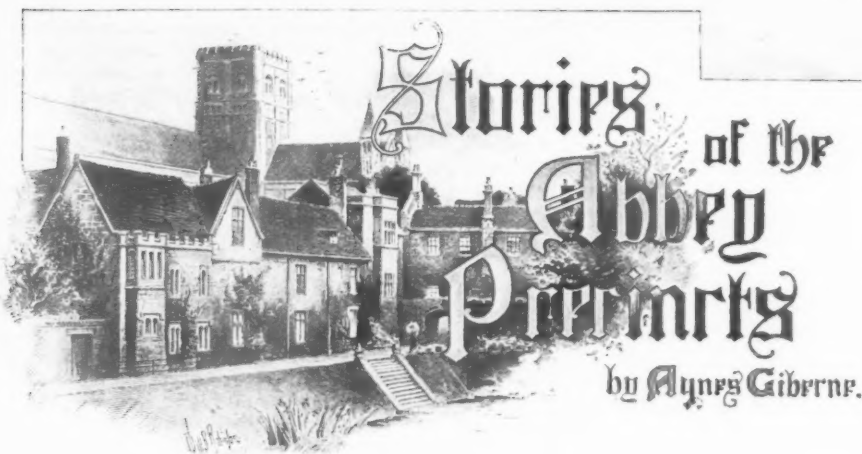
In exploring this world of witchcraft and "wisdom," the difficulty is to know where to stop, so interminable are the paths of foreign priestcraft one might tread. But the Christian reader will, it is hoped, be able to mentally grasp to what unfathomable depths of idolatry and absurdity some human beings—and men, too, in some cases, of culture and intelligence—can descend in pursuance of their hereditary religious convictions.

May the "true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," quickly illumine the dark and ignorant minds of those who are now so grievously led astray by the false doctrines and degrading practices of the heathen priests of to-day.



(Photo: Hupp and Co., Darjeeling.)

A GROUP OF LAMA PRIESTS AND DISCIPLES.



STORY THE FIRST: THE IRREVOCABLE.

CHAPTER I.



GENERAL NORTH stood gazing solemnly through the mullioned window which lighted one corner of his pretty drawing-room, his thin lips pressed into an even line, his eyes directed towards the nearer angle of the Abbey tower.

The honoured "Abbey Precincts" included the Bishop's House and the Prebendal Residences. Three or four private dwellings were also to be found within the pale. Of these one was the home of General North and his daughter.

Something had plainly happened to disturb the General's peace of mind. Ellie North, making tea at a small table, watched his back with solicitude. It was a characteristic back, unbending as a poker. Not alone from past drill, but from present rigidity of will. An essentially unbending man was General North; even more set upon his own way in his seventy-third year than in youth.

"Are you expecting Jem this evening?"

He wheeled round abruptly, and the question was shot forth like a bolt from a cross-bow. Ellie coloured up. She was a very taking

girl; not beautiful, but graceful and attractive. Most people admired her, and few knew why. If they tried to explain, the definition of her charm was wont to resolve itself into a vague assertion that she was "so ladylike."

"I daresay he will come."

"What time?"

"I don't know. He did not say he would come to-day. I only think it possible. Not till his work is done."

General North walked to the table, received a cup of tea from her hands, and drank it off. Ellie studied his severe features timidly.

"Did you want to say anything to Jem, father? You are going to a committee. Shall I give him a message?"

"If things are with him as reported, I shall have something to say to him very soon—of a nature that he will not like."

Ellie's gentle face went white all over.

"It may be an error. I do not know—yet. I am the last man to put faith in mere gossip. But it is said that Jem has got himself into debt. If that be so—"

General North stopped, scanning his daughter's bent head.

"I'm not asking you whether it be true or not. If you have known this for a fact, knowing too my feeling about debt, you ought to have told me. Had you done so, I should not have consented to your marriage next month. If it is true, I withdraw my consent. But I am not answerable for your conscience. I suppose it would be too much to expect any girl—as girls go!—to incriminate her lover. I do say—and I mean what I say—that if Jem has been guilty of any such folly, you and he must part. I believed him

to be worthy of you—true and honourable, like his father.”

“He *is*, father.”

The General turned contemptuously on his heel.

“Debt is not honourable,” he said; and he marched out of the room, leaving his cake untasted.

Ellie knew why. Stern man though he was, more than one tender spot lay below. Jem's father had been his friend and comrade-in-arms, had died by his side in a little frontier war, had commended his boy to the General's good offices with his last breath! That Jem Victor should marry Ellie had been the General's earnest wish for many a past year. But his own desires would weigh as nothing in the scale if put in conflict with his principles. He was a man of unswerving resolution.

If he should enforce the parting, he would himself suffer. None the less he would not fail to enforce it if this report should prove to be true. He had known in his own family the evils which follow upon spendthrift habits; and his horror of debt reached an almost morbid height. When consenting to the engagement, he had spoken words of warning to Jem. “Remember,” he had said, “no debts and no concealments. Pay your way, and let everything be open and above-board. I expect you to work and to make an income before you marry; but I do not care about riches. Ellie will have plenty. What I do care for is, when I die, to leave Ellie with a husband upon whom I can entirely rely. Once contract the habit of running into debt, and dependence upon you will be at an end.”

Jem had frankly replied that he did not owe a penny—which was then true—and had expressed no end of good resolutions. But the two years intervening since that date had brought temptations which had not always been resisted. Ellie was aware of some slight embarrassments. Others knew that all was not exactly as the General imagined. Until now, in pity to Ellie, nobody had whispered a suggestion of the same in her father's hearing. People loved Ellie, and they knew what this would mean if it came to the General's ears. Somebody at last had failed in discretion—from the lovers' point of view.

Jem Victor was the only son of his widowed mother, who lived in a small house, not within but close outside the Abbey Precincts, well under the Abbey's shadow when the sun was rising. He was looked upon as a promising young fellow, doing well, and likely to do well, in the firm of local solicitors, where he had found a berth. In earlier days he had passed through the Collegiate School, had sung in the Abbey

choir, had been from childhood Ellie's friend and protector. Such intimacy does not always end in the love which makes for marriage; though when it does the love is of a fadeless kind.

So well satisfied had the General been with reports of Jem that he had given permission for the wedding to take place in less than a month from this date, waiving to a large extent the condition that Jem must “make an income” first. The income as yet made by Jem was extremely limited. It would, however, increase in time, if he went on as he had begun; and meanwhile General North would see that the young pair had enough to get on in comfort.

Ten minutes later somebody approached the front door, walking impatiently—a young fellow, good-looking, with crimped and curly brown hair, despite its inevitable shortness. Ellie reached the front door as soon as he did, and he lifted a pair of troubled eyes.

“Jem, I am glad. I wanted to see you. Come and have tea. How did you get away so early? You don't look well.”

Jem bent his head to kiss her face—he had not to bend far—and then he followed her in. His answer to her last remark was a deprecating, almost a sickly, smile.

“Mr. Ogilvie sent me on an errand—said I shouldn't be wanted, and needn't hurry back. I'm lucky to find you alone. Oh, it's nothing—only bother. I'm a trifle seedy, and awfully worried.”

“What about? Is it—what someone has told my father?”

“Depends on what ‘someone’ may have said.”

“He says he hears that you have run into debt.”

Jem gave a short laugh.

“Vickars's bill, I suppose. If that were the worst—”

“How much is it?”

“Under twenty pounds. I can't pay at this moment, and he is getting impatient. He threatened to talk, if I didn't settle quickly. That's a mere bagatelle.”

“I don't think my father cares whether it is for much or for little. It is the being in debt at all that he hates.”

“He has his own quarterly bills, I suppose. He doesn't call that running into debt. If I could just pay Vickars off, and there were nothing else, things would come right enough.”

“Is there something really worse? Jem, you look miserable. What is it? Tell me, dear.”

Jem sighed profoundly. “Why can't one forget for an hour, when a sword is dangling over one's head? The old chap in history did, you may depend upon it. I say, Ellie darling, what did your father mean, really?”

"He said—if it were true—we should have—"

"Have to break it all off, I suppose"—moodily.

"Yes"—with a sob.

"But you wouldn't."

"If he said it must be broken off, I would do what he said. I couldn't disobey him. We should have—not to call ourselves engaged. But, Jem dear, I would never, never,

He raised his head, looking at her shamefacedly.

"I've been an utter fool, Ellie. If I can't get two hundred and fifty pounds by this day week—I'm done for. It will all come out, and you and I will never have anything to do with one another again."

Ellie became the colour of a linen tablecloth.

"But whatever can you have done?"

"It wasn't for myself. It was for a fellow that I thought I could trust. I'd have believed in him through thick and thin. My own debts don't come to much. Fifty pounds would more than settle them all. Some have run on a good bit, and I know what your father would say—but still, I did hope to get straight soon. This is different. It was to help another. I've always thought him a good sort; and when he came to me in such distress, imploring me to put my name to a bill, just to save him from despair, I didn't know what to do. I ought to have taken time to think, and I didn't. I just let him talk me over. He threatened all manner of things—said he should be driven to put an end to himself, if I wouldn't help him. All bosh, of course; but I was taken in at the moment. And I did feel so sorry for his wife. He assured me it was perfectly safe, for the full amount would be due to him this very week, a few days before the end of the three months. I expected all along that I should hear from him yesterday or to-day, to say that he had met the bill in good time, as he promised."

"And you have not heard yet?"

"Yes"—in a crushed voice. "He—has absconded, Ellie. He and his wife—days ago—nobody knowing where they have gone. And if I don't meet the bill in a week, I—the whole will be out. Two hundred and fifty pounds! And I have got just about ten shillings in hand. My



Something had plainly happened to disturb the General's peace of mind.

never marry anybody else. I never *could*! I would wait till—"

Jem took her into his arms, and asked softly, "Till when?" Ellie made no answer. "Tell me," she whispered. "What is the worst that you spoke of?"

mother is barely able to meet household expenses. Whom on earth am I to turn to? And the worst—the worst of all—if it comes to your father's knowledge—you know, darling, what he would think of me for putting my name to anything of the sort. He might help me out of the hobble for my father's sake—but he would never let me come near you again. Anything rather than that!"

Ellie did indeed know only too well.

CHAPTER II.

"AND you don't mind, sir? You won't take it to be a liberty?"

"Not in the least. Give me the packet, by all means. Payments during the past week, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. Three hundred and ten pounds, to be paid into Twychester County Bank to-morrow morning, in the name of John Thomas. I don't think Mr. Thomas *could* take exception, sir, at me handing them over to you. He couldn't mind."

"No. All right. I'll be answerable to him. Under the circumstances, you ought not to leave your wife."

"That's about it, sir. If I could have foreseen that she'd be worse, instead of better, I'd have made shift to go somehow a day or two ago—but how was I to guess? Mr. Thomas would be terribly vexed if I was to put off till after Sunday. And if I was to leave my wife to-morrow morning, and to go to Twychester—supposing she was to have one of these bad turns when I'm gone, why, it might make all the difference. It might mean she wouldn't pull through."

The Dean, a man of few words, was wont to object to a proven point being proved over again. "All right," he repeated laconically, as he sat upon his strong bay cob, himself a man of medium height, and of firm rather than stout build. The heavy brow, the keen eyes, the square jaw, all spoke of character. He glanced at the anxious young man, whose agitation was shown by restless movements and fidgety hands. Then he counted the bank-notes, folded them in his purse, put the purse into his breast-pocket, and gathered up the reins.

"Let me know in a day or two how your wife gets on. I'll post you a bank receipt for this in the morning."

Dean Winfrith had been spending three days away from home; and he had chosen to ride back, that he might pay some calls by the way. One of these was upon Joseph Marks, manager of a large business house in the small town of Wareley. Having many years before prepared Marks for Confirmation, he had kept in touch with him since, and

had rarely failed to look him up when occasion served. This day he had found the young man in dire trouble. His wife had been for a week past dangerously ill; his employer was at a distance; and Marks had undertaken, on the following day at latest, without fail, to pay into Twychester Bank a sum of money too large to be readily entrusted to another. How to leave his wife in her present condition he knew not. She became worse immediately he was out of reach.

"What amount?" the Dean had asked. "Give me the notes. I'll see to it for you."

A small bank did exist in Wareley; but business men generally preferred to entrust their money to the Twychester County Bank.

Dean Winfrith rode away at a slow trot. A good ten miles lay before him; and he had done over eight already.

It proved to be a stormy evening. But for the delay of finding somebody in distress, the Dean might have reached Twychester before dusk. As things were, he found himself condemned to a night ride. Since the Dean's massive head boasted only a hollow where the bump of locality ought to have reared its summit, he was gifted with a rare faculty for missing his path, even in familiar tracks. This road should have been familiar after his nine years' residence in Twychester; but somehow, at the end of an hour or more, he had dreamily taken a faulty turning, and was dreamily trying to work back to the right road.

Harder blew the wind, more tempestuously pelted the rain, as he bore onward, with bent head and loose rein. It was a bad trick of his, that careless handling of the reins, which nothing could cure him of. His thoughts were elsewhere. They were with a sick and suffering cottager whom he had seen an hour earlier; with Joseph Marks, and his threatened bereavement; with a much troubled clerical brother; with perplexities of Abbey life in Twychester; with the sermon that he meant to preach on Sunday; with anything and everything except the horse which he bestrode—a quiet animal enough, yet given to occasional stumbles.

Back at length on the road. So far, so good. But the delay of his extra ramble had landed him in darkness farther from home than needed to have been. This was the darkest part of his ride. Trees closed him in, arching their branches overhead, cutting off even the dim glimmer of a clouded sky. He had to feel his way with caution.

Having once satisfied himself that he was in the right road, he let his thoughts wander anew. He was in the Abbey now, preaching his next Sunday's sermon; the lofty roof overhead; the stately Norman pillars around; a crowded congregation listening,

The subject of his sermon had him well in thrall. It might be expected to hold his listeners in thrall also, if the power of a discourse is at all to be measured by its hold over the speaker.

One sentence that he intended to use seemed to be lacking in force. He went through it slowly, inserting other words. Not that he was likely to keep to any forms of expression chosen now. The Dean, when in the pulpit, was wont to start off steadily enough upon previously composed beginnings; and then he would be carried away by the river of thought, waxing fervent, and pouring forth much that he had never intended to say. But one thing had long ago become clear to him—that unless he gave full preparation beforehand, making up a sermon which probably he would not deliver, the rush of higher power would fail to come at the right moment.

A sharp stumble broke upon these cogitations. The Dean, riding loosely, clutched at the reins. His cob was all but down upon its knees; the Dean was all but flung to the ground. He had a slight momentary consciousness of something dropping, something striking his knee with a gentle flop. A small branch, no doubt. The Dean recovered, and rode on.

Then he reverted to his sermon, and worked it out carefully, while keeping a firmer hand upon the reins.

Flickering Twychester lights began to appear at no great distance; and presently the Dean could see the stately Abbey outlines, visible in the illumination of surrounding lamps. How he loved the Abbey, few men guessed, though many thought they knew. The mere glimpse sent a thrill through his whole frame.

Some impulse made him put his hand into his breast-pocket—that pocket which ought to have held the purse with its bank-notes for three hundred and ten pounds.

The Dean pulled up abruptly. His pocket was empty!

Roused out of dreaminess, he examined it again; he turned out all his pockets in quick succession; he shook his cloak; he felt on the saddle before and behind. All in vain. The purse was gone; and with it were gone the three hundred and ten pounds!

With extreme chagrin, the Dean recalled that, at the moment of his horse's stumble, some small object had struck against his knee. Not a branch, after all, but doubtless the falling purse, shaken out of its resting-place by the shock of the stumble and of his being thrown forward.

"Why didn't I think of it sooner?" asked Dean Winfrith.

Regardless of fatigue, he at once retraced

his steps. Two good miles back! But delay might mean that the purse would be found by somebody else. Not likely yet, he tried to think. Few people would be passing along the road at this time of night. Still, there was always the chance that a passer-by might stumble upon it. The loss to himself of three hundred and ten pounds would be no light matter. The Dean was far from rich. He had heavy calls upon his purse; he spent largely on the Abbey; he gave right and left with unceasing generosity. At this moment he had much less than three hundred pounds to his name in the bank. If he failed to recover the purse, he would have to outrun his own banking account, to pay in the due amount next morning to the name of Mr. John Thomas.

"It would cripple me for months," he thought regretfully.

Anxiety spurred him on, and the two miles were covered in half the time that he had taken to ride them before. As he reached the tree-covered portion of the road, he came upon a dark figure, walking fast towards Twychester. Rain by this time had ceased, and a strong wind was sweeping the clouds aside. Moonlight had broken out, and he had a glimpse of a young-looking man—of the figure-outlines, not of the face.

The Dean half-stopped. Should he stop the man? Should he name his loss? Would it be wise? Might it appear as if he suspected the other? Might it not also publish his loss unwisely soon? One moment of hesitation settled the matter. Into darkness passed the figure, vanishing swiftly.

The Dean changed his mind. "Hallo!—halt!" he cried. "I want a word! Stop!"

No answer he vouchsafed. The figure failed to reappear.

Dean Winfrith rode on, wondering whether his hesitation had been wrong. It was characteristic of him that he put the question distinctly from the point of view of "right" and "wrong"—not merely of "wise" and "unwise"—in respect to recovering his property. If that young man *had* found and *had* taken possession of the purse, he ought to have been stopped at once. The Dean thought more solicitously of this than of the lost bank-notes. His was a weighing and balancing mind, given to seeing with clearness both sides of a question. He had not that faculty, which is delightful to a man's own self, though sometimes less charming to his neighbours, of being always instantaneously sure what to do and always convinced of his own infallibility.

In the darkness he regained the spot where his cob had stumbled. He dismounted, keeping the bridle over his arm, knelt down on the damp earth, and felt carefully around.

Near and far he felt, examining with care every yard of the road for a considerable distance. For the best part of an hour he searched; and his searching was without result.

had gone out into the country for a ramble. He was too wretched to sit still. The restlessness of misery had him in its grip. He would not see Ellie again, fearing to come across



The Dean rode home, a wet and tired man.

Had the man whom he had seen acted thief? Had he found the purse and resolved to keep it?

Not thief, perhaps. If the Dean's loss were made known in the morning, the purse might yet be brought back.

The Dean rode home, a wet and tired man—possibly three hundred and ten pounds poorer than in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

THE figure which Dean Winfrith had seen was that of a man in great trouble.

Jem Victor, after his talk with Ellie and after another spell of work in the office,

the General. He would not go home, knowing that his mother would detect his unhappiness. Only a few hours had passed since first he received the news of his friend having absconded, and he still felt dazed with the blow.

A message sent to Mrs. Victor by a brother-clerk had told her not to expect her son home till late. After this, knowing that she would not be uneasy, Jem did not trouble himself as to the hour. He roamed on and on dejectedly, thinking round and round his entanglement, able to see no loophole for escape.

When at length he turned, he was pretty well done for. He began half to wonder if he would ever get home. Why had he not

gone on his bicycle, instead of walking? A sharp spin might have done him good.

As he passed under a dense penthouse of arching branches on the high road, his foot struck against something soft and yielding. Jem stooped by instinct to feel what it might be. His fingers touched leather and a band of elastic. Supposing it to be a pocket-book, he picked it up, put it into his pocket, and walked on, still with dogged step and hanging head. When he had left the shade of the trees behind, and when the moon had broken out, he met a man on horseback. Jem pulled his cap lower over his eyes, and went on. One moment later came a shout, calling him to stop. At the instant he did not even remember the thing which he had picked up. In his absorbed state of mind it had made but a small impression on him. He only felt disinclined to speak to anybody—least of all to the Dean, whose voice he recognised, and who knew him well enough to put questions if he should observe Jem's unhappiness. Jem knew that he could not control his own looks, and he did not wish to be questioned. He made no response.

Late though it was when he got in, Mrs. Victor was still up, waiting for him. She fussed over her son a good deal, pitying his lack of appetite, and wanting to know what was the matter, till Jem flung himself away and refused to speak. Then she was vexed, and he had to apologise. It was a relief when she disappeared, and he was free to lounge in his chair, motionless, for an hour.

A recollection by-and-by occurred to him of the thing in his pocket. He moved nearer to the lamp, and listlessly drew out the contents.

Paler and paler grew Jem. A fierce singing was in his ears, a loud buzzing was in his head. The world seemed going round with him. He shut his eyes, yet still the whirl went on. He held in his trembling hands bank-notes for three hundred and ten pounds. Four times he counted them over, unable to believe his eyes. Three hundred and ten pounds! Enough to meet the bill which he had signed. Enough to clear away all lesser liabilities. Enough to make him a free man before his wedding, owing no man a penny. Enough to do away with the dread of matters coming to the General's ears—of Ellie being no longer his.

He seemed dimly to see the figure of the Dean. He seemed faintly to hear the voice of the Dean. But something in him refused to look or to listen. These bank-notes were *his*. They had come to him at a crisis, unsought. Might they not be heaven-sent? He did not know to whom they belonged. He knew—nothing. The Dean—but that was mere conjecture. Why should he not, in his

ignorance, use these notes for his present great necessity—borrow them, as it were, and, of course, repay at some later day? Why not? Nobody would know. If he acted at once, who could blame him?

A kind of madness had possession of his mind. With shaking fingers he counted out two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of notes, enclosed them in an envelope, wrote a few lines, put that sheet in also, and addressed the cover. If this were despatched, the matter would be settled. He would hear no more of the bill to which he had set his name.

Sixty pounds remained. He thrust those notes back into the purse, and put the purse into a pocket. Then, with feverish haste, yet noiselessly, he went to the front door, undid its fastenings, and slipped out into the street.

A pillar-post stood at the farther corner of the Abbey Precincts. Jem hurried thither, fast as his feet could carry him; not thinking, not feeling. His whole being was concentrated into one vehement desire to have the envelope posted before he should allow himself time for thought. He knew that thought might make this step impossible; and he did not want it to be impossible. When once the letter should be posted, then the thing would be done—done—done! Nothing could undo it. Nothing on earth or in heaven could make that posted letter an unposted letter. It would be done!

Irrevocable! Irrevocable!! Irrevocable!!!

Was it an angel's voice which sounded in his ears? Jem had reached the pillar, its red tint showing a lurid glow in the light of the nearest lamp. He had put the envelope to the slit, he had all but dropped it in, when that cry rang through his brain:

Irrevocable! Irrevocable!!

Jem snatched the letter back, shaking like a palsied man from head to foot. What was this awful deed that he was about to do?

"Nonsense!" he said almost aloud. "The money has come to me. Why, it's like a special Providence!"

A special Providence! In Jem's overwrought state, he could all but hear the jeering laughter of gathered fiends. Providence lead a man to become a thief!

Jem shuddered. "I'll think it over for a night," he said. "There's time enough. A whole week ahead."

He dragged himself slowly back, went to bed, and actually slept. When he woke in the morning, he could see nothing clearly. If he used the money—his whole after-life would be altered. If he did not use it—he would lose Ellie. Life without Ellie seemed to him not worth having.

Three times he took up the envelope, with intent to post it, to end this torture of



THE HOLY CHILD

From the Picture by Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery.

uncertainty. Three times he put it down, resolved on further delay. When he started, he left it behind. When he reached the end of the road, he all but rushed back for it. Once posted—this struggle would be over. The thing would be done.

Yes—done!—irrevocably!

Again that dread word was too much for him. He went on to the office, not turning back. "I'll wait," he said once more.

The ancient Abbey lifted its grand head among lower buildings, surrounded by the Precincts—which Precincts were bounded on one side by the river, on another side by a large meadow, on two other sides by streets. Amid human toil and bustle, the Abbey was ever in repose—a thing "for glory and for beauty." Among human distractions, the Abbey was a centre of holy calm, always pointing skyward—homeward—heavenward.

Through more than eight hundred years that noble pile had stood, speaking always with the voice of the National Church, testifying ever to the grace of God; giving voice now, indeed, to the creed of earliest days, purified from the accretions of mediæval ages; but from first to last, with more or less of clearness, yet always and without ceasing, testifying to a Father's love, to a Redeemer's death, to a Spirit's overshadowing care.

Twychester, with its Abbey and its Abbey Precincts, its Dean and Chapter, though it possessed no cathedral, might be described as a typical "cathedral town." The splendid old structure, dating in part from early Norman days, and occupying the site of a yet earlier Saxon church, was the centre, the *motif*, of the life of those who lived under its shadow. The shadow of the Abbey reached far when the sun was rising or setting. Its spiritual shadow reached farther still.

The Bishop came and went. He was not generally there. He was Bishop of Wealdham and Twychester. At Wealdham he had a cathedral, a palace, and a large manufacturing population. At Twychester he had an abbey, a house, and a sleepy country town. Naturally, the more important place claimed the larger portion of his time. But he loved quiet, drowsy Twychester, with its collegiate dignity, its ecclesiastical repose.

He was wont to say that it did him good to come there, to get into the atmosphere of unworldliness which encompassed the Abbey. Some hinted that the said atmosphere resided rather in the episcopal mind than in the Abbey Precincts. Probably he would not have accepted the theory. He was a singularly gentle and unworldly man; of apostolic goodness, and of a serene mildness of temper. Yet he could stand very firmly when he saw the need.

Thus Twychester had, more often than not, to be content with its Dean and Chapter, and with an absent Bishop. Dean Winfrith was seldom away for any length of time. He rarely cared to go. He had a strong affection for Twychester, and his whole being was bound up in the Abbey. His rough-hewn, vigorous face formed a perpetual feature of the place. A somewhat cold-mannered man, with limited power to express the underlying sympathy which few knew him to possess, he was trusted and esteemed by a large majority, and he was loved fervently by a small minority.

Another feature of Twychester was the Dean's lovely and fascinating young wife; and yet another was their only child, Frederica. Rica had become a true child of the Abbey, growing up under its shadow. Its beauty, its poetry, its religion, crept into her little heart, and moulded her character.

Rica had taken her position at the edge of the Deanery lawn that Saturday afternoon, very near to a low wall and extensive bank of high shrubs, which divided the Dean's garden from the Abbey yard. Her round china-white arms were crossed behind her head, as she lay upon the grass; her brown hair, tinted with gold sparkles, fell round her like a veil; her serious golden-brown eyes were fixed upon a floating cloudlet high overhead.

By her side, upon his stomach, sprawled a merry-faced boy, two or three years her senior. His cap was thrust to the back of his head; his soiled fingers were busy with a wooden boat; his upturned nose and freckled forehead were very much of the earth earthy. Rica still "trailed" some of the "glory" which she had brought with her some five or six years earlier to this planet. Mischievous Mac, nephew and adopted child of the Senior Canon, had managed to part with the last remnants of his.

But though an oddly assorted pair, they were inseparable friends. And though seemingly not in the least fitted to understand one another, complete freedom of intercourse existed between them. Rica was apt to deal in original speculations as to the general management of the universe; while Mac's theories of life—if he had any—bore chiefly upon the uses of pocket-knives and cricket balls. Yet they did not clash.

"The rooks are going home for the night," murmured Rica. "I wonder why all the Mrs. Rooks give all the Mr. Rooks such a scolding when they get back. D'you suppose *all* the Rook husbands is bad, Mac?"

"They're only just saying 'How d'you do?'" suggested Mac, with severe common sense.

"Oh, but I do 'sure you, Mac—you just listen! It's nothing but 'Yaw, yaw, yaw,

you horrid thing! Get along, and don't you come bothering here!" Listen."

"Glad I'm not a Mr. Rook," quoth Mac.

"No. You're going to be a Mr. Winfrith some day, aren't you, darling—when I'm going to be Mrs. Grigg!" Mac's surname was Grigg, and Rica had a hazy notion that husbands and wives exchanged names on their wedding day. The golden-brown eyes regarded Mac tenderly.

"What d'you mean?" he diplomatically asked, to gain time.

"If I was to do a very bad thing—oh, as bad as you can think—like somebody taking that money, Mac, that father has lost—and then if I was to be most awfully sorry—*could* God undo it, and make it so that I'd never taken the money at all?"

Mac frowned. "Girls do talk such raving rubbish!" he declared. "Look here, isn't this



"Mac, if I was to do something bad——"

"Ho! that's a good 'un!"

"But you said you would."

"Oh, well—but I might change my mind, you know."

Mac dug into the wood severely with his knife, and Rica went back to the sky.

"Mac, I wonder why, when I'm looking up very hard, I can sometimes see it all like little teeny white sparkles? I suppose that isn't angels, do you think?"

"Of course not. What bosh!"

Another silence. Rica slid off on a fresh tack.

"Mac, if I was to do something bad——"

"Well?" Mac was used to these flights of imagination. He looked upon them as a proof of feminine inferiority.

"Could God undo it?"

Mac's theology found itself at fault.

rudder just a first-rater? My boat will go splendidly."

Two men had overheard the words of little Rica.

One of the two was beyond the wall, prone and miserable, in the thick of the shrubs. Jem Victor, in his blank despondency, had crept there, and lay hidden. No one would look for him in such a spot.

The addressed letter was still unposted; but Jem had almost—almost—made up his mind to drop it into the slit that afternoon.

A dire addition to his temptation had come. The loss of the bank-notes had been made public, and a reward had been offered. But people were saying that the thief could never be discovered; for Marks, in his prolonged anxiety about his wife—who, by-the-bye, was now better—had for once omitted through

the week to take down the numbers of the banknotes received. If this were true, they could not be traced. Jem might use them freely. Nobody would dream of suspecting him. He might shake off the incubus under which he lay. He might keep his Ellie. There would be no need to explain to her how he had met the difficulty. She would be satisfied with the simple assertion that he had found means to do so.

But that dread word "Irrevocable" haunted him still. Once let the letter go, and never again could the deed be undone. Never again might Jem look other men frankly in the face as himself a man of unstained honour. He might repent; he might confess; he might repay; he might be forgiven; but he could never reverse that past act. Each hour, now that he delayed restoring the notes, he was getting himself deeper and deeper into the toils.

Hour by hour the struggle went on. One moment he was resolved to use the money, and to let consequences take care of themselves. Another moment he was determined to send them back by post, with no clue as to whence they came.

As he lay thus, hidden from sight, racked by a misery of uncertainty, Rica's words came to his ears, in a startling echo of his own thoughts.

The other man who heard was Dean Winfrith. He walked up, nodded to the boy, and asked his little daughter, "What was that, my dear?"

Rica turned shy. She was devoted to her father, but she could not talk to a grown-up person as she could talk to Mac. The Dean made no effort to force her confidence. He strolled away, murmuring, "That is the one touch more that I wanted for my sermon. 'Out of the mouth of babes.' Sweet little Rica!"

Nobody would have guessed, from that immobile face, the tender thought within.

Nor did he dream of the fierce fight being then and there carried on not many yards distant—a fight in which a human being was all but worsted.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY morning; and Jem was in the Abbey. He did not know why he had come. He only knew that he could not stay away.

The letter was still unposted. Jem was still irresolute.

He had chosen a retired corner behind one of the massive Norman pillars, which had stood in their solid strength through centuries. Generations of men had come and gone, entering the world, living their short lives, passing into

the unseen—and still the ponderous pillars remained unchanged, upholding the grand roof, beneath which all those successive generations had knelt in prayer, had bowed in worship, had gazed as little children with wondering eyes, had met Sunday by Sunday, had been baptised, and confirmed, and married, had paid their last unconscious visit before the final rest.

A man's life might seem to be a small thing beside the continuance of those great pillars. But the involvements of a man's life rise higher and sink deeper than those of anything of stone. The very beauty and pathos of the pillars arose from their close association with men—from the twining of the lives of men about their solid strength.

The congregation had gathered; the Abbey was well filled; the service went on steadily. Jem did not join in it. He had gone to a seat where he could not see Ellie. He sat with his face bowed down and hidden. One or two who noticed him were asking, "What can be the matter with young Victor?"

How could he pray with *that* upon his conscience? How could he worship with those bank-notes lying in his pocket? The determination to keep and use them, though again faltering, was not yet given up.

As he sat there, surrounded by the holy influences, the sacred memories, of the aged building, he thought he would not use the notes. He thought he would not be overcome by the temptation. He pictured himself, directly he should leave the Abbey, going home, putting all the notes into one envelope, addressing that envelope to the Dean in a feigned hand, and posting it. He could not, of course, if he wished to avoid detection, venture on the safeguard of post-office registration.

Then he thought anew of Ellie. Could he endure to part with Ellie? To part with her for ever! If he sent back the notes, his difficulties remained as before—his last hope of marrying Ellie would vanish. All must in a few days be known. The General would insist upon the engagement being broken off. Ellie would obey. She would not marry Jem in the face of her father's prohibition.

The service came to an end; and Jem had not heard a word. Once or twice he had mechanically stood up. For the greater part of the time he had remained crouching forward, seeing and hearing nothing. People might wonder. In this hour of stress he was hardly even conscious of the presence of others.

He had reached a turning-point in his career. A stony and difficult path led upward; a smooth and tempting path led downward. He had to choose between the two. He was in the grip of a strong contest, swayed to and fro from minute to minute. It was as

if he were the battlefield, whereon the conflict between right and wrong was being fought out by higher powers. Angel and demon might be on the inner plane of his heart, sternly contending. But if so, his will—that free, mysterious human will—held the casting vote. Jem himself had to decide the question. He could not be forced either way, into good or evil, by angel or demon, against his own will.

Silence had fallen, and the Dean stood up in the carved pulpit, a dignified and imposing figure. People were wont to say that Dean Winfrith in the pulpit had about him a touch of the early Fathers! That might be a matter of opinion. He was a strong man, whatever he did or said.

The text, given out in tones not loud but far-reaching, failed to penetrate the deadening fog which had swathed itself round Jem Victor's brain. But he heard what came next. The Dean spoke slowly, in short sentences, with slight breaks:

"Remember, all of you, it is *never necessary to sin!* . . . It is *never worth while to sin!* . . . A sin once committed can *never be annulled.* . . . It may be forgiven—forgotten—cast behind the back—buried in the deep of the sea—treated by pardoning love as if it were not. But it is there in the background of memory. As an absolute fact, it always does, and must, and will exist. The deed itself is, by the very nature of things, irrevocable. You will see that for yourselves. A thing once done can never become a thing not done. If you give way to that evil action which is now—this hour—dragging at your heart-strings, it will be for evermore an historical reality in your past. You yourself will never through this life—probably never through the next existence—become altogether and in every respect what you might have become, had you not yielded to this temptation."

Was the Dean speaking to Jem? Did the Dean know?

Jem heard no more. He was crushed with sudden shame, with overwhelming remorse. Again and again he repeated to himself: "It is never necessary—never worth while—to sin." Whether those words were the Dean's own, or a quotation, mattered not to him.

Was it worth while? Worth while, even to gain his gentle Ellie, at such a cost? To win her by dragging himself in the mire, by rendering himself unworthy to look her in the face? If he did so, what of the coming years, when the black shadow of this unconfessed wrong should hover always with slimy wings, like some evil and loathsome creature, over their home, separating him from peace and rest, separating him from religion,

separating him, it might be in the end, from Ellie herself? What would she think and feel, if some day the truth should come out?

The sermon was ended. The congregation had dispersed. Jem knew nothing of what went on. He was wrapped up in his deadly hand-to-hand struggle with the powers of evil. Presently a firm grasp was laid on his shoulder, and he lifted a dazed face.

"Come with me," the Dean said quietly.

Jem obeyed. He knew now that he could not do this thing. Nay, more, he knew that he had to tell the truth. He could not put the Dean off, and secretly post the bank-notes. At last he had cried for help, and full awakening was the response.

He followed Dean Winfrith into the vestry; and when they were alone, he took out letter and purse, tore open the former, and laid both upon the black oak table.

"They are yours, sir," he said in a low voice, looking on the ground. "I found them in the road—that night. I have been—awfully tempted. They came just when I was in need—when my life's happiness seemed to be hanging on money. I couldn't resolve at once—to let you know. I—nearly used them—but not quite. I waited—till to-day. And—you have saved me. Thank God for it! You have saved me, sir."

Jem knelt down, hiding his face on the table. He was waiting for words of stern and harsh condemnation. He knew how stern the Dean could be. He could believe him capable of harshness. A man of unblemished integrity—what must not the Dean think? Yet, even as Jem knelt in shame and sorrow, something like joy was rising in his heart. For he had *not* done the deed. He had *not* been conquered. If man did not know, God would know, how hard the fight had been.

Dead silence lasted long. It lasted till Jem began to wonder. Was the Dean too fiercely wrathful to speak?

At length he ventured to look up; and then he understood. Dean Winfrith was in tears.

That hour left its mark on Jem for life. He came out of it in many respects another man.

He told the Dean everything—all his embarrassments, his own debts, his signing of the bill, his fear of losing Ellie, the conflict through which he had passed, the narrow escape he had had.

Dean Winfrith spent a while in profound thought.

"It will not do," he said slowly. "Jem, my poor lad, it won't do. I should like to lift your trouble from your shoulders without a word to anybody. But the matter concerns General North. You must make a clean breast of the whole to him."

Jem shrank acutely from this step, yet he

gave in. "I have put myself in your hands, sir. I'll do what you tell me."

"Then the sooner the better." A note was at once sent by the Dean to General North, and in five minutes he appeared.

The tale was told, partly by Jem, partly by the Dean. General North listened in silence, with bent brows. Presently Dean Winfrith drew him aside, and Jem knew from those subdued tones that his cause was being eloquently pleaded. One sentence reached his ears—"Forgive, as you and I have been forgiven."

It had seemed idle to him even to hope for pardon in that direction. But when General North's measured voice broke silence, the words spoken were not what Jem expected.

"You have disappointed me terribly. The backing of your friend's bill was a piece of unmanly folly, unworthy of you; but that is not the worst. That your father's son could have been for one moment tempted as you have been tempted is to me incomprehensible—all but incredible. But I cannot refuse the Dean; and he asks me to forgive you—if possible, to forget. I can only trust that this may be a sharp lesson, and that your future may show a different record. So far as the bill is concerned, I shall advance the needful sum, and you will repay me in time. No, certainly not!" at a murmur from Dean Winfrith. "That is my affair. I can allow no part of it to fall upon you. But," turning to Jem, "it is, of course, out of the question that your wedding should take place next month. One year at least you must wait; and so much longer, that you can show yourself to be clear of debt. This I mean with respect to your personal liabilities. The two hundred and fifty pounds I may view differently, if all is as I could wish in other directions. You may say to friends that the wedding is deferred by my wish. No living creature will hear the

cause from me. If, a year or two hence, you have shown the reality of your regrets by your conduct—then Ellie shall be yours. This is the utmost that can be expected of me, and you owe it to the Dean that I allow your engagement to go on at all!"

It was much more than Jem had ventured to hope for. He was humbly and sincerely grateful.

And at the end of a year and a half from that date, Jem having meanwhile "fulfilled" his time of probation in a satisfactory manner, Ellie became Mrs. James Victor, with the full consent of her father, and with the approbation of the Dean.



That hour left its mark on Jem for life.

The Life and Work of the Redeemer.

1.—THE BIRTH AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST.

By the Very Rev. Donald H. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

I.—SOURCES OF THE HISTORY OF THE NATIVITY.



FOUR Gospels, the divine source of all our dearest hopes, in the form we now possess them, were received and acknowledged without question, in all the Christian

Churches in the East as in the West, in the last quarter of the second century—that is, about *one hundred and forty years* after the Crucifixion and Ascension of our Lord. It will be worth our while very briefly to trace something of their history through these hundred and forty years up to the period when the events to which they relate happened. We have amassed, thanks to the scholarly researches of the last half-century, considerable material at our disposal for the task. These materials exist in contemporary writings by Church Fathers, as well as in compositions emanating from heretical schools of thought, acknowledged as genuine contemporary writings, in ancient translations from the original Greek Gospels put out before the close of the second century.

The existence and widely extended use of the Gospels during these early years appear from quotations and references, more or less abundant, (1) in undisputed writings of Church teachers which have come down to us—that is, from Catholic teachers such as Irenæus, who was born about A.D. 130, and was afterwards the well-known and honoured Bishop of Lyons in Gaul. From Justin the Martyr, born at the close of the first century. His works may be dated A.D. 130-160. Justin's quotations from the Gospels are very numerous, about one hundred and ten from St. Matthew, fourteen from St. Mark, fifty-seven from St. Luke, and twenty-nine from St. John—in all, more

than two hundred. The quotations, though for the most part unmistakable, are frequently somewhat verbally inexact, as though they were from memory. Justin also tells us that these "Memoirs of the Apostles," as he terms them, were used for public reading in the churches.

(2) Among famous *heretical* teachers, Marcion, about A.D. 140, claimed to reproduce in its original simplicity the Gospel of St. Paul. He took St. Luke's Gospel and ten of St. Paul's Epistles as the basis of his work. Of the same date we possess of Heracleon, the well-known Valentinian commentator—fragments of his Commentaries of St. Luke and St. John. In the few remains which we possess of Basilides, one of the earliest Gnostic teachers in the first part of the second century, we find references to the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke. These contemporary writers, belonging, some to the Catholic Church, some to heretical sects, bring us to the early years of the second century.

(3) The existence of two distinct translations or versions, made in the second century, of the four Gospels, affords us another and distinct piece of evidence for this wide and general reception of the Gospels among Christians at a very early date. The Peschito-Syriac version most competent scholars consider was made some time in the first half of the century (the second), and the old Latin translation was formed for the use of believers in the great and populous province of North Africa not much later. Some time before A.D. 170 is given as the probable date of the venerable Latin version.

We have only touched upon the remains of the literature which has come down to us from the generation immediately succeeding St. John and the men who were contemporary with the Apostles and their pupils; but we have said enough to show that the Gospels from the first years of the second century were already well known and occupied a peculiar and special place in Christian teaching. We can even go yet nearer the source—

for in the little collection of very early writings, some of them dating from the last years of the first century, undoubtedly the work of men who were the contemporaries of St. John, we find that these early teachers were certainly acquainted with the first three Gospels, and apparently with no other authoritative documents bearing upon the Life of lives.

It was between the years 60 and 75 that the first three Gospels—St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke—probably assumed their present shape—the great mass of the narrative being written exactly as we now possess it in our Gospels, certainly before the destruction of Jerusalem (A.D. 70), i.e. within less than forty years of the events. This we conclude from many notices of the Temple woven into the narratives. There are other peculiar features in the first three Gospels which also point to this conclusion. The Temple was evidently standing in all its glory and magnificence when most of the Gospel story was put out, and little, comparatively speaking, seems to have been added to the first three Gospels after the great catastrophe of A.D. 70.

The three Gospels, St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, although differing in detail, contain much common matter concerning the blessed life. The three were based evidently upon primary documents, probably not very lengthy, but which contained the memories of Apostles and of a few other eye-witnesses of the events recorded, hearers of the blessed words quoted as having fallen from the lips of the Lord. The shorter Gospel, Mark, a Gospel closely connected in the earliest traditions with St. Peter, apparently corresponded most nearly with the earliest type of Christian teaching—confined as it was generally to personal experiences of the Apostles, to acts witnessed by them, and to words actually heard by them.

But as time went on, and the numbers of believers multiplied, pressing questions would naturally present themselves to the many thoughtful men in different lands who had heard, and after hearing had been impressed with, the strange beauty and the intense reality of the story of Christ. There were to such hearers things apart from the simple

narrative which formed the groundwork of the preaching of the first days, such as we find in St. Mark's Gospel, which called for an authoritative explanation. Who was this strange, marvellous Being Whose love for men—a love indeed passing understanding—had led Him to die for men, who only repaid His love with the bitterest hate?

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So the All-great were the All-loving too;
So through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face My hands fashioned, see it in Myself!
Thou hast no power, nor mayest conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love;
And thou must love Me, Who have died for thee!'
The madman saith, *He said so; it is strange!*"*

Whence came He? *How* and *when*, and in *what guise*, did He first appear among men? Where did He spend the first thirty years of His life before His appearance as a public Teacher? What was His earthly home? Who was that honoured and mighty forerunner, that John whom the people loved and listened to, whom Herod so foully murdered? All these questionings would naturally occur to many a listener who longed to embrace the faith, about the years 60-70, when the Church was growing into a great and widespread company, and the "story" was being repeated at second and third hand in many a city far away from Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

"No one could understand better than St. Paul the need of an exhaustive reply to such questionings, the want of an authoritative history, where an account of the beginnings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was related with accurate and careful detail. And if Paul, among the helpers who surrounded him, had an evangelist distinguished for his gifts and culture—and we know from a passage in his second Corinthian letter (2 Cor. viii. 18, 19) that there was one of this description—how could he help casting his eyes upon him, and encouraging him to undertake so excellent a work? Such is the task which Luke has discharged."† (The very close connection of St. Paul with the third Gospel has ever been a cherished and well-founded tradition of the Church.)

The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke—composed and put out generally in the form we now possess them some time

* R. Browning: "An Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician."

† Grotet.

between the years 60 and 70, St. Matthew writing, perhaps, a little earlier (a little, but very little, being probably added after the awful catastrophe of 70)—supply an answer to those natural questionings as to what had taken place *before* the three years of the public ministry of Jesus—A.D. 30-33.

There was, of course, no apostolic testimony to anything connected with the earth life of Jesus antecedent to the events belonging to those two and a half or three years, when the Master came forth as a public Teacher. The Apostles had been chosen and called by the great Teacher. They never left Him. After the first summons, they remained with Him until the end. They saw Him dead; they were still His witnesses on the joyous morning of His resurrection. They watched Him leaving earth on the Mount of Ascension, and then, in obedience to His solemn charge, went forth, and told the story of what they had witnessed with their eyes and heard with their ears.

But to write the story of what had happened before the charmed period of the public ministry, Paul and Luke had to seek for other sources of information. In his brief but carefully phrased introductory verses, the author of the third Gospel sketches the literary position of Christian records about the year 60, tells us in a few scholarly sentences—without, however, giving details—that there were various sources of available information; and then, without any further prelude, supplies the information, which no doubt many earnest inquirers were seeking, respecting the time which preceded the period of the public ministry. St. Luke's "Gospel of the Infancy," as it has been termed, is a long and singularly interesting narrative stretching over some hundred and twenty-four of the comparatively modern division of verses. The little introduction, contained in four verses, we have already spoken of, is written in pure classical Greek, of which St. Luke was evidently a master; but the "Gospel of the Infancy," which immediately follows this short introduction, has quite another character to the four verses in question. It is evidently based upon an Aramaic* document, or from information which

fell from the lips of one speaking in Aramaic. In most part it is a translation, in which, however, most of the characteristic features, the words and phrases, belonging to St. Luke's Greek style are found; but the evangelist has been at pains to preserve the Hebrew colouring of the original document which he had before him, or of the original notes of his conversation with his Aramaic informant, and thus the "Gospel of the Infancy," which St. Luke has exquisitely woven into the tapestry of his Gospel, is easily distinguishable from the remainder of his work.

Now only one person in the world could have supplied the Aramaic memories of the early days of the Redeemer of which St. Luke availed himself. That person was the Virgin Mother herself.

We have, however, another and quite independent account of the birth of Jesus Christ, accompanied with some details of events, unnoticed by St. Luke, which followed shortly after.

Now St. Matthew's Gospel, which contains this other account of the "Infancy," in all times has been looked upon as especially intended for believing Jews.

It is probable that the date of the composition of St. Matthew's Gospel fell within a few years of the date of the putting out of the Gospel of St. Luke, which we have placed between the years 60 and 70. In the companies of Jewish Christians, questionings as to what went before the public ministry of our Lord, similar to those we have alluded to in the case of Gentile believers, would naturally arise. To such questionings the introduction to St. Matthew, contained in his first two chapters, would be the reply.

But while St. Luke's longer and more general memoir contained information which would generally satisfy much of the natural craving for information on the subject of the birth and early days of the Divine Child, the account given by St. Matthew especially dealt with those Messianic questions which were of so deep an interest to the earnest and pious Jew.

The first point which would occur to a Jew who was convinced of the truth of the teaching of Jesus Christ would of course be, How far did the circumstances of the birth correspond

* Aramaic was the Hebrew dialect in common use in Palestine at the period preceding the fall of Jerusalem.



(By permission of the Berlin Photographie Co.)

THE INFANT REDEEMER.

(From the celebrated Picture by Carl Müller.)

with the Messianic prophecies contained in their cherished volume of the Law and the Prophets? St. Matthew's brief memoir in his first two chapters especially deals with, and is a reply to, such Jewish questionings. And while St. Luke's little memoir of the birth and childhood of Jesus is evidently derived from the words of—or, at all events, from memoranda supplied by—*Mary*, so the yet briefer account which precedes St. Matthew's Gospel would seem unmistakably to come from *Joseph*, whose perplexities are simply but graphic-

ally related, together with the special angelic communications made to him. His own (Joseph's) acts were specially dwelt upon before the Child's birth, as well as those which followed the second visit of the angel to him, in both instances in a dream, warning him of Herod's murderous purpose with regard to the young Child.

But the burden of this account of St. Matthew is the accurate fulfilment of prophecy in the virgin birth and in the events connected with the Child which immediately followed.

II.—THE ANGELS AND THE NATIVITY.

"If ever there was a manifestation of the supernatural, it was in the condition of things out of which arose the New Testament. We have only to take up the Epistles of St. Paul, and we find him surrounded, penetrated, permeated with the supernatural. It is, as it were, the very atmosphere which he breathes. He does not assert it. He has no need to assert it. . . . A large proportion of the references to supernatural influence is indirect, thrown in by way of casual allusion."* So writes one of the most thoughtful and scholarly of modern theologians as he discusses the genesis of the Epistles of the New Testament; and the state of things he is describing as existing in the middle of the first century was more conspicuously manifest in its earliest years.

In the simple, touching narrative of the birth of Jesus Christ, and of the circumstances which immediately preceded it, which St. Luke weaves into his Gospel, we are confronted at once with the visit of one of those unearthly beings men call angels.

Nor was the visit of the heavenly messenger confined to a solitary appearance, or to one place, or to one individual. The supernatural visitant presented himself to Zacharias, the old righteous priest, when performing his solemn task in the great Jerusalem Temple. Mary, the betrothed virgin-wife of Joseph, beheld him in her chamber at Nazareth. The shepherds saw him, and conversed with him, and a few minutes later with a host of his heavenly companions, on the pasture-lands hard by Bethlehem. Joseph beheld him twice in a dream, and on both occasions at once acted upon his warning message. Now a dream is perhaps capable of a natural explanation. But it was in *no dream* that Zacharias the priest, or Mary the virgin, or the Bethlehem shepherds, saw and conversed with the glorious messenger of God.

Comparatively rarely, and generally at long intervals of time, has God thought fit to break the solemn "silences" in which, as regards everything outside their world, men live. But still, the records of His dealings with men—records which we justly deem "inspired"—bear wit-

ness of certain interruptions of the solemn "silences." Men had seen and spoken with angels on various momentous occasions, not once or twice, before the coming to pass of the events which heralded the miraculous birth of Mary's divine Child.

For some four centuries no angel had brought a message to the people chosen by the Eternal as the depositaries of His will—no prophet had arisen to receive supernatural communications by the "Word of the Lord." The silence was at length broken by the appearance of an angel to the priest Zacharias, when he was performing his sacred functions in that inner chamber of the great Temple at Jerusalem known as the Holy Place.

Zacharias at once was sensible that he stood in the presence of one who belonged to another world. The account of what took place must have been in great part supplied by the priest himself, probably to Mary. It is told us how he was afraid as he gazed on the radiant appearance before him. It is well-nigh always so—even the purest and best among the sons of men are too conscious of their unfitness to hold converse with a sinless being. The record of Zacharias and his wife, we learn, was a singularly white one. His life is specially characterised as a blameless one; but the old man knew himself and his own shortcomings, and *feared*, as he looked upon the awful beauty of the heavenly being—a dazzling beauty no sin had ever marred. How sorely needed was the coming Great One, Who should free us for ever from the deadly, sickening fear, which, after all, constitutes the greatest terror of death and all that death will bring the soul in contact with.

That fear has no place now in the heart of the humble man of God, who has washed his sin-stained garments in the precious blood of Jesus; fearless will *he* stand in the presence even of the Lord of Angels. The words of the angel were reassuring; he bade the good old priest not to fear, for the prayer of his lifetime, a prayer Zacharias, in a measure common with so many other devout souls among the chosen race, had sent up so often, had been heard, at least. Although an aged man, from him was to be born a son, who, though not the Messiah Himself, was to be Messiah's appointed herald—one who was to stand

* Professor Sanday—Bampton Lectures.

in the closest, nearest relation to the glorious Deliverer of Israel then about to appear.

Some rebuke on the part of the angel was evidently meant to be conveyed to doubting Zacharias, from the nature of the sign given him. The old priest was suddenly struck with dumbness, and was informed that he would not recover his speech until the hard thing announced by the angel should have come to pass.

It would seem as though the glorious appearance of the supernatural being on whom Zacharias was privileged to gaze ought to have convinced him at once of the truth of the startling message.

Very gently, however, did the angel convey his rebuke. The angel's words telling the old man who he was are very striking, and we will consider them, for as his mission to earth included the far more momentous communication to Mary, any information respecting the status of the heavenly visitant in that other and grander world is important.

"I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God." Only two of the many angels mentioned in the books of the Bible are mentioned by name—Gabriel, which signifies the "Man of God," and Michael, "who is like God." Michael is styled "the archangel" (Jude 9).

These two evidently hold high places in the hierarchy of heaven. In the Revelation of St. John (viii. 2) we read of *seven angels* which "stand before God." Presumably Gabriel, who chooses this same expression as his special designation, was one of these seven.*

III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

This same mighty spirit who in the "Holy Place" of the Jerusalem Temple communicated to Zacharias the glad news that he was chosen to be the father of the forerunner of the coming Messiah, some six months later was sent on a far more momentous mission.

To us who reverently and adoringly receive the Gospel story as the true account given us by God of *His* plan to redeem fallen humanity, of *His* method

* Clement of Alexandria, the early Christian teacher, who succeeded Pantaenus, Master of the Catechetical School of Alexandria (circa A.D. 189), commenting on Rev. viii. 2, quotes from the very early apocryphal Book of "Tobit" (xii. 15) the following traditional detail respecting Raphael as being one of the "seven": "I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One."

of restoring men to their forfeited place in the economy of the universe, the mystery of the incarnation presents no difficulties. The *condescension* of Him Whose outgoings had been from everlasting, Who had created all things known and unknown, is indeed inconceivable; but the story of the incarnation is simple—each step can be grasped by human intelligence. But there must be no lingering question as to the truth of the miraculous interference with the ordinary course of nature—the several angel appearances, the work of the Holy Ghost in the birth of the Child, the star of the wise men, the life and works of the Divine Child after He had grown to manhood, the circumstances of His awful death, of His joyful resurrection and ascension, the acts of the Twelve after the resurrection and ascension—all this and its supernatural environment must be received with adoring faith. Then all is easy, credible, conceivable. But it must be recognised that the whole story is surrounded, penetrated, permeated with the supernatural. A certain scholarly criticism is lawful, even desirable; the most searching investigation is good in the case of the question of the authenticity of the original documents which contain the history and memoirs of the stupendous events connected with our redemption.

Lynx-eyed critics have been at work here now for more than eighteen hundred years. The most patient, searching investigations have been carried on. Critics and investigators have been drawn not only from the company of fervid believers in Jesus, but from the ranks of His bitterest opponents. Learning and scholarship and research of all kinds have been brought to bear upon the great questions at stake. All cultured nationalities, every succeeding age, have associated themselves in this far-reaching task.

The grand result has been that the inspired records, after all these centuries of examination and criticism, are acknowledged not only by the masses, but by the large majority of serious, earnest thinkers, as authentic, as genuine contemporary memoirs of the strange, mighty events. History, too, unquestioned, undisputed, bears its grave and weighty witness that *something* happened in the course of that half-century treated of in those divine records known amongst us as the Gospels

and Epistles of the New Testament, which has generally changed all life. The "something" which happened then has coloured, especially in the Western world, the life-story of every nation. The influence of that "something" after eighteen hundred years shows no sign of waning; on the contrary, it is gradually widening, deepening in its work.

Now the blessed Virgin Mother of Jesus, from whom Luke the Evangelist without question received the information which he gives us in the first and second chapters of his Gospel, and which he repeats apparently in his own simple, natural and unstudied words, occupies a unique position among the daughters of men.

We know nothing of the birth and childhood of Mary. It is even uncertain if the genealogy given by St. Luke in his third chapter is hers or Joseph's; that, however, she belonged to the tribe of Judah and was of royal descent, being of the lineage of David, is clear from the testimony of such passages as Psalm cxxxii. 11, St. Luke i. 32, Rom. i. 3. It is also evident that, royally descended though she undoubtedly was, she belonged to the poor and artisan class in Israel.

We first hear of her in the summer of the year known as B.C. 5, when she was living at Nazareth and was betrothed to Joseph. It was then that the great announcement was made to her by the supernatural visitant—the angel Gabriel. The title he gave to her when he revealed to her her high destiny admirably sums up the position she must ever hold in the hearts of Christians—"Blessed art thou among women."

Trained evidently, as were so many of the children of the people, with extreme care, in all the inspired lore which constituted the chief glory of Israel, deeply versed in the Holy Scriptures of her race, she, without alarm, recognised the heavenly position of her visitor, and with a faith, sublime as it was submissive, and in full view of all the trouble, anguish, and grave suspicion that she was conscious lay before her, accepted at once and without hesitation the high mission Gabriel was sent to entrust her with.

The angel had told her how it was with her older kinswoman, Elisabeth, the wife of the priest Zacharias: to her she at once betook herself. Among other precious memories which she en-

trusted to Luke were the words of the hymn in which the rapt maiden expressed her faith—the hymn known as the "Magnificat."

It was graven upon the Hebrew maiden's mind, and perhaps often, often repeated by her as a reminder to herself of the burning faith which was hers in the early months which followed the angel's visit and the mystery of the incarnation.

Not that she ever, sleeping or waking, forgot what had happened. For years she kept on pondering in her heart the wondrous event and all the strange, marvellous circumstances which went before it and after it. Still, as the Gospel story hints, with no uncertain voice, in more than one memorable passage (notably, St. Luke ii. 48, St. John ii. 3-5 and xix. 25, St. Matthew xii. 46-50), until after the Resurrection morning "it was a dread, vague future about which she pondered"—not that faith ever faded out of the pure mother's heart, but "the sword was ever piercing through her soul"; fears, wonderings, possibly even at times misunderstandings, misgivings, like swirling fog-wreaths, kept coming up and darkening all clear vision, till the glad end came on the first Easter morning, when Mary *saw*—Blessed indeed among women!

The recital as given by St. Luke in those first two chapters is a marvellous picture—so quiet, so simple, its details all so easy to grasp, so natural, the reader forgets, as he follows out the narrative, that the fair tapestry of the narration is crossed and re-crossed with golden threads of the supernatural—the angelic appearances to Zacharias, to the Hebrew maiden, to the shepherds. The virgin birth. It was *her* own story—St. Luke has scarcely touched it; hence its simple beauty, its transparent truthfulness. It needs no commentary, no explanation. Only one question wells up from the reader's breast and trembles on his lips—why this immeasurable condescension, this fathomless love on the part of the All-Creator? What and who are we to have deserved all this? The answer tarries, and will tarry. It *will* be given, we are well assured, in His own good time; but not here, but not now. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

N.B.—Throughout this series no writer will be responsible for views expressed in any but his own paper.



By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL MY HEROES."



TRETCHING his arms before him on the table, he bowed his head on them, and indulged in bitter reverie for fully ten minutes, without moving."

"Impossible, Lois! He couldn't do it.

Just you try for one minute, let alone ten."

"I wish you would not interrupt. He could do it quite comfortably if he sat in a tolerably low chair, and not too close to the table. Besides, people in great trouble don't bother about bodily discomfort. I think that a lovely bit—so impressive; I shall certainly not alter it."

"Very good. Only I understood that I was to criticise freely. But, go on, pray."

"As he sat thus—lost to all sense of what was happening around him—the door opened to admit Berenice, who, stealing quietly to him, raised the drooping head and, slipping her arms about his neck, implored him to—"

"Oh, Darius! how you startled me! Where did you spring from?"

"The other side of the doorway, to be sure, which I entered even as Berenice entered to What's-his-name; stealing quietly to you, as she to him. What did she implore him to do, by-the-bye? Give her some money to buy a new hat?"

"You are worse than Marjory—far worse!" Lois laid aside her cherished MS., and glared angrily at the new-comer, who seated himself on a corner of the table, and swung his

long legs, while his face wrinkled into a broad smile of delight.

Anxious to prevent one of the very frequent quarrels in which these two indulged, Marjory asked hastily, "Where is Dagmar?"

"Interviewing the duke. Is that stitching very important? I want a game of tennis. And I have orders to take you both back to lunch. Aunt Amy has news for you."

"What sort of news?"

"Well, I didn't promise not to tell, and Dagmar will have let it out to the duke by this time, so you might as well hear it from me. Hildred Hurst is coming home."

"Really? When?"

"Next week. I suppose we shall have to quit—Dag and I."

"Oh!" Lois forgot her offended dignity; her big black eyes gazed in dismay at Darius, who nodded cheerfully as though in acceptance of the fact that hostilities were suspended for the present.

"She must be horrid if she turns you out!"

"I don't know that; we have no claim on her. I think it uncommonly kind of her to have let us stay with aunt all these years."

"How many years has she been away?" inquired Marjory.

"Just upon four; not long before you came to Estens. She's of age next month; that's what's bringing her back. Duty to her tenants, she calls it. Here comes Dag, with the duke in tow."

The man who entered by the open window, with a tall, fair girl closely resembling the handsome boy who sat on the table, might well have been a duke in reality. His small, well-shaped head and clearly cut features, with their expression of calm composure and strong self-restraint, never failed to attract notice, which his habitual air of absolute

indifference to opinion quickly riveted on him. But he was not a nobleman, except, perhaps, by nature; his social position being merely that of a literary man whose brains were his fortune, and who, having his two young half-sisters dependent on him, scorned not to accept a yearly salary from his cousin, Captain Wulfe Estens, for looking after the property to which Wulfe had succeeded three years previously.

"I have been trying to set this silly child's mind at rest by assuring her that, from what I remember of Miss Hurst, she is the last person in the world to be guilty of an unkind act or thought." Thorold Leighton laid his hand lightly, as he spoke, on the arm of the girl at his side. "Your sister seems to think, Darius, that you will both have to leave the manor; but I don't anticipate anything of the sort."

"Well, but why should Miss Hurst let us stay on? We are nothing to her."

"Miss Hurst is so genuinely attached to your aunt that you are bound to be something to her, my dear boy. She will not be likely to reward Mrs. Blenheim for her care of the house all this time by robbing her of you two, whom she looks upon as her own children. Come, cheer up, Dagmar, and try and cultivate a little faith in the absent lady of the manor. Unless she is greatly altered, you will both be her devoted admirers before you have known her an hour."

"But that's the worst of it — people *do* alter!" sighed Dagmar Errol. "However, we did not come here to worry you with our fears. Aunt Amy wants somebody extra to talk over her wonderful news with. Will you and Lois come back to lunch with us, Marjory? I suppose it is of no use to ask you, Mr. Leighton?"

"I don't know that. I am in the mood for a holiday; and if Mrs. Blenheim really commissioned you to include me in the invitation——"

"If she did not, it was simply because she couldn't dare hope you'd come."

"I will come with pleasure." He smiled into the blue-grey eyes not many inches below the level of his own.

His careless smile stirred a tumult of joy in her heart, for, young as she was, having only just passed her seventeenth birthday, she imagined herself desperately in love with Thorold Leighton, who was her ideal of all that a man ought to be.

He was received at the manor as an honoured guest by the pleasant-looking lady whom Hildred Hurst had gladly left in charge when sorrow for the death of both her parents in a railway accident drove her away for a time from the home where she had known nothing but happiness. Mrs.

Blenheim had been governess to the girl until the reappearance of an old sweetheart brought romance once more into her life, culminating in a marriage which, however, was speedily terminated by her husband's fatal illness. He left her well provided for in the matter of money; and she was only too thankful to be able to fill the gap in her heart by adopting her brother's children — a pair of happy-go-lucky twins—who, having never known the love of father or mother, proceeded to lavish all they could spare from each other on their aunt, who promised them a home as long as they chose to stay with her.

But Mrs. Blenheim did not hesitate to give up her house at the piteous appeal of her old pupil to go and look after the manor during her absence.

So she had removed her belongings to the manor, as temporary mistress of the fine old mansion.

Dagmar's education had, after her sixteenth birthday, been carried on by her aunt; before that she remained at the school where she had been placed years before.

Darius, to his joy, went to Sandhurst to train for a soldier, spending all his holidays at the manor.

But now the brother and sister feared the former pleasant state of things was threatened by the intended return of the lady of the manor, whom neither had seen at any time, and whom they pictured, to their own imaginations, as an austere person who, while continuing her affection to their aunt, would, assuredly, bid themselves depart from her domain.

Thorold Leighton laughed at them as, during lunch, they discussed Miss Hurst according to the idea they had chosen to form of her.

"Don't try any more to set their wilful minds at rest, Mrs. Blenheim. They deserve to suffer the torment of suspense for their injustice to the absent."

"But she is a stranger to you, also, Mr. Leighton? Yet you are ready to admit that she has claims to sweetness of disposition."

"Miss Hurst and I are not entirely strangers," he replied. "I met her in town before she left England. You see, I knew slightly the lady she was travelling with—her guardian, I was told."

"Did you, really? Well, Lady Dallinger is so loth to part with Hildred that she is thinking of settling for a while in this neighbourhood. I ventured to mention in my last letter that Cedar Lodge was to let. I thought Captain Estens could not possibly object to her ladyship as a tenant."

"The fact of her being a friend of Miss Hurst's would be sufficient recommendation, Mrs. Blenheim."

"I see, you are a friend of Miss Hurst's, Mr. Leighton. Confess, now, that you thought her a sweet child?"

"A child, was she? Well, I suppose she was, though wonderfully self-possessed and self-controlled for so young a girl."

"Yes, she was both. I cannot think absence has made her less lovable."

"Don't expect too much perfection, Aunt Amy," Dagmar broke in before Thorold could reply, "or you are bound to be disappointed."

"Why are you so pessimistic on the subject of Miss Hurst's return, Dagmar? It is unlike you." Thorold seemed vexed at the girl's determination to regard the lady of the

"I hope she *will* be nice," sighed Lois. "It will make all the difference in the world whether she is or not. Though I shall make her the heroine of my story, anyway."

"Who is your hero, by-the-bye?" asked Darius. "The one to whom, or of whom, Berenice stole?"

"Berenice would never steal of anybody, you insolent boy! My hero, as you call him, is Wulfe, of course. Wulfe is all my heroes!"

"Grammar excellent," murmured Darius. "The hero of a hundred fights, isn't he?"

"He's been in action, and he's been wounded," said Lois proudly; "and that's more than every soldier can say. He is so



"I suppose we shall have to quit—Dag and I"—p. 29.

manor as a possible enemy. "And ungrateful, too, considering that you have been, in a sense, her guest for all these years."

Dagmar inwardly resented his tone of reproach, and her dislike of Hildred Hurst increased; but, cleverly masking her feelings, she smiled her brightest as she replied:

"If you and Aunt Amy are convinced that she will not turn us out, I will try and rest content. Do not think me ungrateful, Mr. Leighton; I am only apprehensive for Darius and myself."

downright splendid that one may be excused for growing ungrammatical over him. Now, if *he* were to come home there would be something worth rejoicing over."

"And who may be the lucky 'he' who has aroused the enthusiasm of witch Lois?"

Six feet of martial manhood followed the voice through the open doorway.

Lois sprang to her feet with a cry of joy.

"Wulfe! You dear old Wulfe! Why, you are the identical 'he' himself!"

CHAPTER II.

WULFE'S CARDIAC AFFECTION.

THEY all had a warm welcome for the handsome fellow; and Thorold Leighton's was as sincere as the rest, his warm handclasp and brightening eyes saying more than his lips.

Captain Estens did all the talking for the next few minutes.

"I knew you would not mind my coming on here, Mrs. Blenheim. Quite like a family gathering to find you all together: we only want Miss Hurst to complete the picture. I suppose you are wondering what has brought me home? Think I look like a candidate for doctor's stuff? How dare you smile like that, Marjory! You and Lois have grown out of all knowledge since I saw you last, but there's no mistaking either of you for anybody else; you were always so demure, especially in your smile, and Lois"—his blue eyes turned laughingly on the brilliant little face—"Lois was always—Lois. She'd have been burnt for a witch in the Middle Ages. But, as I was saying, or ought to have been saying, I am home for six months on sick leave."

There was laughter at this. Even Leighton smiled a little; for a healthier-looking specimen of a warrior than Captain Wulfe Estens presented to their view at that moment would be difficult to imagine.

He had taken possession of the nearest easy-chair, declining Mrs. Blenheim's invitation to join them at lunch, and stretched himself in luxurious comfort as he finished speaking. His large, muscular frame certainly gave no hint of ill-health, while his sun-burnt face and bright, clear eyes spoke for themselves.

"What is your ailment?" inquired Thorold, still smiling.

"Too serious a one to be lightly discussed," was the reply. "I will tell you in private, by-and-by, and then you can, if you like, break the news gently to all concerned or interested."

Thorold's brows straightened into a single line as his keen eyes began to study his cousin's face for the hidden meaning under the lightly spoken words.

Regardless of this scrutiny, Captain Estens turned to Dagmar.

"You are the greatest surprise my native land has had for me up to now. Two years ago I knew a Dagmar Errol. She wore short skirts, and gave one the idea of feeling her feet to be an encumbrance. Her hair ran wild down her back, and she didn't quite know what to do with her hands. To-day I meet another Dagmar Errol—a different person altogether."

"In long skirts and with her hair done

up," said Dagmar, rather enjoying the expression of the fine, well-lashed eyes resting so admiringly on her face. "That is all the difference, Captain Estens."

"I notice another," was the quick retort; "the old Dagmar used to call me 'Wulfe'!"

"I must have been a forward child."

"I think I rather like forward children. Are you still a child?"

"Aunt Amy thinks me one." The glance accompanying this speech beat any of Marjory Leighton's for demureness.

Wulfe's face broke up into his own ready smile.

"Then why not be forward still?"

"Please not encourage her, Captain Estens. She is quite bad enough as it is."

"Mrs. Blenheim! I encourage anything that is not charming in a young lady? It is not possible."

"What you find charming, Captain Estens, may appear quite the reverse to other people."

"I rarely trouble myself to think of people who differ from me," he said easily, his face still wearing the smile most women found so irresistible.

Mrs. Blenheim went down under it as she had done more than once before, though she reproached herself for being so easily beguiled by a man whom she knew to be as faulty as he was lovable. He had the character of being an accomplished flirt, and she had no idea of allowing him to practise his large store of fascinations on her niece.

With the ready tact which was one of his greatest charms, Wulfe Estens rewarded the good lady for her submission by changing the subject and saying no more to Dagmar just then.

Thorold Leighton listened to all this idle chat with some secret anxiety. In his earlier youth, Wulfe Estens had had a talent for getting into hot water—chiefly of a pecuniary nature; since his accession to a handsome yearly income he had paid all outstanding debts, and had appeared to settle down. Yet something out of the common had assuredly happened to bring him home just now, and Thorold greatly wanted to ascertain what that something might be.

It was a relief to him when the luncheon party broke up, and Darius carried off the three girls to the tennis-court. A glance from Dagmar was drawing Estens thitherwards also, but Thorold called to him.

"I have to get back now, Wulfe. Walk over with me, will you? Darius will bring Marjory and Lois later."

With a half-regretful smile and glance at the retreating Dagmar, Wulfe gave in; he generally found it less trouble to give in, unless he very much wanted his own way; in which case he spared no trouble to get it.

"Fine girl Dagmar Errol's developed into," he observed, as he and his cousin, having taken leave of Mrs. Blenheim, faced towards Estens.

"Yes, she's grown since you were here last. What has brought you back?"

"I knew you were dying to find out." Wulfe's laugh reached the ears of the tennis players, drawing a secretly responsive smile from Dagmar Errol's red lips. "Talk of a woman's curiosity after that! Well, most staid and respected cousin, I will be frank with you. Standish—our regimental doc., you remember him?—calls it heart complaint."

"Heart complaint! My dear fellow!" Leighton stood and incredulously eyed the stalwart form and sunburnt face. "Have you seen a specialist?" he continued.

Again that merry laugh rang out.

"Not yet. I mean to try Standish's remedies first. Coming home was one of them; I will speak of the other when I have completed the diagnosis of my condition. There is something else wrong with me; something which points to complications."

"And that?"

"An overdrawn bank account."

"What? My dear fellow, what are you talking about?"

"Facts, Thorold—facts, man! And confoundedly unpleasant facts, too. Money spends itself, I think. I have not been particularly extravagant. To be sure, I started a drag last winter, and I bought a yacht; a yacht is simply indispensable, you know, at Malta, and none of the other fellows could afford it. I am afraid I shall have to put down both—for a time; I find I owe nearly five thousand. Had no idea of it until the bank wrote to say I was overdrawn; and, about the same time, by one of those delightful coincidences that occur now and then to make life more piquant, some of the tradespeople started sending in their little bills for the last year. I got one of the fellows to look them over and tell me the total; they come to four thousand seven hundred and fifty."

"But what have you done with your yearly income?"

Wulfe spread his hands deprecatingly, and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"You may well ask. Have a cigar? Miles gave 'em to me; his people are in the trade."

Thorold took the cigar mechanically; his thoughts were entirely occupied with what Wulfe was telling him.

The latter, after lighting up, continued, meditatively:

"It's a mystery to me where it's gone. I knew it was no use to stay out there trying to puzzle it out; and, as I say, this heart

complaint had developed rather rapidly, so I got Standish to give me a certificate which satisfied the chief that I wanted change of air—'cardiac affection' was the scientific term used by Standish—and here I am. I know you'll fix things for me, somehow, while I set about trying the second remedy prescribed. Curiously enough, it suits—or, I should say, might suit—both complaints, if I can only work it properly."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, if you will only have a little patience. The 'cardiac affection' began two months ago with the advent of a most charming and fascinating girl—in other words, I fell in love. I made no attempt at resistance; for she is rich as well as charming. Of course, I would scorn to marry merely for money; but I'll own that, had she been a poor girl, my 'cardiac affection' might not have proved serious enough for Standish to prescribe matrimony as a cure."

"Matrimony!"

Wulfe had been in love so often that his cousin had listened carelessly enough to his story of the growth of his "cardiac affection"; but the suggestion of marriage was a novelty in the programme.

"I can't fancy you a married man, Wulfe."

"No? Don't see why, especially as the estates join. A man must settle down sooner or later."

"The estates?" Thorold ignored the latter part of the speech. "What estates?"

"Hers and mine, of course. Hildred Hurst is the name of my prescribed cure. She turned up at Malta two months ago under Lady Dallinger's wing. One look into her dear eyes was enough to tell me that I had really met my fate at last—such eyes, Thorold, old man! Dark, velvety-grey, rather heavily lidded, and beautiful lashes—black and curling. Her whole face is pretty beyond all ordinary prettiness, but it took me a long time to see further than her eyes: they haunt me day and night."

"Ah!" It was not a very sympathetic response to these lover's rhapsodies, but Thorold Leighton had not expected to hear Hildred Hurst named as the "cure" for his cousin's extravagance and passing fascination. Leighton needed no description of those dark grey, heavily lidded eyes; they had haunted himself for nearly four years, making all other eyes seem not worth the trouble of looking into.

Estens interpreted the curt ejaculation to mean incredulity as regarded his powers of constancy.

"You needn't be unbelieving this time, old man. When I tell you that, much as I wanted it, it was only the thought of her money which made me postpone my proposal,

you will understand that I am really in earnest at last."

Leighton had not expected this either. He had to exercise a little severe self-control and self-restraint before he could ask in anything like his usual voice and manner:

"And Miss Hurst returns your affection?"

"I have every reason to believe so. She understood that my next visit to England would be undertaken in the hope of winning her for my wife; and she did not forbid me to come."

"Ah!"

It was a wonder Thorold's utter lack of cordiality did not attract his cousin's attention; but Wulfe was too pleasantly occupied in looking forward to his next meeting with Hildred Hurst to notice that anything was amiss.

Presently he spoke of money-matters again.

"How are things here, Thorold? Will it be possible to raise five thousand?"

"Not without selling a farm or two, I fear. Look here, Wulfe, why don't you settle down here, and act as your own steward? You would save my salary, and there would not be the same temptations to extravagance as a crack regiment like yours is bound to offer."

"I have thought of selling out. A fellow who joined last week would like the drag, horses and all. That would help considerably; and then I might stick to the yacht. But I could never settle down at Estens; the life, or, rather, the lack of life, would kill me in six months. I shall persuade Hildred to go yachting with me until my affairs have straightened themselves, and in the spring we could take a house in town."

"And what about the duty to her tenants which I am told is Miss Hurst's reason for returning to the manor?"

"Oh, she can do her duty by them from any quarter of the globe. She is far too bright a star to be permitted to bury herself in the country. I have set my heart on her taking London by storm next season."

"You seem very sure of being accepted as Miss Hurst's future husband!"

Wulfe laughed consciously, and flushed a little before he replied.

"Well, you know, a man can generally tell—but, there, why need I keep it a secret from you? I promised her to keep quiet until her birthday; but you don't count. The fact of the matter is, we have settled it all—almost to the very day; only she wants to announce it herself at her coming-of-age feast. Now you'll understand my anxiety to lose no time over paying my debts, and so on. You'll help me, won't you?"

"Yes," said Thorold steadily; "I will help you." But what it cost him to give that promise, he only knew.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY PROGRESSES.

HAVING "all her heroes" at hand, Lois could not resist the temptation to read him as much as was written of the story with which Marjory, as an honest critic, had ventured to find fault.

Wulfe listened, secretly amused, and was on the point of laughing aloud at the description of his "attitude" after quarrelling with his betrothed, Berenice de Favart.

But, fortunately for the feelings of the young authoress, she appealed to him for an opinion before his expansive smile had quite developed into a laugh.

"You could do it easily, couldn't you, Wulfe? Of course, Bertrand Vavasour is really you, you know. Marjory said it was impossible; but I don't see why. You would sit in a low chair—just try it, will you? And then I can feel sure that I am right. Here's the very chair I thought of."

Too good-natured to refuse, Captain Estens exchanged his seat for the one indicated and asked what he was to do next.

"When you are quite sure you are far enough from the table to do it comfortably—you see, you are tall—please stretch your arms on the table in front of you and bury your face in them. That's capital! You look the picture of woe! How do you feel?"

"Quite comfortable, thank you. Who's the girl I've quarrelled with?"

"Well, really, she is Miss Hurst. I haven't seen her; but she sent Mrs. Blenheim her photo not long ago, and I fell in love with her eyes."

"You're not the first," murmured Estens, growing oblivious to possible discomfort in the happy coincidence which had made Lois write a story in which he was to distinguish himself as Hildred Hurst's lover.

"What did you say?" Lois had not caught the words.

"Only that they are very lovely eyes," was the mendacious reply.

"Do you know her, then?"

"I have met her. How long am I to stay in this ostrich-like position—for an hour?"

"An hour? No! Ten minutes; could you? I mean if you were in trouble at having quarrelled with Beren—Miss Hurst?"

"I am quite sure I could."

"Comfortably?"

"Well, I don't think I should bother about comfort under the circumstances."

"There! Didn't I say so? Marjory, you simply have no imagination at all! I have never been in love, and have never quarrelled with my betrothed; but I can imagine exactly how we both should feel if we did!"

"All right. I give in and acknowledge



"That's capital! You look the picture of wee."

myself beaten. I am afraid I did not consider it from the lover's point of view." Marjory's demure smile played round her lips, making Lois long to ask what had brought it there; but a sign from Marjory silenced her, the smile deepening into a little gurgling laugh, which was one of the girl's greatest charms.

A suggestive snore from Captain Estens attracted the attention of the young authoress.

"Wulfe! You're not really asleep?"

"Am I not? This position is very sleep-inducing, anyway. Next time I want an afternoon nap I shall know what to do."

"Then it is really comfortable?"

"Comfortable beyond my wildest dreams."

"Well, the ten minutes are not up, but you can move, if you like. I am quite satisfied, and very grateful to you for trying it."

"You are most welcome!" Captain Estens raised a somewhat flushed, but very pleased, countenance, and smiled at his little cousin. "How's the story going to end?"

"Oh, I thought of letting you make up the quarrel, and then marry in the ordinary way. But, now that I shall have you both living close at hand, I think I'll wait and see how things turn out. I have another story on hand, which I can go on with between whiles."

"An excellent idea! Have you finished with me? I rather think Thorold wants to trot me down to one of the farms."

"Yes, thanks, I've quite finished for to-day. Now, Marjory," as the door closed on Estens, "what were you smiling at in that aggravating manner?"

"If you were not so immensely absorbed in your own importance as a rising authoress, you would see for yourself, you little goose! He really is in love with her!"

"Her? Do you mean Hildred Hurst?"

"Of course I do. When you said you had fallen in love with her eyes I heard him murmur that you were not the first who had done so. No wonder he was content to sit there and enjoy the fact that you had chanced to make them sweethearts in your story!"

"Well! And to think I never thought of it!"

Lois dropped her chin in her hands—her elbows being already on the table—and stared at her sister in admiring amazement.

"How quickly you see things, Marjory!"

"I have nothing else to do, dear. Your brain is always busy with story-making, and your gaze is oftener turned inward than outward."

"Still, a novelist ought to be a keen observer of men and things."

"Perhaps that will come in time. You are rather young yet to aspire to take your place in the world as a novelist."

Marjory, herself, was only seventeen, but she had been so accustomed to look after, and think for, the scatter-brained Lois that she seemed years in advance of her actual age. She was naturally thoughtful, too, and observant; which Lois was not.

The younger girl had, however, artistic possibilities which, if rightly developed, might lead to the fulfilment of her ardent ambition to rank with the first novelists of her day.

Thorold Leighton, himself a minor novelist, was already doing his best for her by encouraging her to be content to rise by her own efforts, frequently pointing out to her that, even to those possessed of genius, a plodding industry was the most likely aid to assured success.

So Lois, to her own future advantage, was encouraged to write stories when her studies for each day were finished; and lately she had started quite a large piece of work which she purposed calling, "Love's Conquest," into which she had introduced Captain Wulfe Estens and Miss Hildred Hurst—respectively as Bertrand Vavasour and Berenice de Favart—as her hero and heroine, a coincidence destined to affect the life-history of both in a manner little reckoned on by the young authoress at the time of writing.

She observed "all her heroes" with new interest, after listening to Marjory's astounding discovery of his attachment to the unknown lady of the manor, whose photographed eyes had, even in her absence, made a slave of the imaginative girl.

Wulfe Estens went his careless way, equally regardless of the keen scrutiny to which his every action and word were subjected, and of the romance, enlarging daily in the active young brain, by which his fate and that of Hildred Hurst were to become inextricably interwoven.

He inquired occasionally if the story had progressed at all; but he found his real romance more interesting than a fictitious one, much as he had been struck by what he considered as the happy coincidence chanced on by Lois.

During the week that intervened before Miss Hurst's return a good deal of business was transacted between the owner of Estens and his cousin.

The sale of the unnecessary four-in-hand to a brother officer was effected, for one thing; and as temporary owners of the yacht turned up in the shape of a newly married couple, who wanted it for a three-months' honeymoon, and were willing and able to pay handsomely for getting what they wanted, Wulfe's pecuniary difficulties gave indication of being settled much more easily than either he or Thorold had anticipated.

"All the same," was the characteristic

summing up of the man most concerned, "I am glad Hildred has plenty of money. If I have overrun the constable once, I may do so again; and it would be beyond my powers to have to work for wife and self."

"Not beyond your powers, man," retorted Thorold quickly. "You have ability enough for two men, only you are too confoundedly lazy to raise a finger for yourself when you can get someone else to lift it for you."

"Why, of course, no sensible man ever thinks of overworking himself."

"Overworking himself!" But Thorold's momentary exasperation melted before the smile with which the lazy fellow proffered his cigar-case. It was impossible to feel even justly wroth with Wulfe Estens.

CHAPTER IV.

HILDRED: LADY OF THE MANOR.

"I KNEW I should detest her! Whether she turns us out or whether she doesn't, I shall hate her for ever. The more so as Darius is already at her feet. I have half a mind to go for a walk instead of going into the drawing-room. I don't suppose she is particularly anxious to see me."

The lady of the manor had returned.

Darius had himself driven the dog-cart to the station to meet her, and had subsequently rushed up to his sister's room to bid her hasten down to help welcome Miss Hurst—"the dearest darling of a girl you ever saw!"

Dagmar listened through the closed door, an ugly frown clouding her fair brow, and a look in her eyes that was not good to see. She had made as elaborate an afternoon toilet as her wardrobe provided, entering into secret and jealous competition with Hildred Hurst, the owner of the extensive manor lands which spread in all directions, as far as the eye could reach.

Hitherto Dagmar Errol, by right of her pretty face and tall, graceful figure, had reigned supreme in the hearts of the two curates and the young doctor, who had lately gone into partnership with the local practitioner; but she felt, instinctively, that they would all now go over to the enemy—in the person of Miss Hurst.

Very reluctantly Dagmar withdrew her gaze from the picture reflected by her mirror—a pleasant picture, in spite of the frowning brows and antagonistic eyes—and proceeded to betake herself into the presence of her newly arrived hostess.

Very slowly she turned the handle of the door which screened that objectionable pre-

sence from her view; then, compelling a smile to her lips, she entered with her long, gliding step, and stood before the little lady of the manor.

She looked very small indeed in comparison with Dagmar, whose smile became more tolerant as she realised that she need not have feared, as far as appearance was concerned. Dagmar Errol was much more of a *grande dame* than this insignificant-looking little creature.

But if Hildred Hurst could not own to more than an inch or so over five feet of height, she contrived to appear a very dignified personage for all that. It was with the air of a queen receiving the homage of a courtier that she extended her hand to Dagmar—though a very gracious and winsome queen—as she said:

"I am very glad to know you, Miss Errol. I have heard of you and your brother so often that I seem to fancy we must be quite old friends."

Touching the outstretched fingers with her own, Dagmar sank, with much grace and silken rustle, into her favourite chair, after murmuring a conventional response to her hostess's greeting.

Mrs. Blenheim felt vexed. She had hoped for friendship between the two girls, but she knew her niece well enough to see that friendship with Hildred Hurst was the last thing either desired or intended by her.

Yet, as a matter of policy, Miss Errol decided to be civil. She had no wish to leave the manor until she left it for a house of her own. But she was glad to remember that her aunt was sufficiently wealthy to enable her to be a "paying guest." It would be insufferable to be the recipient of charity; and she knew Mrs. Blenheim would make the manor her home as long as her old pupil needed a chaperone.

"And what about Cedar Lodge, Mrs. Blenheim?" Hildred had been on the point of answering this question when Dagmar entered the room.

"Captain Estens will gladly accept Lady Dallinger as his tenant, my dear."

"Captain Estens? But there has not been time to communicate with him?"

"He is here—at Estens. He came home a week ago."

"He is here?" A faint flush tinged the pale cheeks. "I had no idea he was in England. I saw him less than a month ago in Malta."

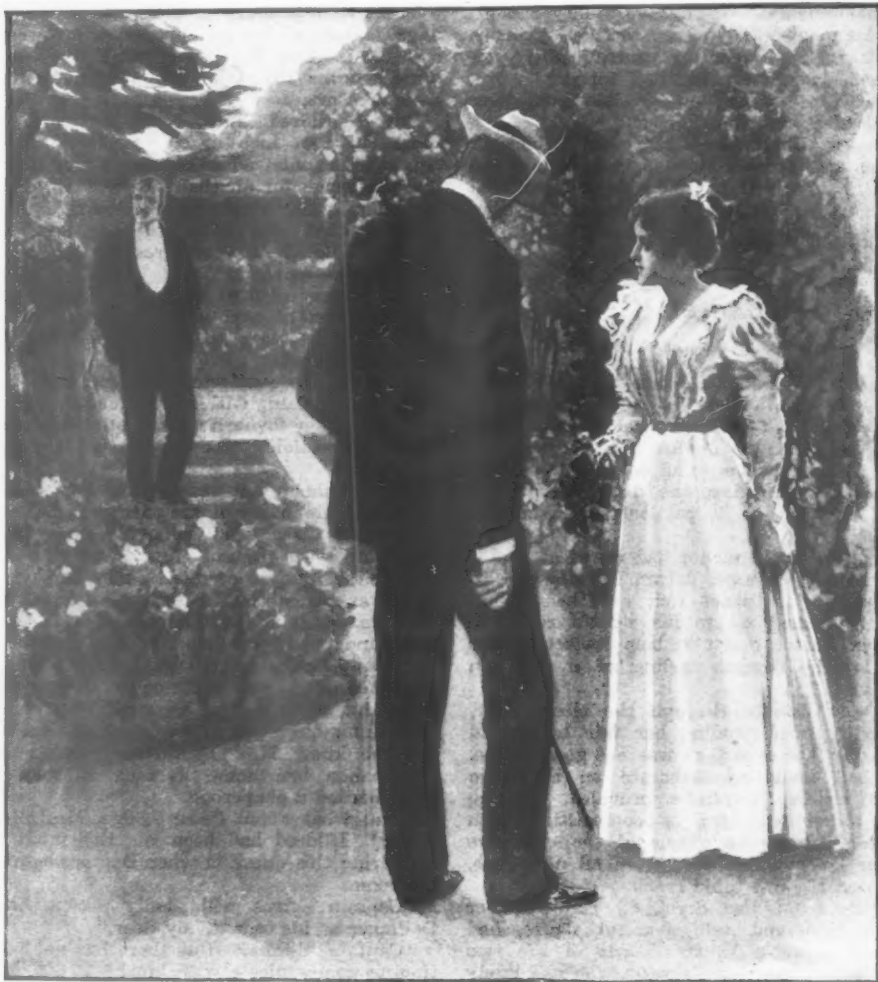
"The distance between Malta and England can be accomplished in less than a month, Hildred."

"Of course—I didn't mean that. It was only that he said nothing, then, of coming over. We were so—friendly, I thought he might have mentioned it."

"Perhaps it was decided on rather suddenly. I have not heard why he came; has he told you, Dagmar?"

"He hinted, the other day, at business being

where Captain Estens was concerned, and she wondered what that smile could possibly mean. But, glancing aside from the immediate topic in hand, she asked:



"Here comes Dagmar Errol in search of us."

his reason, Aunt Amy. But he is not likely to confide in a new acquaintance like myself."

Dagmar spoke quietly enough; but her smile and her downcast eyes suggested a further knowledge of Wulfe and his doings than she cared to own to.

Miss Hurst was, naturally, a keen observer

"Is Mr. Leighton remaining at Estens?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! I don't think his cousin could do without him. And it is such a nice home for those children—Mr. Leighton's half-sisters," replied Mrs. Blenheim.

"I know, dear. Thanks to your letters, I am well up in all local matters. I have never met them—the girls, I mean—but I

saw Mr. Leighton once or twice at Lady Dallinger's before I left England."

"He mentioned having seen you."

Darius had been silent since Dagmar's arrival on the scene; like Mrs. Blenheim, he was secretly dismayed at her hostile attitude to her young hostess. Now he began to feel the need of taking some part in the conversation.

"I say, Miss Hurst, we've been awfully exercised in our minds, Dagmar and I—Don't set me on fire, Dag, you know it's a fact, or you couldn't know what I'm going to say before I have said it. It's about our being here, Miss Hurst. It feels like our own home, don't you know; and Aunt Amy will stick to you till death—or marriage—doth you part. She'll think it her duty. But we'll clear out, you know, if you'd rather."

"I should be very sorry to be the means of breaking up such a happy little family," responded Hildred, with a slow, sweet smile curving her resolute lips, and lighting up her wonderful eyes—eyes that looked all the darker and all the deeper for the creamy pallor of her cheeks: "I hope you and your sister will continue to consider this your home. I assure you it has never once occurred to me that you would leave the manor as long as your aunt remains here, and she knows how indispensable she is to me just now."

"It's awfully good of you, really; isn't it, Dag?"

Her mind relieved on the point of her immediate future, Dagmar felt she could assume an air of amiability.

"Indeed, it is very good of you, Miss Hurst; and more than we had a right to expect, being strangers to you. I should have felt leaving the manor terribly; as my brother says, we have learnt to regard it as our home." To herself Dagmar added: "All that remains now is for me to get engaged as soon as possible. With an establishment of my own in view, I can afford to snap my fingers at her—and I'll do it, too. If only Thorold Leighton owned Estens! Not that Wulfe is a bad substitute; he'll be much more easily managed as a husband."

There was almost daily communication between Estens and the manor; so there was nothing to attract surprise in the fact of Wulfe Estens and his cousin walking over after dinner to give an informal welcome to a neighbour known to both.

Hildred was not in the drawing-room, or anywhere conventionally situated, when they arrived. She had asked Darius to accompany her to the stables and introduce her to some new carriage horses which had been recently bought for her use.

"Where is Miss Hurst?"

The question came from Captain Estens, while his eyes roamed restlessly through the doorway leading to rooms beyond this particular drawing-room.

Dagmar resented both question and evident impatience, and left Mrs. Blenheim to explain.

"I'll go and find her!" Words and manner indicated the possession of more energy than Dagmar Errol had given him credit for possessing, as she realised the unpalatable truth that his light flirtation with herself during the past week had been entered upon solely to pass the time.

She lowered her eyes to hide the flash in them from the keenly observant Leighton, as she vowed in her heart to win the love of the man whom she now knew to be the lover of the girl she had made up her mind to hate.

But so cleverly did she subdue her inward rage against both, that not even Leighton himself noticed anything amiss as he chatted to her and her aunt, unselfishly giving his cousin an opportunity to contrive a possible private interview with Hildred.

This was not difficult of accomplishment to so determined a lover as Wulfe Estens. Dismissing Darius with an easy request for a book from the library which Thorold had expressed a wish to borrow, he drew Hildred away from the stables to the shelter of a small shrubbery skirting the lawn, and took her into his arms with a fervent whisper of her name.

She submitted contentedly enough, all her dignity gone for the moment, though she ventured on a slight remonstrance.

"Let us go in now."

"One more kiss first!"

"No. That sort of thing is all very well for dairy-maids and their sweethearts. But very little of it goes a long way with people like ourselves."

"Oh, does it? You are mighty standoffish all at once! I suppose it's because you've blossomed into my lady of the manor? I prefer the little girl with no nonsense about her whom I learnt to love at Malta. *She* didn't object to my kissing her."

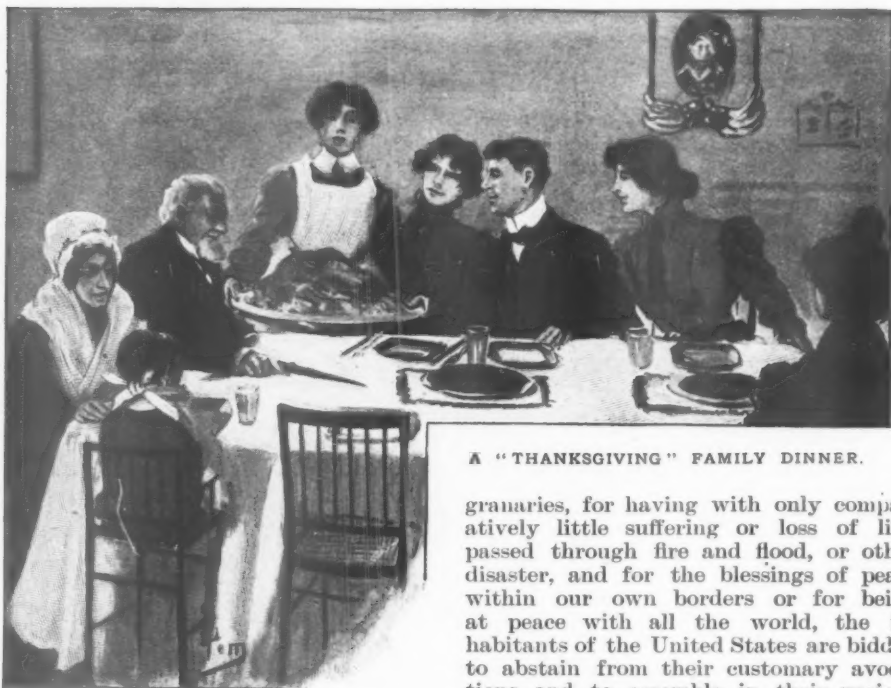
"Don't be vexed, dear; you must see it is bound to be different here—and before our engagement is announced, too. Come, Wulfe, don't look like that! We won't spoil our home-coming by quarrelling. Oh, well, if you will be offended you must. Here comes Dagmar Errol in search of us, with your cousin, I suppose? I have met him, but so long ago that I scarcely remember him. What a grand face he has! It is Mr. Leighton, is it not?"

"Yes," muttered Wulfe, discontentedly; "that's Thorold, right enough."

[END OF CHAPTER FOUR.]

THE STORY OF "THANKSGIVING DAY."

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



A "THANKSGIVING" FAMILY DINNER.



OW, therefore, I, —, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart, November —, the last Thursday in the month, as a day for rendering thanks unto God."

This is a part of the Presidential proclamation that each year, at the close of the autumnal season, is sent out to all Americans, from the White House, by the man who, at the time, holds the position of President of the United States. This clause is always the same, though each year the body of the proclamation, with the particular causes set forth for thankfulness, is different, according to the state of the national life and health and prosperity. For exemption from disease, for good crops and well-filled

granaries, for having with only comparatively little suffering or loss of life, passed through fire and flood, or other disaster, and for the blessings of peace within our own borders or for being at peace with all the world, the inhabitants of the United States are bidden to abstain from their customary avocations and to assemble in their various places of worship to render thanks to God.

A yearly Thanksgiving Day was observed by the Pilgrim Fathers in New England more than two and a half centuries ago, but not until 1864 did the day become one of great national importance and widespread observance. President Lincoln's "War Thanksgiving Day proclamation" was the first presidential Thanksgiving Day proclamation. It was towards the close of the War of the Rebellion, during those dark days preceding the fall of Richmond and the assassination of the President, so that the following was the first and last Thanksgiving proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln:—

"BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year, defending us with His guardian care

Nov 23, 1863
By the President of the United States of America

A Proclamation

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year, defending us with his given hand, care of instant and friendly designs from abroad, and ever keeping to us in this every many and signal victories over the enemy who is of our own household. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor us with our citizens in their homes as our soldiers on their camps and our sailors on the seas and save with unusual health. He has largely augmented our fire.

Angels and Afflictions.
Now, therefore, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next as a day, which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens otherwise they may then be as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God the Supreme Creator and Ruler of the Universe. And I do further recommend to my fellow-citizens of friends that on the occasion they do reverently thank themselves in the do it and from thence offer up prayers and fervent prayers

four, and of the Indians -
dances of the United States the eighty-ninth.
Abraham Lincoln
By the President:
Mile. Wagon
Secretary of State.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S "WAS THANKGIVING-DAY PROCLAMATION."
(Facsimile of the first, third, and last pages.)

against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafing to us, in His mercy, many and signal victories over the enemy, who is of our own household. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favour as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps and our sailors on the rivers and seas, with unusual health. He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while He has opened to us new sources of wealth and has crowned the labour of our working men in every department of industry with abundant rewards. Moreover, He has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage, and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence as a nation to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford to us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions.

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November as a day which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the Universe; and I do further recommend to my fellow-citizens aforesaid that on that occasion they do reverently humble themselves in the dust, and from thence offer up fervent and penitent prayers and supplications to the Great Disposer of events for the return of the inestimable blessings of peace and harmony throughout the land which it has pleased Him to assign as a dwelling-place to ourselves and for our posterity throughout all generations. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1864, and of the Independence of the United States the 89th. By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

The following year Andrew Johnson, who succeeded the murdered President, issued the second Thanksgiving Day proclamation—a thanksgiving for the advent of the peace and union for which

the great heart of Abraham Lincoln had prayed.

On the 8th of October, 1871, the great Chicago fire began, and on the 28th of the same month General Grant, the then President, issued what became known as the "Resignation Thanksgiving Day Proclamation."

"The process of the seasons has again enabled the husbandman to garner the fruits of successful toil. Industry has been generally well rewarded. We are at peace with all nations, and tranquillity, with few exceptions, prevails at home. Within the past year we have, in the main, been free from ills which elsewhere have afflicted our kind. If some of us have had calamities, these should be an occasion for sympathy with the sufferers, of resignation on their part to the will of the Most High, and rejoicing to the many who have been more favoured."

Thus ran the preamble of President Grant's thanksgiving proclamation while Chicago lay in ruins. It was the saddest Thanksgiving Day the country had known since the first one appointed by Abraham Lincoln.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the real origin of the American Thanksgiving Day, for although the one in 1864 was the first that was nationally proclaimed and observed, the inhabitants of the New England states were annually celebrating a Thanksgiving Day a century and a half before the 4th of July became the "ever glorious."

In the year 1820, at Plymouth, there was a notable Thanksgiving Day celebrated by the Puritans, who, after their first New World harvest had been gathered, inaugurated the thanksgiving festival that has ever since been celebrated by their New England descendants. There was a solemn church service first, and afterwards there was a feast of wild turkeys, roasted before an open wood fire, and "chicken pies" baked in old-fashioned brick ovens. To this feast even the Indians were called in. It has been claimed that the Puritans got their idea of making Thanksgiving Day a time of feasting as well as one of religious observance, from the American Indians themselves, who, ever since the discovery of America, had been known to hold an autumnal festival. Others think that the Puritans copied only the old Harvest Home festival of the Saxons, while others

again contend that it was reading of the Israelitish Feast of Tabernacles in the Bible which first gave them the idea. Be that as it may, the celebration of Thanksgiving Day has been proceeding for two and a half centuries in New England, the Governors of the various states having proclaimed it from year to year, until, finally, in 1864, it developed from a provincial into a national holy day and feast day. The Governors of the New England states still, each year, proclaim the last Thursday in November as a day to be observed in their states, but the Governors of the northern, southern, and western states also proclaim that day. Since 1864, it has been known throughout the country that the last Thursday in November is always to be celebrated as Thanksgiving Day, but it is, nevertheless, considered necessary that the day shall be "proclaimed" by the President and the various Governors every autumn. It is a point of official etiquette with the Governors of the various states that their own proclamations shall follow and never precede the proclamation issued by the President. The Presidential proclamation now usually comes during the first week in November, after which the Governors of the different states fall into line with their State Proclamations, at whatever time it may suit them up to within a week of the day to be celebrated. If in

any particular state the crops have been especially good, or a threatened disaster has been averted, the fact is always noted as an occasion for thanksgiving in the Governor's proclamation. Last year the proclamations of the President and the different Governors were noteworthy ones. Since the days of Lincoln all of the Presidents and the Governors had annually announced as cause for thankfulness and rejoicing the fact that we were "at peace with all nations." Last year the President had cause, like Lincoln, to refer to a war as having been "brought on by the adherence to the cause of freedom and humanity," and he proclaimed a thanksgiving for



A THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN A GRANARY.

the victories of the Americans on land and sea.

On the morning of every Thanksgiving



HANGING THE WISH-BONE OVER THE
DOOR.

Day "the majority of Americans attend church. Special services are held in all the city and village churches, and in those thinly settled parts of the country where no churches have yet been built, the thanksgiving services are held in the school-houses, in the kitchens or "parlours" of the farm-houses, or sometimes in the large barns and granaries. The day is one that is in especial favour with the farming folk, and I have never seen anything more interesting than these barn and granary services.

This Western pioneer thanksgiving service in a barn or granary must be exceedingly like the early celebrations of Thanksgiving Day by the Pilgrim Fathers. In the New England states, thickly populated as they are, and with their numerous churches, there is no longer any necessity for using the open air or the storehouses as places for meeting and the giving of thanks. Now,

in the west, the descendants of the little pilgrim band are, like their forefathers, wrestling with the soil and building themselves huts of sod and logs, and this survival in the Far West of the primitive thanksgiving service held so long ago in the eastern part of the United States is as touching and appropriate as it is interesting.

Thanksgiving Day is what might be termed the great "home holiday" of America. Christmas is, of course, a home holiday, celebrated in American home circles, as in all other parts of Christendom, but Thanksgiving Day, with its religious observance and its social side, the Americans look upon as peculiarly their own, for no other country has just such a day which is celebrated in just the same manner.

On other feast days, such as Christmas, New Year's, etc., large and fashionable dinner parties are greatly in evidence. On Thanksgiving Day there are also many dinner parties—indeed the day has been aptly described by Mr. Chauncey Depew as "America's big annual dinner party." But the dinner parties are of a different sort from those which celebrate Christmas and New Year's Day. The guests at the typical Thanksgiving dinner are usually all members of the same family, not, however, all living the year round under the same roof. It is the time for the gathering together of the distant members of the family. Grandmother and grandfather, living, perhaps, in New England, send invitations to their children and children's children and sometimes even their children's children's children, in Chicago or Minneapolis or Seattle, to come east and eat their Thanksgiving dinner. Great are the rejoicings when all the absent members of the family are able to accept the invitation. The married daughter comes back with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters, who in turn bring with them their wives and husbands and little ones, who, perhaps, have never before seen their New England grandparents. On Thanksgiving morning the family pew at church is well filled, too. The Thanksgiving sermon, always preached upon a text especially appropriate to the occasion, is listened to, the congregation joins with the choir in singing the thanksgiving hymn, and sometimes a part of the

special thanksgiving prayer is congregational as well. Then after church everybody goes home to the dinner, which, on this day, is usually eaten at about two o'clock in the afternoon.

That New England Thanksgiving dinner! What a happy and altogether delicious feast it is! There is no separation of the old and the young at that dinner party! Indeed, it is eaten in the middle of the day, instead of at night, for the very reason that it may be convenient and healthful for the little ones to partake of it! Among the fashionable folk of fashionable American society the Thanksgiving dinner is as much a course dinner as that served on other days, but among the hearty New England farmers and villagers, oysters on the half shell and soup and fish do not form a part of the feast. The big roast turkey stuffed with a mixture of bread-crumbs, onions and herbs, or perhaps with the ever-popular chestnut stuffing, is placed first upon the table in front of

husband or wife of the one who has hung up the wish-bone.

Cranberry sauce, without which no Thanksgiving turkey is complete, is handed about with the turkey, and boiled onions, stewed corn, mashed potatoes and turnips, salads, escalloped oysters, chicken-pot-pie, pumpkin and mince-pies, nuts and raisins and sweet cider are also among the accompaniments of the turkey at the New England Thanksgiving dinner. Though the party is seated at two or half-past, the lamps are lighted long before the repast is finished. Indeed, the festival is often prolonged until midnight.

In the evening there comes the Thanksgiving night party, when the number of guests is considerably swelled by an influx of "young folks" from other houses in the neighbourhood. While they play such old-fashioned games as "Drop the handkerchief," "I Spy," "London Bridge is falling down," in the dining-room and "parlour," the kitchen



IN THE FAMILY PEW ON THANKSGIVING MORNING.

the head of the family, to be carved and passed down the table in such parts as the guests may declare a preference for. Happy is that person to whose lucky share falls the wish-bone! There are numerous requests for the honour of "pulling the wish-bone" with the fortunate possessor of it. Then when it is pulled and broken, the one who breaks off the larger half hangs it over a doorway, and, if he or she is unmarried, the man or the woman who first walks under it is supposed to be the future

is rapidly cleaned up and put to rights by the "helps" (old-fashioned New Englanders, outside the larger cities, have a dislike for the term "servants"), and then at about half-past eight or nine o'clock the Thanksgiving party adjourns to the kitchen, where a big fire is crackling in the great cook-stove, and the real fun of the Thanksgiving celebration begins. It is the "candy pull." On top of the cook-stove there are put great iron pots of molasses or treacle with a little vinegar and butter in it.

Different guests of the party take turns in stirring it while it is boiling, till, finally, after much "trying" of it, by means of dropping a teaspoonful in cold water to see if it will harden, it is declared to be "done." Then it is poured into shallow tins, which are first greased with butter or lard, placed away down the cellar for fifteen or twenty minutes to cool and partly harden, when it is again brought up to the kitchen and the "pulling" process begins.

The guests provide themselves against the candy's "sticking" to their hands by rubbing butter on them, and they provide for the safety of their wearing apparel by donning large gingham aprons—men and women and girls and boys alike! Then the hardened molasses, which has now got to the stage of

"candy," is grabbed right and left out of the pans, two persons taking a large piece in their hands, which is pulled back and forth and hither and thither, till it becomes harder and harder and lighter and lighter, till finally it is really hard and almost white, when it is ready to be eaten. At midnight the "candy pull" breaks up, each guest from outside the family circle carrying home a bit of "molasses candy" wrapped in brown paper.

This is the typical New England Thanksgiving Day celebration, commencing early in the morning and ending at midnight. The same sort of dinner, the same kind of family gathering, the same games and the same manner of "candy pull," go to make up the day in all the different parts of the United States. It is, to a great extent, the way the day was celebrated by the Puritans, in the then New England wilds. So it was celebrated last year, and so it will be observed this year when President McKinley shall have issued his Proclamation.



PULLING THE CANDY.

(A favourite amusement on "Thanksgiving Day.")

THE GREAT CHAPEL CONTROVERSY.

A Complete Story. By Harry Davies.



HERE was a great to-do and excitement amongst the members of the chapel over the question of reseating the building. Feeling ran high, and the controversy waxed hot and passionate, so that the minister was sometimes almost in despair. The younger party, led by Eliezer Foulkes (who had a second cousin in Manchester, and who, having once visited this relative, was an acknowledged authority

on the modern innovations of fashionable town chapels), were in favour of the reseating. The older party, led by Abraham Brimble, Aaron Lees, and others, were in favour of retaining the quaint, high-backed pews of solid oak, which had done service in the homely old edifice for over a hundred years.

"They was good enough for my father," said Abraham Brimble, doggedly, "ay, an' for his father afore him! An' I reckon they are good enough for me! I donno what these young people is comin' to nowadays, and that's a fact!"

The controversy was animated enough in all conscience on the question of the pews alone, but when, at the special church meeting convened for the purpose of discussing the matter, Eliezer Foulkes brought forward his famous motion that they should not only reseat the building, but that they should have umbrella-holders at the end of each pew, he contributed the first spark to such a conflagration as had never been known in the history of the church. The feelings of Abraham Brimble's party, when this daring and audacious proposal was made, resolved themselves at first into speechless rage and amazement, while even the followers of Eliezer—the younger party and the disturbing party—felt that their breath was taken away for the moment. For a few minutes following Eliezer's reckless temerity, Abraham Brimble and his followers could not speak. They were all swallowing hard, as though their indignation was choking them. It was only the calm before the storm. For then—

oh! then—they rose as one man, with one grand burst of righteous wrath against this daring disturber of their old-world peace; and there ensued such a bewildering time of strife and angry dissension as those who experienced it will never forget. To propose that the interior of the old chapel—the dear old chapel round which were enshrined the most sacred memories of their hearts—in which they had worshipped as boys—in the waving burial ground of which their dead lay buried—to propose that its interior should be ruthlessly dismantled and cut up, and that pitch pine abominations should take the place of its solid old oak, was bad enough; but when it came to umbrella-holders at the end of each pew, it grew past all bearing; and Aaron Lees, who always spluttered and stammered over his words when he was angry, could hardly get a consecutive sentence out, when the subject was mentioned.

It was the pathetic struggle of the old order against the new; the oft-told story of the ever-changing world. The elder party clung to the old *régime* with touching faithfulness and tenacity, regarding all changes and innovations as works of the devil, and dismissing them with snorts of contempt. The younger party wanted things in brighter and more modern style—wanted "*fa-de-rals*," as Aaron contemptuously put it. And that was the whole pith and secret of the memorable dispute.

"You want to make the place into a thayater!" said Abraham Brimble indignantly, thumping his hand upon the school-room table. "Into a thayater you want to turn it. Umberella-holders, indeed! Whoever heard of sech things in the House of God! Do we come here to find places for our umberellas, Eliezer Foulkes? Answer me that! Is that what we comes to the means of grace for? Did your father nor mine bother themselves about their umberellas when they came here on a Sunday, Eliezer Foulkes? No, I reckon they came here for the good o' their precious souls. They put their umberellas in the corner of the seat and thought no more about 'em, and listened to the Word, and went back home happy and contented men. But now, if you please, we'm got so gimcrack in our ideas, that we must think about our umberellas! 'Tis my belief as some folks is bein eaten up with their pride, so that their heads is gettin' turned, instead of cultivatin' a proper feelin' of humility, as Scriptur' bids 'em!"

Whereupon Abraham Brimble sat down, and a murmur of sympathetic approval ran amongst his party.

John Haggins then rose to his feet. John Haggins was considered a past-master in sarcastic attack, in "laughing a case out of court," as the barristers have it; and the excited members, knowing that he was of the old-fashioned party, looked at each other and nodded, as much as to say, "Now we shall hear something!"

"I've got a few words to say about this here

at all, we ought to do it thorough. Eliezer Foulkes has provided for the umberellas, but he's altogether forgot the ladies' goloshes!"

Peals of delighted laughter from Abraham Brimble and his party, and unspeakable mortification and discomfiture on the faces of Eliezer's followers.

"Now," said John Haggins, with unmoved countenance, "everybody knows as ladies' goloshes is as much used as umberellas, pretty well, among this congregation in wet weather. If we provide for the umberellas, it is only fair



Abraham Brimble's party fairly nursed themselves in their ecstasy.

matter," said John Haggins, in his slow, serious way, rubbing his palm along the rounded edge of the bench, as was his wont. "I want to say as Eliezer Foulkes's proposals of reform is excellent enough in their way. But they don't go fur enough."

Everybody looked at everybody else in astonishment. Whatever was John Haggins driving at?

"They don't go fur enough," repeated John, shaking his head and looking round in an aggrieved manner. "Umbrella-holders is all very well in their way; but, if we does a thing

as we provides for the goloshes. So that what I would propose is, that we not only have umbrella-holders at the end of each pew, but a little cupboard near the door of the chapel for the ladies' goloshes, and a little bench by the cupboard for 'em to sit down to take 'em off."

Abraham Brimble's party fairly nursed themselves in their ecstasy over this volley of sarcastic ridicule. They turned towards each other in their delight, and roared with laughter—as loudly as they could, you may be sure—while Eliezer's party "squirmed in their seats"



By kind permission of Sir E. Durning Lawrence, Bart., M.P.

BY F. W. W. TOPHAM.

THE DEDICATION OF SAMUEL



(to use Aaron Lees's phrase), and grew red with discomfiture and chagrin.

Eliezer was meanwhile on his feet, and was talking volubly at John Haggins and at the minister and at everyone else, but not a word of his utterance could be heard because of the noise of laughter all round. Even the minister could not conceal the faint smile which would glimmer round the corners of his mouth, despite himself, as he drummed anxiously with his fingers upon the table. The minister was always anxious when there was a quarrel in the air, for he was a man who loved peace. But that was no reason why he should try to stifle fair discussion.

Eliezer, finding his lungs unequal to the task, sat down, throwing himself into the corner of the bench with an angry gesture, and after the laughter had subsided John Haggins went on, not a muscle of his face having moved meanwhile.

"I think Eliezer was a-sayin' somethin' a minit ago," he remarked, glancing benignantly at the angry figure in the corner of the seat, "but I couldn' hear what it was. Mos' likely he was supportin' me, 'specially as I am on his side. But I must ask him to let me have my say first, afore he seconds my proposal. I now formally beg to move as we give favourable consideration to Eliezer's proposition and to my addition to it. But I move as we don't do it yet. After we have retiled that end of the chapel where the damp comes in; after we have put up new fencing along the lower side of the burial ground, where the cattle strays through; after we have paid off the remainder of the debt on this 'ere schoolroom; after we have rebuilt that part of the minister's house which ain't fit to live in; after we have put up new gates at the entrance of the burial ground, instead of them as is nearly falling to pieces; after we have done these few trifling things, then I propose as we turn our attention to the big questions of the reseatin' and umbrella-holders, and the cupboard for the goloshes!"

With which burst of irony John Haggins sat down amidst a *furor* of laughter and applause. Eliezer Foulkes's party hastened to take up the discussion after that, endeavouring bravely, by their united eloquence, to stem the tide which had set in against them; but John Haggins's sledge-hammer sarcasm had told heavily, and their efforts fell flat. Eventually the meeting was adjourned, and Eliezer and his supporters went home feeling angry and crestfallen, and out of joint with the world in general.

But, oh! there was excitement and discussion and argument amongst the different groups who wended their way homeward that evening! And the debaters stood, and went on again for a few yards, and stood again, as they threshed the matter out;

and, in short, the air was full of the subject of reseating and of umbrella-holders.

Perhaps the discussion was hottest amongst half a dozen members who went along the lane which led towards the quiet uplands of the west. For in this group were the sharp-tongued Liza; the bumptious little Abel Diggle, whom Liza always had a malevolent pleasure in "taking down"; and Abraham Brimble; and George Morrison, one of Eliezer Foulkes's most ardent supporters; and one or two others.

"What I says is *this*!" exclaimed Abel Diggle vehemently. Abel had not had a chance to speak at the meeting, and was considerably piqued in consequence; for he always spoke on every subject, whether he knew anything about it or not, and always rushed into every dispute, whether it concerned him or not, in the most aggressive and provoking manner. He reminded one of a dog who, when he hears other dogs barking and squabbling, must necessarily plunge into the quarrel full tilt. "What I says is *this*," exclaimed Abel, loving to hear the sound of his own voice, and punctuating each word by thumping the back of one hand into the palm of the other; "ef-they-can't-do-wi'-things as they be, let 'em go-some-where-else. *That's* what I says!" exclaimed Abel, his voice rising to a shrill key.

Abel's sense of importance always convinced him that he had said the last word, that he had put the matter beyond the region of further discussion.

"*That's* what I says!" he repeated, looking round as if to challenge contradiction, and pluming himself on his perspicacity. "Let 'em go somewhere else, ef they ain't satisfied. The high-backed pews is good enough for you and me, Abraham, and they are good enough for them. What in the name of goodness is the matter wi' the high-backed pews? They be comfortable, they be—"

"Nice for sleeping in," put in Liza, in a casual tone.

A peal of laughter from the others greeted Liza's home-thrust. She could not stand Abel's bombastic and bumptious ways. They irritated her beyond all bearing, and she never lost an opportunity of making him look foolish.

Abel got very red in the face, but he went on talking hard, as though he had not heard Liza's remark. He had lively memories of previous occasions when he had entered the lists against her sharp tongue and had been ignominiously silenced and defeated.

"What I says is *this*," he went on hurriedly, endeavouring in vain to hide his confusion. "I says—as—as—"

"And I says as the high-backed pews are

comfortable for sleeping in," repeated Liza, pitilessly.

"No, I don't," said Abel feebly, driven by the laughter of the others into fatuous retort.

"Don't what?" asked Liza sharply.

Abel realised that he was getting into difficulties. He had nearly fallen into the trap. He beat a hasty retreat.

"Never mind what," he said darkly.

"Such a funny remark to make," said Liza pleasantly. "I says high-backed pews is nice for sleeping in, and Abel says 'No, I don't.' What does he mean? I never said as *he* sleeps in 'em. I never said as that funny noise we hear nearly every Sunday mornin' comes from Abel's corner!"

Abel collapsed, and withdrew into himself in the most crestfallen manner. Nor did he venture to join in the conversation again that evening, save in a mild and deprecatory way, fearing another attack from Liza.

"They do say," remarked old Ebenezer Lobb, after the laughter at Abel's expense had subsided, "that these here low-backed seats ain't so comfortable as the high ones. They do say as they digs into the middle of the back most oneasy like."

"Sech nonsense as it is," said Abraham Brimble irascibly, "to go an' raise a fiddlin' question like this and set the whole church by the ears, when there be so many important things as want doin'! Where's our speritual life a-goin' to, when we begin to quarrel about our umberellas and sech-like frippery. 'Pears to me as how the devil is at the bottom of it all, an' there he stands a-grinnin' with delight, while we are all a-goin' for each other hammer and tongs. 'Pears to me as he is workin' his wicked ends through people's carnal pride. 'Pears to me as he is puttin' it into their minds as ef we get lower seats they can stare at each other, and see who is in chapel and who isn't, and have their minds filled w' worldly things durin' service, instid o' listenin' to God's Word!"

"You'm got no call to talk like that, Abraham Brimble," said George Morrison hotly. "You'm got no call to talk like that! You'm actin' onscriptural! 'Judge not, lest 'e be also judged!' That's what Scriptur' says. An' you'm a-judgin'—ay, an' judgin' harshly—of your fellow-man, Abraham Brimble, when you try to put down motives for his conduct in that way!"

And so the hot arguments proceeded in many a lane and by-path on that sweet autumn evening, as the chapel members made their way home in divers directions. There was a deep hush upon the fields, and the soft radiance of the moonlight stole silently over wood and meadow and cosy farmstead: but the beauty of the night was lost upon

the disputants, because their hearts were filled with wrath and disquietude.

And the strife waxed hotter yet as time went on. Eliezer Foulkes, smarting under the rebuff which had been bestowed upon him by John Haggins's sarcastic attack, went amongst the young people, stirring them up to dissatisfaction against the existing order of things, and inciting them to join in his revolt. Having thus mustered a party at his back, he stuck to his revolutionary plans with stubborn purpose, until the church was in the throes of a faction fight. Families were divided against themselves; brother against brother, son against father. The breach grew so serious that members of one faction could not speak a few sentences to those of the opposing side without drifting into a quarrel on the vexed subject; and at last some of the disputants ceased to speak to each other at all, having hot words rankling in their memories such as they could not easily forgive. Many were the committee meetings and adjourned committee meetings which were held. Innumerable were the excited speeches and angry retorts and moves and counter-moves between the contending factions. And thus time passed on, and Eliezer Foulkes's party weekly grew stronger, and Abraham's party, clinging to the old order of things with pathetic affection and tenacity, weekly grew more concerned, and excitement weekly increased as to how things would terminate. There were not a few who shook their heads gravely, and prophesied a complete rupture in the church, followed by the secession of a large body of members.

During the whole dispute the minister stood in the background and remained perfectly neutral. In the heat of their feelings, the disputants had speculated but little in their minds as to what he thought or how he felt during the controversy; and he, on his part, gave neither word nor sign. How much he had worried and grieved over the discord in the church, no one save himself ever knew. But he was a man full of wisdom and discretion, and he knew it would be fatal to the interests of the church if he allowed his feelings to incline either to the one party or the other. So he held the scales evenly between them, never interfering, save to pour oil as far as possible upon the troubled waters.

One Sunday morning it was noticed that the minister was not looking well. His voice was hoarse, and there were deep circles underneath his eyes. Truth to tell, he had been suffering from a severe cold during the week. The days preceding his illness had been cold and stormy, and during that inclement weather he had attended the funeral of a brother-minister—a dear friend of his, whose



A deputation visited him.—p. 52.

loss he felt keenly. Standing beside the grave with bare head in the wind and rain, he had caught the chill which afterwards developed so seriously.

The cold weather had passed away. Sunday morning dawned sunny and balmy, and sweet with the breath of the south-west wind. The minister had insisted on venturing forth, but everyone noticed how ill and weak he looked.

It was so warm a morning that the door

of the chapel was left open during the service. There was no entrance lobby, the centre aisle running out direct upon the doorstep, so that the sounds of the countryside floated in as the service proceeded. And through the open doorway the congregation could see the gleam of the sunshine upon the fields, the silver flashing of the birch-tree, the gorgeous colouring of the autumn woods. It was a scene of peace and beauty, but the undercurrents of anger and enmity which

swelled in the hearts of the members put them all out of tune with it; and the minister, with a cold sense of despair and hopelessness, felt as though he were preaching to statues of stone. He struggled hard against the dispiriting influence, but the glow and impulse of inspiration would not come. He went home feeling ill and downcast, and that evening word came that he was unable to preach. He had caught another chill in the morning, and was in the first stage of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. It was his longest and most serious illness during the whole of his long ministry, and for a whole week of the time he lay on the border-land between life and death.

The effect upon the quarrel was magical. They all loved the minister with an intense devotion, the depth and strength of which even they themselves did not realise until now. Had he not been their friend and guide for thirty years, and the friend and guide of their fathers before them? In the anxiety of his illness, in the unspeakable blank left by the absence of his well-known figure in the pulpit and at their firesides, the quarrel and its cause faded into the background. There was a subdued tone about the first committee meeting after the minister's dangerous illness was announced, and an absence of the bitterness and recrimination which had been prevalent for so long. All anger was forgotten, for the time being, in the common trouble which threatened them. And Martin James, the farmer, one of the old party, voiced the feelings of the church when he rose to his feet, and in a slow, grave manner said:

"I vote that we drop all bickering and contention while our minister is ill. It isn't seemly that we should be all at war one with another when the pastor of the church lies at the door of death. God's hand would be upon us heavily if we let him die with the bitter thought that he left the church of his ministry torn with strife. I vote that we never let pass another word on the subject until our minister is spared to be amongst us once more."

"Hear, hear!" said Eliezer Foulkes, with real feeling in his voice. He was a good-hearted man, underneath all his wilfulness and new-fangled notions.

"I agree to that!" said Abraham Brimble; "and I further propose as this news be conveyed to the minister, so as to ease his mind."

"You've struck a note there as I was about to speak upon," said John Haggins, no tinge of sarcasm or irony in his voice on this occasion. "I've noticed, an' I dessey you've all noticed when it comes to be mentioned, as the minister has never said a word one way or the other during the whole business. He has left it to us to decide the matter among

ourselves, an' has never thrown his influence one way or the other. That's jest like his wise ways ever since he's bin pastor of this church. I don't remember a single row or dispute as he's let himself be mixed up in."

"No, not one," said Abraham Brimble.

"He's chided us straight enough sometimes," John Haggins went on. "When he thought we needed reprov'n', he's given it us as man to man. But mix up in a dispute he never has. There will be no one found to deny as he's bin a good and true servant of Christ in this church for the thirty years he's bin amongst us."

"No, no, no!" burst forth from a dozen husky voices at once.

"Well, what I was goin' to say was this," John Haggins resumed. "I've noticed that this 'ere dispute—the worst we've ever had—has tried the minister very much. I've often seen a look of pain on his face when we've bin a-wranglin' an' disputin' an' using harsh words to each other; and what I would propose is that, if God spares him to us, we should ask him how he would prefer it to be—new seats or no new seats—and that we stand faithfully by his decision!"

The generous impulse which had swept through the heart of every member there as John Haggins spoke found vent in the acclamation with which his proposal was accepted.

And so when the minister was convalescent, a deputation consisting of Eliezer Foulkes, Abraham Brimble and John Haggins, visited him one afternoon and told him of the decision of the church. It should be as the minister liked. There was to be no more bickering over the subject. His choice should be final. Whatever he thought about the matter the church would fall in with as one man.

Such a smile of intense pleasure lit up the minister's pale countenance when he realised what they were saying that it almost unmanned all three of them. He held out his hand, and it was gripped in turn by each of these sturdy elders. There was silence amongst them while they waited for him to speak.

Abraham Brimble left them, and, going to the window, looked out. And still they waited.

"Come, Abraham!" said John Haggins, brusquely. "What are you doin' over there?"

"I was only lookin' out," said Abraham, lamely, as he returned to the bedside.

The minister's face was wet with tears as they looked down upon him. He was very weak as yet, and this proof of the church's love and thoughtfulness had touched him deeply.

He smiled again.

"I would rather things—in the old way," he said at last, in a half-whisper.

And in the old way things remained.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

NOVEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



HERE are in the histories of nations and of Churches days which have fallen out of the almanack-makers' sight—days which meant and still mean much, days worthy to be had in remembrance by the thoughtful. These articles will recall a few of them month by month; not with any attempt at completeness, but only as an aid to uniting in our minds some thoughts of national gratitude, national responsibility and religious duty.

The Episcopal Church in America had for its first Bishop one who was consecrated, not by English but by Scottish prelates. In an upper room or chapel of Bishop Skinner's house at Aberdeen, on November 14th, 1781, three Scottish prelates—Kilgour, Petrie and Skinner—in the presence of witnesses, clerical and lay, consecrated Samuel Seabury as Bishop of Connecticut. In his first charge, the new Bishop predicted that the memory of that day would be "fresh in the minds of all members of the American Communion to the latest posterity." The resort to the Scottish Church was necessitated by the fact that the English consecration service contained oaths of allegiance and supremacy which could not be administered to an American citizen. Early in 1787 two more Bishops were consecrated in England; but Bishop Seabury was before them. Objection was taken to Seabury's consecration on the ground that it was the act of Nonjuring prelates;

but Seabury received his episcopal orders from the lineal successors of Scotch prelates consecrated in London in 1661 by English bishops.

For many years November 17th was kept as a day of thanksgiving in England. It was the day, in 1558, upon which Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. Historians and others have described in detail the joy with which the greater part of England learned of the death of Mary and the accession of



SAMUEL SEABURY, D.D., BISHOP OF CONNECTICUT.

(From the Painting by A. Duche.)

Elizabeth. It was the beginning of a new era for the nation. The land had reeked with the stench of martyr-fires. The nation, impoverished and threatened on all sides by powerful foes, had seen, not only its religious liberty, but its very existence, in danger. The death of Mary removed the incubus;

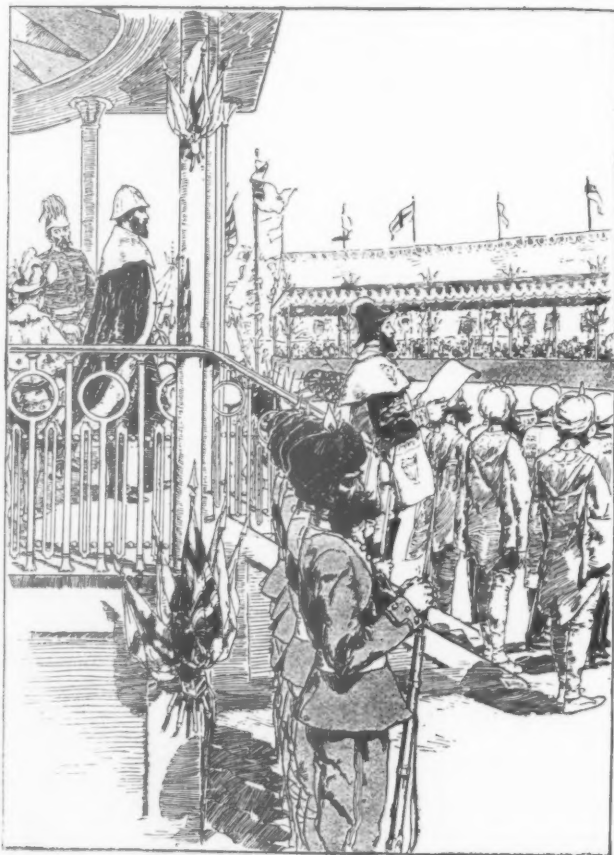
as "No less fair in mind than she is in body. Albeit in face she is pleasing rather than beautiful, but her figure is tall and well-proportioned. She has a good complexion, though of a somewhat olive tint, beautiful eyes, and, above all, a beautiful hand, which she likes to show." One other great day

in Elizabeth's reign will serve to remind us how the spirit of the nation grew under its Queen. On November 24th, 1588, the Queen went in solemn state to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return thanks, in the presence of her people and with those who had fought, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The great attempt on the independence of England—the vast fleet, with its 8,000 sailors, its 2,000 galley-slaves, its 19,000 soldiers, its 1,300 volunteers, its 150 monks and its Vicar of the Inquisition—had failed. It was a great deliverance, and one not to be forgotten.

One other day from this stormy period. On November 24th, 1572, died John Knox. He was buried under the shadow of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, where the echoes of his own stern invective seemed still to linger. The man who had been galley-slave was laid to rest in the presence of a great gathering of nobility and amidst the mourning of a people. "There," said the Regent Morton, "lies he who never feared the face of man." Knox had wrought a great work. The mediæval Church had been at its worst in Scotland; the Reformation was the

sharper, the more drastic. Knox's share in that religious revolution cannot be over-estimated. He had deficiencies, he had positive faults; but his zeal was as fervid as his eloquence, his absolute honesty in an age of rapacity is unchallenged; and his hatred of the Church of Rome seems to have left an ineffaceable mark on the religious character of his nation.

And now for a day of still another kind.



THE VICEROY PROCLAIMING QUEEN VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA, 1877.

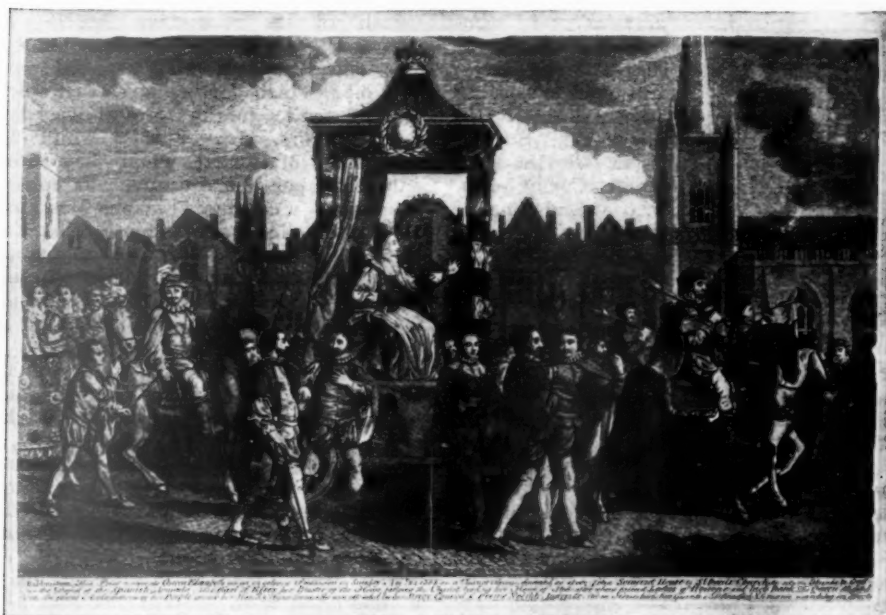
men breathed again. The young Queen was twenty-five. The daughter of Anne Boleyn, she had not come to years of discretion without exciting the tongues of gossips. But her mental acquirements were considerable. If we may trust Roger Ascham, she had been a youthful prodigy of learning. Self-control and patience she had learned in a school of intimate peril. Two years before, the Venetian Ambassador had described her

Our own generation has witnessed a striking development of interest in the nation's duty towards India. But that interest could never have been felt in the same degree when the East India Company was still in power. The Indian Mutiny was the death of its sovereignty. Threatened since the days of Pitt neither the memory of its great services nor the strength of the influence it commanded could avert the final blow. In August, 1858, the Queen gave her assent to the Bill transferring sovereign power in India from the Company to the Crown; on November 1st, 1858, the Queen was proclaimed. In all the chief cities of India the official announcement was made amidst public rejoicing. A new era was opening—an era upon which, after forty years of rule, the nation at home, and its fellow-subjects in the East, can look back with just pride and thankfulness. The Queen's title, Empress of India, was not proclaimed until 1877. On the first day of that year Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India, held a memorable assembly on the famous ridge that overlooks the city of Delhi. There, amidst surroundings peculiarly Oriental in their magnificence, Her Majesty's new title was formally proclaimed. It was, perhaps, the natural sequence of the change made in 1858.



(Photo. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE JOHN KNOX STATUE, EDINBURGH.



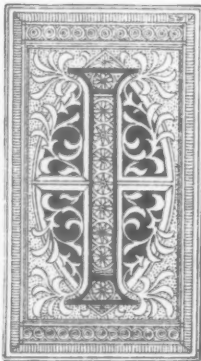
QUEEN ELIZABETH ON HER WAY TO ST. PAUL'S TO RETURN THANKS FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

(From an old Print.)

THE CRUMPLETON CRUETS



By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., Author of "The Oiled Feather," Etc.



I.

It often happens that very small things play a very important part in shaping our lives, and even in settling our final destiny in the world. So was it in the case of Mrs. Crumpleton, who at the time of which we write let lodgings at No. 9, Sedgwick Gardens, S.W. Mrs. Crumpleton's final destiny in life was determined by a cruet-stand—none of your cheap electroplated articles, but real silver, as such used to be in good families in olden times. Containing as it did nine bottles, a highly elevated handle, and an elaborately perforated band all round, had it only a pair of eyes to see, and a heart wherewith to feel, it would have looked down with ineffable contempt upon those little cruets which one sees nowadays, and which only contain mustard and pepper and salt. It would have owned no affinity with them, not even cousinship in the twentieth degree. And you cannot wonder, when

you consider what Mrs. Crumpleton's cruet contained. It had nine bottles: red, black, and white pepper were there—each in its respective bottle—also mustard, anchovy, catsup, vinegar, and the Great Mogul's especial sauce, and oil; which latter, Mrs. Crumpleton always said, might prove useful to some lodgers, if only they would take a spoonful of it neat, when they showed a little temper if the dinner was not done to a turn. For many reasons Mrs. Crumpleton attached importance to this cruet. It was educational—it was an example of being ready for all emergencies—quietly, but none the less efficiently, as she said we ought all to be in going through life. "For example," said she, "suppose fish is sent up for breakfast, and you have only one of those upstarts on the table, with salt and pepper and mustard, where are you? No catsup, no anchovy, no Grand Mogul. Bell pulls. 'Anchovy, please.' Down comes servant in a temper, which she probably keeps in for the whole day—or perhaps, forthwith gives notice to leave that day month."

But Mrs. Crumpleton's cruet had a higher mission to her than this—a moral one. It suggested to her in private life what the happy family in their cage suggested (at any rate, to people with some imagination in their moral powers) in a

more public sphere—that was, the possibility and beauty of dwelling together in unity. There they were, all undeniably of different tastes, sometimes one being patronised and sometimes another, but no bottle ever was known to crack the head of another, or even to jostle it, or charitably hope that when used it might disagree with whoever patronised it instead of itself.

There was, indeed, one of those bottles which might be said to have lived a hermit kind of life; that was the one which held the cayenne pepper. And Mrs. Crumpleton drew a lesson from this, even as she did from the bottle which held the oil.

"Never have I had to replenish you," said she, "but once; and then it was after the Indian colonel left. He emptied you, whereas scarce anyone else ever even touched you. I heard he was called a regular 'fire-eater' in the army, which, I suppose, meant that he was fond of everything hot; anyhow, he was, for he lived on curries and the like; and he was hot-tempered, too. He emptied you, and then left, because his soup was not peppery enough one day."

But there was yet one more reason why Mrs. Crumpleton made much of her cruets, and took the greatest pains to have them always in order, the silver bright as it could be, and the bottles always kept replenished. They were a remnant of former gentility. The Crumpletons grandfather and mother of our present friend, had been county people. "Lodgings" were unknown in the family or in connection with the name, until they came into it with the lady whose bill, "Furnished Apartments," in the ground-floor window, attracted the attention of Mr. Whimms. And they came into it in this wise. Bethia Crumpleton married her cousin Tom of the same name; instead of being Miss Crumpleton, she became Mrs. Crumpleton—a slight difference in sound, but productive of many troubles in fact. This, many besides Mrs. Crumpleton have found out, and that too late.

Of Mr. Tom Crumpleton we shall hear a little more presently; suffice it to say, when his uncle, Miss Crumpleton's father, died, he came in, as male heir, for the place, and married his cousin, who thus fondly hoped that she should live and die in the old home.

But it was not so to be. Mr. Tom Crumpleton, who posed before himself, and

wished to pose before the world, as a poet, was an utterly unpractical and impracticable man. He was full of extravagancies in other and more material respects than poetry; he got into the hands of the money-lender; his borrowings cost him cent. per cent., and the life-interest in the property passed from him into the hands of Goodman and Co., *alias* Mr. Simon Throttle.

It is awfully hard work to live on poetry; to live on prose is hard enough, but poetry, so far as satisfying the wants of Nature, may be said to be nowhere. If by courtesy, and much make-believe, the former may be represented by a mutton chop, then the latter may be represented by a bone—after the meat has gone.

What would have become of Mr. Tom I don't know, if he had not had such an energetic wife as the lady we have before us now; but she pulled him through, so far as to get him bread to eat and clothes to wear, and kept him safe and sound in the back parlour, while she—brave woman!—attended to the lodgings and the lodgers by whom she got a living for them both. But we shall hear a little more of him presently.

As to the cruets, they had always been favourites with Mrs. Crumpleton even as a child. She had always looked upon them as something very grand. The cruet-stand was to her what the British Constitution is to some. It was almost an institution, and she managed to secure it at the general break-up. And, in truth, it did her a great deal of good: it helped, so to speak, to keep her up. As long as she had that cruet she could never sink in the social scale—at least, in her own eyes. She might do so in the eyes of others, who did not know what she had at home; but this was a continual reminder of what she had been and whence she had come; and she would, as long as she had it, never let herself down in her own estimation—no, not a peg.

But Mrs. Crumpleton was not one of those people who like to take everything and give nothing; if the cruet were good to her, she would be good to it. Consequently, she never allowed it to travel higher than the first floor; a very inferior article was kept for the third floor and the parlour.

Moreover, Mrs. Crumpleton always kept it filled; she attended to it with her

own hands, and when it had done its day's work on the first floor she always carefully put it, as it were, to bed in a chammois leather, which was what might be called a "combination," being both night-cap and gown in one.

There were times—and very trying ones they were—when there was no lodger on the first floor. How did Mrs. Crumpleton behave toward her cruet then? Did she neglect it? Nothing of the kind; she not only had it out and gave it an affectionate rub, but she ran her eye over all the bottles to see that they were ready for immediate action, if a lodger should suddenly arrive. The red pepper bottle had given her practically no trouble for many a day, and the others not much; but the mustard and catsup and, above all, the anchovy, she had always to keep her eye upon. For mustard will fur, and catsup will mother, and as to anchovy, though there is no particular name by which to brand its evil habit, it has a way of choking up the neck of its bottle with something like a judicious mixture of red lead and putty, as though it didn't want to come out, and had a malicious pleasure in feeling that your fish was getting cold while you shook, and shook, and shook, and, if you were of a hasty temper, spoke as you should not do.

It was Mrs. Crumpleton's fixed belief that if small things were properly attended to, and one's duty done by them, great results might (and often did) follow: so, this right principle and desire to live up to the privilege of possessing such a cruet, and the belief that by paying proper attention to the article in question she was honouring her father and grandfather who had possessed it before her, and also a feeling that she was thus keeping up her own respectability and was Mrs. Crumpleton, even though she let lodgings, all combined to keep the cruet ready for any first-floor lodger who might appear when the lodgings were unlet, and to make an impression as to the superiority of the apartments upon anyone who took them, they, of course, deserving it.

At present the lodgings were unlet—at least, the first floor was; and upon the first floor Mrs. Crumpleton depended chiefly for the rent. Had they not been, and had not Mrs. Crumpleton kept her cruets ready for use at a moment's

notice, the reader would have had the misfortune of never making the acquaintance of Mrs. Crumpleton's new lodger, Mr. Whimms, nor, indeed, of Mrs. Crumpleton herself.

II.

It is always a pleasure to me to have to speak well of my fellow-creatures; and such would it be to me now, if I could conscientiously say that Mr. Jeremiah Whimms was all that could be desired in himself and as a lodger—for he was not. The gentleman in question had started life as a stockbroker's errand-boy. He had to live on ten shillings a week, on which sum he was not only expected to feed himself so as to look always as if he were in rude health—in fact, just returned from a trip to the seaside—but also so to clothe the outer man that the respectability of the office should not in any way suffer from his appearance. Jeremiah Whimms found it hard both internally and externally to appear always on the boom on this stipend; and in his earlier days he made the acquaintance of the world under decidedly disadvantageous circumstances. It was to him a hard taskmaster—it was always cutting him down; indeed, there were times when it hinted that supper for that evening would be extravagance; and that, if he would go to bed early, it would be all the same in the morning whether he had had any or not. Jeremiah argued hard against this, but you can seldom get the better in argument of an empty pocket; and if you are an honest man, and won't turn its negative into a positive by in some form or other putting your hand into your neighbour's pocket, it is astonishing to how many things and on how many occasions it keeps saying, "No, no, no."

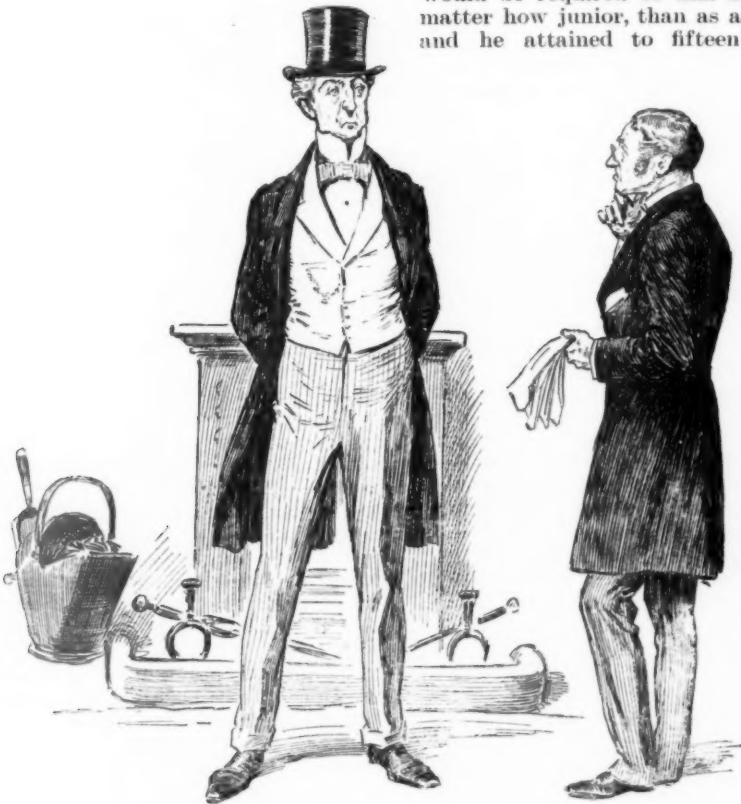
Jeremiah Whimms never took kindly to this kind of life; he did not care twopence for anything educational in it. He had heard of men who had been similarly circumstanced to himself, and how they attained, not only to villas, but to estates; but Jeremiah thought it infinitely preferable to come into such in your early days—even before you were short-coated, if possible. More than once he felt as if he could punch the two partners in his office, when they came there in their broughams—each of

them with a pair of horses. But Jeremiah Whimms did not intend to remain as he was. While waiting about in the office, and hearing one and another talk, he meant to have a try at business himself some day. "At present," said he to his pocket, "you are in a state of collapse—pocket uneasy—prospects gloomy—flat for some time past, and likely to continue so; but," said Jeremiah to himself, "the wheel goes round—what's discount to-day may be premium by-and-by; there's no knowing how fast one may get on when once one begins. Don't some stocks that were once only rubbish—lame ducks—when they get on their legs, not merely waddle up, but go up by leaps and bounds? And I mean to go up; I'm at a discount now—as they say, a drug in the market—but I'll boom by-and-by;

and whether I waddle up, or leap and bound up, up I'll go."

To this end, the youth gave diligent heed to what he heard in the office, and, when in course of time, he was promoted to be a very junior clerk—very useful to have all the mistakes put on, when the firm had to rectify some error—which they always did with proper apologies, "regretting the error of the junior clerk, who has been reprimanded and warned to be more careful for the future"—he kept his eyes and ears still more open, and charged his memory with a good many more figures and facts. Nothing in the way of profit came from these at present, but Jeremiah looked upon them as, so to speak, put into a drawer, to be brought out some day when a boom should come.

Meanwhile Jeremiah's circumstances considerably improved. Something more would be required of him as a clerk, no matter how junior, than as an office-boy; and he attained to fifteen shillings a



Mr. Speckwell eyed the new partner for some moments.

week—to be raised to a pound, if he should prove worthy of it.

And this came in due season, but not until the iron of poverty had eaten into his soul; so that, in one way and another, and sometimes in the most opposite directions—meanness and extravagance—it manifested itself up to the time of which we write.

Yes! Poverty will do this: it will make a man do what is mean from the old habit of pinching; it will make him do what is extravagant from the mere sense of freedom, and the desire to realise practically that he can now have this or that, or do this or that, which were wholly beyond his reach before.

As time went on, Jeremiah Whimms fell under the observation of one of the partners. Jeremiah had ventured one or two prophecies in the office which had come true. The predictions ran in opposite directions: now he was heard saying—that if he had money he would be a “bull,” and now that he would be a “bear”; he predicted a boom in Great Bolderos and a slump in Little Waldons; and both came to pass.

In course of time this came to the ears of one of the partners, who determined quietly to watch the next prediction of Jeremiah's, which the senior clerk had directions to report to him. And in a few weeks one came. Jeremiah declared his belief that Wheal Laxy, then at one and a half, would touch seven in a fortnight, and he was right; and from that day Jeremiah's future was assured. His promotion in the office was rapid, and it ended in his being made first a confidential clerk, and then a junior partner in the house. There he remained until he was fifty, and thence he retired with a handsome fortune. It would have been a great deal more, but that unforeseen political events upset his calculations in a very large transaction, whereby he lost what to some would have been a small fortune; but as he had still plenty left, and he was fond of his ease, and could now take it, he determined not to put himself within the powers of “bulls” or “bears” or “options” to trouble him, and so he retired; and many a man would be wise if in good time he did the same.

Now, when Jeremiah Whimms retired, he took his character with him. When a man's character is once formed, he

finds it very hard to get rid of it, if it be bad—or, indeed, to change it in any way—and Mr. Whimms was in the matter of his character no exception to the general rule. He had plenty of good points, no doubt, but he had some bad ones too, and inordinate selfishness, or, rather, if I might coin a word, “selfdom,” was one of these. He was very self-opinionated, and testy also; and when he left the firm of Speckwell and Whimms he did not leave these behind along with contangos and backwardations and options and all that ilk—nor with his carriage, which was, in a sense, a part of the firm. For when the old gentleman of whom you have already heard retired from the firm, he made it a part of his arrangement with Jeremiah Whimms that he should keep a carriage and pair as he had done himself.

“But, sir, it will be extravagance. I have always ridden on the knife-board of an omnibus, and I feel that a carriage would be only a needless encumbrance to me—and a very unnecessary expense.”

To which Mr. Speckwell, having first eyed the new partner for some moments, in silence, replied slowly and deliberately, with the intention of thereby making a greater impression:

“Mr. Whimms, you know much of stocks, and shares, and companies; and we know your opinion with regard to them is of the greatest value; but you may do this and not know much of the world—at any rate, as much as I do. Don't you know that the law of the world is when a man is going upstairs to give him a push and help him up, and when he is going downstairs to give him a kick and help him down? It may be very true what we hear on Sundays that this is what we should not do, but it is, nevertheless, what is done on Monday and Tuesday, and Wednesday and Thursday, and Friday and Saturday, and this last being a half-holiday makes no difference in the least; and, acting on the knowledge of this fact, I have always kept a carriage and pair—mark you! and pair—myself; and when I took Mr. Chance into partnership, insisted that he should do the same. Moreover, I made it a point always to come to town in it, and to leave in it too, and that people should know that I did so. Do you see the point? A mere one-horse brougham would have been something, but it would

not have been enough. As long as you drive only one horse, unless you are otherwise known, you may be a man who cannot afford more. You are limited. But if you drive two—why, then you may be a millionaire, a marquis, an ambassador, a duke, anything you like—practically you can go no farther; for all that people know, you might drive four, if you liked; and can't you see in

not fall had the megrims and tumbled about like skittles that have got a knock and haven't quite made up their minds whether they ought to succumb or not. We stood as firm as a rock, and even if I had had to sell my wife's jewels to keep up the 'pair' until times mended, I'd have done so. And the pair carried me through, sir, if I might so express myself, at a hand gallop, coming in at the



One landlady would not put up with him.—p. 62.

a moment that there's money in that?—there's credit; and credit is money. If I had come down to one horse, I don't know what might have happened to the business—bill-brokers, bankers, and jobbers, and nobody knows who, would have heard of it; they'd have said, 'Old Speckwell is going down in the world,' and they'd have helped him down. I'd rather have walked every step of the way—aye, with gout or corns, or in tight boots, from my house to Austin Friars—than driven with but one horse. Why, the 'pair' carried the business through the great panic, when no end of firms fell like ninepins, and many which did

end without turning a hair. There were fifty pairs of eyes watching to see if old Speckwell would put down his carriage and arrive at the Friars in a cab, or on foot—that would have meant that some of his bills would not have been discounted at all, and some only at a ruinous rate; but what did they see?—they saw the pair in brand-new harness, and Mrs. Speckwell in a brand-new bonnet; for I felt, if ever she were to look smart, it must be now, and though we lost money, as everyone did, we never lost credit; and so when the ball bounced again we were ready to catch it; and so, here we are to-day."

Thus it came to pass that Mr. Jeremiah Whimms for many years drove a carriage and pair (and thrived accordingly), but his heart was not in the equipage, and his house was by no means corresponding thereto.

III.

Now, at the time of which we write, the carriage had been given up, and the house too, and Mr. Whimms was, as people say, "on the world," and laying his head in lodgings, where he would have no trouble, and, instead of being baited by servants, could condense this kind of business, and bait the landlady instead.

At least, so he thought; but he found "Apartments" a very difficult subject indeed. There were plenty of them, no doubt, but an option in apartments he found quite as speculative as any he had ever to do with on the Stock Exchange.

I shall not weary the reader with Mr. Jeremiah's experiences—how one landlady would not put up with him, and how he would not put up with another; how he fled from one because a young man whom he frequently met on the stairs wore spats, to which, as we shall hear, he had a mortal aversion; and from another, because there was a single lady on the ground floor whom he found had been asking too many questions about him from the house- and parlour-maid. He thought he had got settled, but he had not been in his new quarters a week before a child who screamed most of the day was introduced with a new lodger, and he found there was a clarion-voiced cock and a clucking hen, his wife, in the back-yard, while an organ-grinder played regularly before the house three times a week.

Lodgings were, at present, in a state of "slump," but he would, at any rate, have one more try; and if that failed—no, he would not commit suicide—he might in self-defence be obliged to marry. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and in obedience to it, men have been driven to desperate straits and deeds before now.

But he would try. He had known the worst stocks boom—lodgings might boom too; he would, at any rate, make one venture more. And in doing this, Mr. Whimms arrived at the abode of Mrs. Crumpleton. He had passed several houses in the same street where apart-

ments were to be had, but he was attracted to hers by the fact that the muslin curtains looked white and clean—something *that* in London—and so did the blinds; moreover, all the blinds were symmetrically drawn down to the same level, and the doorstep was very clean—all of which, to an eye accustomed to look out for signs of what was coming, seemed to point to cleanliness and regularity within.

These lodgings Mr. Whimms determined to try, and in a few minutes he found himself in Mrs. Crumpleton's drawing-room. Before the landlady made her appearance the intended lodger had time to look about. Mrs. Crumpleton intended that he should: she intended that all who came about the lodgings should have such opportunity. It gave them time to get impressions, and good impressions—which she was sure they must get—are always helpful. An impression was to be got from the pictures on the wall and the rug upon the hearth, from the brightness of the fire-irons and their near relative the scuttle, from the muslin curtains and the antimacassars. All, so to speak, smiled upon the prospective lodger, and we all know the witchery of a smile.

The reader may think it is far-fetched to suppose that a coal-scuttle could smile, but I think it can in its own way: anyhow, it won't be denied that it can look bright, especially under the bewitching influence of monkey soap.

All these benignant influences wrought upon Mr. Whimms, so that he was quite favourably disposed towards taking the lodgings, if the bed- and dressing-rooms corresponded to the drawing-room, when the landlady herself made her appearance. She had improved the opportunity of the few minutes' waiting by getting herself into the cap and gown which she kept for the reception of gentlemen or ladies who asked for the drawing-room apartments; and it must be confessed that she appeared quite as bewitching in her way as the poker, tongs and shovel, coal-scuttle and curtains, did in theirs.

Mrs. Crumpleton was delighted to find she had to deal with someone to whom terms did not seem to be any object; who made no objection to extras for boot-cleaning or kitchen fire; who made it a point to settle after dinner every Saturday night, so as to begin the new week clear;

who was never out at night later than ten o'clock; and who even went so far as to say that a latch-key was of no consequence.

The bedroom and dressing-room were satisfactory, the only other lodger in the house was a very quiet gentleman on the fourth floor, and Mrs. Crumpleton was willing to agree that she would not let the parlours to anyone with children, or dogs, or a piano, or musical instrument of any kind; and so, after the upstairs inspection, the two found themselves in the drawing-room again.

There is often a peculiar look in the eye when one's fate concerning anything hangs in the balance, and is about to be decided at once—it is sometimes wistful, and sometimes pathetic, and sometimes, alas! agonising. In this case the speech of Mrs. Crumpleton's eye was of a wistful character, with just a trace of anxiety in it, such as it is almost impossible for anyone who lives by letting lodgings to escape.

Just at the moment when the good woman was expecting that her visitor was about to decide upon taking the rooms, instead of his saying the joyful words, he fidgeted for a moment or two in the arm-chair, and then said: "You will excuse me, madam, if I make what perhaps you may think a strange request. Will you be good enough to let me see your cruet-stand?"

The question almost made Mrs. Crumpleton jump. Had she a lunatic in her house, or had she what was practically a burglar, even though he had rung the bell, and not only that, but also knocked at the door? But these feelings were quickly overmastered by another—one which in things great and small too often wins the victory—Pride. If there was anything in the world that Mrs. Crumpleton was proud of, it was, as you have already heard, her cruet-stand and its perfect equipment at all times and seasons. It was never, so to speak, to be caught napping; and now it was evidently about to play some important part, though she did not exactly know what.

Asking to be excused for one moment, Mrs. Crumpleton went and fetched it herself, and up it came in all its glory, and was set on the table beside Mr. Whimms.

This gentleman at once made a dive at the anchovy bottle; he seemed to

think of nothing else. This he examined very minutely and critically; so he did the mustard pot, only in a lesser degree; then he said to the landlady: "I shall settle on the apartments, madam—this cruet decides me. I have met with much annoyance in life from the strangled condition of the necks of anchovy bottles. For the life of me, I can't see why house-keepers should not keep them clean. It is 'shake, shake, shake!' and 'slap, slap, slap!' and 'wait, wait, wait!' and you very often get but a drop or two, if so much, at last. If your cruetts are kept in this condition always, I may be sure that all else will be in order also. Passing from the anchovy to the cruet-stand itself, may I ask if it is a bit of family plate? I don't often see such in the shops."

"It belonged to my grandfather's grandfather," said Mrs. Crumpleton proudly, "and my dear Tom was always glad that this was saved when we lost almost everything else."

As Mrs. Crumpleton's voice faltered when she said the words "dear Tom," Mr. Whimms felt uncomfortable; for, selfish though he was, like all of us, he had a soft spot in his heart. He felt he must apply as quickly as possible a salve to the wound he had accidentally opened afresh.

"I fear you have lost your husband," said Mr. Whimms.

"Yes. And a good one—at least, I loved him, and he loved me; but he wasn't a this world kind of man, and so we came down in the world."

Now Mr. Whimms was pre-eminently "a this world" man, and he felt rather curious to know what "another kind of world" man might mean; so he said: "Excuse me, madam, if it will not be dwelling upon a too painful subject, if I ask what you mean by saying that your late husband was not 'a this world' kind of man."

"I didn't say this in a religious sense," answered Mrs. Crumpleton, "though that's the highest sense of all. I meant it in money and business matters, poor dear! He was a poet!"

"And that will account for anything in the slump—I beg your pardon, madam—in the way of one's not getting on in business matters"; and to further heal the wound he had unintentionally opened, Mr. Whimms said: "I have never read much poetry—in fact, my way of life did

not lie in that direction at all. When I have settled in, perhaps you will favour me with reading me some of what he has written."

"My poor Tom," said Mrs. Crumpleton,

have trials," said Mrs. Crumpleton; "and, as you seem to be a gentleman of feeling, I may tell you that as a poet's wife I have had mine. But Crumpleton's love lightened and, indeed,



At once made a dive at the anchovy bottle.—p. 63.

"was of that sensitive nature that it was a daily grief to him that his parents had called him 'Tom.' He was, however, full of charity, and he said that they never would have done it if they had known that he would be a poet. The name was too short and stumpy for a poet; his only comfort was that there was a gentleman of the name of Moore whom everyone believed to be a poet, and his name was 'Tommy'—worse almost than Tom—far more familiar."

"You have had your trials," said Mr. Whimms.

"You can't be a poet's wife and not

covered them all. It was all the poetry—he used to call them Muses—that did it. At dinner he'd sometimes stop with his fork within an inch of his mouth and roll his eyes, almost as if he were going into a fit, and out with a little book that he carried in his waistcoat pocket and he would write something in it. At times he paced the room at night as if he had the care of a teething child, and I used to hear him saying 'Hush, hush!' and such like, and once he stood in his night-dress at the open windows talking to the wind, and he got an awful cold, and the doctor's bill

came to £4 6s. 4d., to say nothing of chickens and beef-tea to bring him quite round again. And then I've heard him talk of people called critics. I never saw one, and I don't know what they are like, but my Tom said they liked nothing so much as to cut up poets—(what for I'm sure I don't know, for, unless they're cannibals, what good would the body be to them?)—and I never knew but what my dear husband might be brought home to me from some one of them—in pieces, cut up; 'twas awful! And he said there were people called editors who were almost as bad. Then there was the barber!"

"What had he to do with it?" said Mr. Whimms, who was quite interested in being let into the inner history of a poet; the whole race of poets being in his mind lunatic, more or less.

"Well," said Mrs. Crumpleton, "my dear Tom cost me two guineas a year for the barber. Whenever he felt the Muses worrying him, he always made his way straight to the barber—he said it cooled his head to have his hair cut; but, bless you, sir! if the barber had cut his hair every time he went to him, the poor fellow would not have had a hair left on his head—at least, not a long one—he'd have looked like a convict; so the barber just kept the scissors snipping about his head and didn't mind the things he said, and I had to pay two guineas a year for that; but I don't mind that, now he's gone. I'm glad he had everything he wanted, or even wished for, while he was here, and I sit and think of it, and sometimes read his verses. I don't know what the world would think of them, and I don't care, but they're dear to me; and some I carry in my pocket always. You'll excuse me, sir, if I mention it, but as you are so kind as to listen, I may tell you that I carry some always about me. Even if I change my dress, I never forget to change the little pocket-book with it, for it contains the last verses he ever wrote."

By this time our friend Mr. Jeremiah Whimms was really interested in the good widow, and, thinking it might finally heal the wound he had unwittingly made, said, if it were not asking too much, he should like to hear some of the contents of the little book—just a specimen, said he, will do. Whereupon, only too pleased to find an apparently

sympathetic listener, the good woman produced the book and read as follows:

SPRING.

"When springtime comes the busy bees
Are humming found amid the trees,
Into the blossoms deep they dip,
And from them all the nectar sip:
No warfare theirs, they only strive
Who'll bring most honey to the hive."

SUMMER.

"The sunbeams pouring from the sky
Make the parched earth with suffering cry;
A voice is heard from trees and flowers,
'Come quickly, O refreshing showers.'
Their cry is seldom heard in vain,
Ere long there comes a shower of rain."

AUTUMN.

"Some leaves upon the trees are dying,
Some dead upon the ground are lying;
The nights are now a little colder,
Reminding the year that it is older.
'Tis thus with man, his blood grows chill,
It will not run, do what he will."

WINTER.

"The year's sad ending now is near,
And claims a sympathetic tear;
The shortened evenings' sombre gloom
Proclaims its nearness to the tomb.
In Time's due course, which can't be hurried,
'Twill be not only dead, but buried."

"There are a dozen more lines which I should like to read to you," said Mrs. Crumpleton; "they are not so tender as these, but they show more what my late husband could do in the grand and tragic line, as he used to call it himself."

"Hark the thunder's awful crash,
It makes the forest trees go smash,
It makes the window-sashes rattle,
The whole thing's like a furious battle.
The lightning also does its part,
It makes men shiver, shake, and start.
To finish up the nervous strain,
Down pattering comes the heavy rain;
The wisest folk rush quickly in,
The rest get wetted to the skin.
My heart bleeds sore for that poor fellow
Who's out without a good umbrella."

"Thank you very much," said the intended lodger. "And now, with your permission, I will come in on Saturday; meanwhile, to-morrow, I shall begin to send in my things" (which was a great relief to Mrs. Crumpleton's mind, for her hearer was *bona fide*, and not one of the "I'll-call-again-who-never-come," kind). "I must now go." And as Mr. Jeremiah Whimms went down the steps and the door shut after him, he said to himself, "Poor soul! she was very good to her Tom—but—Tom was mad!"

[END OF CHAPTER III.]

CHILDREN'S MEMORIALS.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE "CHILDREN'S CORNER," WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE study of memorial sculpture as it is known in England is not particularly enlivening or elevating; the fancy of the monumental mason at its best tends to no higher flight than the broken

column, the draped urn, or the ivy-wreathed cross, with now and again a supreme effort in the form of an angel or a kneeling child. It is all depressing, ugly, and soulless. Our churchyards and burial-places are grim with these hideous carven stones, and one could wish that only the heaving grass-clad mounds which mark the site of burial of the poorer village forefathers and their children were presented to view in our country "God's acres." They are at least

beautiful in their simplicity, and do not force upon us, as do the stone records, the misery of death.

The monuments erected in our churches and cathedrals to the "great dead" are, too, for the most part, equally depressing; superficial area seems to have been considered rather than artistic design, with the result that our great sanctuaries are disfigured and encumbered with sculptural monstrosities that raise feelings of resentment in all well-balanced minds. Beauty, indeed, seems to have been entirely absent from the thoughts of the general run of sculptors of the past when dealing with memorial work, and the few graceful examples that exist are justly honoured and recorded as instances of what might have been more generally accomplished in this direction.

Teachers and poets have in all ages tried to enforce upon the minds of men that death is not necessarily the grim "king of terrors." The greatest Teacher

of all times reproved those round Him when He said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Two modern poets, as widely apart in sympathy and thought as the poles, have endeavoured to embody this teaching in their works. Longfellow wrote

"There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death";

and Shelley's beautiful words are well known—

"How wonderful is death!
Death and his brother Sleep."

And it is a hopeful sign of the times that the tendency is towards abolishing the grim trappings of mourning and dark associations of the past, and making towards a better hope and a brighter view of the inevitable sadness. Is it too much to look forward to a time when the weary dismalness of our cemeteries and churchyards will be relieved by a more beautiful form of memorial sculpture?

In considering this question of children's memorials we have endeavoured to select for notice those that have either an historic or an artistic interest, and curiously enough only one fails largely in the latter respect, and that, probably, owing to the ravages of time or the vandal.

The legend attaching to the grave of the "Boy Bishop" of Salisbury is curiously interesting and the monument is a quaint relic of mediæval times. It

is true that the analytic mind of the antiquary is not satisfied with the *bona fides* of the story, and has with sundry dry-as-dust theories and comparisons



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE "BOY BISHOP" OF SALISBURY.

sought to detach the quaint little monument from any romantic associations; but, nevertheless, we will for the purposes of this paper adhere to the popular, rather than the scientific, version of the legend.

Among the curious customs of the mediæval Church was one connected with the festival of St. Nicholas, by which children were allowed to parody the pomp and ceremonies of the official Church. A boy was elected bishop who retained the office until the next feast of St. Nicholas, and it fell—so runs the story—that one of these juvenile bishops died during his term of office, and was buried in the cathedral, and this miniature monument covers his remains. At all events, the grave has always been known as that of "The Boy Bishop," and we recognise its claims for inclusion in this article simply on this score.

Lincoln Cathedral, too, possesses the remains of a curious monument to which attaches another legend of the Middle Ages. St. Hugh of Lincoln is said to have been murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III., the historians of the day gravely alleging that the child was the victim of a horrible sacrificial rite then practised by the Jews—an unwarrantable libel upon the Hebrew race. The fact which forms the centre of the story,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MEMORIAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and around which the charges against the Jews were woven, was that the body of a Christian child was found in the well of a Jew's garden. The hatred and envy with which the Jews were regarded at once rose to the highest pitch, and the charge of murder made, not only against the unhappy individual directly concerned, but against the whole Jewish colony in Lincoln. Persecution followed, and many of the Jews were

and, on asking for it, was enticed into the house by the wicked Jewess. Her manner of killing him and the disposal of his body in the well are described in detail. When sought by his mother, Lady Helen, the child is made to speak from the well as follows:—

"But lift me out o' this deep draw-well,
Put a Bible at my feet,
And bury me in yon churchyard,
And I'll lie still and sleep."



(Photo: W. J. Nicholls, Lichfield.)

THE SLEEPING CHILDREN, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

executed and their goods confiscated. The child was buried in the cathedral, and his place of burial became a favourite resort for pilgrims down to the days of the Reformation.

The story is related by the Prioress in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and there is a curious old ballad founded upon it which states that "Sir" Hugh was killed by a Jew's daughter and cast into a well. The poem begins thus—

"A' the boys of merry Lincoln
Were playing at the ba',
And with them was the sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower among them a'"—

and goes on to recount how the boy kicked his ball through the Jew's window,

The monument is said to have been a magnificent example of Gothic work, but there are only one or two small fragments of it remaining, which are to be seen in the south aisle of the choir of the cathedral.

Of much later date are the two curious monuments to be seen in "The Children's Corner" of Westminster Abbey—in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel—erected to the memory of the daughters of James I.—the Princesses Sophia and Mary. The former died when she was but three days old, and the latter at the age of two years. These monuments are of interest not so much for the little personalities whose brief existence they commemorate, as for the quaint beauty of

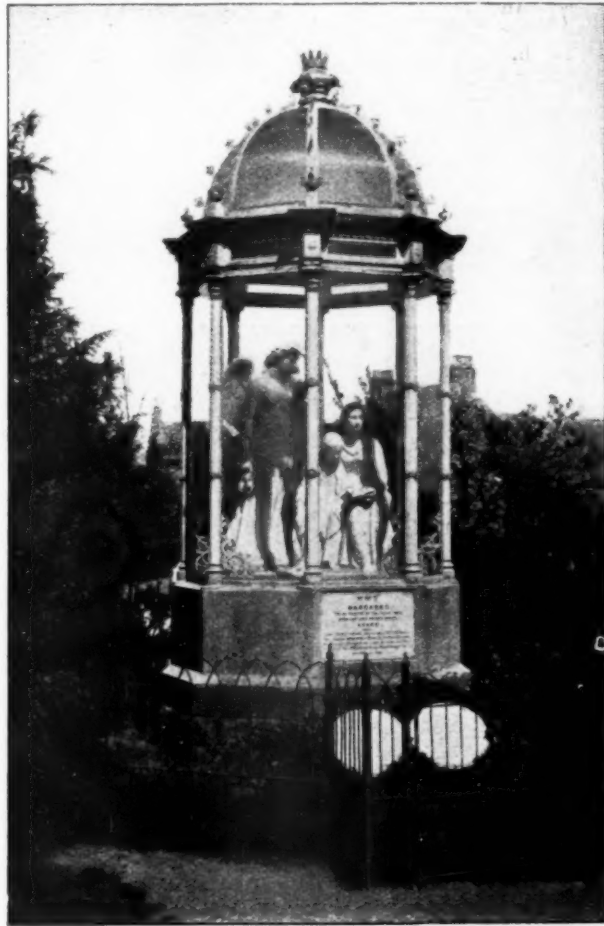
their design and workmanship. The representation of the former lying asleep in her cradle is a beautiful allegory in stone, and reminds us at once of Bishop Hall's words: "Death borders upon our birth and our cradle stands in the grave." The work is a beautiful example of the sculptor's skill. The pretty baby-face on its pillow is delicately carved, as is the lace edging of the coverlet, and, indeed, the whole monument is lovingly rendered by the unknown artist. The Dean and Chapter have done wisely in framing and hanging by the side of the monument a copy of the charming lines which it inspired Miss Susan Coolidge to write, and which were published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1872.

The other monument is not so beautiful. It represents the young Princess in the stiff costume of the period, and, as may be seen by the illustration on page 66, reclining on her side, with her head slightly raised.

Behind these two monuments, on a tablet let into the wall, are commemorated the two young Princes so treacherously done to death in the Tower by their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. The story of their murder is familiar to all, and need not be recounted here. Charles II. had the bodies removed from the grave in the Tower to their final resting-place in the Abbey.

In St. Benedict's Chapel there is another quaint little monument which was erected to the memory of the children of Edward III., William of Windsor and Blanche de la Tour. It consists of a small sarcophagus with two tiny figures, twenty inches in length, in alabaster.

Justly famed throughout all the world is Sir Francis Chantrey's incomparable group of the "Sleeping Children" in



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT, STIRLING.

(Erected to the memory of the "Two Meek Margarets.")

Lichfield Cathedral. It is indeed one of the most charming monuments ever executed—beautiful in every way, it at once appeals to the sentiment and taste of the spectator. The gracefulness of the two child forms lovingly encircled in each other's arms—inseparable even in death—is sweetly pathetic, teaching all who look that "death is but a sleep." The children commemorated were the daughters of the Rev. W. Robinson, Prebendary

of Lichfield, who died in 1812. It was by this work that the sculptor was first brought into prominence.

In Stirling Churchyard stands the monument to "the two meek Margarets," illustrated on page 69. It is the work of Ritchie, the Scottish sculptor, and commemorates the martyrdom of two young girls during the persecution of the Protestants in the reign of James II. Professor Blackie relates the story in one of his powerful ballads, of which we give a few of the stanzas:

"O wae! had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned where the tide was swelling?

"She spoke, and lifted her hands to pray,
And felt the greedy water
Deep and more deep around her creep,
Till the choking billows caught her,

"O Wigton! Wigton! I'm wae to sing
The truth of this wae some story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
And His saints shall reign in glory."

The monument in the parish church of St. Thomas, at Newport (Isle of Wight), commemorating the Princess Elizabeth, is the work of Baron Marochetti, and was erected at the charge of Her Majesty the Queen. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows: "To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH MEMORIAL, NEWPORT, I.W.

"O wae's me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing—
Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

"O captain, save that young meek maid,
She's a loyal farmer's daughter!"
'Well, well, let her swear to the good King James,
And I'll hale her from the water.'

"I will not swear to the Papist James,
But I pray for the head of the nation.
That he and all, both great and small,
May know God's great salvation!"

Castle on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes by Victoria R., 1856." The Princess and her young brother the Duke of Gloucester were taken to Carisbrooke in August, 1650, it being ordered that "no one should kiss their hands, but in all other respects they were to be treated as the



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MEMORIAL BY THOMAS THORNYCROFT IN LEDBURY CHURCH.

children of a gentleman," and a yearly allowance of £1,000 each was voted by Parliament for their use. The young Princess caught a chill within a week of her arrival and died shortly afterwards. She was found in her apartment at the Castle with her face resting on the open Bible which her father had given her at their last meeting. She was buried with all due honour, the mayor and aldermen of Newport attending the funeral in their robes of office.

The other monuments illustrated here are the works of modern sculptors, and are shown as examples of what has been done in recent times and is being done to-day to improve our memorial sculpture. The monument in Ledbury Church was executed by Thomas Thornycroft, father of the well-known Royal Academician, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. Upon my asking the latter if he had ever designed any memorials to children, I received the following communication from him: "I have never executed such monuments; but I am told that at an early age,

about four, I nearly destroyed one which my father was executing in marble for a church at Ledbury, in Gloucestershire. I desired to carve, and with hammer and chisel did some damage to the work, which consisted of a recumbent child asleep (for which I believe I was made to pose) and attendant angels kneeling—in fact, a rather important monument." We are enabled to illustrate—for the first time, I believe—this work, connected in such an interesting manner with one of our greatest living sculptors.

The angel shown below is from the chisel of Mr. F. J. Williamson, the Queen's sculptor. It is to be seen in the churchyard at Hatchford, near Cobham (Surrey); the child whose memory it commemorates was in the habit of going to place flowers on her brother's grave, and when she was in turn laid beside him, the monument illustrated was placed over their resting-place.

At Harberton, in Devonshire, is to be

A CHILD'S MEMORIAL
(In Hatchford Churchyard).



THE POLE MEMORIAL.

(Representing the meeting in Paradise of Lady Pole and her three children.)

seen the figure of a boy shown in the photograph at the foot of this page. It is in the mausoleum which contains the remains of the eldest son of Mr. Robert J. Harvey, J.P. The figure is in Castelino marble, and, like the Lichfield group, it represents a sleeping rather than a dead child; although, of course, the flowers at the head and the feet suggest death. The work is that of Mr. Harry Hems, the well-known Exeter sculptor.

From the same studio came the monument to the children of Lady Pole which is to be seen in the church connected with Shute House, the seat of the Pole family in Devonshire. It represents the meeting in Paradise of Lady Pole and her three children—aged ten, three years, and a few months, respectively. To those who know the monument to Mrs. Morley and her child, by Flaxman, in Gloucester Cathedral, the source of the sculptor's inspiration will be at once apparent. However, it is in itself a beautiful piece of work.

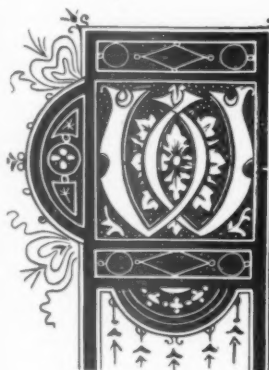
Another modern work which may be mentioned is that by Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A., in Highgate Cemetery, erected to the memory of Miss Beer. The central alto-relief was illustrated in THE QUIVER of February last in the article entitled "Parables in Marble."

ARTHUR FISH.



MEMORIAL AT HARBERTON.

(Sculptured in Castelino marble by Mr. Harry Hems.)



WITHIN the ancient and loyal city of Michesburgh a tall stuccoed mansion stands near the old, smoke-stained Art Gallery: back to back with it, so to speak. Between these buildings, at the back of

both, lies a narrow strip of turf with three lime trees shading it. For many, many months, out from the front door of the stuccoed mansion, came every morning a small boy in a black suit and a wide black hat, attended by his nurse. Together they stepped out on to the pavement, and together they made their way to the public gardens, where, having no tastes in common, they felt dull for two hours, as registered by the nurse's watch, and then returned to the mansion. The child was five years old, the nurse was something between thirty and forty—as occasion required—and the few remarks which passed between them failed to raise the interest of either. The nurse had, it was said, commonsense; the boy had imagination; where these characteristics do not dovetail it seems that they do one of two other things—they clash or they bore. The immediate result of the last-named state is a dull expression of countenance. The nurse's expression

was dull. The boy's expression was duller.

In the afternoons, however, the boy's face brightened. Then, with strict injunctions, repeated daily, the dull-faced woman opened the back door for her small charge, and let him out into his earthly paradise. With a holland pinafore over his black suit, a broad, flapping linen hat in place of the broad black one, and a book under his arm, he hurried to the strip of turf where the lime trees grew.

He had no companions, this small, thinking being. In the public gardens his custodian objected to promiscuous friendships, and he himself felt that in the matter of child advances and youthful offers of society, her decision was immaterial to him; he really preferred to dawdle along the paths alone. It was only when he met a tall, fair-faced woman that his interest was awakened; then, sometimes, he would stop before her and stare up into her face. His mother had been a tall, fair woman, and he expected her back. When he asked his nurse where his mother was, she always said, "Dead, Master Clement," and when he inquired further, "What's 'dead'?" she always replied, "Gone away." His father was "gone away," too, they told him, but, on inquiry, he found that his father was coming back some day; so, with infant logic he expected both, but it was for the mother he hungered.

In his small green paradise, carpeted with turf and shaded by the three limes, he felt his mother's return more

likely. She had always been with him when he had lived among grass and trees before, but he had never seen her since he came to the tall house in the city. So he lay amongst the greenness and waited.

This had been the small boy's pro-

but he never really expected to see his mother amongst them; that was such a cheerless way to come; and his eyes followed the rain-drops as they trickled down the panes, and there was not much hope in his heart. Nurse called him "cross" every day then, and nurse was right. She asked him, captiously, why he didn't "go and play"; but he only whined aggravatingly and shuffled his shoulders. And both were glad when bedtime came; she, that she might go to something more cheerful below stairs; he, because his bedroom window faced the turf and the limes and the old gallery, which was the way his mother would come.

Clement was distinctly an unsatisfactory charge: he was either too apathetic to interest his nurse, or too disobedient to allow her proper peace of mind. As those wintry weeks passed, he acquired a new and wicked habit—that of getting out of bed after he had been tucked in, to look out of the window. He liked to watch the snow in the night as it whirled about the street lamp; he liked, too, to hear the laughter come up from the kitchen. He used to

hear laughter come up from the drawing-room in the other house before "Mummy" went away, and then she always came up to see him before she went to bed. After all, she *might* come back up the stairs some night. He opened his door softly that it might be ready.

Nurse came up and smacked him sometimes when she found him sitting out in the cold; then he kicked at her. She was not cruel, but, as she said, "he might catch his death with his tricks." He was not an easy child to smack, as a rule; he was so quiet, it made one embarrassed and rather uncomfortable; but when he was obstinate it was easier, and he was very obstinate about getting out of bed.

Then one night a wonderful thing happened.

It was drawing near to Christmas; the ground was very white and hard, but the snow had ceased falling. The sounds



A wonderful sight met his eyes.

gramme for many months, for he had come to the city in the early spring of a warm year. But as autumn passed, cold winds blew across his paradise, tearing the leaves from the trees; then came rain, soaking the turf; then hail, then snow. All these bleak days he was forbidden to enter the pleasant spot; he was shut in his nursery, where the window looked out upon the street. He watched the passers-by for many hours,

below stairs were very merry, and a smell of good things was wafted up to Clement through his open door. He had been out in the city that morning to buy a present to send away to his father; nurse told him to do it; but when he wanted to buy one for "Mummy" too, she would not let him; then he cried, and fought her in the shop, and was dragged back in disgrace. Most of the afternoon he had sulked in the corner of the window seat. As he looked out he saw many tall, fair ladies; most of them had little boys and girls with them, carrying parcels; but not one was "Mummy," and suddenly he felt very desolate, and was whimpering when tea-time came.

Later on he was put to bed, and cried a good deal, and was smacked a little, because, as nurse said, it was wrong to be "teasy." Then she went away, and he crept out of bed at once.

It was when he was crouched in a corner of the window seat, looking out, that the wonderful thing happened. The night was moonlit, the world was white and clear, and, as he watched his snowy paradise, the little door in the gallery opened, and a tall, fair lady stood there and looked up at the sky. She was very beautiful, but her face was sad, and she leaned her head against the doorway and hid her eyes.

"She's crying," said Clement, and he pressed closer to the pane. But as he looked she turned back into the gallery. Then, longing to see her again, he looked from the doorway to the big windows, and a yet more wonderful sight met his eyes. In a stream of white light, inside the building, stood a company of strange men and women, tall, and white, and still.

Clement was not frightened, but he gasped, and clenched his small hands, staring with eyes wide stretched in wonder.

He waited, breathless, to see what would happen; but not one of that company stirred.

At last he saw a movement; another figure appeared; it stopped for a moment before a tall, white lady, whose head was bent towards a small white baby in her arms; then suddenly the moving figure fell before the motionless one, and raised supplicating arms towards her.

Clement's wild, excited eyes saw that the kneeling figure was that of the fair lady who had stood at the door.

"Mummy!" he cried, in baby anguish, "Mummy, I'm here!" Then he screamed, and tried to unfasten the window.

When nurse came hurrying up she was very angry.

"Mummy is over there," he sobbed, wildly. "And she doesn't know I'm here." But nurse told him he had been dreaming, and she tucked him in tighter than ever.

* * * *

At one side of the Michesburgh Art Gallery are the rooms of the caretaker. In past years these were usually occupied by some worthy man with medals on his breast, denoting past service and present pension; here, too, his equally worthy spouse—if he possessed one—dwelt with him. When, however, Edward Estcourt, scholar and gentleman, came back from his travels in Italy and Greece, he found that the latest worthy pensioner had retired from the battle of life as well as from all other battles, and the gallery was even more forgotten than usual. Fresh from the wonders of Greece and Rome, Edward Estcourt welcomed the opportunity of rescuing the old building from its long period of neglect and unappreciation, and offered himself as its guardian. His friends laughed at him for such practical devotion to the arts, but he only smiled contentedly, and went quietly to work to make beautiful the suite of rooms allotted to him.

In their way, the rooms were beautiful in themselves, wood-panelled and lofty, and adjoining the long, vaulted galleries. To them he brought his books, his pictures, and his treasures from other lands. Here, too, before long, he brought his young wife, Felicia; and under their willing hands the old gallery began to regain its former importance, and shine with added beauty. Edward Estcourt and Felicia were enthusiastic over the cleansing and decorating of the stately halls. Pictures were re-hung; marbles and casts were re-arranged; old treasures were brought forth from dark corners; new treasures were added.

Here, one day, in one of the now beautiful rooms beside the galleries, a son was born to the Estcourts, and to them it now seemed that life had little more to offer, so great was their contentment. And from that day the child was always with them; it had no separate nursery

life; the old rooms and the long, beautiful galleries were all his nurseries; pictures served him instead of picture-books; instead of dolls he loved the majestic white figures; for nursery tales he listened to tales of Ares, of Hermes, of Achilles; a rocking-chair became a Grecian chariot, the dining-room became a mimic Troy. For five years his baby presence brightened the old gallery; then his little part in life was played—finished. The calm, white gods and goddesses looked down from their pedestals still, but the little mortal who had played at their feet was gone, and the place knew him no more.

It was after that small life was ended that a change—a dull, cold, indescribable change—crept almost imperceptibly over the life of the father and mother. Mistakes are so easy. Love may be so blind. Unselfishness and selfishness are so closely allied.

When the first days of almost overwhelming grief were over, while their hearts were yet bleeding with the new anguish, this man and woman, out of their love for one another, each made an unspoken resolution, and—unfortunately—kept it.

From that time the old rooms were, it would seem, full of regained cheerfulness. The piano was heard; the meals were bright and conversational; the baby belongings of the little son were placed out of sight, his name was seldom mentioned, never dwelt on; the walks into the country were brisk, that the little patter might not be missed. Each was endeavouring to help the other—to make the other forget the pain.

But as the months passed, the little son was being avenged for this discardment. Husband and wife were striving to do their best for one another, but the little shadow, forced back by their artificial cheerfulness, was growing, growing, larger, denser, and growing between them, not as a bond, but as a wall of separation. The meals became shorter, the walks fewer, conversation more difficult, those hours more frequent when the husband closed his study door and sat solitary amongst his books, and the wife wandered, desolate, amongst the motionless white forms which the little son had loved. She was longing for her boy, craving for some sympathy, and both were far from her. The blank eyes looked out from the still lids of those

white men and women, as if their gaze were set beyond her little life and the petty concerns of this world. The Dying Gladiator was absorbed in his unending agony; Niobe, in her unending grief; Ares gazed sternly away at some distant view; Hera sat magnificent; Aphrodite stood superb. All still, all white, all cold to the misery of a human mother mourning her dead child.

One there was who seemed less callous—a degree closer to Felicia's sorrow. A calm, great Tyche, with gently inclined head, stood facing the arched window, looking with changeless, tender interest upon the infant Plutus in her strong, motherly arms; the child looking up and stretching one dimpled baby hand to smooth the beautiful face. Day after day Felicia wandered among the galleries and looked and looked upon the gods and heroes, the goddesses and amazons the little son had loved so well, but only the Tyche seemed to understand a little.

On that cold, white night when the moon shone down upon the frozen world, Edward Estcourt had risen, when dinner was over, to open the door for Felicia. For a moment or two he looked at her in her trailing black gown; his eyes seemed to plead, and his lips about to frame words, but she was arranging the white chrysanthemum in her bodice, and passed out without noticing his expression. When the door was closed, he stood for a while looking sadly into the fire; then he sighed. He did not sit down again at the pretty table, but, before long, went across the corridor to his lonely study, and shut the door.

Felicia, in her drawing-room, heard the sound, and gripped her hands. Many months of ghastly cheerfulness had now passed by; her aim, it seemed, had been attained—Edward had learned to forget. "But I am desolate," she moaned; "desolate, desolate!"

To-night the pretty room jarred upon her; the bright lights made her eyes ache. With a quick impulse she left it all, and hurried out into the long, echoing galleries. Here all was cold, and shadowy, and quiet. The moonlight falling through the windows lay in great patches on the floor. It was nearly Christmas time. Last Christmas—

With a little cry she hurried to the door which opened on to the plot of turf. To-night she felt desperate; perhaps the

peace of the world outside would deaden the pain of loneliness. She stood in the doorway and looked up at the sky.

then, with a sob, she turned back quickly to the gallery.

"Give him to me," she moaned, as she



"Give him to me—I cannot live without him."

But the moon was so white, the world so cold; wherever she turned all things seemed white and cold; and her own heart was so hot with passionate longing. For some moments she stood with her hand pressed to her eyes, to shut out the sight of the unsympathetic night;

threw herself before the great, tender-faced Tyche, and stretched her arms to the happy child Plutus. "Give him to me—I cannot live without him. I want him back!" Now, at last, her eyes were wet with tears. She spread her arms on the marble pedestal, and, hiding her

face, rocked to and fro, sobbing unrestrainedly.

Then, as she lay there, something sprang towards her, a touch fell on her shoulder, and, starting up in wild amazement, she shrieked aloud. In the stream of moonlight she saw a little white-robed figure, with dishevelled curly head. It clung to her; its arms were warm, its kisses human. "Mummy," it cried; "I'm here! I was waiting ever so long! Mummy, mummy, don't you cry!"

"Edward, Edward!" she cried through the echoing gallery. Hurrying footsteps were coming in answer to that first shriek. "Edward," she said faintly, turning to her husband, "I was longing—for baby—to come back to me, and this little child—has come, I think—from heaven."

For answer, in his amazement, Estcourt took them both into his arms—Felicia and the wonderful little stranger.

"Poor darling! Poor darling!" he murmured. "And I thought you did not care."

Back in the bright drawing-room, lying

in Felicia's arms, Clement told his little story. How everyone had said that "Mummy was gone—away—dead"; how he had come to live in the big house the other side of the lime trees; how, from his window, he had seen "Mummy" standing in the moonlight; then how he had crept downstairs when nurse had gone, and out at the back door, and across the grass to "Mummy." And when the wonderful tale had been told again and again, at last, with sleepy, faltering voice, he passed from waking joy to happy dreams.

"We must give him up," sighed Felicia, and Edward nodded reluctantly; but their faces were happier than they had been for many months. The shadow had vanished from between them. In soft tones, for fear of waking the little child, they talked of the other little child. And though that night Clement was yet once more tucked in his own bed, he felt that "Mummy" held his hand, so all was right. He had given and received comfort on that wonderful night, and the face of the world seemed brighter on either side of the grass plot.



THE DESERTER.

BETWEEN fixed bayonets glancing bright,
With fettered hands and pallid face,
He passes by, in all men's sight,
A picture of disgrace.

Scant aid the cloak affords to hide
The gyves' closed circlets, grim and bare—
Still less the look of jaunty pride
Conceals his dumb despair.

Turn, turn your pitying eyes away;
Gaze not on honour fallen thus!
We share the shame. Let conscience say,
How fares it, friends, with us?

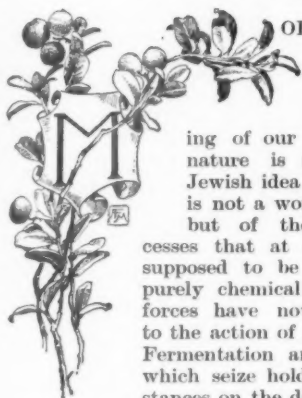
Have we no sacred trusts betrayed?
Heedless of Duty's trumpet call,
Have we not faltered and delayed—
Deserters—one and all?

J. R. EASTWOOD.

NATURE'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

1.—CO-OPERATION IN THE PLANT-WORLD.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



CRANBERRIES.

MODERN science seems to be confirming more and more the feeling of our childhood that nature is alive—the old Jewish idea that this world is not a world of the dead, but of the living. Processes that at one time were supposed to be carried on by purely chemical or mechanical forces have now been traced to the action of living agencies. Fermentation and putrefaction which seize hold of effete substances on the descending scale, that have served their purpose in one form, and bring them

back in the vortex of nature as material for new forms of life, are caused by the growth of minute fungi and bacteria. Fevers and other epidemic diseases are the results of the diffusion and development of living germs. Even our common colds are caused by the presence of a minute malarial microbe; for in the perfectly pure atmosphere of the arctic regions, exposed to constant wettings and freezings, Nansen was free from this scourge, and succumbed to it only when he came back to his native land. Many of the familiar operations of the farm and of domestic economy are aided or thwarted by incessantly active bacteria of various kinds. We live constantly in an atmosphere and surroundings teeming with unseen living forms, which, though sometimes breaking out into dangerous excesses, are yet, upon the whole, conducive to the maintenance of our health and vigour.

Among the most remarkable of recent discoveries is that which botanists call symbiosis, in connection with the roots of plants. A great many plants extract nourishment from the soil not by their own unaided powers and natural functions, but by the super-added help of other organisms which find a lodgement upon their extreme radicles. Peas and beans obtain the nitrogen in which they so richly abound, not directly from the soil or air by the action of their own roots, but by the aid of bacteria connected with minute knots or excrescences in these roots,

which fix the surrounding free nitrogen in a form in which it can be assimilated for the growth of the plants. A forest is dependent for its well-being upon the luxuriance of the mosses and other kinds of minute vegetation which cover the soil, which extract and concentrate the fertile elements of the air and soil in a pabulum that can be utilised by the roots of the trees. The beech and the birch owe their flourishing condition to the white downy spawn of fungi parasitic upon their extreme root-tips, and which, contrary to the habit of parasites, that are usually injurious to their hosts, have the most beneficial influence, and, indeed, are indispensable to the growth of these trees. The partnership of these two organisms, the highest and the lowest forms of plant life, is for their mutual welfare, the one supplying the deficiencies of the other. The fungus gets the materials for its growth from the green leaves of the trees; and the trees get their food-stuff from the soil by the help of the fungus.

I am writing these words in the forest of Rothiemurchus. There one is greatly struck with the luxuriant vegetation under the shadow of the grand old firs. The ground is hummocky with old ant-hills composed of decaying pine-needles, which the industrious creatures had gathered with infinite labour. Over them all there is a rich growth of cranberries, blackberries, and mosses; the wave of vegetation having crept up and gradually extinguished the centres of such teeming animal life. The reason of this wonderful luxuriance of the undergrowth of the forest is that the materials of the ant-hills in their decay had fostered the growth of minute fungoid substances, which in their turn nourished the roots of the cranberries and junipers and enabled them to extract food in profusion from the ant-hills, and finally to spread over them a green pall of vegetable life. For a similar reason our moorlands are covered in the most picturesque fashion with characteristic plants such as heaths, crowberries, and bear-berries. All these low shrubs grow in peaty soil composed of the remains of previous moorland vegetation, upon which the mycelium or spawn of fungi is produced; and this adventitious fungoid growth, associated with their roots, decomposes the peaty soil for them into forms of nourishment suitable

for their assimilation. Moorland plants could not live in such soil were it not that their roots are helped in this manner to prepare and, as it were, digest their food.

In the bright autumn days the moorlands are covered from end to end with crimson heather in full bloom. It is one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights of our native land. The heather is one of the hardiest of plants, and is so well adapted to its growing-place that we cannot imagine the moorlands without it. It looks as if it belonged to the bleak, mist-drenched soil and grew out of it of its own

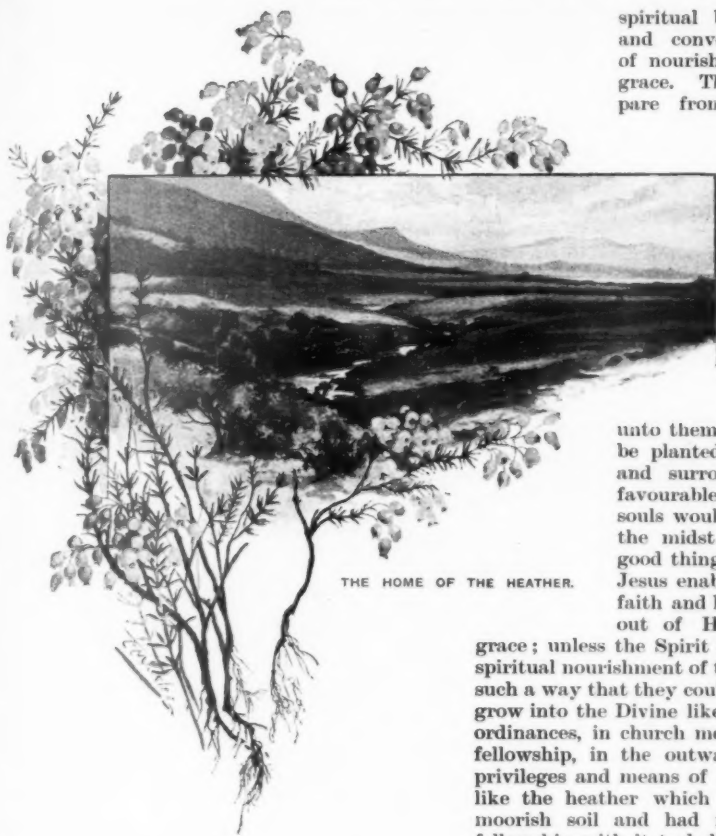


BILBERRIES.

accord. We naturally suppose that each heather-bush of the myriads upon which we gaze supports itself by means of its own roots, taking out of the brown peat by their own vital powers, in the exercise of their own special functions, the nourishment which it needs. Of all plants, the heather, we should suppose, would be the most independent and self-sustaining, growing as it does so luxuriantly in such desolate situations. But science tells us that this is not the case. The heather is rooted not in the dead peat, but in the living mycelial material in which its rootlets are wrapped up. It cannot nourish itself, but must be nourished by a foster-parent, so to speak, which prepares its food for it,

and reduces the peat on which it grows to a condition which it is able to absorb and circulate as food throughout its system. If you dig up carefully a heather-bush by the roots and examine the finer fibres at the end of these roots, you will find that they are covered with a thin, whitish mantle or cobweb of delicate threads. This is not a part of the roots; it does not belong to the heather at all. It is a separate living plant growing on the heather roots—the spawn of a minute fungus. It is found upon every heather-bush, and spreads from root to root, causing all the wide acres of bright moorland vegetation to flourish from year to year by its living action. The connection between these two organisms is not only of the closest character; it is also life-long. When once the partnership is formed it continues uninterrupted as long as they both exist. As the roots grow and spread, the spawn of the fungus grows and spreads with them. Were this living fungous growth to be taken away from the roots of the heather, the bush, even if supplied with every other requisite, growing in its own proper soil and furnished with its own suitable food, would soon wither and die. And the true secret of the failure which so often attends the transplanting of heather is, that in the process this fungous growth is torn away from the roots, and it takes some time to form a new growth of it in the new soil, while in the meantime the heather, bereft of its accustomed partner, languishes and dies. The first Scottish emigrants to Canada took with them some heather bushes to plant in the new country in order to remind them of the dear old Highland home. But they did not know that they had broken off the strange association of the heather plants with their fungoid friends in their native peat-mould; and therefore the experiment necessarily proved abortive, and the poor Highlanders had to weep over the sad failure, naturally attributing it to a sentimental cause.

The analogy between the heather and our own natural life in this respect is very striking. The process of digestion in man is of a similar nature with the preparation of suitable food-stuff for the heather-roots by the fungus associated with them. In both cases it is not a mere chemical, but a vital action—an action carried on not only by the living powers of the organism itself, but also by the living powers of another organism which agrees to live and work in partnership with it. Minute forms of animal and vegetable life help in the process of dissolving and fermenting our food and so preparing it for our bodies. That process could not be performed without these living microbes. Were it possible to free our food and water and blood and the



THE HOME OF THE HEATHER.

air we breathe from these living forms we should soon perish, for in that case we should have no help to ferment our food and reconstruct for us from time to time our wasted tissues. If our bodies are therefore to maintain themselves in health and vigour, and carry on efficiently their functions, they must be furnished with a sufficient and properly regulated supply of these microscopic life-forms.

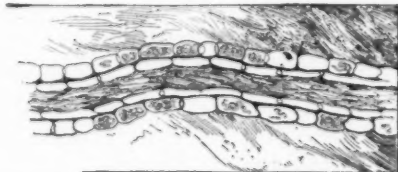
But the analogy is still more interesting and instructive in regard to our spiritual life. What a beautiful illustration, to compare great things with small, have we in this plant-fellowship of the association of believers with the Lord Jesus! St. Paul says to his Colossian converts, "Ye are rooted in Him." And the point of his statement is that the roots of their spiritual being are not in a system of doctrine, but in a living Person; not in a truth which they believe, but in a Saviour whom they love, by whose aid they are able to appropriate all the

spiritual blessings they enjoy, and convert them into means of nourishment and growth in grace. Their roots cannot pre-

pare from the soil in which they are planted the food of their souls by their own inherent powers and proper functions. They require the help of the Spirit of Jesus to take of His things and to show them

unto them. In vain would they be planted in the Lord's house and surrounded by the most favourable circumstances. Their souls would pine and starve in the midst of an abundance of good things, unless the Spirit of Jesus enabled the roots of their faith and hope and love to draw out of His fulness grace for

grace; unless the Spirit of Jesus prepared the spiritual nourishment of their souls for them in such a way that they could assimilate it, and so grow into the Divine likeness. Rooted only in ordinances, in church membership and church fellowship, in the outward enjoyment of the privileges and means of grace, they would be like the heather which was rooted only in moorish soil and had no living partner in fellowship with it to help it. These privileges and advantages of religion are in themselves as dead as the peaty mould in which the heather fixes its long and slender radicles. They can of themselves impart no quickening, saving influences to the soul, any more than the dead soil of the moorland can of itself nourish the heather that grows in it. The soul requires to be rooted in Christ, in the personal, living Redeemer, while it is growing by means of these ordinances and religious advantages; and Christ, by His living power,



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF HEATHER ROOT, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

(Showing the filaments of the fungus in the outer cells.)

will make them to be indeed the means of nourishment and spiritual fruitfulness; just as the roots of the heather require to have the fellowship of another living organism with them in the soil to convert that soil into suitable food for the nourishment and growth of the plant. The moral law bids us live in duty and truth, in purity and love; the religious life bids us live in church membership and in the performance of church services; but the Gospel calls us to live in Christ, to be rooted in Him, and to find in Him "the enjoyment of all we possess, the realisation of all we would become."

The beauties of holiness which the Colossian converts displayed, the abundance of the peaceable fruits of righteousness which they produced, were owing to the great fact that the living Saviour was at the roots of their highest life, working mightily in them and for them. They were Christians, who carried their God within them, as the heathens accused them of. "I in them and they in Me," Jesus said of His fellowship with His disciples. It was more than being merely with them; He was of their very being. Microscopic examination of the roots of the heather shows how the filaments of the living fungus associated with it penetrate into the very cells of their structure; and so intimate, and interpenetrating the inner being, is the indwelling of Jesus Christ in His people. This interfusion of the presence of our Lord with the human personality is the deepest mystery of grace. It is "the secret of the Lord" which belongs to each separate recipient. It can only be shown by its effects upon the life, as the effects of the fungus upon the roots of the heather is shown by the vigour of the heather's growth and the beauty of its blossoming. Christ's life in our life makes all goodness possible and attainable.

The phrase "in Christ" is one that meets us constantly in the New Testament. It is one of the most familiar and characteristic expressions in the Epistles of St. Paul. It is full of the deepest and most precious meaning. By far the greatest mistake in our authorised translation of the New Testament is the constant putting of the word "through" for the word "in," which was the actual word used always by the Apostles. And therefore the greatest service done for the English reader in the Revised Version is the correction of this strange misunderstanding. The correction in that grandest of texts, "I can do all things *in* Christ, which strengtheneth me," is a most important one in the light of the profound analogy which we are considering. It changes the whole meaning of the words. When we use the expression "*through* Christ, which strengtheneth me," we naturally think of Christ as a Saviour external to us, who comes for the

special purpose of strengthening us. But the Apostle was thinking of something quite different from that. He was thinking of Christ as our very life, as the constant source of all our strength. "*Through* Christ, which strengtheneth me" implies a mere temporary or transitory connection with Christ for the time being and for the one purpose; such a connection as enables us to apply for and to receive Christ's strength in an emergency—when we are required to do some difficult thing for which our own ability is insufficient. But "*in* Christ, which strengtheneth me," implies an abiding vital union from which we derive the strength of a living force continually. We get strength from Christ not as we get power mechanically from an electric machine by establishing a connection with it, but as a plant gets help from the living organism with which it is organically associated. The dynamics of the spiritual world are not inorganic, but organic. Life, the highest of all life, is the source of all its powers.

It is such a living union as that which is symbolised by the union of the living fungus with the roots of the heather. In that union, and as the result of its vital action, the life and growth and well-being of the heather are maintained. And just as the useful partnership between these two strange organisms is never dissolved and never intermitted for a single moment, otherwise one or both of them would die, so the inner, vital fellowship of the believing soul with Christ is never broken and never interrupted. "Without Me ye can do nothing"; in Christ we can do all things. "Because I live, ye shall live also." No one but a scientific man who knew the secret would ever suspect the cause of the heather growing and flourishing in its bleak soil and surroundings. For ages the eyes of men had gazed upon the crimson moorlands, and they had never known why they exhibited all the wonderful phenomena of their peculiar plant-life. The real cause was concealed beneath the soil, in the beneficent ministries of a ghost-like plant which worked unseen. And so no eye sees the Source of the Christian life which is able to maintain itself in the most unfavourable circumstances, to endure trial, and resist temptation, and overcome the world, and practise whatsoever things are pure and honest, and lovely and of good report, because it is hid with Christ in God. The hidden life of Christ works deep down at the roots of our being; and the chief hindrance to successful Christian living and working is that our oneness with Christ is not sufficiently realised. Nothing can help us so much to live such a life as God requires of us as to feel continually that we live in Christ, and that Christ lives in us as the source of all our life.



A TOUCH OF MELODY.

SHE struck the strings with lingering hand,
And to his soul there came
The spell that many understand,
The spell that few can name.

One moment love was blotted out,
Or merged in perfect dream :
He passed the borderland of doubt
To things that are, not seem.

He breathed the larger living air—
He heard the lapping sea ;
He sighted that far haven where
Man's spirit longs to be.

The mist descends on mortal eyes—
No trance of soul is long :
Love fluttered back to realise
The singer and the song.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*The Children's
Hour.*



Author of "The Wonderful
Purse," Etc.

do walk this way we are never noticed. Do you remember those silly lovers who come through this wood every evening? They pass by without giving us one glance. When they rest at the edge of the little brook, they kneel on the forget-me-nots, and even then don't see them. It's very unfair."

"I don't mind one bit not being seen," declared a lazy bluebell. "But I consider we all work too hard. What an exertion it is on a hot summer's day to hold up one's petals to be inspected by the Queen, just to see if we are clean! And

how vexed she is if she finds we have just one little smut! That's what I object to."

"That's not so bad," sighed a proud spray of white lilac, "as to think we live and die here, and are of no use to anybody. What's the good of living? say I."

"Yes, yes, what's the good of living?" chimed in all the discontented blossoms. "What's the good of doing anything here?"

But at that moment a beautiful bright light flooded the place, and the flowers trembled nervously on their stalks, for although they had been grumbling together, they hoped the Queen had not overheard their foolish remarks.

But when Her Majesty came into their midst she was quick to observe the sullen looks that surrounded her.

"What is the matter with you all?" she demanded. "On a nice fine day like this you should be as happy as possible. I suppose you have been quarrelling together. Well, never mind. Cheer up and open your petals wide. I want to see how the new ones are wearing."

But not one flower attempted to obey the order.



Far away in the heart of the forest there grew many flowers of various shapes and hues. Their scent was so powerful that on a hot summer's day it would travel for miles with the breeze and enter into the stuffy little cottages that clustered together in

the village to cheer the occupants.

But to-day the spirit of discontent possessed many of the blossoms, and they all nodded their heads angrily, and made indignant complaints concerning the treatment they received.

"I, for my part," cried a gaily coloured anemone, "think it a very great shame that we should have to live in the wood at all. It is easy to see the Flower Queen has a spite against us, otherwise we should not be prisoners here."

"Yes," chimed in a dainty violet; "there is nobody to admire us, and even when people

The Queen looked very surprised, especially when she repeated her command and there was exactly the same result.

"What can have upset you?" she asked. "And, dear me, how important you look! What is the reason?"

"We are going on strike," explained one haughty branch of may. "We are tired of lavishing our sweetness and beauty on empty space, and we are all going to be independent and do as we like. At present we are of no use, nor are we wanted anywhere. So we are not going to smell sweetly, nor blossom brightly, nor try to look our best, and we don't want you to attend to us any more. It is a waste of energy, and we refuse to obey you."

The unsympathetic Queen seated herself on the soft moss and rocked about with laughter, while all the flowers waved to and fro and tried to appear very important, although they were very vexed at her unseemly mirth.

"Oh, you silly things!" cried Her Majesty. "To talk such nonsense to me. Not useful! Not wanted, indeed! I should think not, if you wear such ugly black looks. Listen to me. I have a plan to propose. You shall all be invisible for one day, and then you can remain here and watch to see what happens. I won't approach nor do anything for you, and in the evening, if you still think you are unappreciated and are determined to go on strike, then do so, by all means. It will not hurt me, and only cause annoyance to you all. If you like to give up smelling sweetly and trying to look your best, I give you permission to do so, for you are such silly flowers, much worse than little buds, that I can hardly believe you to be serious."

The next morning, therefore, none of the blossoms hurried to arouse themselves, for they knew they were to be invisible all day, and they rejoiced among themselves at having an entire holiday. It was not until the sun was high in the sky, that the indolent daisy stretched herself languidly on her stalk and slowly opened her petals. "Oh—h!" she yawned. "I have had such a nice long sleep, but it seems almost too hot to awake."

"That is because you are so late," the lilac condescendingly explained. "I have had a delightful morning swinging about in the breeze, for I have not had to trouble about my scent or anything else. Without the weight of my perfume to carry I have been able to hold my head very high. What do you say, violet?"

"I can't help wishing the Queen would come along and dust my petals," replied this little flower. "Living as near the ground as I do, I get dirty and soiled, and it makes me feel so ashamed of myself. Not that there is anybody to notice me. I can't help

wondering if we are wise to strike," she added wistfully.

A chorus of indignant voices all began to speak at once, until somebody called "Hush! Hush!" and then they perceived that two little children were advancing. The elder child, who carried a rake in one hand, stopped and looked about her disconsolately.

"It's no good, Dolly dear," she said pathetically. "There is not one flower to be found anywhere. I brought the rake to see if we could pull down some lilac, for mother loves it so. And as she has been ill so long, it would have cheered her up."

Dolly nodded her curly head, and then she sighed heavily. "Poor Mummie," she said. "She will be sorry. Perhaps we can get some in another place. Come along, Sis."

As the children scampered off, the lilac waved wildly about and called after them: "Hi! Hi! Here I am. There is plenty of me to make a big bunch. Come back! Come back!"

But her companions burst into a shrill peal of laughter. "You forget," they cried. "You are invisible and cannot be seen."

And the lilac hung her head abashed, for she realised that here was, at least, one instance in which she could have been of service to a human being.

In a few minutes, soft footsteps again attracted the attention of all the blossoms. This time it was a young maiden who drew near to them, and although her eyes were red with weeping, it was easy to see she was very pretty, though now she appeared to be in great trouble. As she walked slowly forward, her eyes were riveted to the ground, and occasionally she bent down and peeped under a leaf. At last they heard her whisper to herself sadly: "I can't find a flower anywhere, neither forget-me-nots nor violets, and I so wanted to give my darling a little keepsake of them before he started for the war. What shall I do? What shall I do?" And as she passed on, weeping and wringing her hands, the flowers grew very uncomfortable, and really wished they could make themselves visible, if only for the pleasure of providing a little token for the girl to present to her soldier lover.

But they were too proud to mention these thoughts, so they remained in dignified silence, not daring to meet each other's eyes, for they all knew they were in the wrong, but none of them would be the first to acknowledge it.

The heat of the afternoon was intense, and the flowers, having been deprived of their early bath of morning dew, were now so burnt up and withered, that their petals drooped, and it was with difficulty they could keep their stalks upright and stiff.

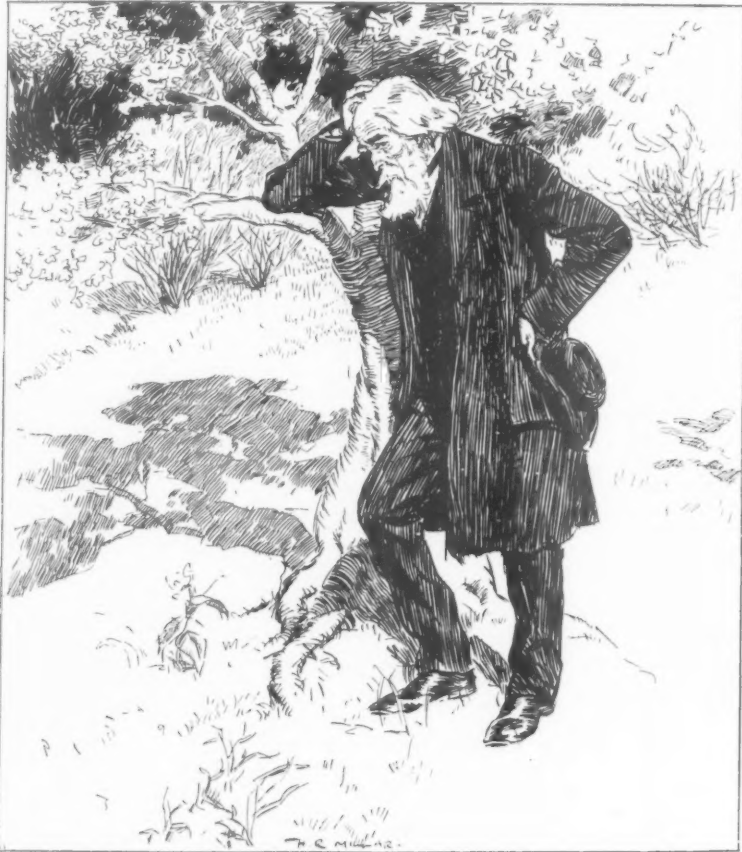
Suddenly they were surprised to see a tall,

sad-faced man come walking towards them and pause under the shade of the lilac tree for a few minutes. He was apparently deep in thought.

But his mind must have been full of sorrow, for some flowers who grew near him, heard him sigh softly and whisper to himself a

covered with the blossoms she loved so well. My dear, dear wife!"

But though he hunted carefully around, he could find nothing, and at last he too left the place, declaring his intention of going to some woods the other side of the village. When he was out of sight, the poor little



He was apparently deep in thought.

woman's name. At last, the tolling of the village church bell aroused him.

As the strokes rang out solemnly, the man raised his head and, dashing the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, he too began searching for flowers, muttering to himself as he did so, "My poor little wife is dead, and before I could fetch the blue-bells she asked for. Ah me! It is too late now! I will make a big wreath to put upon her grave; her last resting-place shall be

flowers burst into tears and sobbed bitterly, until, with one accord, they called aloud for their Queen to come to them and make them again visible to mankind.

Her Majesty quickly appeared in answer to their appeal, and when she had waved her hand and restored them to their natural conditions, she questioned them as to their experiences.

"Well, my little blossoms," she cried mockingly. "How do you like being independent?"

Have you decided to strike, or have you learnt your lesson properly yet? Tell us, my dear lilac, do you still think you are of use to nobody? Have you learnt the good of living, eh?"

But the lilac hung its head in shame. "I could have made two children very happy to-day," it said, "and perhaps brought the colour into the cheeks of their sick mother. I remember how I have often longed to do these things, but, alas! I have been too proud lately to think of anything except myself. Oh, Queen, will you pardon me and let me live as I have always done? Never will I grumble again."

"I could have lain on a dead wife's grave," said a bluebell sorrowfully, "I have lost my chance of comforting a human being in need, and I shall never forgive myself for it."

"While we," whispered the humble violet and little forget-me-not, "might have been marching to war now, pressed against a young lover's heart to remind him of the maid who cares for him. What chances we have all missed!"

"Yes," said the Queen, as she began to

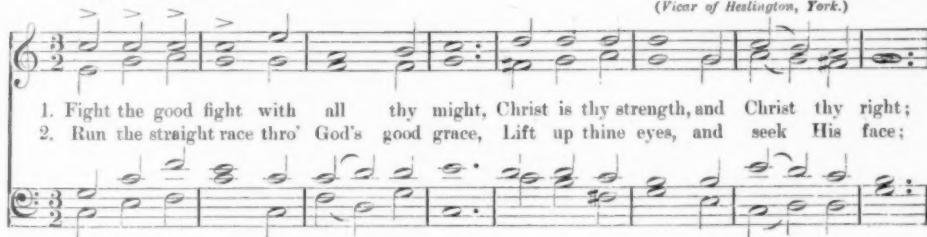
dust each petal before she refreshed them with a bath of evening dew. "I think you have all been made to understand that everybody and everything, however small, has a duty to perform and is of some service in this big world; and I am sure, therefore, that I shall hear no more grumbles when I come to inspect you in the morning; so good-night, my dear little things, and do not forget the lesson you have learnt this day."

And as the flowers nodded their heads sleepily, they promised, with one accord, that from henceforth they would lead contented, unselfish lives, and always try to do their best, wherever they might be. So that is why sometimes, in the narrow little alleys of London, you will see a gaily coloured flower blooming in a cracked pot, and looking as bright and smelling as sweet as though it had been reared in a vase of gold in a nobleman's garden: for it knows that its beauty is a joy to its poor owner, and therefore it endeavours to do its utmost to give pleasure and never to regret its humble surroundings or to envy its more fortunate companions.

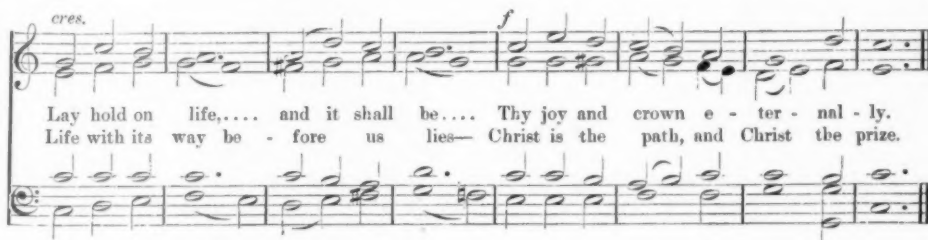
Fight the Good Fight.

Words by J. S. B. MONSELL.

Music by the REV. F. PREL, Mus.B.
(Vicar of Hestington, York.)



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;



cres.
Lay hold on life,.... and it shall be.... Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies— Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

WORK IN LIVERPOOL.



(Photo: Brown, Barnes and Bell, Liverpool.)

THE REV. J. HIRST.

the sittings was thus summarised by the chairman of the licensing bench: "Thirteen fully licensed houses had been refused a licence, and in the case of four fully licensed houses there had been no application. One 1809 beer-house licence had been refused, while in the case of two on-licences and six off-licences no application had been made; so that the total decrease of all kinds was twenty-six." What a change since that black day when the Liverpool bench entered upon its dreadful experiment of granting every application, with the idea that there should be "free trade" in licences, as in everything else! Yes, the story of Liverpool and the Temperance Reform would make a truly fascinating book. There are not wanting those who stoutly maintain that Liverpool was even before Preston in founding temperance societies. However this may be, it is quite certain that John Finch, a worthy Liverpool iron merchant, had much to do with Joseph Livesey in 1829-30 and thereabouts; that Thomas Swindlehurst, a well-known name in the story of the Preston enterprise, was reclaimed from intemperance by Finch, and eventually became his partner in business. The visits of John Finch to Belfast had also an influence on the starting of the temperance movement in the North of Ireland, as the present writer heard from the lips of the last of the "seven men of Belfast." Another name which looms large in the work of the early temperance reformers is that of the philanthropic Liverpool merchant prince, Lawrence Heyworth. Coming nearer to the present day, the name of another merchant prince may be recalled—Alexander Balfour, whose memorial statue, unveiled by Canon Ellison a

LIVERPOOL, "the black spot on the Mersey," as it used to be called, is to-day a leading centre of temperance propaganda. At the recent Brewster sessions the result of

few years back, stands in the very heart of the city. What splendid service, too, was ungrudgingly given by Benjamin Townson, who, at a time when the medical faculty looked askance at teetotalism, lent all the weight of his influence and example to the unpopular cause! Among the "rank and file," many names of intelligent and persevering labourers might be mentioned, such as the venerable Joseph Thomas (now living in retirement at Southport), one of the first to introduce the "Sons of Temperance" to this country, and for many years the unpaid conductor of the large temperance choirs which gave such popular concerts in St. George's Hall and the Philharmonic Hall; Joshua Allen Wardle, the cheerful, merry little man with a concertina, who could be counted upon to enliven the dullest meeting; Nathaniel Smyth, whose bookshop in Renshaw Street was the meeting-place of all who wanted the latest temperance information; J. B. Collings, a pioneer of Good Templary in this country, and one of the most self-denying and whole-hearted workers the cause has ever known; Clarke Aspinall, J.P., the witty and



(Photo: Brown, Barnes and Bell, Liverpool.)

THE REV. C. F. AKED.

genial coroner; and that popular local celebrity who was billed everywhere as "Professor" Carter, his professorship being the "chair of cheap shaving" in his own hairdresser's shop! Among living representatives of temperance work who won their spurs in Liverpool, two names stand out with conspicuous prominence—Mr. W. S. Caine, J.P., and Mr. J. R. Diggle, J.P., for so many years the Chairman of the London School Board. A few months ago we referred to the labours

and "gives and takes hard knocks" with a cheerful urbanity quite astonishing. Alderman Thomas Snape, J.P., for so many years the Treasurer of the United Methodist Free Church Temperance League, is another typical Nonconformist worker; and no mention of Liverpool work can ignore the labours of Monsignor Nugent, whose life-long efforts among the poorest of the poor of his own faith have been truly apostolic.

Liverpool, too, can to-day be credited with



THE TEMPERANCE INSTITUTE AT WIGAN.

of the beloved Wesleyan minister, Charles Garrett, and the establishment of the famous Liverpool Cocoa Rooms, which are planted "here, there, and everywhere" throughout the city, and are very havens of refuge to men who wish to avoid the public-houses. There is another Nonconformist minister whose temperance work is known far beyond the confines of Liverpool and neighbourhood—the Rev. C. F. Aked, the energetic minister of Pembroke Chapel, a building which was for so many years the scene of the labours of the saintly Charles M. Birrell, father of the distinguished Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. Mr. Aked's commanding personality has made his work conspicuous. He is essentially "a fighter,"

the most efficiently organised diocesan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society in existence. Bishop Ryle is the President, the Rev. Richard Postance, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Everton, Chairman, and the Rev. James Hirst, Secretary. Mr. Hirst has held this position since 1882, and is a very "prince of secretaries"; the vast network of remedial and aggressive agencies for the furtherance of temperance on Church of England Temperance Society lines in the diocese has been organised under his direct personal supervision. The Police Court and Prison Gate Mission is carried on with admirable completeness, so that in the last annual report it is recorded that "every police and petty sessional court in the

diocese has been visited by one or other of the missionaries." A new departure has been the opening of a Temperance Institute at Wigan, of which we give an illustration. A spacious iron room has been erected at a cost of £300, and an excellent work of a social and religious character is carried on by Mr. C. W. Harris, a police court missionary stationed in the town. Agricultural shows, racecourses, and shore work (that is, open-air meetings by the sea) may be named as special departments of effort; the Women's Union, with its home for female inebriates, is under the charge of a very active committee; and a firewood factory at Bootle does a useful work in giving employment to newly discharged prisoners.

It is of interest to note that this diocesan branch for many years enjoyed the active assistance of Bishop Bardsley of Carlisle and Bishop Wilberforce of Chichester, who were

A POPULAR LADY WORKER.

Mrs. Washington-Palmer, of Brighton, is widely known for her effective labours as a temperance worker. She is the wife of the Rev. A. Washington-Palmer, Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society for the diocese of Chichester. Mrs. Washington-Palmer by no means confines her labours to the South of England. As a gifted and accomplished speaker to the educated classes her services are in much request. Upon occasion she can strike out a line of her own, as is evidenced by her remarkable work during the past few years on Goodwood Racecourse. She wields a facile pen, and is a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

"THINGS LEFT UNDONE."

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done," is a confession which every earnest-minded temperance worker must continually feel to be only too true. To name one thing only: adult temperance work. In how few localities is there anything like a thoroughly comprehensive effort to push temperance principles among the "grown-ups"! Band of Hope work, meetings of young abstainers, and at times fitful attempts to mission confirmed inebriates, or a temperance sermon once a year—these mainly cover the entire field of temperance work as usually carried on. Is there not a crying need for a systematic attempt to reach adults week by week all the year round? The great body of the respectable middle classes surely offers a fine field for aggressive temperance work, and we trust that many of our readers will take the hint and adopt it in their own immediate neighbourhoods.

COMING EVENTS.

Temperance Sunday will be observed by the Church of England Temperance Society in the diocese of Winchester on November 19th. The Nonconformists will keep November 26th as Temperance Sunday all over the country. The annual meetings of the Friends' Temperance Union will be held at Leeds on November 25th—28th. A conversazione of the Church of England Temperance Society's Guild of Hope will be held in London on November 28th. The National Temperance League has fixed that the sittings of the World's Temperance Congress next June shall take place in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons on the Victoria Embankment. The Church of England Temperance Society has decided to hold another fête at the Crystal Palace next summer.



(Photo: E. Pannell, Brighton.)

MRS. WASHINGTON-PALMER AND HER SON.

at one time incumbents in the Liverpool diocese. Still further back, when Liverpool formed a part of the diocese of Chester, episcopal support to temperance work was frequently given by the beloved John Bird Sumner, who was afterwards promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

SCRIPTURE Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

Notice to Teachers.—*A new departure is begun in this volume with these lessons. Each lesson will comprise two parts—viz., I., Points or principal things to be noticed in the passage read; II., Illustrations.*

NOVEMBER 19TH.—Public reading of the Scriptures.

Passage for reading—*Neh. viii. 1–12.*

- POINTS.** 1. The duty of preaching the Gospel of peace.
2. The blessing of hearing and studying God's Word. The Bereans (Acts xvii. 11).
3. The strength given by joy in the Lord (Gal. v. 22).
4. The duty of making the poor share our gladness (Luke xiv. 13).

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The reading of God's Word.** "The reformation of religion in England was mainly caused by the spreading of God's Word far and wide. Such an eager appetite for Scriptural knowledge was excited that the people would make any sacrifice, and risk any danger, to gratify it. Entire copies of the Bible were too costly to be within the reach of many, but those who could not procure the whole book would give a load of hay for a few favourite chapters. They would hide the forbidden treasure under the floors of their houses; they would sit up all night hearing or reading the Word of God; they would bury themselves in the woods to read undisturbed; they would tend their herds in the field and steal a few minutes from time to time for drinking in the tidings of great joy" (Blunt's History of the Reformation).

The Comfort of God's Word. "In the life of almost every one who has dared to confess Christ before men, there has been a time of reading and praying over the Word of God. Schoolboys, trembling at the thought of ridicule, young girls afraid even of a mother's taunts, wives in their husbands' absence at work, soldiers and sailors, have placed the Bible on their tables, read, prayed, applied the Word, fed upon it, made it their own, and so been born again of this seed which lives for ever" (Rev. F. Morse).

Joy in the Lord. "That the Christian religion is favourable to human happiness is, I believe, the secret conviction even of many who do not openly

confess it. It is no uncommon thing to hear even the openly wicked say, 'I believe the real Christian is the happiest man in the world.' I remember the remark of a certain unbeliever made to myself in the hour of his trouble, 'Oh, sir, you Christians have the advantage of us'" (Rev. D. Baker).

Music pleasing to God. "God is pleased with no music below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons. This part does the work of God and of our neighbours, and bears us to heaven in streams made by the overflowing of our brothers' comfort" (Bishop Jeremy Taylor).

NOVEMBER, 23TH.—**Woes of Intemperance.**

Passage for reading—*Prov. xxiii. 29–35.*

- POINTS.** 1. Wine, when abused, leads to all kinds of sin. Causes quarrels and sickness; inflames passions; leads away from God.
2. Cultivate opposite virtues of temperance and moderation in all things.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Man and Beast.** A countryman had been for some time given up to the vice of drunkenness, but was restored to sobriety by the following singular incident. He had a tame goat, which often followed him to the beer-house he frequented. One day, for a bit of fun, he gave the animal so much ale that it became intoxicated. But after that day, to the man's great surprise, he never could persuade the animal to enter the house. It would follow him to the door, and then stop, however much enticed to go in. The man was led to see how much his sin had sunk him beneath a beast, and this led to his becoming a sober man.

Serpent in the Cup. "A goblet was once made having the model of a serpent fixed in the bottom of the cup. Coiled for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike, it lay beneath the red wine. Nor did he who raised the golden cup, to quench his thirst and quaff the delicious draught, suspect what lay below, till, as he reached the dregs, that dreadful head rose up and glistened before his eyes. So, when life's cup is nearly emptied and sin's last pleasure

quaffed and unwilling lips are draining the bitter dregs, shall rise the ghastly terror of remorse, death, and judgment, upon the despairing soul. Be assured, a serpent lurks at the bottom of sin's sweetest pleasure" (Guthrie).

The first Step. A lady in Edinburgh called to visit a woman who was dying of disease brought on by intemperance. The lady had formerly employed this woman to wash clothes in her family, and when she came to see her she spoke strongly of her sin in giving way to habits of intemperance. The dying woman said, "You are the cause of my having taken to drink." The lady was shocked, and said, "What do you mean?" "Yes, ma'am," was the answer, "I never drank spirits till I came to wash for you. You gave me some whisky, and said it would do me good. I felt invigorated for the time, and you gave it me again. Thus I got into the habit of drinking, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work. I gradually took more and more, and now I am the unhappy victim of drink that you see."

DECEMBER 3RD.—Keeping the Sabbath.

Passage for reading—*Neh. xlii. 15–22.*

POINTS. 1. The Sabbath made for man's rest, not for work.
2. The power of those in authority for evil or good.
3. The effect of bad example as regards Sabbath observance.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Consistency rewarded.** A tradesman in a large seaport town took a shop in which a large trade had been done on the Lord's Day. Making up his mind to act in accordance with his own religious profession, he closed his doors on Sunday. Sailors, accustomed to deal at the shop, repeatedly asked him to serve them, but in vain. His landlord, hearing of his decision, threatened to give him notice to quit, saying the business would be injured and the value of the house for future letting would fall considerably. The tradesman, however, replied that, whatever the consequences might be, he could only do what he felt to be right. The landlord was angry, and determined to carry out his threat; but the shop seemed to prosper, and he delayed. Before many months the landlord died rather suddenly, and it was found, to the surprise of all, that he had left the shop with all its fixtures to his conscientious tenant who kept holy the Sabbath day.

Pleasure Seekers. One Lord's day some children gathered round the porch of a church, waiting for public worship, when a waggonette passed which was taking a large party to a pleasure resort a few miles away. "Hallo, there!" cried one of the men to the children, "what sort of religion do you have here?" One of the boys answered, "A sort of religion that teaches us to keep holy the Sabbath day." The man said no more, and the children turned in to worship.

Tradesman and Prince. A tradesman was sent for one Sunday to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., as his Royal Highness was leaving town early the next morning. That tradesman was one who feared God more than man. At the risk of offending the Prince and losing his valuable

custom, he declined to attend on the Lord's day, but took care to be at the palace early on Monday morning. "I sent for you yesterday," said the Prince. "Why did you not come?" "Your Royal Highness," was the answer, "the King wanted me." "The King! I thought my father never sent for tradesmen on Sundays." "Please, your Royal Highness, I do not mean the King your father, but the King of Kings."

DECEMBER 10TH.—Lessons in Giving.

Passages for reading—*Malachi i. 6–11 and iii. 8–12.*

POINTS. 1. Sin tramples God under foot.
2. The best offerings are to be given to God.
3. God's ministers are to be supported.
4. God gives good return for gifts to Him (*Ps. xli. 1, 2*).

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Sin tramples God under foot.** Disheartened by the dangers of their position, a Russian army resolved upon retreat. The general expostulated in vain. Carried away in a panic, they faced round. They were forcing a mountain pass where the road, between huge rocks on one side and a foaming river on the other, was but a footpath broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resource, the general laid himself down there, saying, "If you will retreat, it is over my body you shall go, trampling me to death beneath your feet." The flight was arrested. The soldiers could not trample their general under foot. They wheeled round and resumed their march. But for us who have renounced sin to turn back to its pleasures is a greater crime. Jesus, as it were, lays Himself down in our path. None can become backsliders from the ways of holiness without trampling Him under their feet.

Duty of Almsgiving. A certain wealthy abbey had been noted for the largeness of its alms-deeds; but the Abbot died, and his successor diminished the bounty. The revenues of the abbey also grew less and less. At last a meeting of the brethren had to be held to discuss how expenses were to be provided for. Many schemes were proposed and rejected, when at last an old man rose and said, "We used to have two good servants in this abbey, and while they were with us everything prospered. Their names were 'Date' (give) and 'Dabatur' (it shall be given). We drove away 'Date,' and 'Dabatur' left of his own accord. Let us recall the one, and the other will return also. The old man's advice was followed. They began once more to give, and their former prosperity soon returned.

God's Providence. During the retreat of Alfred the Great at Athelney in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his castle there and asked alms. When Alfred was told that there was only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends who were gone to seek food, though with little hope of success, the king replied, "Give the poor man half of the loaf. He who could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes can surely make the other half of the loaf more than enough for our present needs." Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon rewarded by a providential store of fresh provisions with which his people returned.

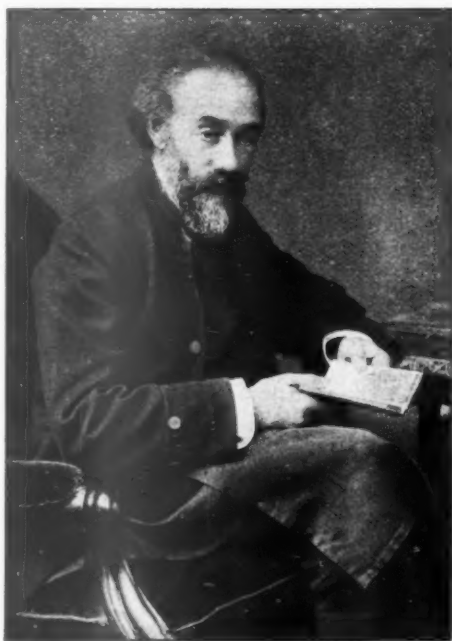


WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A Mammoth Choir.

THE largest choir in the world is probably the London Sunday School Choir, of which Mr. J. Barnard may be put down as the founder and manager. Many years ago, this gentleman acted as secretary for a musical society in the East End of London. Then he began to wish for a wider scope of work in the musical line, and he resolved to try and form a large choir. It was a work of long time, much trouble, and great patience, but, after a vast amount of correspondence and visiting,

Mr. Barnard got three hundred choirs in various parts of London to co-operate with him and form one large choir. The members of this great body now number nearly 13,000, and its branches are beginning to stretch far out into the provinces. Each year the Society has a Choral Festival, when it gives an annual concert at the Albert Hall, Kensington. As a rule, this takes place in the spring, and this year's concert was the twenty-seventh of its kind. There are several cases throughout England where this system of federated choirs has been copied, and the same idea has also been carried out in America and Australia.



DEAN SPENCE OF GLOUCESTER.

Dean Spence of Gloucester.

THERE are some clergy of the English Church who have supported their cause by the use of a ready pen and the resources of a scholarly mind, no less than by the successful discharge of pastoral and administrative work. Of these the Dean of Gloucester, the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, who this month opens the important series of chapters on the Life and Work of the Redeemer (page 22), is one of the most conspicuous. Few men have done more towards familiarising English readers with the history of the National Church; few men have been concerned in the issue of a larger amount of homiletical literature. But the Dean is very much more than a successful author and editor; from the comparative repose of a deanery he can look back upon a period of hard, patient, and successful work as a parish clergyman. Born in London in 1836, he graduated with distinction at Cambridge, and, like some of our Bishops, joined the staff of St. David's College, Lampeter. His first incumbency dates from the year 1870, when Mr. Spence became Rector of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. Here his pulpit power and his capacity for organisation marked him out for larger opportunities. He enjoyed the close friendship of his Bishop (Dr. Ellicott), and was already associated with him in the work of his well-known Commentary. It was no surprise, therefore, when, in 1877, he was appointed to the Vicarage of St. Pancras. From that year, until he became Dean of Gloucester in 1886, Canon

Spence was one of the most familiar figures in the clerical life of London. As a Dean, he has done much in the last thirteen years to make his cathedral a great centre of diocesan influence, whilst using voice and pen in the service of his Master.

Out to Tea with Buddha.

It was quite a strange sensation (writes a missionary correspondent) to be taking tickets for our first railway journey in China, and then to start from the newly opened Shanghai station in a comfortable, well-appointed corridor carriage. Our line was the site of a railroad

the sacred island of Poo-Doo, on the China coast, had undertaken a pilgrimage to India to collect funds from his co-religionists in that land and, by the way, for the restoration of the temple on the island. When, after a weary year of travel, he arrived in Oude, he conceived the idea of acquiring for a Poo-Doo temple these idols, fabricated from the famous marble of the locality under his direction. He it was who now received us very politely, at once ordering tea for our party in an outer room. During our visit, trains from Shanghai were bringing large companies of worshippers to the scene, men and women, while from outlying hamlets came many country folk with their paper money and other votive offer-



THE FIRST RAILWAY IN MID-CHINA.

(A scene on the recently opened Shanghai to Woosung Railway.)

formed twenty-three years ago between Shanghai and Woosung, its seaport, which was only just in use when a newly appointed, conservative viceroy, horrified by such a barbarian innovation, purchased it from its foreign proprietors in order to demolish it. Now it is just re-constructed by the Chinese themselves under foreign direction, and daily travelled by natives in large numbers. We alighted one station short of the Woosung terminus, proceeding thence to a huge tent-shaped erection of matting close by, to find therein, not, as its appearance suggested, a circus or a wild-beast show, but a pair of marble images—Buddha and Kwan-yin (the goddess of mercy). The chief interest attaching to these images lies in the fact that they have been brought from India, and were manufactured at Oude of a specially valuable marble found there. Three years ago, an old Buddhist priest named Wei-Kun ("Foundation of Wisdom"), dwelling in

ings for the distinguished stranger-idols. On the table in front of their shrines many red candles were burning, and sundry refreshments were spread, including three cups of spirit for the gentlemen and three cups of tea for the ladies. And now our return train was due. It was a morning of strange anomalies. Within twenty minutes of busy, bustling, cosmopolitan, up-to-date Shanghai, Buddha and Kwan-yin holding their court with all the sacred and superstitious features of centuries ago!—and that old bear-leader with his sleepy yet wily face and shaven head and squalid toga, his contemptuous though good-natured survey of us foreign women, and scornful amusement at our inquiry, Had he heard or read anything of the religion of Christ? We sent him the next day, by our native preacher at Woosung, some literature, over which we trust he will profitably spend some of his long, vacant hours in that melancholy mummary-filled mat-shed.

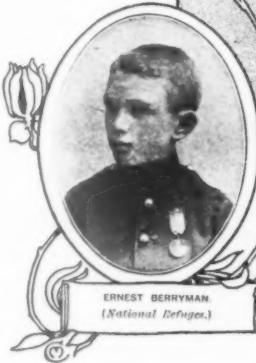
Our Prize-Winners.

For some time past we have annually awarded prizes for good conduct to the most deserving inmates of several representative orphanages, and we present our readers with a group of portraits of this year's winners. Cecil Bowles and Hilda Craighead both hail from the Reedham Orphanage, the former being the most meritorious inmate of the boys' department, and the latter the most praiseworthy of the girl members of the institution. At the Gordon Boys' Home the prize was awarded to Herbert Pearson, and was presented to him at the annual inspection by Field Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons; whilst at the National Refuges Ernest Berryman obtained the first place when his companions voted for the best conducted and most popular boy in the school. The recipients have been photographed with THE QUIVER Good Conduct medal displayed on their dress, this medal being given to each in addition to the prize; and it is gratifying to hear from the various authorities that these prizes have a most stimulating effect on the conduct of the children.



THE ENTRANCE HALL, REEDHAM ORPHANAGE.

THE QUIVER GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE WINNERS.

CECIL J. BOWLES.
(Reedham Orphanage.)HILDA S. CRAIGHEAD.
(Reedham Orphanage.)ERNEST BERRYMAN
(National Refuges.)HERBERT PEARSON.
(Gordon Boys' Home.)

Things that would be Worth Finding.

It is a well-credited fact that somewhere at the bottom of the muddy Tiber lies the seven-branched candlestick which was used in the Temple, and which was brought to Rome as part of the spoils of the Emperor Titus, on the capture of Jerusalem. Afterwards it was, by a strange accident, lost in Rome's famous river, and has never been recovered. One famous Jewish family has offered over £30,000 for its recovery, but though many attempts have been made at different times to locate its whereabouts, all have been in vain. It would prove indeed a veritable "gold-mine" to those who found it. At the bottom of the Red Sea must be hundreds of war chariots—the war chariots of the Egyptians who pursued the Israelites—still embedded in the sand. For one of these, various museums and private persons have offered large sums of money time after time, but though many people have searched, not one has yet been recovered. They have doubtless by now been

covered by ages and ages of sand-drifts, yet it would seem as if one of them or more must in the natural course of geological working come up to the surface of the sand again and be found. What a prize such a trophy would prove to the lucky finder! Then, again, there is the Ark of the Covenant, which has been lost ever since the return from the Captivity. Traditions of all the centuries always report it as having been carried away to some "far-off island of the Western seas," and this reference has practically been assigned to Ireland. So that, if it be true, the Ark of the Covenant, even to-day, lies buried somewhere in the sister country. Some people affirm that the prophet Jeremiah brought it there. However, nothing has been heard of it since the period of Jeremiah's prophecies, and it may safely be said that could any Irish landlord find it on his estate he would have no need any longer to bewail the "poverty of agricultural land," for the money it would fetch is simply incalculable, seeing that every wealthy Jew of to-day would desire to possess what was the most sacred possession of the whole Jewish people during all the years from the Exodus to the Captivity.

The Wrong End.

In trying to prove the truth of Christianity, we begin at the wrong end when we think first of the wonderful works that were done in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. Rather we should think of the moral miracles that are being wrought by the influence of Christ now in turning people by thousands from bad to good, from despair to hope.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

1. What ceremony took place on New Year's Day among the Jews?
2. What other circumstance was associated with the commencement of the civil year?
3. Quote a passage from the Psalms which sets forth the value of the Bible as a guide to man through life.
4. What was generally understood among the Jews by the term "mixed wine"?
5. Quote a passage from St. Paul's epistles in which he sets forth the principle by which we should direct our lives so as to avoid the evil of intemperance.
6. What was one of the great evils which caused the captivity of the Jews, and into which they fell again after their return to their own land?
7. In what way was the Sabbath profaned by the Jews after their return from captivity?
8. What does the prophet Isaiah say concerning the keeping of the Sabbath?
9. What serious charge did the prophet Malachi bring against the Jewish priests?
10. What was the law concerning the things which were offered in sacrifice to God?
11. What charge of robbery did the prophet Malachi bring against the Jews?
12. In what words does the prophet Malachi foretell the cessation of Jewish sacrifices under the Gospel dispensation?

A NEW SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

WE have pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to a new weekly magazine, recently issued by Messrs. Cassell, at the popular price of one penny, which would form an admirable supplement to THE QUIVER in the many thousands of homes where the latter has long been welcomed. *Sunday Chimes*, as the new venture is named, contains each week a large and varied supply of wholesome and entertaining reading specially suitable for the Day of Rest, and is, moreover, profusely illustrated. Each number will include articles, stories, and anecdotes suitable for both young and old, and thus every member of the family may find much of interest and profit in this new magazine, which specially appeals to all who desire to make Sunday the best and brightest day of the week.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from September 1st, 1899, up to and including September 22nd, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: J. J. E., Govan (142nd donation), 5s.; A. Glasgow Mother (112th donation), 1s.; Durham. 1s.; J. McE. (6th donation), 1s.; E. M. B., 5s.

For *The Mission to Indian Lepers*: A Thank Offering, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, 5s.; A. W. C., 2s. 6d. (sent direct).

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1146.

133. By holding out to them the golden sceptre (Esther viii. 4).
134. The king issued an order granting the Jews authority to defend themselves and to kill anyone who attacked them (Esther viii. 8, 11).
135. Esther viii. 15 and vi. 8-10.
136. To that of chief minister and keeper of the king's seal (Esther viii. 2 and x. 3).
137. Many of the people of the land became Jews because of the influence Mordecai possessed (Esther viii. 17).
138. The Jews assembled at the River Ahava in order that they might fast and pray (Ezra viii. 15, 21).
139. God protected them in a miraculous manner so that they who sought to injure them were not able to do so (Ezra viii. 31).
140. Psalm cxxv. 2.
141. He was the king's cupbearer (Neh. i. 11).
142. We learn that Jerusalem had been attacked, and that the wall of the city which Zerubbabel had built was broken down and the gates had been burned with fire (Neh. i. 3).
143. Sanballat, the Horonite governor of Samaria, Tobiah the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian (Neh. ii. 19).
144. He caused one-half of the people to stand by ready armed while the other half did the work, the workmen being also armed (Neh. iv. 16-18).





"A PASSAGE PERILOUS MAKYTH A PORT PLEASANT."
(From the Painting by Edward S. Harper.)



ROAD-
CLEANING.

(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

AN AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKER'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



UST outside the village of Freeville, in the state of New York, there flourishes a young republic. It is composed of about five hundred boys and girls between the ages of twelve and twenty-one. This "republic within a Republic" is called

the George Junior Republic. It was established by Mr. William R. George, an enthusiastic young Sunday-school worker and missionary among the poor boys and girls of the city of New York.

Now, lest in the beginning any reader of *THE QUIVER* should form an opinion that I am about to describe a charity organisation where poor boys and girls are fed and clothed and cared for, I will relate a little incident.

About a year ago a prominent lady greatly interested in benevolent work among the poor, visited the farm on

which are situated the tents and buildings of the George Junior Republic. She was being shown about the grounds by a young citizen.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" she exclaimed to the boy. "You ought to be very proud of your institution!"

The boy drew himself up to his full height, and replied with dignity:

"Institution, ma'am! I'll have you know this is not an institution! This is a republic!"

And so I say in the beginning that I write not of an institution, nor of a charity organisation, but of a free republic, where the young citizens make their own laws and execute them, where there are a jail and a school, policemen and judges and juries, a president and a congress, hotels and restaurants, high-priced and low-priced. In fact, there are in this republic all the advantages and disadvantages which go along with the Republic of the United States. Perhaps I should not use that word "disadvantages," for one disadvantage under which our big Republic labours is the supporting

by taxation of a pauper class. There are no paupers in the George Junior Republic. "He that will not work, neither let him eat," is the motto. No boy or girl is compelled to work, but, according to a law passed by the young citizens of the republic, which reads "No tax shall be levied for the support of the boy or girl who can work and won't," every citizen must pay his or her way.

All American colleges have their "college yells." The George Junior Republic has its "yell" also. This is the slogan cry composed by the boy citizens:

"Szzz! Boom! Hear ye this!
Down with the boss; down with the tramp;
Down with the pauper; down with the scamp!
Up with the free man; up with the wise;
Up with the thrifty; on to the prize!
Who are we? Why, we are
The CITIZENS of the G.J.R.!"

The history of the birth of this republic and of the vicissitudes through which it has passed is quite as interesting as the history of any other republic. In 1890 Mr. William R. George, then a young man under twenty-five years of age, whose business kept him in New York city during the day, but whose home was on a farm near Freeville, conceived

the idea of doing a good work for twenty boys and girls of New York's slums by inviting them to spend a holiday of a few weeks on his farm. He gave them their food, bought them clothes, and told them to enjoy themselves and have a good time at his expense. Certainly they had a "good time," and the following summer they, along with a hundred and fifty others, eagerly accepted another invitation to the enthusiastic young man's farm. Many of his church friends assisted him in what they considered his good work, donating food and provisions for the boys and girls. After they went home to New York, Mr. George assisted their parents with food and clothing and fuel. "I will be a friend to these poor people!" he said; so he fed the hungry and clothed the ragged, and found his reward in the thought that he was helping others to be happy, and the "others" began to lean upon him and depend upon him. Did they want coal, or food, or clothing, "Good Mr. George will get it for us," they thought. One day, after the boys and girls had spent a third summer on his farm, and he had spent a third winter in helping their parents in New York, the young missionary suddenly saw the state of affairs in a new light, and he exclaimed:

"I am not the friend of these boys and girls and their fathers and mothers. I am their enemy. They are claiming my charity as though it were their right; they are taking my gifts, and doing nothing in return. I am encouraging them to be paupers. Hereafter they must work for what they receive."

So the following summer the boys and girls were told they must do various kinds of work to pay for the clothing that they were to carry back to New York with them. They did work, and Mr. George felt that he had gained one point. Still he provided them with food and lodging free. Why should they not work for these as well as for their clothing?

"And then," says Mr. George in describing the growth of the republic idea in his mind, "I decided that I would form a working community. I would have a series of industrial classes, and we would have a medium of exchange. The boys and girls would be paid little or much, according to the grade of work done, and in return they would have to pay for



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

everything they received. Then I thought we must have a system of dealing with those who shirked, or committed crimes, and I determined there should be a jury system for the trial of offenders. Then I decided to have a law-making body, and I said, 'We will have a president and a legislature elected by the citizens.' Then, who would enforce the

wished to remain could do so for the winter. It would take too much space to describe in detail just how everything was got into working order, but within a week there was on the George farm



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

laws? Why, we must have a boy police force, paid by the taxes of the citizens. Their duty would be to see that order was maintained, and to arrest all offenders. As these thoughts began to pour in upon me, I began to grow almost dizzy. My experience with boys told me that these were not mere idle theories. Then, I can remember saying, 'Why, this will be a miniature republic; why not have a junior republic? And then I yelled at the top of my voice, 'I have it! I have it! A junior republic!'

In 1895 the plan thus formulated by Mr. George came into full operation. When the boys gathered together that summer, the republic was established, a president and congress elected, a police force appointed, and judges and lawyers were chosen, all from among the boys themselves. It was essentially mostly a summer republic, although those who

a community which is, in the opinion of many wise students of social and political economy, the most remarkable community of modern times.

Tents and summer buildings were erected for hotels and restaurants, a jail, a court house, a church, a publishing house, a legislative hall, a "general store," where everything could be sold and bought, a lecture hall, a laundry, a dairy. Imagine all the needs of a community of four hundred persons of both sexes, and know that all these needs were provided for—not by grown men and women, skilled workers, but by boys and girls. There was even a mint for coining the money of the republic—tin money, to be sure, but it bore upon it the impress "George Junior Republic," and it was a "legal tender."

Let it be understood that all these things were actually done by the boys and girls. They became carpenters and ditch-diggers, restaurant and hotel proprietors,

and shop-keepers. At the beginning of the summer, when Mr. George had fully formed in his mind the idea of the republic, he called the boys and girls about him, explained his project, and put it to them as to whether or not they would like to carry it out. His theory was that only by the consent of those to be governed could a government be formed. The plan

difficulty was overcome. The president of the republic was elected for one year, senators for two weeks, representatives for one week. It was agreed that members of congress should receive two dollars per week for their services to the republic, policemen ninety cents per day, the chief of police one dollar and a quarter per day. Members of congress could, of course, employ much of their time in working at their chosen occupations when they were not busy at law-making; thus two dollars per week was considered a sufficient salary. Policemen, on the other hand, must give all their time to their duties as policemen, hence their higher wage.

In a very short time these boys and girls were as interested in social and political questions as are the grown-up people of America and England. There came up the great "land question." Who should own the land? The land belonged by right to Mr. George. Should they buy it away from him? Finally, it was decided that the best plan was for Mr. George to remain owner and manager of the property, and then let it out on contracts to the citizens. These citizens—by this term I mean the boys and girls of the republic—became themselves employers of labour. One boy, for instance, contracted to do all the ditch-digging needed on the farm, being paid a certain sum of money for this work. Then the ditch-digging contractor sublet his contract, paying other boys a certain sum of money per day. To the foreman the contractor would pay one dollar per day, and to the workers under the foreman not less than fifty cents per day.

This plan has been carried out with all the different kinds of labour. It is found to work admirably. The social conditions are now exactly what they are in England and America. Some boys are making more money than others. Some of them are dubbed "millionaire monopolists" (the term millionaire, however, is used only to denote what is considered a comparatively rich boy). Some boys remain for many weeks labourers merely, others rise speedily from the position of employed to employers. Some boys take contracts for the hotels, hiring waiters, dish-washers, cooks, etc., and paying them a daily wage. An ambitious boy may one summer be a waiter, and the next return to contract with Mr. George for the hotel. Some at the end of the



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

TWO DESPERATE RUNAWAY BOYS IN JAIL.

appealed at once to the boys and girls, and they set to work with a will. It was agreed that an oath of citizenship should be taken, and those taking the oath must remain in the republic for the space of two months. That was final. Any citizen who should run away from his republic should be followed and arrested, brought back and punished as a deserter.

At the onset there appeared a difficulty. It seemed to be the ambition of all the boys to be policemen, but they reasoned it out among themselves that if all were policemen there would be no one to arrest. Then it was decided that a sort of civil service examination must be passed by would-be policemen, and thus that great

summer have laid by considerable money in the bank of the republic—that is, as much as one hundred dollars. A boy with no debts and a hundred dollars in the savings bank is, I may say, a “millionaire” in the vernacular of the republic. In my list of all the institutions that exist in this wonderful republic, I am likely to forget many important ones. Besides the bank, there is a post office (with its own letter carriers), a dispensary, and, in short, everything that is necessary under any other government.

There is a church, but no boy is compelled to go to church, yet after the first two or three Sundays most of the citizens attended the services. It has become “respectable” to attend church in the George Junior Republic.

Every citizen is eligible for election to the congress or the presidency after a certain length of residence in the republic, if his compatriots choose to vote for and elect him. The regular American system of balloting is carried on among the voters. One of the things which has most gratified Mr. George is the fact that the boys who are the wisest and best



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

MR. W. R. GEORGE.
(Founder of the Republic.)

citizens, both morally and intellectually, have been elected to these positions.



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

A “CONVICT” GANG AT WORK.

The laws of the United States and of the state of New York are the laws governing this republic, but the legislature is entitled to make such amendments or enact such new laws as are deemed specially necessary for the Junior Republic. The president has the power of veto, but the congress can pass a law over his veto if it can produce the necessary majority. Many bitter and often amusing debates have taken place in the congressional hall on the subject of woman's suffrage. The girls of the republic, though they are acknowledged citizens, have, by the boys, been denied the privilege of voting, and the girls have started numerous agitations against this injustice. They are in the minority in the republic, two-thirds of the citizens being boys; hence, even when the subject was put to a popular vote (the girls being allowed to vote on that one question), the movement was defeated at the polls, for few of the boys believed in "equal suffrage." Lately the girls have become rather lukewarm in the matter, for one of the most persuasive of the boy statesmen has demonstrated to them that, if they have the right of suffrage, they must take with it some unpleasant duties of voters, such as working on the roads and engaging in other public works.

"Let them wash dishes and wash clothes, and iron and mend, and we will pay them for that kind of work, which is woman's work," declare these man-like citizens.

There are several restaurants in the republic, some cheap and some what the boys call "swell." To this latter class belongs the "Waldorf," where the boy proprietor charges his boy customers twenty-five cents (one shilling) a meal. This is patronised by the more prosperous and more industrious members of the community. At the "Dryden" meals are only ten or fifteen cents each, and here the less prosperous or more economical boys eat. Some boys who choose to idle several hours a day, instead of working the full six hours (the working day), find, when they go to the restaurant, that the proprietor refuses to serve them, because they have not enough money to pay for their meals.

One of the most interesting establishments of the republic is the publishing house, where the boys publish their own paper, called *The Junior Republic Citizen*, the subscription price of which is fifty cents

per year. Some of the citizens subscribe; others, as in the larger Republic, borrow from their neighbours. All the editorial work, the printing, etc., is done by the citizens, the present editor being a citizen by the name of William Dapping. Books, written by the citizens, are also published here. One boy has recently compiled a short history of the United States, which he has had published, and sells to the citizens at so much per copy. The various means to which the boys resort to make extra money are interesting and somewhat remarkable. One boy has recently devoted himself especially to the study of physiology, and has had handbills printed announcing that he will deliver a course of lectures on the subject of "The Anatomy of the Human Body"—price of tickets, twenty cents each. Some start singing schools, give lessons in athletics, start dime museums, give magic lantern and stereopticon exhibitions, for which they charge an admission fee. There is a higher price for reserved seats.

The jail is carried on just as any jail would be. It is not nearly so well filled now as it was when the republic was first started. The crimes committed in the republic have been much less frequent during the past year. All offenders are tried by a judge and jury of their peers, and they have the privilege of hiring counsel for their defence, for a number of the citizens have become lawyers. If sent to jail, they are put on the prison diet of bread and water, and are guarded by jailers and warders. According to the crime they have committed, they are sentenced to prison for a few or many days. When I speak of "crimes," I do not mean such things as may be criminal only in the eyes of the George Junior Republic law-makers, who have decreed that a boy shall be fined or sent to jail if he sells hot corn without a "government licence." There are the crimes of theft and arson, and disorderly conduct, and all the other crimes that the officers of the law in England have to contend with. Such criminals in the republic are tried and sentenced just as they would be in the city of London, but with this difference in the outcome: the boy in London who steals and is sent to prison is disgraced and ostracised for life, but in the George Junior Republic a boy may outlive the stigma of having been a convict. He is made to feel the disgrace of

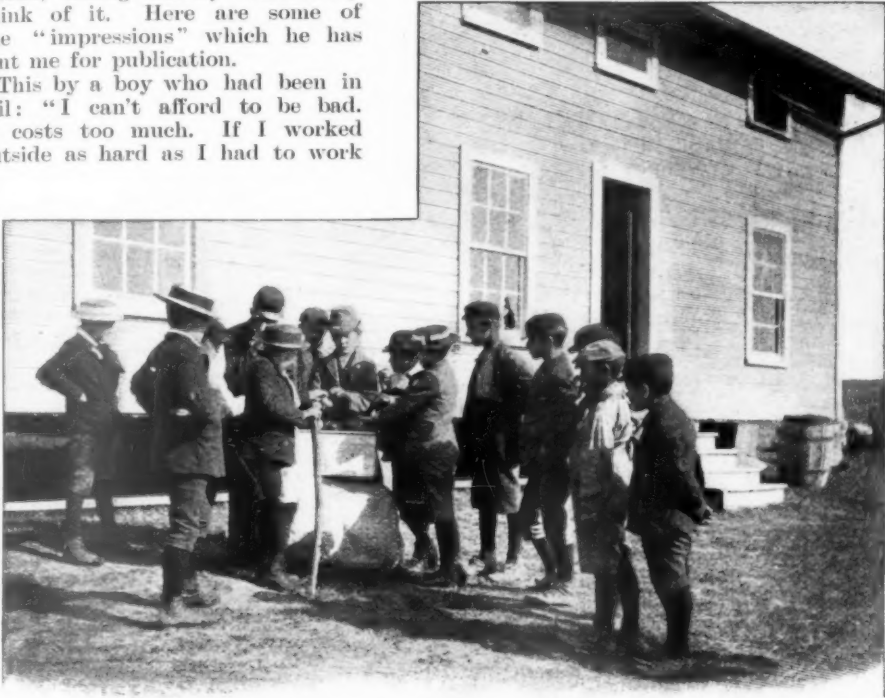
being a convict and wearing the striped ticking clothes of the republic convict, but he can "live it down," and many a boy who has been a convict in the George Junior Republic prison will be saved from being a future convict in the state prison of New York.

At the end of each summer Mr. George suggests that some of the citizens write their candid opinion of the republic, telling exactly what they think of it. Here are some of the "impressions" which he has sent me for publication.

This by a boy who had been in jail: "I can't afford to be bad. It costs too much. If I worked outside as hard as I had to work

somever, they fine you for the least bit of dirt. The bank is the greatest thing up here, in my opinion. The gaol-keepers are no use; they sit and read books when not doing anything."

And here is what a girl citizen has to say about it: "There is one thing that ought to be brought up in the leguslatere—that is, why must a girl that is a



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

BARGAINS IN FRUIT.

(A representative group of young merchants.)

in prison, I'd have the best money of the republic and eat at the 'Waldorf.' Now I'm going to the top."

Another boy writes: "The republic taught me to save money, to drill, to get up early and attend to my work. It taught me to go to Sunday school, and to do right and speak about Jesus, to vote, and not to drink liquor. It taught me to pick potatoes, and weed corn, and pick beans and cucumbers."

A somewhat dissatisfied citizen writes: "The Board of Health is no use what-

citizen pay taxes, and cannot vote and cannot arrest anybody? The bank learned me how to save, the cells learned me how to behave."

In addition to the summer citizens, who go back to the city in the autumn, there are the "all the year" citizens. Those boys who wish to remain the year round do so, carrying on the same government, making the same laws, but, of course, doing a different class of work. They have their own winter school, and have this year started a



(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

OLIVER WITH HIS NEW TEAM.

(One of the "Millionaires" of the Republic.)

"college" among themselves. The summer citizens, on returning home, have the privilege of leaving their money in the bank to accumulate interest, or it is redeemable in clothes, food, fuel, and other necessities, which they carry home with them. The money of the republic is, of course, legal tender only in the republic, and up to the present it has not been thought advisable by the law-makers to make any attempt at redeeming it in United States coin, since then it could be taken away and perhaps spent foolishly by the improvident members of the commu-

nity. But in the republic this money will buy almost every necessity and luxury. The studiously inclined can redeem a part or all of their money in books. I forgot to state that there is a fine public library in the republic.

Let it be remembered that the citizens of the republic I have described have gone there from the low streets and slums of New York. They have been street-arabs and "East-Side toughs"; some of them have been in jail for picking pockets in New York. When one

considers this, the great good work which has been accomplished by Mr. George seems little short of miraculous. Mr. George has been ably assisted by his wife, who is especially loved and admired by the female citizens of the Junior Republic.



THE 15-CENT DINING-ROOM.

(Photo: M. W. Cooper, Groton, New York.)

The Lady of the Manor

By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

OUT OF REACH.



O, once again, Thorold Leighton looked into the eyes he had never forgotten, and the pulses of the man throbbed rebelliously at the adverse fate which had given him, for a successful rival, one of his own kindred—his cousin and friend, Wulfe Estens.

Thorold had accepted several of the world's kicks with equanimity, feeling no jealousy at all at his cousin pocketing the halfpence—until now. But when he looked and looked into the face of Hildred Hurst, and down into the pure, proud soul of which it was an honest index, and when he realised that the schoolgirl who had lived in his memory these four years was a schoolgirl no longer, but a woman most nobly planned in spite of her small stature, why, then, a little rebellion might well be forgiven him—quickly crushed as it was, too. The iron will, accustomed to control all this man's actions, and, as far as possible, his very thoughts, asserted itself even while Hildred's hand remained in his. He was helped to so much of common-sense by the consoling reflection that a gulf yawned between them far too wide for him to cross. Had she not been affianced to his cousin, what likelihood would he—his cousin's paid bailiff, and one of the unnumbered army

of unfamed scribblers, with two young sisters dependent on him for food and clothing—what likelihood would he have of winning the hand of Hildred Hurst, lady of the manor? A dear little hand it was—white and soft, but with a suggestion of strength about it, too—which fearlessly returned the warm pressure of Thorold's fingers.

"This is not our first meeting, Mr. Leighton. I hope you remember having seen me before?"

"I remember it well. I am very glad to meet you again, Miss Hurst."

"Thank you. It is pleasant to be welcomed by old friends."

"You should have let your tenants know which day you were coming," interposed Wulfe, still a trifle discontented; how could she smile like that on Thorold immediately after nearly quarrelling with himself? "They would have enjoyed giving you a public welcome, and they are considerably older friends than Thorold can claim to be."

"I could not have borne it." For a moment the firm lips quivered ominously. "I always meant to return quietly. The place seems so lonely—" Then, forcing all painful memories to the background, she continued more brightly: "Besides, I meant that I was glad to see personal friends. My tenants are scarcely that—yet." And she smiled again, impartially on both men this time.

But she had not quite forgiven Wulfe for his show of sulkiness. He must not be permitted to give himself airs wheresoever and whensoever he pleased. So, after a little

further chat, which was chiefly addressed to Dagmar Errol, she moved towards the house, keeping Thorold at her side by asking questions concerning local matters to which he alone could reply.

Wulfe highly disapproved of this deliberate snubbing, and decided to turn the tables on his too-queenly *fiancée* by continuing in her presence the flirtation he had amused himself by starting in her absence, and merely *pour passer le temps*, with Dagmar Errol.

Dagmar's blue eyes flashed with merciless triumph as she found the way made thus easy for her. She was careful that her words should be all they ought to be, being easily audible to the two in front, whose good opinion she could not afford to lose; but her glances were visible only to Wulfe, who recklessly responded, careless whether seen or not.

Once Thorold turned to refer to Dagmar on some point having reference to a new tenant of one of the manor farms. His movements were too full of stately grace ever to be rapid, and she, being carefully on the watch, had every feature attuned to becoming propriety before his eyes met hers. But no sooner was the question answered, and his attention removed from herself, than Dagmar shot a glance at Wulfe of such demure appreciation of the little scene that he nearly laughed aloud, and began to enjoy the situation; finding it easy to excuse his temptress by reflecting that she was ignorant of his engagement to Miss Hurst, and excusing himself by refusing to criticise his present conduct.

By the time Darius joined them with the book for which Wulfe had asked, Hildred was in a mood to relent.

Taking the book, she handed it herself to Wulfe, with a little smile, saying in her usual manner:

"I think this is what you asked for. I hope you will study it carefully, and profit by the knowledge you gain."

But he, still under Dagmar's influence, took the book without so much as looking at the giver.

"Thanks, very much. It's Thorold who wants it, not myself. I never read anything dry."

"Indeed?" The tone in which the monosyllable was uttered sent his eyes to her face in swift penitence. He became suddenly aware of the unkind part he was playing—to put it very mildly. This home-coming to the house where she had hitherto known the love and care of devoted parents was painful enough for her without having the burden added to by ill-temper on the part of the man from whom she had a right to expect every consideration, and as much

tenderness as he might venture to show in the presence of others.

He watched his opportunity to approach her, and, under pretence of examining a photograph she held, he murmured contritely:

"Darling, I'm a frightful brute! But you must forgive me, for I am consumedly jealous. You shouldn't have been so angelically sweet to Thorold just after crushing poor unlucky me!"

It was no use trying to hold out. Hildred looked at him and melted like ice under the sun. What woman could have resisted that smile and those eyes? Certainly, not one who had confessed to loving him four short weeks ago.

"Don't do it again, then!" she whispered, with a rapid descent from her stilts, letting his fingers rest caressingly on hers for an instant, while she fought for the composure he had so completely broken down.

Nobody witnessed this bit of by-play; but its result became quickly evident to Dagmar, whose dislike to her hostess was deepened by the discovery that Estens refused to meet her eyes again that evening, and did his utmost to avoid shaking hands when the time came for his cousin and himself to depart.

"What was the trouble between you and Miss Hurst?" Thorold inquired of Estens as they walked briskly away.

"Oh, nothing! It was a mistake my promising her to keep things dark. I suppose I ran the risk of discovery in my joy at meeting her; and she was a long time forgiving me."

"Was that sufficient reason for your flirtation with Dagmar Errol? It is scarcely fair to either, I fancy. Remember, Dagmar is but a child, and she is, as yet, unaware of your engagement to Miss Hurst."

"Yes, of course. I daresay you are right, old man. You see—well—I don't know that I thought much about it. When one girl snubs me, I always go to another to be consoled."

The readiness of the admission that he was in the wrong, and the *naïveté* with which he owned as much, were irresistible—even to Thorold Leighton.

Laying a friendly hand on his cousin's shoulder, he said, earnestly, but indulgently:

"That sort of thing was all very well until you got engaged, Wulfe; but take my advice, and drop it now. You can't carry it on into married life, you know; and betrothal should always be a preparation for marriage."

"What a solemn old chap it is! You ought to have been a parson, Thorold. But don't worry about me, old man. It's worth quarrelling with Hildred just for the pleasure of making up again. You need to have had a

severe look or two from those dear eyes of hers to be able properly to appreciate the difference in them when they—well, when they're not severe."

The hand was abruptly removed, and Thorold allowed the conversation to drop.

As they walked up the winding avenue, the sound of carriage wheels behind made them pause and look round expectantly. Marjory and Lois had been spending the day with friends at Bagshot, the nearest town, which liked to consider itself an offshoot of the mighty metropolis, and prided itself on being as much up-to-date for business as, say, Fleet Street or the Strand.

Lois was out of the carriage in a moment, possessing herself of an arm of each, while she expatiated on the pleasures of the departed day.

"It has been just lovely! To begin with, we had a *perfect* lunch. Mr. Swan had grumbled so at all the cooks they have had lately that

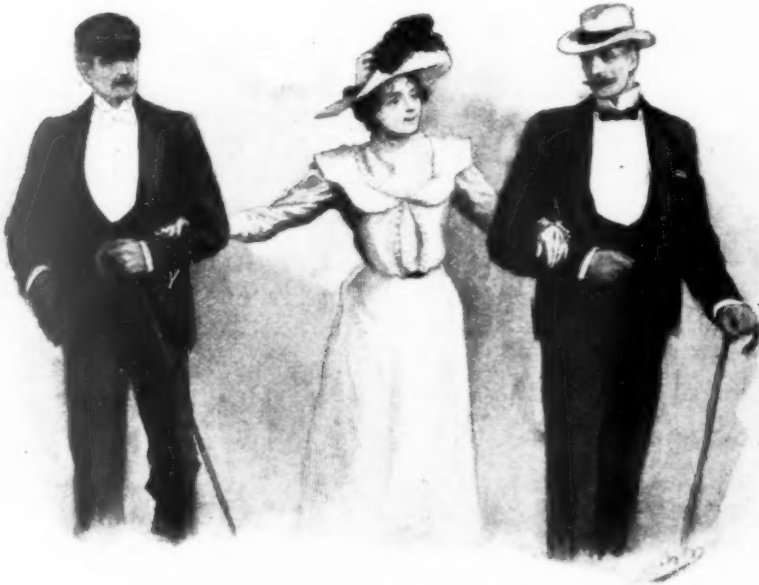
there, too, so you may think we had a treat. Then after the concert we had some tea, and played bagatelle until dinner-time. Dinner proved another victory for the French; and then we came home. Now I want to hear about Miss Hurst. Is she as nice as you remember her, Thorold?"

"Quite—with the added charm of having grown to womanhood during her absence."

"Womanhood! Is she so old as that? I thought she was only twenty-one—and not that yet."

"The law makes her a woman on her twenty-first birthday. But, in addition to being a legal woman, she is a most delightful one in her own right."

"Well, I'm glad of that, considering Wulfe has to marry her. I've decided to let you get married, Wulfe, unless one of you proves fickle before the wedding day arrives. But Berenice is only a girl; women are not half so interesting as girls, to my mind."



Possessing herself of an arm of each.

Mrs. Swan, in sheer desperation, went to Paris, ostensibly to buy a bonnet, but really to bring back a *chef* with her. There has been peace and quietness in the house ever since. After lunch we went to a concert—vocal and orchestral. Clara Butt sang, and it was like a deliciously warm gurgling brook running all over you. And Edward Lloyd was

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW TENANT OF CEDAR LODGE.

CEAR LODGE looked by no means a cheerful residence, even to Lady Dalling's determinedly hopeful eyes, as her brougham passed through the gates. This, her only carriage, had, with

her two wonderful black horses and the furniture, been sent on in advance; the furniture from the warehouse, where it had dwelt in peace for nearly four years; the brougham spick and span from the carriage factory, where it had been "done up"; and the horses from the livery stables, where they had had daily exercise of a gentle description between the shafts of a hearse.

People did not call Lady Dallinger eccentric without a cause. She had taken a fancy to these particular horses during her visit to the livery stables in search of a pair for her brougham. There was not a pair in the yard worth having, according to her ideas, and she was turning away in disgust when the hearse shot past her, the horses going at a rate rather fancied by horses on nearing their stables about dinner-time.

Her ladyship stood aside, her eyes wandering approvingly over the small heads, tossing manes, well-stepping forefeet, and—last but not least—the long, flowing tails. "I'll have them!" she said. And have them she did, in spite of the long face pulled by their then owner, who prided himself on turning out the smartest funerals for miles round.

Lady Dallinger cheerfully paid a long price for the long face, and the horses—known respectively as Night and Midnight—were despatched into the country, and reappeared in all their black glossiness at Bagshot Station to convey her ladyship to Cedar Lodge.

Hildred Hurst had driven over to meet her old friend and guardian, and, at the latter's request, dismissed her own carriage and entered the brougham in order to inspect the Lodge with its new tenant.

"It ought to have its own ghost," said Hildred laughingly, as they entered from the Easthampton Road and proceeded slowly up the drive, which was in a very rutty condition. "The trees look the emblem of gloom, and the very air suggests long disuse of the place. Don't you think it smells vaulty?"

"I think you talk like a girl without a head," was the reply. "I get the place cheap, so I am not going to complain. How far is Estens from here?"

"About four miles."

"My goodness! And does that young man's estate stretch so far in all other directions?"

"Scarcely. In fact, it does not reach to here. My place—some of my property, I mean—is nearer this than Estens is. Wulfe's aunt bought Cedar Lodge about twelve years ago, intending it as a present for a couple, who never got married, after all. Wulfe Estens succeeded his aunt as next-of-kin. She adored him, and left him every farthing she possessed."

"Most women do adore him, it seems to

me. Well, my dear, permit me to welcome you to my new home. As far as I can see, the place will suit me well. I like things that other people don't like. Those big cedars we have just passed are my favourite trees."

"I am very glad you are pleased, dear Lady Dallinger; and I hope the place will soon give you the horrors, so that you will be driven to take refuge with me. Why, your very horses look as if they ought to be drawing a hearse!"

Lady Dallinger chuckled.

"That's just what they have done, my dear, up to now." And she related the story of their purchase.

Hildred knew her too well to feel surprised, but she could not repress a shudder as she watched the handsome creatures walking round to their stables.

"You're a gruesome old dear, and you've nearly spoiled my appetite for dinner. I shall stay for dinner now I am here. You will have to excuse my dress."

Lady Dallinger was prepared to excuse anything, so long as she kept Hildred with her.

As an old friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, she had, at their deaths, taken the grief-stricken girl into her charge, with the intention of acting a mother's part by her.

But for the existence of Mrs. Blenheim, she would have accepted Hildred's invitation to make the manor her home; but she remembered the conventionally minded governess of old, and knew that the same house would never comfortably and peaceably hold both; and she was too kind-hearted to suggest that Mrs. Blenheim should make way for herself.

"What about this girl and boy who have planted themselves at the manor?" The question was asked across the cosy round dining-table; further inspection of the house having been postponed (by mutual consent) until after dinner.

"I like them very much, especially Darius." Hildred looked up with a little pucker between her eyebrows. "Dagmar does not like me for some reason. It puzzles her brother, and worries him. He says she was as jolly as possible up to the time of my coming, except for fearing that I might send them about their business. Yet, directly I appeared, though I hastened to assure them of my willingness that they should remain, Miss Errol developed a capacity for sullen discontent and perpetual ill-temper which astonishes both her brother and her aunt. I can't think why it should be."

"Probably you are better-looking than she is."

"Indeed, I am not. She is a very striking-looking girl. Nearly a head taller than

myself, with a fine figure, a graceful, gliding walk, heaps of pale-golden hair, very pretty eyes—blue—and good features generally. I am nowhere beside her."

Lady Dallinger grunted unbelievably.

"Has the brother shown a disposition to fall in love with you? Girls are sometimes insanely jealous of their brothers—especially if they are twins. I think you said these are twins?"

"Yes. I don't think it can be jealousy. Darius is very attentive certainly, but not more so than any other nice boy would be in the same circumstances. You see, they are virtually my guests, though Mrs. Blenheim insists on my taking a certain sum for their board. I had rather looked forward to having a girl-friend in the house; but friendship is impossible while Dagmar maintains this attitude of semi-hostility."

"Turn her out, if she can't behave. What about the girls at Estens you mentioned in one of your letters? Are they too young to make friends of?"

"Well, they are really little more than children—Lois, at any rate. Marjory seems years older, though she is only seventeen. She's a dear girl—quiet and sensible. You will like madcap Lois better."

"I expect I shall. I object to quiet, sensible girls of seventeen; it isn't natural for them to be either. And the man—Thorold Leighton—what of him?"

"He is a fine specimen of an English gentleman. Refined, intellectual, honourable as the day, and very kind-hearted."

"What an eulogy! How should you describe Wulfe Estens?"

"Wulfe?" Hildred smiled and blushed a little; her engagement was no secret from this old friend. "Oh, Wulfe is—Wulfe; the dearest fellow in the world! I couldn't analyse him, if I tried. But, Lady Dallinger, you have met Mr. Leighton, surely?"

"Four years ago, my dear; men change a good deal in four years. Besides, I wanted to see how he impressed you. You met him, also, if I remember rightly; but does he seem the same now as then?"

"Not quite, perhaps. You see, I have changed, too. The qualities in people which impressed me most in those days would not do so now."

"True. What a thoughtful child it is growing! Now, if you have finished, suppose we explore the premises. This twilight will be the very thing to unearth the ghost by."

"If we do unearth one, you will not see much of me here, I give you fair warning. You would have to put up with Lois Leighton; she revels in all that is weird and uncanny."

"I'll write and ask her to lunch with me

to-morrow. I want to see this little Lois. Now let us reckon up as we go. This is the dining-room, and next door is the breakfast-room. We left the drawing-room behind in the hall; but where is the fourth room? I understood there were four on the hall floor."

"That wall is not the end of this passage," said Hildred, advancing as she spoke. "I seem to see a light—yes, here we are, Lady Dallinger. The house evidently runs back a good way, to make up for its narrowness. This must be at the back of the drawing-room."

"Never, child! If so, it will look out on cabbages and lettuces, with a distant view of the stables. Ah, the windows face the other way, that's not so bad; outside is the ghost's walk; no human foot appears to have trodden that path for years."

"I don't like this room," said the lady of the manor decidedly.

"I do!" Lady Dallinger laughed at the shuddering girl. "This shall be my private and particular den—what your excellent Mrs. Blenheim would call my boudoir. Look at that fine old cedar, and note the friendly way in which one branch taps at the window."

"It's like the skeleton of an octopus, and the memory of it will haunt my dreams this night. Come upstairs, and let us try and find something more cheerful."

CHAPTER VII.

"THE PLEASURE OF HER COMPANY."

"WELL, I never! She only came yesterday; and I don't know her from Eve! She must have meant this for Thorold, I am thinking."

Apparently, these remarks were addressed to the Republic, who reclined on Lois Leighton's shoulder in an attitude of his own choosing, showing to perfection his length of well-groomed, tabby body, and the sportsmanlike—or sports-cat-like—blackness of his paws.

"I thought you were never coming, Marjory, and I am as hungry as a hunter. Thorold had his breakfast ages ago, and it is no use waiting for Wulfe. Pour out the coffee, dear, and listen to this:

"Cedar Lodge, Tuesday evening.

"Lady Dallinger presents her compliments to Miss Lois Leighton, and hopes for the pleasure of her company at lunch to-morrow, at two o'clock."

"Think it's meant for Thorold, and addressed to me by mistake?"

"Hardly. Miss Hurst said she is a bit of an oddity, you know."

"She must be more than a bit, I fancy.

I should like to go; I like oddities. I wonder if Thorold would mind?"

"What can she want you for, I wonder?"

"Perhaps the roof leaks. It rained last night, you know."

"Well, but she would, in that case, write to Wulfe or to Thorold. I wish she had asked me, too."

"I won't go!" said Lois.

"Oh, yes, dear; I didn't mean that I was envious of you; only, if she had asked us both, Thorold could not possibly object to our going. But as she is Wulfe's tenant, there can be no real objection; only, it's decidedly informal."

"That's what I like about it. I know I shall come a cropper if ever I go into society—unless it is as a well-known authoress. Artists of all kinds can afford to ignore conventionalities."

There was no shyness about Lois; she had none of the self-consciousness so common to girls of her age. Her heart beat no faster than usual under the prettily made white cashmere frock, when the carriage turned into the Lodge gates—she had insisted on going in state, much to Wulfe's amusement; he had laughed for nearly five minutes, after watching his two best carriage horses draw the landau out of sight, the old coachman and the solemn-faced elderly footman, in their best liveries, conversing gravely on the box, while the quaint-faced little bit of womanhood inside the carriage reclined against the cushions, very much at her ease on finding herself a person of sufficient importance to be invited alone to lunch by her cousin's new tenant.

The drawing-room was, apparently, empty when Lois was shown in. One glance round at the numerous mirrors and plate-glass panels, and then her eyes wandered to a table on which was a pile of books.

In an instant Lois had the topmost volume in her hands. She opened the book at random and began to read.

There were two drawing-rooms, opening one into the other, with curtains hanging over the arched doorway, from which the door had been removed—if ever door had there been placed.

Presently a hand drew the curtains aside sufficiently to enable the owner of the hand to pass through. The Turkey carpet deadened all sound of footsteps as Lady Dallinger advanced to her young guest, after regarding her keenly through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, Miss Lois Leighton, do you want to read all day, or will you condescend to talk to me a little?"

"I beg your pardon!" Down went the book, and up went the girl's eyes to the kind old face so near to her. "I thought I

was alone still, Lady Dallinger, and books are always so fascinating."

"Glad you think so, child. I expected to find you admiring yourself in one of these panels."

"That would have been waste of time when books were about."

"Not just one glance to satisfy yourself that you were tidy?"

"Oh, I knew I needn't bother about that, Marjory would take care I looked all right."

"And does Marjory choose your frocks for you?"

"Yes; she has awfully good taste. Why didn't you ask her to lunch, instead of me, Lady Dallinger? She is the elder, you know."

"Age had nothing to do with the invitation I sent you, my dear. It was just an old woman's whim—my wishing to see you. Come and have lunch, and tell me as much as you choose about yourself and Marjory."

This was sufficient to draw from the girl the very open secret of her ambition to take a high place in the world of scribblers.

During the two hours that followed, Lady Dallinger did not once regret her impulsive invitation of the previous evening. The carriage was kept waiting some considerable time before the Baroness would consent to part with her young guest, who, from her beloved "art," had gone on to talk of Marjory and Thorold, her hero Wulfe, and—the Republic, in whom Lady Dallinger became keenly interested.

Most of the conversation took place in the room to which Hildred Hurst had taken a shuddering dislike; but which had appealed to Lois as a most charming apartment on the one or two occasions when she had gone over the house with Thorold prior to Lady Dallinger's tenancy being settled.

"A lovely room to write in!" declared the young enthusiast. "That old cedar would inspire me."

"Come and write here whenever you feel inclined, my dear," said Lady Dallinger. "I shall always be glad to see you; and remember, having said it, I mean it."

Lois was as thoroughly charmed with the old lady as her ladyship was delighted with Lois. They parted with genuine regret; and to Lady Dallinger the Lodge became suddenly a very empty-looking house, when the bright young presence had been removed, to be driven back to Estens in the same state as it had journeyed from thence.

Wulfe stood waiting to open the carriage door and assist his cousin to alight, doing both with praiseworthy gravity and a complete ignoring of the novelty of the proceeding.

It was the first approach to anything resembling dignity that he had observed in

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(From Photo: by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

THE BREAD WINNER.



The carpet deadened all sound of footsteps.

Lois. Several times since his arrival he had taken her and Marjory for drives; but Lois had always sprang into and from the carriage with the agility of a mountain goat, descending even from his dog-cart—the highest of its kind in the county—before there was time for anyone to help her down.

Having mounted the steps and watched the coachman take his horses towards the stables, Lois broke into a merry laugh, which soon disposed of Wulfe's gravity.

"I knew you were dying to laugh, Wulfe. It was good of you to keep it up so long. I felt the occasion warranted a display of something unusual on my part, so I decided on dignity. I pretended to myself that I was a very grand lady going to an important function. If it had lasted much longer, I should have forgotten I wasn't. Really, I behaved beautifully; Marjory would have been delighted. I unbent a little during lunch; lunch is such a friendly sort of meal. don't you think? But I was very good, even then."

"Glad to hear it, Witch. Shall you wear that frock to-morrow?"

The morrow would be Hildred Hurst's birthday.

"Bless you, no! I've got a new one made specially."

"Is it white?"

"No, cream and pink."

"Cream and pink? Yes, that will do. You shall have pink roses; I'll see to that."

"You are a dear! And pale yellow ones for Marjory, please; her dress is cream and pale blue."

"All right, I'll remember." He had not purposed selecting flowers for Marjory; her quiet style had no attraction for him. But he had just made the discovery that "little Lois" was growing into an "amazingly taking brunette"—all dash and sparkle.

He ought to have been at the manor the whole of that day helping Hildred with her preparations for the morrow's festivities; she had announced her intention of doing all the table decorations herself in the various tents erected on the lawn, and of superintending all other decorations everywhere.

Thorold had gone there from Bagshot, expecting to find his cousin hard at work; but Wulfe considered the sun too hot for him to venture out until later in the day; and when he arrived it was in time to find everything finished, and the lady of the manor enjoying a well-earned rest in a hammock under a huge chestnut tree.

"Surely I am not too late to help, Hildred? You have never worked in all this heat? I shouldn't have allowed it, if I had been here."

"But you were not here, you see; and it had to be done. Your cousin helped me,

and Darius has worked like a nigger all day."

"And Dag—Miss Errol?"

"She helped, too. They have all been most kind."

"Then I am sure you can't have wanted me; and I've been awfully busy in another way. Now it's all pretty well arranged, I don't mind your knowing that I had managed, somehow, to run into debt. Money simply melts out at Malta. I wanted to pay everything before our engagement was announced."

"But why? What difference could it make?"

"Ill-natured people might have said I was marrying you for your money."

This was rather good, considering that he had owned to Thorold that he should not have encouraged his passion for her had she not had money.

"What matter, so long as I was satisfied that it was not so?"

"I suppose it was foolish of me to feel sensitive on the point. You would never think I could do such a thing, would you, darling?"

"Certainly not. Such a thought would never occur to me."

He knew that; and he wished for a moment that the thought had never occurred to him either. He did penance for it by exerting himself to be more lover-like than he had been during the last few days.

"To-morrow everybody will know," he murmured remonstratively, when she reproved him gently for his lack of caution. "Why trouble if they find us out a few hours beforehand? Do you love me as much as ever, Hildred?"

"Quite as much. I love you with all my heart, Wulfe."

And they neither of them guessed that she was not telling the truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OPAL RING.

THE day on which Hildred Hurst came of age was ushered in by "blush" clouds, lovely to look at, but ominous indicators of the probable weather.

They passed away before the little lady of the manor was afoot; but they had been observed by Dagmar Errol, who, not having slept well, was up and dressed by six o'clock.

"If the general enthusiasm is not quenched by a downpour before the day is over, I shall be much mistaken," she thought, as she watched the "shepherd's warning" fade away. "It will be a pity; but she cannot expect to have everything. I wonder if

Wulfe will speak to-day? He will surely follow up his attentions with a proposal; though it is plain to everybody that his infatuation for her is cooling fast. I wish he had seen me first!"—a genuine sigh escaped her as she opened her window and drank in the fresh morning air. "It must have been instinct that made me dislike her before I had so much as seen her. Why should she have everything—wealth, position, love—and I nothing? If I do not marry, I must earn my living. I cannot expect Aunt Amy to keep me for ever. Besides, this life of dependence is getting intolerable. How could I ever have been so silly as to imagine I cared for Thorold Leighton? That school-girl fancy was as moonlight is to sunlight compared with—my—love for Wulfe. Yes, it *is* love! Why should I be ashamed to own it? I feel much more ashamed of having begun by thinking of his money! I could be as good as Marjory, if he only cared for me. It is jealousy that has made such a demon of me ever since Hildred Hurst came back. But he doesn't care; he only amuses himself with me as he does with every girl he meets. He means to marry Hildred; but why? He has no need to marry for money. I wonder, had he seen me first, if he would have thought more of me than of the others? What a lovely morning it is! I will go out and try and drink in amiability with the delicious air. I must try and be civil to the queen of the day. But it will be all pretence—for I hate, hate, *hate* her!"

Yet one would have thought it impossible for the dainty little lady of the manor to have excited so fierce a passion as hatred in any human breast. She looked very happy, very sweet, and very earnest as she delivered herself of her carefully thought-out speeches to her assembled tenants in the different tents.

She was proudly conscious of the responsibilities of her position, and conscientiously determined to fulfil them to the best of her ability.

Prolonged cheers followed her from each tent, encouraging her to the performance of the most difficult task of all—the announcement of her coming marriage with Captain Estens; which was made, not to the tenants, but to neighbours and friends, most of whom had known her from childhood.

She got through it somehow, though she was painfully aware of forgetting every word of the speech prepared with particular care for this special proclamation.

All she knew was that Wulfe stood by her, looking big and martial and handsome, and that everybody congratulated them, and said what a fortunate thing it was that they had chanced to fall in love with each other.

And the news quickly spread to the other tents, with the result that a ringing cheer stirred the sultry air with "three times three" for Miss Hurst and Captain Estens.

Hildred told her proud heart that she was quite satisfied, and very grateful to Heaven for the husband who had fallen to her lot. Her pride—seemingly her only fault—was far too great to allow her to suspect that she had made a mistake. She believed herself to be quite happy—quite content.

The festivities were to have been prolonged until late in the evening; but the weather anticipated by Dagmar put an end to all merry-making about five o'clock, culminating in a thunderstorm which sent the disappointed crowd to a big barn, prepared beforehand for such a contingency by the forethought of the young mistress of the ceremonies.

When the heavy rain stopped for a time, and the roar of the thunder became less frequent, the flashes of lightning less vivid, fathers and mothers of families marshalled their flocks into marching order for their respective homes in the adjacent villages.

Miss Hurst placed every conveyance she possessed at the disposal of those who would otherwise have had to walk; and this act of kindness endeared her more than ever to the people over whom she had, as it were, come to reign.

Of course, further rejoicings were to take place within the manor. A dinner-party would be followed by a concert, from which much worse weather than the thunderstorm would have failed to absent most of the invited guests.

But the day was not to close without, at least, one untoward event.

When Hildred—dressed in white silk, and wearing for jewels only the pearl and diamond necklet which had been Wulfe's birthday present to her—descended to the drawing-room, before even the early comers had arrived, she was joined almost immediately by Wulfe, who fell in love a second time with her fresh young beauty.

"I am afraid to touch you, Hildred; and yet I want to see if this ring fits—it's time you were labelled 'Sold,' you know—and if I come near enough for that I shall not be able to help kissing you."

She laughed as she raised her lips for the threatened kiss.

"I think I want one, Wulfe—just one, you know, to fortify me for all I have yet to go through."

He took her in his arms for a moment while he covered her sweet face with tenderly passionate kisses.

A tremendous clap of thunder made her start from his embrace.

"We missed the lightning, and it must

have been grand. You enjoy watching it, don't you, Wulfe? Let us get behind the curtains at one of the windows."

He followed as she swiftly crossed the room and disappeared behind a heavy plush

"It is almost—if not quite—my favourite stone. And I don't believe one bit in its being unlucky."

"Nor I!"

The ring touched the tip of her finger:



A second listener was within reach.

curtain, through which the electric light could not find sufficient entrance to mar the beauty of the lightning.

As they stood there, side by side, Wulfe took her hand to place his ring on her betrothal finger.

"It's an opal, Hildred: I hope you are as fond of opals as I am."

another second and it would have been in place; but an extra vivid flash caused both to start, with the consequence that the little gemmed circlet fell to the ground.

Wulfe stooped to recover it as thunder pealed loudly overhead.

"It must have rolled some distance; I don't see it; may I draw the curtain aside?"

"Give the next flash a chance of—"

The next flash came before she could finish—a blinding sheet of fire with a vividly livid rift in the centre of it, which danced for an instant in the dense blackness after the living sheet of light had vanished.

Hildred caught involuntarily at her lover's arm; his fingers closed over hers in a tight clasp, and both waited in breathless silence for the explosion they felt must follow. It came, close on the heels of the lightning: one never-to-be-forgotten crash, right overhead, followed by tumultuous rolling, as though every cloud in the heavens was loaded with cannon-balls, and was being driven before a resistless wind.

Hildred drew a long breath as the rumbling passed into the distance.

"That was grand! But it was very awful. I began to think our last hour had come, Wulfe."

"Instead of which your first visitor has, apparently"—as a deafening attack on the knocker was heard over the low growl of the escaping thunder. He spoke lightly, to conceal the fact of having been greatly moved; and, releasing her hand, stooped to look again for the ring.

Hildred had forgotten it for the moment. She drew aside the curtain, intending to take up her former position in order to receive her guests.

An exclamation from Wulfe made her stop and look at him.

He was staring at something on the polished floor—something he had purchased in the form of a ring, by which he hoped to seal his betrothal to Hildred Hurst.

Then he stooped and touched it gingerly—a small piece of molten gold, already cooling.

"Thank Heaven it was not on your hand, Hildred!"

"Where is the opal?" she asked.

Where, indeed? There was a little powder sticking to the bit of gold, and a few specks lay on the floor.

"Opals break very easily, you know, dear. Perhaps they are unlucky, after all. Wear this for to-night, Hildred—it was my mother's—and to-morrow I will get another."

He drew a tiny pearl circlet from his waistcoat pocket; small as it was, it went easily on his sweetheart's finger.

"The other would have been miles too large, that's one comfort," he said consolingly; "you could not have worn it—except, perhaps, on your thumb."

Hildred smiled—a poor little pretence of a smile, for the incident troubled her—and moved forward to receive Lady Dallinger.

"I thought the end of the world had come; didn't you?" exclaimed the lady of the manor as she kissed her favourite warmly.

"You should have come here for lunch," continued Hildred, reproachfully; "you could have had all the sleep you wanted afterwards. However, you have been sufficiently punished by losing my eloquent speeches; to say nothing of the shock to your nerves just now."

"Don't know that I should have been better off in this room; you look as if you had had a dozen shocks. What have you been doing to her, Wulfe Estens?"

"Shall I tell her?" queried Wulfe's eyebrows.

Hildred nodded.

"Nobody else need know."

"What is the mystery? Surely neither of you want to throw the other over? This is a nice time to choose for the confession, if you have. Did the speeches come to grief, after all?"

"No; it's nothing of that sort," replied Wulfe, conscious of a strange reluctance to speak of what had occurred, and feeling sufficiently superstitious for the moment to blame "that unlucky opal" for his ring having come to grief.

"The Rev. Herbert Bramwell," announced the footman on duty, ushering in the senior curate, who was followed without a pause by his junior, "The Rev. Edward Paulett."

As a rule, plain "Mr." was considered good enough for the curates, the title of "Rev." being reserved for the vicar. But Jarrold was in a mood as expansive as his shirt-front on this auspicious occasion, and permitted himself to unbend even to the curates.

Other arrivals quickly followed, claiming Hildred's constant attention; and Wulfe was only too glad to escape from relating the catastrophe which had occurred by taking his place at her side.

But Lady Dallinger's curiosity and interest were aroused. She had to keep both in check during dinner, which was the more aggravating as she was within easy conversational distance of her young hostess and Captain Estens; but no sooner had the feminine migration to the drawing-room taken place than she, metaphorically speaking, button-holed Hildred Hurst.

"I'm simply dying of curiosity, my dear—with a little anxiety thrown in. What is the meaning of your pale cheeks and artificial gaiety?"

Hildred explained in as few words as possible, begging her to let the untoward little incident go no further.

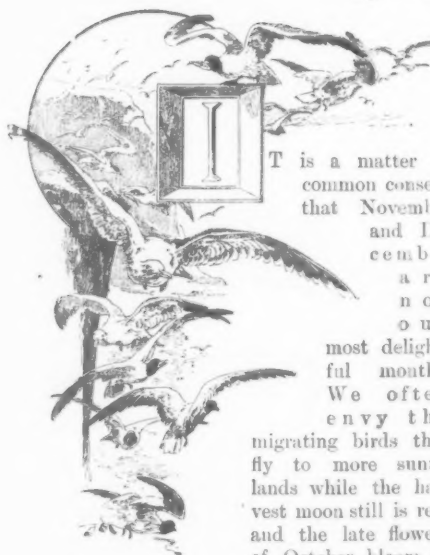
But a second listener was within reach, whom jealousy robbed of honour for the time being.

Dagmar Errol, concealed behind a screen, gave way to temptation, and lent her ears to the hearing of that which she knew was not intended for anyone but Lady Dallinger.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]

OUR FEATHERED REFUGEES.

By F. A. Fulcher.



SEA-GULLS.

It is a matter of common consent that November and December are not our most delightful months. We often envy the migrating birds that fly to more sunny lands while the harvest moon still is red, and the late flowers of October bloom in cottage gardens.

But winter, even a sharp winter, seems pleasant here to those other migrants that come from arctic climes. For winter in those high latitudes is terrible indeed!

For many weeks—aye, even for months—no sun by day nor moon by night illumines the lone North. Deep darkness is spread like a pall over land and sea. This, though in itself awful, is not all. The cold is so fearful that to touch a glass bottle which contains spirits, without the protection of a pair of gloves, will burn a man's fingers so that he loses the use of them for ever. Most sad are the accounts of arctic travellers who with patient and noble courage have braved the sufferings and borne the gloom of winter in arctic regions. Even with the greatest precaution, sickness attacks the body and sadness seizes the soul of a man living under such difficulties as surround him there, while the slightest neglect, the least careless act, exposes him to torturing pain, and often death.

Picture to yourself this cloud of darkness spread over a vast region, a waste of desolation, where nothing but snow and ice are dimly seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. Ice-locked seas where thick fallen snow is fast frozen or drifting in solid waves; ice-bound land wrapped, too, in the white shroud, all darkly visible and deadly in its coldness.

It is not surprising that even the arctic birds, whose true home is in this dreary region, should fly southwards as winter approaches, and, finding so often green grass and soft mud, flowing streams and wave-washed shores, should appreciate an English winter.

It is on the sea-shore, more particularly at those spots where, at the mouth of a tidal river, wide beds of mud extend their rich feeding grounds, or where sandy reaches, not less fruitful, stretch a long way out to sea, that refugees from the highest



A WINTER COAST SCENE.

north are met with. Large flocks of sandpipers are there, dressed in sober grey and white feathers, that they change for more striking suits of russet and brown and black when springtime comes, and it is safe again to wear conspicuous colours. These are beautiful little birds, so graceful and nimble, picking their way daintily as they run hither and thither so lightly that at a little distance it is impossible to see the movement of their slender legs, or flying backwards and forwards across the surf like a lighter puff of spray. Except the wagtails, no birds have such grace as those whose life is spent just at the edge of the sea. They

It is entertaining to watch the little bird storm the citadel where its victims are intrenched. It takes its graceful run straight up to a big stone or shell, and, inserting its beak—which is thicker and stronger than those of other "sand larks"—beneath it, pushes and strives with main force until the obstacle is overthrown, and the swarming crowds of delicate marine insects which have sheltered beneath it are disclosed. These consist of worms and crustacea, most excellent food, and worth a little trouble to obtain. The idiosyncrasy of birds is a very strange feature among creatures that have so much in common.



TURNSTONES.

seem to have caught the spirit of waves that curve as they break on the shore, and spray that is dashed high up against the rocks, and sinuous currents that follow the windings of mysterious curves; it is as though bird and wave and stream were together expressing some unknown delight. I include the gulls among these, for they never venture far from shore for long, either landwards or out to sea. The gulls take the palm of beauty on the wing, the sandpipers on foot.

I wonder if my readers know the turnstones. Their antics are most amusing, and may be constantly seen on our coasts in winter, where they patrol in small foraging parties of six or seven.

Generation after generation of one species continue to seek food thus, but none of their neighbours have adopted quite this excellent plan, yet the godwits and the sanderlings eat the same food, and most of the shore birds share it. The godwits are handsome, so shapely and trim; their low cry, often heard in the dusk, resembles that of the smaller curlew as they call to each other at low tide. Many of these arctic birds have an odd habit of feeding at dusk, and even on into the darkness. It is as though they had at some time remained in their own darkening land until winter had set in, and so learnt to rival the nocturnal owls. The snowy breasts and pale

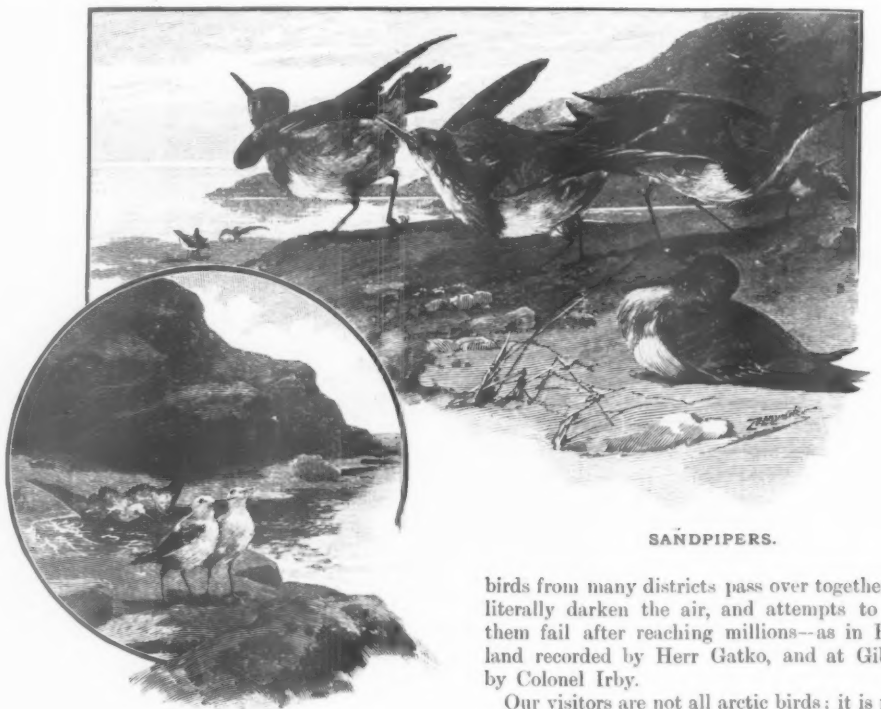
grey backs of the sanderlings distinguish them, and emphasise the extreme delicacy and frailty of a little bird whose home is so far north that its nurseries are difficult to discover.

In direct contradistinction to these airy creatures are the grey crows. They, too, come in large flocks to spend the winter on our shores. Greedy, clumsy birds, always eating, they may be seen at any time of day with their heads bent to the task of devouring anything they can find, so engrossed in the occupation that they scarcely note the approach of an intruder. Many of the gulls are also strangers, though they seem familiar.

come, the bramblings and shore larks—the latter better named at home *Berg Lerke*—come too. Flocks of fieldfares and redwings spread all over the country from north to south, joining our own thrushes, their first cousins, in all those nomadic wanderings in which field birds delight. Our woods are visited by yet other travellers, tiny golden-crested wrens, the kinglets, and green siskins in countless numbers.

It is difficult, in observing the birds after they are dispersed over the country, to gather any idea of their numbers.

At some places, where several fly-lines join and



SANDPIPERS.

SANDERLINGS.

and make common cause with the residents. Small plovers, waders, beautiful greenshanks and redshanks, are fugitives too; ducks and geese and swans of many kinds—all these find sanctuary here in large numbers, some on the sands by the sea and some by inland waters.

But these are by no means the full complement of our winter visitors. On the hills of Scotland and of our northern counties flocks of snow buntings, whose silver voices sound like the tinkling of bells, spend the winter. Where they

birds from many districts pass over together, they literally darken the air, and attempts to count them fail after reaching millions—as in Heligoland recorded by Herr Gatko, and at Gibraltar by Colonel Irby.

Our visitors are not all arctic birds; it is mostly the sea and water fowl that come from the highest north. Birds from the dreary Polar Sea, from Lapland and Spitzbergen and Siberia, are joined as they come hither by troops from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, Germany, and even France. All these countries, while they also harbour refugees, send some of their migratory birds to us. These are often of the same species as our own residents: larks, robins, thrushes, starlings, and others, and they lose their identity when they mingle with their own kind.

These are the coming guests we welcome when we speed the swallow and the nightingale upon their way.

The Life and Work of the Redeemer.

THE BIRTH AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST.

By the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

IV.—THE VIRGIN MARY'S POSITION IN THE GOSPELS.



ONE point in the Gospel memoirs must be briefly touched upon; it is scarcely a difficulty, but for a moment it puzzles us.

In those first two chapters of St. Luke upon which we are dwelling, after the Divine Child the only prominent figure is that of the Virgin Mother. Then in the rest of the Gospel and in the Acts, which may be looked upon as St. Luke's sequel to his Gospel, the beautiful figure of the "Mother" almost passes out of sight. All we find is just a bare mention of her in the eighth chapter, repeated by Matthew and Mark, and an equally short allusion in the first chapter of the Acts; to these cursory mentions of Mary by the Evangelists must be added the episode at Cana of Galilee, and the commendation of Mary to John at the Crucifixion, in the fourth Gospel.* But neither at the wedding feast at Cana nor at the Cross is Mary a really prominent figure.

A recent writer† has well and tersely suggested an obvious reason for this silence respecting Mary during the whole period of the public ministry, with which the four Gospels in the main are concerned. "The earliest followers of Christ seem to have been so entirely occupied with His engrossing personality that they thought little, or not at all, about His mother. She hardly appears in three of the four Gospels," viz., in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John.

The four Gospels, including that of St. Luke, after his first two chapters, are mainly concerned with the incidents and teaching of the Lord's public ministry. In the Evangelical records of these incidents and teaching the Virgin Mother finds no place.

But there was—we speak with all

reverence, for we are venturing to touch upon the reasons which perchance guided the Holy Spirit when He guided the inspired Evangelists to select the incidents which make up the Gospel narrative—a deep and far-reaching motive for this silence.

Among the children of men the position of the Virgin Mother of our Lord was a unique one. It has been well said that "it is perhaps impossible to dwell much upon the wondrous relationship between God and Mary without some perversion of feeling. . . . She is brought near to God, yet is but a creature, and seems to lack her fitting place in our limited understandings, neither too high nor too low. We cannot combine in our thoughts of her all we should ascribe with all we should withhold."*

Very early the danger, foreseen and so gently but firmly guarded against in the silence of the Gospels—a silence almost unbroken, after the wondrous story of the Birth had once been told—became sadly manifest. In the course of the second century, in less than a hundred years after the death of her appointed guardian St. John, legendary history began to gather thickly around the memory of the "Mother." These apocryphal stories were unanimously and firmly rejected by the voice of the Church for the first five centuries; in them, however, we have the germ of the later conceptions of Mary, when reverence, alas! became adoration. The influence of these baseless traditions in the hearts of many men at a comparatively early date is shown by the warnings of Epiphanius, in whose time (the fourth century) it is clear that a kind of worship of the Virgin in some quarters was gradually becoming recognised. "Let her" (the Virgin), wrote this father of the Church, "be honoured and esteemed; let Him (Christ) be worshipped and adored." Very real indeed was the

* There are two more references to her, of comparatively little interest, however, in St. Matthew xiii. 54, 55, St. Mark vi. 1-3, and again in St. Luke xi. 27.

† Professor Ramsay.

* These striking words were written by Cardinal Newman before he joined the Church of Rome, and are the deliberate expression of his mind at the period of his greatest influence over the hearts of men, when he was unfettered by the restraints of "Rome." The words will be found in vol. ii. of his "Parochial Sermons" (sermon xii.), 1851.

danger, so soon in the Church's history sadly apparent. We watch sorrowfully the gradual development of the natural reverence for her who "was blessed among women." By degrees, as time went on, the idea of her *sinlessness* gathered strength and was openly taught, and thus the old and fitting reverence too soon passed into a worship, while the curious and utterly baseless doctrine of her immaculate conception—a teaching completely unknown to the great teachers in the early ages of Christianity—in the thirteenth century became accepted by many theologians, and in our own age and time (nineteenth century) it was finally placed by Papal authority among the "irrefutable" dogmas insisted upon by the Roman Catholic Communion.

Very brief and simple were Mary's "memories" of the wondrous Nativity which St. Luke has enshrined in his early chapters. They are characterised with a holy and solemn reserve, in striking contrast to the florid and marvellous details which later legends delight to pile up around the birth and infancy of Jesus. Whence came, then, those curious and somewhat puerile details repeated in accounts current in certain centres in the fourth and fifth centuries? Probably these apocryphal narratives were, originally, merely devout meditations of holy, imaginative men. Then what were in the first instance pious and speculative meditations, by an easy transition, came to be looked on as records of what had actually happened, and so the legendary history grew. One of the earliest of these, which perhaps dates from the end of the third or early years of the fourth century, is from the ancient writing called the *Protevangelium* of James, and deserves to be quoted as a good and somewhat striking example of such later legendary additions.

We read how at the awful moment of the Birth "the pole of the heaven stood motionless, and the birds were still; there were workmen lying on the earth with their hands in a vessel, and those who handled did not handle it, and those who took did not lift, and those who presented it to the mouth did not present it, but the faces of all were looking up; and I saw the sheep scattered, and the sheep stood still. . . . And I looked at the stream of the river, and the mouths of the kids were down and

were not drinking, and everything which was being propelled forward was intercepted in its course." All Nature was thus hushed, and brought to a standstill. It is a wonderful, and even a beautiful, conception; but it is a striking contrast with the equally marvellous but simple, every-day recollections of Mary which we find in the Gospel.

The visit of the shepherds to the lowly manger where the child Jesus was born was the one accompanying event which especially remained in Mary's mind, and the words uttered by the shepherds to her as they stood round her and the Babe—words which accounted for their presence, words which told of the angels' visit to them as they were keeping watch over their flocks by night—were graven upon her heart, and St. Luke repeats them without comment.

V.—ST. MATTHEW'S ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVITY.

Much has been written respecting the seeming difficulty of reconciling the two accounts of the birth and infancy as given by St. Matthew and St. Luke. Why, for instance, it is asked, was St. Luke silent respecting the remarkable visit of the Magi, the murder of the Innocents, and the hurried journey into Egypt. Now, the sequence of events was probably as follows:—

The birth, and the angel-prompted visit of the shepherds to the Bethlehem manger. The presentation in the Temple, when Simeon and Anna met and addressed the mother and Child.

From Jerusalem, after the presentation in the Temple, the "Holy Family" seem at once to have returned to Bethlehem. There they received the visit and gifts of the Magi, and directly after, on Joseph receiving the angelic warning of Herod's bloody purpose, carried into effect in the massacre of the Innocents at Bethlehem, they fled into Egypt. In the following year, after Herod's death, Mary, Joseph, and the Child returned to the Holy Land, and, giving up the idea of settling at Bethlehem, they determined once more to fix their abode in their original home at Nazareth; and there the long period which elapsed between the return from Egypt until the commencement of the public ministry—some thirty years—was spent, the solitary episode of the visit to Jerusalem, when the Child

was twelve years old, being the only event recorded.

There is nothing contradictory in the double record of St. Matthew and St. Luke: simply certain episodes in the early life of the Child are recorded by St. Matthew, others by St. Luke.

"Luke gives from knowledge gained within the family an account of facts known only to the family, and a part to the mother alone. It is most probable that Luke had heard the story which Matthew gives, and it would have been easy to fit this into his own narrative without disturbing either account. But they did not rest on equal authority, and Luke would not mix the two. What he had got was an account of the miraculous birth and the circumstances which had most deeply impressed the mother's mind."*

The story as told by St. Luke appeals to us, finds us, in a way St. Matthew's memoir fails to do. The memories of the mother are so fresh, so real, the words of the recital are so evidently her own, that we seem to hear her speaking and telling something of the wondrous story to Paul's friend Luke, who wove it into the tapestry of his Gospel, not changing an expression, even preserving the somewhat rough provincial Aramaisms of the blessed Nazareth maiden.

St. Matthew's memoir is quite different. We must dwell a little on it, for it has a preciousness of its own quite distinct from the artless memories of Mary. It is—we use the expression with all reverence—more artificial, more of the nature of a compilation designed for a special purpose. When once the wondrous fact of the marvellous virgin birth is told, the circumstances selected are those which fulfilled to the letter, as well as in the spirit, the ancient loved prophecies about the expected and passionately longed for Messiah, enshrined in the Old Testament writings in the Book loved with an intensity of devotion by every pious Jew.

St. Matthew's Gospel was probably put out between A.D. 60–70, but its memories of the birth and infancy were no doubt current at a yet earlier date. They seem to have emanated from an exclusive Jewish circle. In St. Matthew's account Joseph, not Mary, is the principal figure. It is *his* doubts, anxieties, feelings, which are specially dwelt upon at first. And,

when the story of the virgin birth is told, it is related as a literal fulfilment of the well-known Isaiah prophecy (vii. 14), "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel (God with us)."

An exclusively Jewish-Christian circle—we might almost term it an official centre—existed at Jerusalem. It numbered probably among its principal persons Cleopas, the brother of Joseph, James and Jude, his sons—commonly called "the brethren of our Lord"—Simeon, the son of Cleopas, who afterwards succeeded James (the brother of the Lord) as Bishop of the Jerusalem Community or Church, after James had suffered martyrdom, shortly before A.D. 70. From the silence of the Gospels and the Acts, from the fact that Mary was commended to the care of John by the dying Lord on the Cross, it is assumed by some that Joseph himself was dead. It is, however, only a presumption. The Jewish-Christian Community or Church, after the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, made Pella, a city of the Decapolis, their headquarters. It was from Jerusalem, out of this especially "Hebrew" centre, that, no doubt, the memoir of the Nativity, etc., which we find in St. Matthew's Gospel originally emanated. Its facts and deductions appealed in a peculiar and especial way not only to the community of Jerusalem Christian Jews, but to all Jewish believers at Rome, Corinth, and other centres of population where the Chosen People were wont to congregate for the purposes of commerce.

St. Matthew, after briefly but clearly telling the story of the virgin birth, which was, he shows, to be a distinct and literal fulfilment of prophecy, gives us a sequence of events connected with the infancy of the Divine Child, closely associated with some of the most remarkable of the cherished predictions connected with the expected Messiah.

He tells us that a company of "Magicians"—apparently a deputation of some famous college of scholars, probably from Persia—shortly after the

* To this must be added the remarkable words of Isaiah ix. 6, 7, which are not quoted in the Gospel, though, no doubt, in the Evangelist's mind.

See also Pearson, "Exposition of the Creed," Article III., Section 171, 172, and Notes, where other Messianic texts from the Old Testament in connection with the miraculous birth are dealt with, and some weighty Rabbinic comments upon these texts are discussed.

* Professor Ramsay in "Was Christ born at Bethlehem?"



(From the picture in the possession of the Liverpool Art Gallery—by permission.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS.

(From the celebrated Painting by W. Holman Hunt.)

"Nativity," arrived at Jerusalem, inquiring after some "great birth," which they affirmed had recently occurred in that city or in its neighbourhood, for they related how they had seen a remarkable portent in the heavens in the form of a star, which they interpreted as the supernatural signal of a coming mighty King. Now Tacitus and Suetonius, the well-known classical historians,* inform us that there prevailed through the entire East an intense conviction, derived from ancient prophecies, that a great Monarch was about to arise in Judea. St. Matthew's detailed mention of this episode probably points to the great Balaam prophecy† being especially in the wise men's minds.

The arrival of these Magi, who were evidently persons of considerable importance, and the object of their mission, excited great interest in Jerusalem. The jealous fears of the royal tyrant Herod, then sick with a mortal sickness, were speedily aroused, and, sending for the leading priests and scribes, he asked them where the Hebrew prophets had declared Messiah was to be born.

The answer came at once. Bethlehem,‡ the village near Jerusalem, was the site indicated by the prophets as the future scene of the Great One's birth. It was this and other literal fulfilments of ancient Hebrew prophecy which, no doubt, prompted the insertion by Matthew of the cycle of events connected with the infancy, beginning with this Magian visit.

King Herod at once repeated the information he had received from the scribes and priests to the Eastern visitors.

The apparently sudden reappearance of the star to the Magi (St. Matthew ii. 9, 10), after they had received Herod's communication from the priests and scribes respecting Bethlehem, seems to point to the conclusion that the star in question was "a luminous body, possibly of a meteoric nature, but subject to special laws regu-

lating its appearance and perhaps also its motion."*

In close connection with the Magian visit to Bethlehem is the hurried flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, the reasons for which are tersely set forth by St. Matthew. Each rapidly succeeding event in this group of incidents connected with the infancy of the Divine Child recounted by St. Matthew was, as he tells us, prefigured in some well-known mystic saying of a prophet enshrined in the acknowledged and cherished writings of the Hebrew race. Thus the wild wail† of mourning which followed the massacre of the Innocents at Bethlehem, carried out by the orders of the dying jealous Herod, was heard by Jeremiah, one of the most revered of the glorious company of Hebrew prophets (xxx. 15), some six centuries before.

Of the home-coming from Egypt, whence Joseph, Mary, and the Babe quickly returned on the news of the death of Herod, the prophet Hosea writes (xi. 1), and in a nameless prophecy the very dwelling at Nazareth was foretold. All these prophetic references to those early disturbed and anxious days of the blessed infancy would be read and pondered over with intense interest—an interest none but a Jew can rightly comprehend—by those Hebrew-Christian communities for whom St. Matthew specially wrote the early pages of his Gospel.

But the rare memories of Mary the mother, of the blessed infancy and childhood, repeated by St. Luke, are after all what have been, what are still, best loved in that vast Gentile world which lies outside the charmed circle of the Chosen Race. Intensely interesting, of far-reaching importance to all, to Jew and Gentile, is the infancy "according to St. Matthew." But only a Jew, brought up under the very shadow of the Old Testament prophecies, can grasp in all their fulness the mighty import of the Messianic fulfilments so lightly and yet so perfectly sketched in the story of the Magi from the East, and in the series of events which resulted from their memorable visit to the cradle of Bethlehem.

* The references of these writers, although penned some years after the Nativity, accurately represented the feeling of expectation which prevailed in the East all through that century.

† Numbers xxiv. 15-19.

‡ The prophecy in question is from Micah v. 2: "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the provinces of Juda, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule My people Israel." In the passage quoted by St. Matthew Micah adds the startling words, "Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

* Bishop Ellcott, in his *Hulsean Lectures*, II., p. 72, note 2.

† The tomb of Rachel the ancestress, who in the beautiful imagery of Jeremiah is painted as mourning over her murdered little ones, is close to Bethlehem. Her memory was thus closely connected with the scene of the massacre.

VI.—THE VIRGIN MOTHER'S LAST MEMORY
OF THE BLESSED CHILDHOOD.

The silence of Mary, after she had communicated the few facts we have been dwelling upon, is significant. The great fact of the miraculous birth was the principal subject of her communication; then followed just a few memories of the eventful time of the infancy, and then—*silence*. She simply says: "The Child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him." It seems that no work of power was done, and that no word of teaching was spoken, until the public ministry commenced and Jesus had reached His thirtieth year. Bonaventura's comment is wonderfully suggestive: "His doing nothing wonderful was itself a kind of wonder. . . . As there was power in His actions, so there is power in His silence, in His inactivity, in His retirement." In all that long period only once the solemn "hush" is broken, when Mary speaks of the Child Jesus' visit to the Temple. This visit to the Temple occurred when He was twelve years old.

Slowly, surely, He had been growing up into the consciousness of *what* He was, and *whence* He came. We may assume, from the importance attached by the mother to His words spoken in this visit to the Temple, that His self-recognition first really burst forth from the depths of His childhood's unconsciousness in those hours spent by Him in the storied Temple courts.

We need not dwell on the circumstances of the Child being missed in the returning company of pilgrims, or on the anxious search for the lost Boy, or the finding Him in the Temple with the great Jewish doctors,* asking these scholars deep, searching questions; we will only dwell on the Child's answer to His mother's gently phrased complaint—an answer to which, as we have said, she evidently attached a peculiar importance. Mary and Joseph had been searching for the Child Jesus certainly for many hours; joy at again seeing her loved One, after the fears for His safety which had been

disturbing her, for a brief moment made her forget the wondrous past. Who but Mary could have treasured up this striking memory of a startling mistake? She—not Joseph, be it observed; he stands evidently aside—presses forward into the august circle of the revered Doctors of the Law in the midst of which the Child was standing; and half-lovingly, half-reproachfully, says: "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." The Boy replies quickly, apparently with wonderment, with another question—perhaps even with a kind of shudder at Mary's words, "*Thy father and I*." The conviction had come upon Him quietly, and yet with irresistible force, that the Temple of God was His earthly home, and apparently, too, the consciousness, not yet mature, but now in good truth commencing, "*I am He*." He marvelled at His mother's slowness of comprehension. Why should she have been surprised at His lingering in His Father's sacred house? Did she not know, then, Who He was and whence He came? So He asks, "How is it that ye sought Me—wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"*

The mysterious answer of the Child to her reproachful question is all that Mary tells us. But it was enough—the Child's words had served to bring back to the mother's remembrance what had long passed, and the memory of which for her apparently was beginning somewhat to fade. She never forgot the solemn, awful words, but kept them in her heart.

We can, with all reverence, picture to ourselves the look of mute inquiry of St. Luke when he was gathering up these precious "memories," with, perhaps, the eager question, "Tell us more of these unknown quiet years of the wondrous Boy." The only reply was: "He went down with us to Nazareth, and was subject to us"; and then, perhaps, after a pause, the mother went on: "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man"—and then Mary was silent; and, as far as the mother was concerned, that silence never was broken.

* There is a high probability that in the group of scribes and teachers were several of those famous Doctors of the Law who we know were among the popular and renowned scholar-teachers of that day—such as Gamaliel, the master of Saul of Tarsus, Jonathan, the compiler of the Chaldee paraphrase of the sacred Books, Hillel and Shammai, of almost world-wide repute.

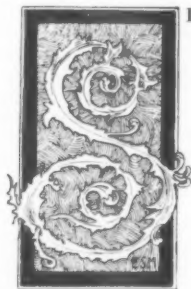
* Scholars hesitate whether the rendering of these words should not be "in My Father's house" (so the old Syriac version), instead of "about My Father's business."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for his own contribution only.



A Complete Story. By Mary E. Hullah.

CHAPTER I.



HE played the harp indifferently well, but there was no doubt at all about her good looks. She wore a white dress—no need to tell how many hours she had spent arranging ruffles and laces—and sat with her head bent forward, her fingers just touching the strings of the instrument.

Her hair, which she wore low on her neck, was red-brown, not without a gleam of gold in it; her eyes were dark; the curve of her round chin was perfection.

The orchestra was full of bustling musicians; they talked and whispered and told each other anecdotes as they took their places. More than one glance of admiration and of curiosity was cast in the direction of Geraldine Lynne. She had been sent as a substitute for some great man who had fallen ill; she was a relation of the conductor's; she was American, Irish, Polish—yes, but she talked like an Englishwoman, and looked like one. Hush! Time's up!

The first violin took his seat, a blue-eyed, fair-haired German of soldierlike bearing. He, too, looked across at the fair apparition in white, and stroked his moustache and thought

inwardly it was well that the lady had so small a part in the coming concert. Then he sighed: to him music was at once an object of veneration and a stern mistress; at her feet he had laid years of hard work, working even when she smiled upon him at last. Yes, but the little girl in white was young, and her pretty head was full of other things than her profession.

Was it to be wondered at? Eric Gera had already noticed that she wore on her finger a diamond ring that twinkled and blazed; he now saw the light of welcome in her eyes. Someone was there in the audience who had the power to agitate her thus.

Eric looked across the stalls; by the door was a young man in evening dress with a flower in his button-hole. Eric nodded. This Aubrey Millman was his own kinsman, the son of a Gera, who, years ago, had married and settled in England. Only that morning Eric had heard that he was engaged to be married to a musical student. The conductor stepped on to the platform amidst a storm of applause, and the first violin threw himself enthusiastically into his work.

In the interval between the parts he brushed up against Aubrey.

"I congratulate you!" he said.

"What about?"

"I can only refer to one event. You are a happy man, Ah! I will not detain you. The little lady awaits thee, my son!"

Aubrey passed on. Eric's congratulations bored him; so many things bored him. It

bored him to know that his cousin was a man of better birth than himself, and that his mother still clung to the traditions of her youth and respected the violinist as the head of an old family. It bored him particularly to think that the man might claim a ridiculous foreign title if he chose. He wasn't sure that he liked being congratulated at all. He had proposed, and been accepted—there was an end of it. Jill looked splendid to-night, she really did; he lost no time in making his way towards her.

People drew back to let him pass; the next moment the buzz of gossip rose high.

"Engaged to young Millman, is she? Well, he's as rich as Croesus—Millman's candles, you know."

"Wish I had half his luck!"

Aubrey was satisfied to see the expression of pleasure in Geraldine's face at his

approach, and the glitter of his diamond on her finger.

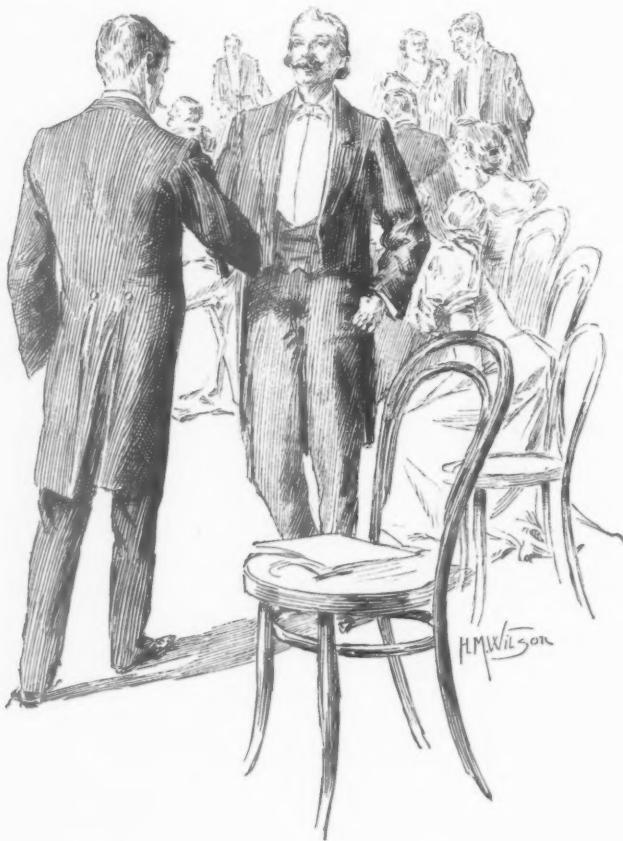
"I have come to take you home, Jill!"

"Yes; I am not wanted any more to-night."

"You will *never* be wanted here any more," he spoke so loud that the conductor, who was close by, smiled. The girl, he hoped, was in good hands with this young barbarian!

With a lace veil thrown over her head, her dark eyes radiant, Geraldine went out of the room on Aubrey Millman's arm; her white draperies just moved as she walked. She might have been a study for a Stothard picture.

Eric Gera bent his stately head as she passed. He felt proud of his kinsman. "I have done him an injustice," he said inwardly. "I really did not suppose him to have the pluck to marry a portionless maiden against the wishes of his people!"



"I congratulate you!"—p. 127.

CHAPTER II.

THE season was nearly over, the streets were dull and dusty; the sun shone through a veil of mist.

Eric Gera came forth from his club with a furrowed brow; he had heard news there that roused him to a fiery heat. At first he had denied the truth of the report; it was scandal, hearsay—a lie!

After having contradicted one acquaintance and lost his temper with another, somebody had shown him first a letter, and secondly a society newspaper. He had read the passages pointed out to him, apologised for his vehemence, and left the club convinced at last.

A few days later saw him arrayed in a frock coat, a high hat in his hand—an article of dress that he regarded with horror—walking up the stairs of a shabby house in West Kensington. In a small sitting-room, with tawdry ornaments and faded cushions, Geraldine Lynne awaited his arrival.

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(From Photo: by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE

BY LADY L. ALMA TADEMA.

Her face was smaller than it had been a few months ago; there were dark lines under her eyes; she had lost much of her beauty. She looked, thought Eric, like a delicate flower taken from the conservatory and cast forth into an uncongenial clime.

"Miss Lynne," he said, refusing her invitation to sit down, "I owe you many apologies for this intrusion. I am, as you know, a cousin of Aubrey Millman."

She started and clasped her hands.

"Do I give you pain? I am sorry. Is it true that he has broken his plighted word?"

"It is quite true. I have sent him back his ring."

"So!" cried Eric, with a quick movement of his shoulders, "that is no matter. A ring—a few poor stones are of no value. What I think of *him* is not for your ears. I have to make a suggestion to *you*."

"Why do you care? The others take no notice of me."

"It is my place to endeavour to atone for the insult that has been offered to you. I do not know," he added simply, "how my suggestion will appear in the eyes of a lady who is young and—charming."

In his eagerness he failed to perceive the tiny dimples that lurked in the corner of her mouth; it never occurred to him that there was anything passing strange in his speech to a girl whom he had met perhaps half a dozen times, no more.

"I am told that you are an orphan. I know that you have suffered."

Geraldine hung her head; the desire to laugh left her when she contemplated her own future—the many disappointments, the struggle to "manage" on a small income.

For a few short months she had lived in a whirl of excitement and pleasure; then there had come misunderstandings, quarrels, and her lover had jilted her on the eve of her marriage. There was no other word for it! And she was left alone, to bear the humiliation of her position as best she could.

She moved with a gesture of impatience that was childishly pathetic.

"It is all over! I have nothing to live for now!"

"The dear God cares for all His children," said Eric solemnly; "you need not despair, Miss Jill. One path, at least, is open to you. It may seem to you a poor thing to marry a musician who works for his livelihood, but I offer you all that I have—will you consent to become my honoured wife?"

Geraldine raised her eyes in astonishment; she had nothing to say.

"You do not reply? My heart tells me that I must not hurry you, that you require time. Listen. I have a house at Long-gate, in Kent; it is a nice little house, and at

present occupied by a lady, the widow of a friend. I have my rooms in town. I am often in Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg. Mrs. Morton is dull. Will you come to Rose Villa, and give her the favour of your companionship? At the end of three months, six months—as you will—I will come for my answer. Will you do this?"

A strange wooing! Jill's quick brain saw with what delicate tact the offer had been made. As Eric Gera's wife she would triumph over the Millmans, who had so cruelly cast her on one side; at any rate, she would get away from the gossip and the sympathising looks of her fellow-students.

She glanced round the dingy room and sighed; her poverty, and not her will, consented to these wretched surroundings.

"Do you accept my proposal?"

"Yes," she said softly; "I will come to Rose Villa. You are very kind to me."

"The kindness is all on your side."

Again a smile quivered on Jill's lips.

He took her hand, and looked straight into her eyes. "Remember, though I am bound, you are free, Miss Jill!"

CHAPTER III.

MRS. MORTON, a limp, amiable woman, with a tendency to say the wrong thing, greeted Geraldine with rapture.

"I am so glad to see you, dear one. I have heard all about your sad story, and that dear kind Eric, the Professor, says that you have been ill. He is shocked to find you so altered. Such a dear man—and so eccentric, isn't he? I am to take the greatest care of you; I assure you that the Professor told me so—he can only talk of your altered looks!"

Geraldine glanced at a mirror on the wall. In truth, worry and anxiety did not suit her. She must take trouble with her toilet to-night; she was accustomed to admiration, and could not do without it.

When Eric Gera returned home that evening, he found his guest, arrayed in a soft pink dress, awaiting his arrival in the study.

"So you have found your way into the bear's den, Miss Jill," he said good-naturedly. "That's right. How does the little villa suit you?"

"Excellently well. Everybody is so friendly."

"Good," said Eric; "I am glad that you are pleased. It is not much that we offer you."

Geraldine winced. She had determined to profit by Eric Gera's generosity; the world had been so hard on her that much generosity could not be expected on her part. Yet, at

this moment, she wished that she had stayed in her lodging—wished that she had starved. Nonsense! There was no question of starving, only a constant struggle with genteel poverty. And she was so tired!

The best thing to do was to laugh and not care. Poor, silly child! she had no thought of how soon her laughter might be turned to tears!

Eric looked at her gravely; the pink dress became her mightily, but the pink colour in her cheeks was too vivid for health.

Instinctive sympathy with weakness, the desire to help and heal where he could, prompted his next observation.

"You are right to make use of this room, Miss Jill. It is quiet and cosy here. I wonder if you would help me to arrange my music? I sadly want a librarian. Look at the Beethoven on the floor, and my Schubert is torn in two!"

Jill's spirits rose. She possessed the artistic temperament that is easily uplifted and cast down. "I should like to help you. I will begin to-morrow."

"There is a huge amount of work when you once begin. I warn you that I am a real tyrant."

"I will risk it," laughed Jill.

Jill sat swinging lazily in a rocking chair.

There was snow out of doors; the kitchen was warm and light; white curtains draped the windows; a cuckoo clock ticked on the wall.

"Tell me some more, please, Hedwig."

Hedwig's stern face bore an expression of satisfaction. She had lived all her life with the Geras; she loved to tell of their former greatness, of her late mistress, Anna, and of a certain Count, who, having made a fortune, had lately bought back the family estate.

"And if he had his rights," added Hedwig, "my master would reside at the Castle of Buchenrode. That was Miss Anna's wish; she desired her brother to have all that was good, though in her life she was hard to please."

"She was ill, poor lady."

"Yes, yes; my master gave her all that you can imagine—time, care, a good home; but she hated the music and the professorship. She had only one wish, that he should please his rich cousin and speedily marry a good wife—not an Englishwoman."

"And why not an Englishwoman?"

"Why not? The Count wills that his heir marries with a countrywoman. I say that my master has no mind to marry—after the death of his betrothed."

"Tell me about his betrothed, Hedwig."

"She was young, and fair, and good—a parson's daughter—and she died. So the

Professor devoted his life to his sister, and she died. Now he is alone!"

A hot cinder fell on to the hearth; the cuckoo bounded out of his little door and shouted eight times.

"It would be better for you, Hedwig," said Jill after a pause, "if he married a German lady and you all went back to the Castle."

"No, Miss Geraldine; when the lady wife arrives, I retire. I have my savings. And may the wife—whoever she is—give the Professor content; though I doubt if the soup will be quite to his liking."

CHAPTER IV.

WEEDS went by, and the work of the librarian was finished; every torn sheet was mended, every book in its place. Geraldine walked and took expeditions to London, went to the Academy with Mrs. Morton, made friends with people in the neighbourhood. Eric Gera was very busy. He had so many engagements that of late he seldom appeared at Rose Villa. When he did come, he was just the same considerate host—quite the same, only perhaps he seemed a little worn and tired. He arrived unexpectedly one stormy afternoon from Berlin, and to-morrow he was due in Edinburgh. He had asked some friends to dinner—he hoped that it was convenient; in the meantime he had work to do in the study—would Mrs. Morton excuse him?

"Just like the dear man!" sighed Mrs. Morton; "so impracticable. Three friends to dinner, and no fish! Do you hear him playing? So unnecessary, when I don't believe he ever really plays a wrong note! Excuse me, love, I must consult Hedwig—poor Eric!"

"Poor Eric!" Geraldine fell to thinking of the pastor's daughter, who had been so fair and so good, and had died young. How much of Hedwig's version of the family history was true? It was hard on Eric Gera, first to lose the girl he loved, then to work for a sister who could not be pleased, now to run the risk of forfeiting his birthright because of an Englishwoman, to whom he had plighted his word, and who had no love to give him in return.

When Jill went upstairs to dress for dinner, she heard the sound of the violin. The Professor was playing as she had never heard him play before. Spell-bound, she stopped to listen; grasping tight to the balustrade, she trembled as she listened. The pure tone, the masterly execution—yes, more than that, the heart of the man himself was there: the trouble, the infinite

patience and the faith that kept him simple as a child—eccentricity, Mrs. Morton called it. If that were true, then let all violinists strive for eccentricity!

"I would give years of my life," cried Jill, "if I could do any good with my music—I never shall."

"'Never' is a hard word," he replied, smiling.



Suddenly the study door was thrown open.

Suddenly the music stopped, and the study door was thrown open. *

"Is that you, Miss Jill? Don't stay out in the cold. Come in?"

Jill obeyed the invitation. "Did I disturb you?"

"Disturb me? Oh, no! yet I had the feeling that someone was listening, and was pleased. My fiddle tells me many things, you know—secrets mostly that I am not allowed to divulge. It is another sense to me."

He put his hand caressingly on the shining surface of his violin.

"Yes, but in my case it is a true one!"

Something—she did not know what—forced the tears into her eyes.

"But you have so many other gifts, Miss Jill. You can surely be content?"

"I am not content. I am steeped in discontent and ingratitude."

Eric drew himself up sharply. "I do not believe in this ingratitude. Your poet has grasped the truth when he says, 'The gratitude of men hath oftener left me mourning.' And as for your discontent, if it is real, we will try to find a remedy for it. All in good time—"

"All in good time," repeated Jill, and, with one of her rapid changes of mood, she added: "If my gratitude is to leave you mourning, you shan't hear a word of it. I wouldn't make you miserable for the world. Please, believe me."

Geraldine was at her best that night, full of chatter and life. She sang a little at the visitors' request, looking so fair the while that they forgave her lack of voice and total want of training. The youngest guest was a musical student. He dropped into a chair by Geraldine's side, divided between admiration of her beauty and delight in his host's performance.

"It makes me feel," he whispered, "as if I could dash my fiddle against the wall. But I shan't; I shall practise all the harder. There's something in the Professor that always brings the best side out of you."

"Yes," said Jill, in such complete sympathy that the boy coloured with delight.

"Letters," cried Eric. "The postman is late to-night. All for me. Pardon, Miss Geraldine, this envelope has been directed and re-directed, so that I was about to claim that too."

Jill took the letter. As her eyes, for a second, rested on Eric's, she knew that he, too, had recognised the handwriting of her correspondent.

The visitors had all gone. Aubrey Millman's letter of penitence awaited her answer, and Jill had forgotten the fact of Aubrey Millman's existence. There was another question that wanted an answer. Six months ago she had resolved to make use of Eric Gera's devotion, intending some day to reward him by becoming his wife; she had dared to laugh at him in her folly, and now her own act seemed very terrible to her. "He brings the best side out of you," the boy downstairs had said, and Jill knew that it was true.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, please, before you go?"

Eric was in the study, making a hasty breakfast. Geraldine's voice was sad, and her hands trembled.

"That scoundrel has been at his tricks again," thought Eric, and there was a flash of wrath in his eyes.

"I have come to say good-bye."

"I hope not. My train leaves in half an hour, and Mrs. Morton—"

"Yes, but I shall not be here when you come back."

He turned abruptly and walked to the window. This was the moment that he had dreaded for many a long week. She wanted to go away and leave him.

"Miss Jill," he said sadly, "is this your final decision? I had hoped to claim your hand. I had hoped that—"

"No, please, don't. You said that you would consider yourself bound. Don't! Don't think of me any more. And you won't let me thank you. Oh! what am I to do?"

"My dear, I would have made you happy, if I could. I will wait—"

"No. I have quite made up my mind."

"It shall be as you wish," he said slowly, "and by-and-by you will give me your confidence freely. I shall hear of you, and wish you well."

He could heroically make that promise, whether she married Aubrey Millman or not.

"Good-bye," said Jill, holding out a trembling hand. "I shall never forget what you have done for me—never!"

CHAPTER V.

ERIC GERA'S stay in Edinburgh was one long course of triumph. Wherever he went he was received with enthusiasm. People said that he had never played so well; he himself knew that he had done his best.

Dearly as he had always loved his profession, he now clung to it with a passionate devotion. It was his comfort in his dreariest hours, and sorely he needed comfort just now. The thought of Rose Villa, deserted, silent, haunted him; he longed for the sight of Geraldine's sweet face. She would never come back; and what should he do in the future, knowing that any chance might bring him across her path, and she the wife of his cousin?

The Edinburgh engagement came to an end, and Eric had business in London previous to his departure for New York. He would not go to see Geraldine; when he got to New York, he would write to her again, for the last time. In London, to his astonishment, he found his German kinsman, Count von Gera. The old man had come over to propose that Eric should at once take up his residence at Buchenrode.

In vain Eric protested that he had no liking for the life of a country gentleman, no knowledge of farming, and that his word was pledged to the New York manager.

"Throw him over," said the Count contemptuously. "In fact, Eric, I think the sooner you give up your present career the better."

Give up his career—his art! he refused indignantly.

The old gentleman, furious in his turn, threatened that, if Eric disobeyed his wishes, he would find another heir in Aubrey Millman.

Eric stood straight and stiff before his kinsman; in appearance, at any rate, he looked every inch the country nobleman who ought to reign at Castle Buchenrode.

"As you will, sir," he said with dignity. "The place is your own to do as you like with, and in some respects"—the remembrance of Geraldine was with him as he spoke—"Aubrey Millman would fill the position of master of Buchenrode better than I should."

"What quixotic ideas!" grumbled the old man when Eric had departed, "to fling up a fine estate and a fortune for the sake of a wretched fiddle! Let him have his own foolish way." And he immediately sallied forth in search of Aubrey Millman.

Eric, travelling to Long-gate by the afternoon express, laughed at his own indignation; also at his kinsman's preposterous notions. "It is the money-making blood in his veins," he reflected, "that prompted such a suggestion."

The train stopped with a jerk, and a child, carrying a basket, got into the carriage. Something in the expression of her face reminded him of Geraldine; for the matter of that, Geraldine was seldom out of his thoughts.

"Let me help you," he said.

At the same moment the child slipped and screamed as the train moved swiftly out of the station. Overbalanced by the weight of her basket, she fell forward.

The door began to swing, swayed by the movement of the train. A porter on the platform, unconscious that anything was wrong, gave it a parting push.

It was all over in a second. The child was unhurt, but Eric Gera's left hand was caught in the lock, jammed between the upright and the door.

The rain had turned to a fine drizzle; there were puddles on the gravel walk, and here and there a yellow leaf was rapidly losing colour and shape in the universal dampness. Geraldine Lynne came rapidly up the path. The blinds were drawn down; the house had the appearance of being deserted. She turned aside to take a short cut to the kitchen entrance. Hedwig would surely be there; from her she would learn what she had come to hear.

A dim light shone from the study window. She looked in. Standing near the piano, his head bent down, his arm in a sling, was Eric Gera. His attitude was one of despair.

He did not heed the sound of steps outside, or the creaking of the passage door.

At a consultation of surgeons held that day he had learnt his fate.

There was a rustle of drapery, a quick sob, and Geraldine was by his side, her lips set and her eyes wide open with terror.

"Miss Jill," he said—and the sound of his voice was changed—"this is a poor reception for you."

"Is it true?" There was silence in the room, unbroken save for the dripping of water from the roof. "Oh, Eric! Tell me that it is *not* true!"

He laid his right hand tenderly on her shoulder. "The Lord's will be done!" he said.

She turned her face caressingly towards him. "Oh! Eric!" she sobbed. "Oh, my dear, my dear, let me help you to bear it! I love you. It is so little that I can do, but let me try."



"Eric! Tell me that it is *not* true!"

He drew her towards him. "Is the answer 'Yes,' at last, my Jill, my love?"

She did not speak, only clung the closer. Her hot tears—tears that were shed for his suffering—fell fast. In soothing her anguish he forgot his own.

MINISTERS' HELPMEEETS

By Marion Leslie.



IN these days it is the rule rather than the exception for the wives of our eminent ministers, both in Church of England and in Nonconformist circles, to play an important part in their husbands' spheres of labour. Doubtless in the past they were valuable helpmeets in a restricted sense, but their work was not publicly known. To-day the wife of a bishop is almost as much recognised as her husband by reason of the numerous associations for women and children which spread over every diocese, and of which the bishop's wife becomes the natural head. One wonders how dioceses and parishes managed in the "good old times" when the flutter of a petticoat did not disturb the serenity of the saintly men who presided over them.

It is now three years since Bishop Temple became Primate of All England. He is a man well advanced in years, even for a bishop, being now seventy-eight, and it is impossible to over-estimate the valuable help which he receives from his wife—a lady who has throughout her life been active in church work, and who literally toils from morning to night that she may assist the Archbishop in diocesan affairs. Mrs. Temple was Miss Beatrice Blanche Lascelles, and came of a family many members of

which were active in Christian and philanthropic work. She is a niece of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who made Stafford House in the early years of the reign the centre for good work of many kinds, and who there assembled, to meet Harriet Beecher Stowe, the first influential anti-slavery gathering



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MRS. TEMPLE.

(Wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury.)

in England. With these traditions to shape her life, it is not surprising that Mrs. Temple, when quite a girl, devoted herself to work amongst the poor.

She began her married life as the wife

of a bishop—Dr. Temple being at that time Bishop of Exeter, an appointment conferred upon him by Mr. Gladstone—and entered fully into diocesan work. Mrs. Temple shared her husband's democratic feelings. She also acted as the Bishop's amanuensis, and used a type-writer in the days when that expeditious machine was a novelty.

When Dr. Temple was appointed, in 1885, to the see of London, Mrs. Temple made Fulham Palace the scene of much kindly hospitality. The Archbishop is known as a man of indefatigable energy, and usually works some fourteen hours a day, and I think it might safely be estimated that Mrs. Temple does not work for a less time. She is precise, methodical, and business-like in her habits, wastes no words, seizes a point easily and grasps a situation effectively. Mrs. Temple is not a lady to be imposed upon by a mere tale of woe, but, whenever she is convinced of genuine distress, her help is prompt and practical. She does not indulge in public speaking—that is, of the platform order—but she frequently addresses gatherings of women, and she has read a paper at a meeting for women in connection with the Church Congress. Like her distinguished husband, Mrs. Temple is a warm temperance advocate. She is the President of the Women's branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. When at Fulham, she was President of the Ladies' Diocesan Association, an organisation founded by Mrs. Tait for endeavouring to find women of leisure to work in the poorer parishes of the diocese. By this means the wives of the clergy were brought into personal contact with the Bishop and his wife, and many of them can testify to the sound advice which they have received at various critical junctures from Mrs. Temple. The Diocesan Church Reading



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MRS. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

Association is another organisation which received valuable help from Mrs. Temple. She used to arrange yearly lectures in connection with it at Fulham Palace.

In her present position as wife of the Primate of All England, Mrs. Temple, as well as continuing the busy round of religious and philanthropic work, is called upon to lead the social Church life of the country. The Archbishop has a rugged nature, full of unostentatious goodness, and is well-known for his dislike of the conventions. Mrs. Temple proves a very efficient helpmeet to him as supplying the amenities and softer graces of life. Without being what is called a "society" woman, in the usual sense of the term, she has a courtly dignity and sweetness of manner all her own. Two of her sisters have been Maids of Honour to the Queen. To be mistress of Lambeth Palace entails in itself a vast amount of labour when we consider the various hospitalities which have to be dispensed, and the Archbishop and Mrs. Temple do not spare themselves in this matter. When, on his elevation to the Primacy, the diocese of London presented a portrait of her husband to Mrs. Temple, the Archbishop paid a public tribute to the unselfish work of his wife, and gratefully acknowledged the services which she had rendered to him in his work in the diocese.

The name of Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MRS. CREIGHTON.

(Wife of the Bishop of London.)

stands to the front in Methodism, by reason of her indefatigable work in connection with the West London Mission. As I write, her husband has concluded his term of office as President of the Wesleyan Conference, the greatest honour which Methodism can confer upon its distinguished son.

Instead of calling Mrs. Hughes a helpmeet, it would be quite admissible to describe her as her husband's co-worker, with which Mr. Hughes would readily agree, for I have often heard him say that he considered the work amongst women the most important branch of the West London Mission. Of this branch Mrs. Hughes is the founder and head. Long before the Mission was started, Mrs. Hughes says that she had felt that there was need of a sphere of usefulness in the churches for devout

and educated women, and when her husband began his work in the West-End she formed a plan for founding a Sisterhood on a democratic basis. Mrs. Hughes started her scheme with three Sisters in November, 1887, and opened a house of residence as a basis for their work. The organisation increased so rapidly that by 1891 large and commodious quarters were opened at 10, Fitzroy Square. Exception is sometimes taken to the adoption of the name of Sisterhood, but Mrs. Hughes explains that her object was to found a concrete organisation, and that she felt that nothing could so well express the relation of her workers to the poor, unfortunate and sick women amongst whom they were to toil as the name of "Sister." She further advocated a dress of special simplicity, to set a mark, as it were, upon the women who were to go in and out amongst the people.

The West London Mission has now become an immense organisation, having four important halls in different parts of London for religious meetings and classes of all kinds, and there are no less than six houses of residence in connection with it. Mrs. Hughes is herself the head Sister, and receives the reports of the various members of the Sisterhood and gives general advice upon their work. She is indefatigable in conducting classes and addressing meetings. The scheme over which she presides is so vast that it is difficult in a short space to give an adequate idea of its scope. Religious and temperance meetings for women and girls are conducted by the Sisters. Then there are thrift societies, medical dispensaries, servants' registries, soup kitchens, rescue and preventive work, evening concerts, people's drawing-rooms, girls' clubs, and workhouse teas for the old people; while two very beautiful



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE LATE MRS. PARKER.

(Photographed in her garden shortly before her death.)

ideas are carried out in "The Home of Peace," a hospital for the respectable dying poor, and "The Guild of the Brave Poor Things," a social union of the crippled, the deformed, the blind, and the partially paralysed.

It should be explained that the West London Mission, as regards ordinary church work, is self-supporting; but Mrs. Hughes appeals for help in the carrying out of her social work, which is entirely undenominational, to all who have sympathy with the down-trodden and unfortunate ones of this great city, where amidst the luxurious West is to be found misery as great and vice perhaps even greater than in the East-End. Gathering subscriptions to carry on her noble enterprise is not the least part of Mrs. Hughes' work, and all who have had experience in maintaining social schemes know how sad is the task of having to say "No," to those who deserve help, because the funds are low. Every subscription from those who are not members of the Mission is used *exclusively* in the service of the miserable, the friendless, the destitute, and the sick, without distinction of sex, race, or creed.

Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, is certainly one of the most capable and hard-working of helpmeets. She served a good probation for the present important position which she fills during the ten years spent in the large, scattered parish of Embleton in Northumberland, where she began her work amongst the people and learned their needs and requirements. She started there a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, an association which has ever since received her support. Mrs. Creighton has always devoted herself specially to work amongst women and girls in the various places where her husband's work has brought her. At Cambridge and at Worcester, where Dr. Creighton, after leaving Embleton, was respectively Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon, Mrs. Creighton was active on behalf of that important organisation, the Mothers' Union, which has now spread throughout the country. Temperance and rescue work also claimed Mrs. Creighton's active sympathy in those days. It was, however, when her husband became Bishop of Peterborough in 1891 that Mrs. Creighton's splendid powers as

a speaker and organiser came prominently to the front. To say that the Bishop's wife was a power in the diocese



(Photo: H. & Montagu, Finsbury Crescent, W.)

THE LATE MRS. PARKER.

is to understate the fact. She was the life and soul of the various societies and organisations affecting her own sex. During this time she held the very important position of President of the National Union of Women Workers, which she resigned a year or so ago. The growth of this organisation and of the Mothers' Union resulted largely from her efforts.

Now, Mrs. Creighton reigns at the historic Palace at Fulham, and her powers are concentrated on the diocese of London. She follows ably, we need not say, in the footsteps of Mrs. Temple in making the Palace a place of hospitality for the clergy and their wives, while in the fine old gardens and park she welcomes innumerable societies to little picnic festivities. The organisation which is now Mrs. Creighton's greatest care is the Women's Diocesan Association, of which the Bishop is President, but the superintendence of which will naturally fall largely to his wife. The central idea of the Association is that the Bishop shall be brought into touch with the women church-workers throughout the diocese. Any Churchwoman is eligible for membership if her election

is proposed and seconded either by existing members or by the clergy of her parish. The Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Romanes, 18, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

In addition to her work in connection with the Church and philanthropy, Mrs. Creighton is a busy literary woman. She writes upon historical subjects, on which, of course, the Bishop is a distinguished authority. The claims of her domestic life are not subordinated to public work. Mrs. Creighton is very pronounced on the question of home being a woman's chief sphere, and it forms the keynote of her addresses at women's meetings. She has herself seven children, all of whom owe their early education to her. Mrs. Creighton is a strong advocate for the higher education of women, because she believes that it will the better enable them to fulfil their duties as wives and mothers. She is not, however, an advocate for the entrance of women into political life.

The brilliant and charming wife lately taken from the side of the minister of the City Temple serves to remind one of the variety of gifts which a wife can bring to the service of the church over which her husband presides.

Music has always been a special feature in Dr. Parker's services, and for some twenty-five years Mrs. Parker sat with unflinching regularity in the City Temple choir. She said, a year or so before her death, "It is the greatest pleasure to me to use whatever musical ability I have in the service of God's house. It should have the best of everything in music and in art, but all church music should be subordinated to the spirit of worship." Mrs. Parker felt, too, that the singing ought to be such as each member in the congregation can take a part in, and although by no means averse to more skilled performances in the way of solos and anthems, if given as a pure act of worship, Mrs. Parker thought that, after all, the old melodies touched the heart most. She was of opinion that church music should be exactly suited to those who are to take part in it, whether a rustic gathering in a village chapel or an important congregation in a fashionable church.

Mrs. Parker was a lady of varied artistic gifts. She spent much of her leisure in drawing and painting, and she was also a reciter of more than ordinary ability.

At social gatherings at the City Temple, or at temperance meetings, she was in great requisition for recitations, and contributed in no small degree to the success of those entertainments—indeed, the



(Photo: Walter Dancy, Harrogate.)

MRS. BOYD CARPENTER.

help which Mrs. Parker gave to the City Temple by her power for entertainment was very considerable.

Mrs. Parker was also a very charming hostess, as everyone who has had the pleasure of being entertained at the Doctor's residence at Tynemouth, Hampstead, will be aware. She was a handsome and elegant woman, who did not despise the arts of dress, and she had great conversational gifts. Dr. Parker used to be fond of calling her his "private secretary without a salary." Mrs. Parker was an expert typist and shorthand writer, and used to report her husband's sermons. The Doctor used laughingly to say that she was absolutely invaluable in that capacity, because she used to report, not what he did say, but what he "ought to have said." The death of this singularly gifted woman, so true a helpmeet in every sense of the word, created world-wide sympathy with Dr. Parker.

Leaving London for a while, we will journey north and enter the fine old Palace of Ripon, over which Mrs. Boyd Carpenter's gentle presence has reigned since her husband's appointment in 1884. Everyone has heard of the genial, witty Bishop Boyd Carpenter, with his intense interest in all that affects the welfare of the great democracy. He is very popular with the shrewd, practical Yorkshire folk, and his wife is loved throughout the

diocese for her sympathy with the needs of working women and girls. Before going to Ripon, Mrs. Boyd Carpenter had devoted much time to promoting the training of girls in domestic economy, more especially cooking, which she believes to be a great factor for weal or woe in the homes of the working people. Cooking, she thinks, has a moral effect. Badly-prepared food drives a man to the public-house, while an appetising and nourishing meal will keep him at home. Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter is no mere theorist, but has herself written one of the most practical guides to the art of cookery.

"I am old-fashioned enough," says Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, "to believe that a woman's highest service is to be a helpmeet." She thinks that a married woman, and especially a mother, has her vocation at home, and needs no sphere outside. Her influence in the diocese is always upon these lines, and she is very active in promoting the work of the Mothers' Union. Unbounded hospitality is the rule at the Palace of Ripon, and, as the diocese extends over a million acres and numbers a million people, it will be readily understood that the Bishop's wife is a busy hostess. A dinner-party of fifty is not an uncommon occurrence at ordination times. Then in summer come Sunday schools and working-men's parties from the populous districts of Leeds and Bradford, and for all the Bishop and his wife have a kindly welcome. Many hours of Mrs. Boyd Carpenter's time are taken up each day in dealing with correspondence, for people in the diocese appeal to her upon every conceivable topic, taking undue advantage, one cannot but feel, of her ready sympathy. She is not physically robust, and a few years ago was prostrated for a time by delicate health. During that period she wrote "Fragments in a Basket," a series of allegorical dialogues which contain beautiful truths in a picturesque setting. "Work," she says, "only brings satisfaction when we can lose ourselves in it." She has herself certainly found that satisfaction in the sphere of her married life.

It is not often that one hears a minister frankly own that his wife performs the duties of a curate. But Dr. James Spurgeon did. When, in addition to being a co-pastor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle with his late distinguished brother,

he undertook the charge of the Baptist Church at Croydon, it was on the understanding that only preaching, and not strictly pastoral work, should be expected of him. However, Dr. Spurgeon had the good fortune to have as his second wife a lady with youth and religious enthusiasm, which carried her into active service in connection with his congregation. Mrs. Spurgeon performed her duties as a minister's helpmeet in a manner which is beyond praise. For many years she made a systematic visitation of her husband's people, returning home to report to him their various troubles, joys, or religious difficulties, and so keeping him in touch with the life of those to whose spiritual welfare he ministered.

The philanthropic enterprise which appeals above every other to Mrs. Spurgeon is the Stockwell Orphanage. When she was a young lady, living at home in Reading, she used to collect for the Orphanage, and there is a whisper that this was how she met her husband. She was busy at the time of her husband's sad and sudden death in raising funds for establishing a seaside home at Margate for the weaklings and sick children in connection with the Orphanage, and some idea of her gift at enlisting help may be gathered from the fact that she had received donations amounting



(Photo: S. F. White and Co., Reading.)

MRS. SPURGEON.

(Widow of the late Dr. James Spurgeon.)

to two thousand pounds. And yet Mrs. Spurgeon never worries people for money. She believes that those who have means and kind hearts only require to be told of the need which the Lord's work has, and

the response comes. One of her self-imposed tasks was to write letters to old friends of the Orphanage, keeping

that Mrs. Spurgeon will continue to give help to the institutions which he had so much at heart.

It is rather a far cry from Croydon to the Isle of Man, but at Bishop's Court, in that interesting island, with its unique customs and traditions—now, alas! too rapidly passing into history—we shall find, in the devoted wife of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, a lady who is winning the hearts of the Manx people as she did those of the sturdy Yorkshire folk during the seventeen years that her husband was Vicar and Rural Dean of Wakefield. During that period Mrs. Straton fulfilled the duties of a parochial clergyman's wife, visiting amongst the people, and organising helpful associations. She devoted herself very specially to mothers' meetings and frequently gave addresses to the members. One of her special interests was a Home connected with the Ladies' Association for the Care of Young Girls, which owed much to her practical sympathy. Mrs. Straton had a singular power over the women and girls who came under her influence, and when she left the scene of her labours in



(Photo: Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

MRS. STRATON.

(Wife of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.)

them informed from year to year how the work was progressing, and the practical responses which came to her bright, chatty letters were marvellous. It was not an unusual thing for her to write twenty such letters daily. Although the lamented death of Dr. James Spurgeon renders her duties less onerous, we believe



(Photo: Cohen, Ramsey)

BISHOP'S COURT, ISLE OF MAN.

Wakefield, the most touching tributes of affection were sent to her by those who had attended her mothers' meetings and by the members of a young women's class which she had held each Sunday at the Vicarage. These gifts occupy an honoured position in Mrs. Straton's rooms at Bishop's Court to-day. I should have said that Mrs. Straton belongs to the North, being a daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Pease, of Hesslewood, near Hull.

It is now some seven years since Mrs. Straton left Wakefield to enter upon diocesan duties in the Isle of Man, and during that time she has identified herself with the chief religious and philanthropic enterprises in the diocese. She is President, amongst others, of the Girls' Friendly Society, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society, and the ladies' branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. She takes an active interest in Zenana Mission work, and in the Society for giving Aid to Female Prisoners. Without continuing the list any further, I may say that Mrs. Straton is no presidential figure-head, but an active force in the societies with which her name is associated.

Mrs. Ellicott, the wife of that distinguished scholar, the Bishop of Gloucester, had a kind of dual duty to perform in a diocese which, until recently, embraced two important cities. However, her time was chiefly spent at the Palace at Gloucester, and in connection with that city she founded a very flourishing Working Girls' Club. Mrs. Ellicott might perhaps be differentiated as the musical Bishop's wife, and it is from her that her daughter, the well-known composer, has inherited her musical ability. Both mother and daughter devote much time to developing musical culture generally in the diocese, and are active, not only in the more important festivals, but in the smaller choral societies. Bishop Ellicott is much older than his wife, and to her fall the social duties of the diocese, in which she is assisted by her clever daughter. One night, indeed, congratulate Bishop Ellicott upon having two helpmeets, as his daughter is his private secretary.

One might easily multiply the names of ladies who have proved themselves ministerial helpmeets, but we must perforce conclude the list—not, however, without a tribute to Lady Laura Ridding,

the wife of the Bishop of Southwell, and one of the most effective women speakers of the day. Her beautiful voice and charming manner are familiar at the annual gatherings of the Union of Women Workers, and she is one of the bishops' wives who, like Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Creighton, have addressed the Women's Meeting at the Church Congress.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

LADY LAURA RIDDING.

(Wife of the Bishop of Southwell.)

She was Lady Laura Palmer, the daughter of the distinguished lawyer, Roundell Palmer, who was created first Earl of Selborne. Lady Laura's father was the editor of a collection of hymns, and was a very devout Churchman. Dr. Ridding was still Master of Winchester when he married Lady Laura as his second wife. There is no doubt that she was a valuable helpmeet to him while at Winchester; but her chief duties began when her husband was made first Bishop of Southwell and she had to organise various societies in the new diocese. Lady Laura, of course, started branches of the older associations which exist in every see, but she also had an original scheme of her own in the Women's League, which she founded with a view to binding together, for mutual help and service, all classes of women in the diocese, from the highest to the lowest.

THE CRUMPLETON CRUETS



By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., Author of "The Oiled Feather," Etc.

IV.

N due season Mr. Whimms arrived with the remainder of his belongings, and Monday morning having come, and breakfast having been duly despatched, the land-

lady came upstairs to take her orders as to dinner. But she did not get them directly.

"Please, be seated, Mrs. Crumpleton," said her new lodger, "for there is a little matter I want to speak to you about."

"I hope the bed is comfortable, sir," said Mrs. Crumpleton, who felt somewhat alarmed lest her eligible lodger should even thus early be on the wing.

"Everything is right about the rooms. I wish to speak to you on a subject of consequence to me; it is one of which I daresay you have never hitherto taken any notice. I refer to spats."

"Oh, dear, yes, sir! I once had a party in who almost lived upon them, and they were awfully particular; they would have them done to a turn. If you are fond of them, you shall have them, sir, to perfection: practice, they say, makes perfect."

"What do you mean, madam?" said

the new lodger, thinking that poor Tom's widow was perhaps as mad as he had been himself.

"I mean, that I'll cook sprats with any *chef* in London."

"'Srats,' madam—'spats'—not 'sprats.' You're putting in a letter too much, and it makes all the difference—those abominations, bad enough when they're drab, but awful when they're white, which men sometimes wear who won't wear proper boots, but make a *micum gatherum* of their feet; if I were a foot, I would deliberately decline to stir one inch in a spat. There's no accounting for one's being affected by this and by that—one person by one thing and one by another—but I am by spats. I once actually saw a woman in them, and I nearly fainted. The man who did me most harm in business wore spats; the man who trod on my corn, so that I howled with agony for a week, wore spats; the man who stole my umbrella a week ago wore spats. I should have thought of this when I settled about the rooms, and I should have asked you to undertake never to receive as a lodger a man who wore spats. If I met him on the stairs, I might fall down and break my neck; and then, besides any discomfort to myself, you would have an inquest, and perhaps not let your rooms

again for six months. By the way — another great omission, too; if I had gone on like this on the Stock Exchange, I should soon have been ruined—who or what is that young man on the top floor? Is he actually, or might he possibly become, a wearer of spats?"

"He is a clergyman, sir—a curate—and he has those top rooms because he's poor, and could not afford the ground floor; I let him have them very cheap, for, in truth, not to take too much credit to myself, they are so high up I should find it very hard to get a tenant for them."

"But don't the servants object to go all that way up to wait on him?"

"Well, at first they gave me notice the very day he came in, on that very account; but, after a week was over, they said he did so much for himself, and gave them so little trouble, they would stay; and now they've taken a liking to him, and the cook almost cries when he has the same bit cold day after day. I've known her buy oysters and shrimps out of her own pocket to make some sauce for his bit of fish, and she'd tell him that the fishmonger sent them; so he did, but she did not say that she paid for them. She thought the oysters were nourishing; and, dear gentleman, he doesn't know much about eating and drinking, so he takes them as they come, and does not ask questions about them. It reminds me of the ravens long ago, only they did not bring oysters — ah! those ravens were better to a man than man often is to his fellow-man; and I do something for him myself on the sly; I don't put up for being an angel, like the one who told the prophet to eat and drink for he had a long journey before him, and not only told him to do it, but gave him the means of doing it. I hope I'm not a raven, and I'm sure I'm not an angel; perhaps I'm something between the two—I'm just a woman, and he's a man in need of such care as I can give him, and because I'm a woman I do give it. He'll never hurt you, sir. I hope he may live to be a bishop, and wear gaiters; but you'll never see him in spats—you may take my word for it."

"Gaiters may have been spats when they were young, for all I know," said Mr. Whimms, "but that is no affair of mine—what they may become in after life is

nothing to me: it is only spats which affect my nerves, so we understand each other—if they walk in here, I walk out; and no notice is to be required."

It has struck me, good reader, in thus chronicling Mr. Jeremiah Whimms' inveterate detestation of spats and their deleterious effects upon his nervous system, that you may think such a thing could not happen, but let me assure you that it could. King James I. never could overcome his horror of a naked sword, and when knighting Sir Kenelm Digby nearly wounded him, because he had to turn away his head. Henry III. of France and the Duke of Schomberg could not remain in a room with a cat without fainting. The smell of fish used to throw Erasmus into a fever. Boyle, the philosopher—therefore, a man not likely to be led away by fancies—himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness (sometimes, indeed, fainting) at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe; and Scaliger turned pale at the sight of watercress.

V.

THE mind of Mr. Jeremiah Whimms, late of Austin Friars, now of No. 9, Sedgwick Gardens, being no longer absorbed in contangos, options, slumps, and booms, and the politics and signs of the times connected therewith, had leisure for other things; and a part of its occupation it found quite near home—in fact, in No. 9 itself. And, in truth, near home—in home—will be found by most of us, if only we look for it, food for thought and action which we shall miss so long as we live, and move, and have our being absorbed elsewhere.

Six months had passed since Mr. Jeremiah Whimms' last recorded conversation with his landlady on the subject of spats, and during that time Mr. Whimms thought a good deal. Subjects and interests came up in his mind which were entirely foreign to it in Austin Friars. He began to realise that money and the desire to get it, and the anxieties and absorption connected with it, had the power of shutting out almost whole worlds of thought and action with which, as a man with human feelings and sympathies, and, indeed, with what was higher than these—he really had to do. We have no space for indicating many of these, and must confine ourselves to

the two with which we are most nearly concerned. Part of Mr. Whimms' new thoughts crystallised and became concrete in the persons of Mrs. Crumpleton, his

Mr. Whimms would be pleased to have for dinner (always carefully avoiding even the suggestion of sprats, because of their ill-omened sound); and in the latter, being



"I once actually saw a woman in sprats."—p. 141.

landlady, and the Rev. Samuel Daisey, the clergyman on the very top floor.

During these six months Mr. Whimms and his landlady became, I might say, "friends." She continued "landlady" and he continued "lodger"—in the former of which capacities she came up every morning after breakfast to know what

always asked to sit down for a few minutes' talk. Of an evening, too, Mr. Whimms and she frequently had a little gossip—this when the landlady brought him in the evening paper, which function she always performed herself. Backgammon had a special charm for Mrs. Crumpleton's lodger because of the element of uncertainty contained in each throw by the player, and the skill required to make the most of it, if it were a boom—something good; and the best of it, if it were a slump—something bad. And as time wore on, and Mr. Whimms got to be more and more accustomed to look for his landlady's appearance, and he found out that she could play his favourite game, it came at last to this, that landlady and lodger now and again had a game together. And in those games each of them took stock of the other; in fact, the two had passed beyond the mere pecuniary relationship of land-

lady and lodger, and had become, to some extent, "friends."

And so it came to pass that from time to time Mr. Whimms heard one thing and another about the Rev. Samuel Daisey, and the "drawing-room apartments" began to take an interest in—which shall I call it: the "attic" or the "fourth floor"?

Mrs. Crumpleton never lost an opportunity of bringing the fourth floor down to the first floor. She saw that the fourth floor was very poor and the first floor very rich, and she thought that each might do the other a great deal of good. Mr. Whimms' money might bless Mr. Daisey, and Mr. Daisey's poverty might bless Mr. Whimms.

Yes, it was possible. The poor may bless the rich, as much as the rich can bless the poor.

Still, Mr. Whimms might be said to know nothing much of the Rev. Samuel Daisey—he only knew that he was both thin and pale—but, no doubt, he was a stuck-up parson, with very little in him, and that little no good to anyone else. He had once met him on the stairs, and returned his bow with as stiff a one as he could; and that was quite enough for him.

But Mrs. Crumpleton knew the manner of the curate's life, and what he was worth, and so did Mrs. Crumpleton's cook, for they both of them went to the mission church hard by, of which the curate had charge; they knew what he preached, and they saw him living up to his preaching, and that, if he was thin and white, no wonder, considering the kind of places in and out of which he spent most of his day, and, moreover, the poor living he had. But about this latter there was a mystery, for to Mrs. Crumpleton's certain knowledge he had £130 a year, and she had pieced it out—food, and lodgings, and clothes, and an allowance for incidental expenses, and she could not strike a balance; some of it went somewhere, but where, she did not know.

Six months had passed away, and all of a sudden a great change in all directions in No. 9 was about to take place.

Mr. Whimms had been away to the seaside for a week, leaving no address, so that he could not be communicated with. He did not expect any letters, and did not want to be bothered, if any came, by having them sent after him.

He had now returned to No. 9, but it was altogether differently circumstanced from what it had been when he left.

The maid opened the door with an awe-stricken countenance, which at once did away with all the good that Mr. Whimms had got at the seaside.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Whimms. "Mistress not ill, I hope?" and this Mr. Whimms said feelingly and anxiously, owing to the bent his mind had taken while he was wandering solitarily on the shore and sitting abstractedly upon some wet seaweed on a piece of rock. "Speak, woman; tell it out, whatever it is."

"Mr. Daisey, sir."

"Oh, it's only the parson! Here, cabby, bring in that portmanteau. Where's your mistress?"

"With Mr. Daisey, sir."

"Oh, bother the man! Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Burst a blood-vessel, sir—the doctor here three times a day, mistress up with him for three nights, and the cook a'most out of her mind about him for fear he should die."

"Whew!" said Mr. Whimms. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" as he threw himself into his arm-chair; "the fellow shouldn't have made all this row—What are hospitals for? They should have taken him to one."

No entreaties by message or note could bring the landlady down, even for a minute, to see her lodger; but at last, after three days' time, she sent him word that, if he crept upstairs on tip-toe, she would see him for a moment or two at the door. I suppose the smell of that seaweed was still in Mr. Whimms' nostrils, for he consented to go. The attic door was gently opened, and Mrs. Crumpleton, in her dressing gown, met Mr. Whimms' view; but he was not disenchanted—the spell of the seaweed, without any recollection of its damp, was still in force.

Mrs. Crumpleton put her finger to her lips, then whispered: "He's sleeping; come in and look at him—there—on tip-toe." Like a true woman, quick to discern and seize opportunity, it flashed across her mind that the sight of the stricken man might give the one who hated him, and that without cause, better feelings towards him. Mr. Whimms looked: the face was bloodless, like chiselled marble; it was almost the face of the dead. "Had been visiting all day, and eaten nothing, and was preaching in the evening, when he burst a blood-vessel in the pulpit, poor boy!" said Mrs. Crumpleton; "for he's little more—he lived for others, and now he

may be said to be dying for them, too; but there's a hope—just a hope; it all depends on nursing. I've got good from him from his living, and his preaching, too; and he shall get good from me. I'll nurse him with my own hands. Now, good-bye, dear sir, for I can't say how long; but Mary and cook will attend to everything you want."

Changes both in mind and body, whether they be for the better or the worse, come upon us sometimes very suddenly; so it was with Mr. Whimms, and the Mr. Whimms who came downstairs was very different from the Mr. Whimms who had gone up. That face haunted him—so calm, so pure, looking as if already it had stealing over it the likeness of another world. And that poor room—at least, in comparison with his—and all those steps for a weary man to mount when he was worn with work; and his poor fare and life given for others; even the very lump of ice by the bed-side, pure as crystal, seemed to the thinking man as though he had that to feed upon which was beyond the grossness of earth. And he—he, Jeremiah Whimms—what had he lived for?—what was he living for now?—how would he look when he came to die? Could he be as placid, with nothing to agitate him, as that young man was, lying now in that attic room?

Thus pondered Mr. Jeremiah Whimms for several days to come. It was verily good for the "drawing-room apartments" to have visited the "attic"; and many an occupant of a drawing-room would be the better for visiting garret and cellar too.

Further circumstances combined to clinch the nail which had entered into the "drawing-room apartments'" mind.

The cook, when she came for orders as to dinner, told of how some big rough men came over and over again to inquire after the minister, and how a little girl brought a sampler which she had been working for him for Christmas, but wished him to have it now, for he might die before Christmas came; and a bird-catcher, who, up to the present, could not and would not be reformed, brought three larks, in hope the parson might find them tender and be able to eat them.

Thus the cook unwittingly drove the nail of conviction still further into Mr.

Whimms' conscience, and the substitute at the Rev. Samuel Daisey's church finished the business.

Mr. Whimms used not to go to church at all, but now he felt he must go; and he was irresistibly drawn to the mission church hard by. There the preacher held forth upon men's making for themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness—of money—that when they failed they might receive them into everlasting habitations; and in the sermon he said: "And many a friend will your minister have to receive and greet him, if he should die; it was little he had to give, but he did with that more than many do with their thousands; he did his diligence gladly to give of that little—and, like the poor widow's farthing, that little is great in the sight of Heaven."

The "drawing-room apartments" groaned within himself and paced the room that evening, saying, "And who will there be to receive *me*? None of the Austin Friars people, though there are good people there, too; for I never intended to do any one of them good—no one, no one! I wonder," said the unhappy man, "if that good young clergyman would let me be amongst his friends, if he dies? I know that no doing good will save me—the minister said that in his sermon, and I remember my old mother used to tell me the same. I'll not forget that. I did forget it at Austin Friars, but I will forget it no more. But even suppose I do go to Heaven, I'd like to have some friends there."

At present Mr. Whimms could do nothing, but an opportunity came in due time.

The Rev. Samuel Daisey slowly and gradually got better, and at intervals (gradually shortening) Mr. Whimms saw his landlady—even forgetting, I may say in passing, the damp, and remembering the aroma of the seaweed.

"What has he lived on since he was ill?" asked Mr. Whimms.

"The angels fed him, I think," said Mrs. Crumpleton. "We could only give him a few drops of beef-tea every hour, and ice; but there's no nourishment in the ice."

"You were the angel," said Mr. Whimms (evidently under the seaweed's spell).

"Well, then, the cook and I; she below and I above."

"And what is he going to have now?"

"Oh, I suppose the angels will look after him," answered the landlady, with a smile; "but I must go to him now."

Here an amazing thought flashed into the mind of the former habitué of Austin Friars: "Could I be an angel?" And this was followed by another equally amazing: "I'll try." And so it came to pass, to the great astonishment of the maid who answered the door, that

find a friend to welcome him in Heaven—if, indeed, he ever got there. Anyhow, he was not behind the ravens, and he was anonymous like them; and, that proved a comfort, such as it was. Finding, however, through the cook, that



"Whew! here's a pretty kettle of fish!"—p. 145.

parcels were found from time to time upon the doorstep, all directed to the Rev. Samuel Daisey.

There was real turtle, there was calf's-foot jelly, there was invalid's port and cod-liver oil, all with the same halo of mystery surrounding them. They were Mr. Whimms' attempt—somewhat clumsy and smacking of the nineteenth century, it is true—but still his attempt to do an angel's part on earth, and thereby

these mysterious angelic provisions had all to be put in the storeroom, for the present at least, our friend at last finished up by enclosing a £50 note in an envelope, directed to Mrs. Crumpleton, and inside were simply the words: "For medical comforts and advice for the Rev. Samuel Daisey"; then Mr. Whimms felt that he had done all he could for the present to atone for his past conduct as regards the sick man;

and, should he live, he would do a great deal more.

And so he did. The new ideas in Mr. Whimms' mind (shall I not say, his heart?) kept on and on; and, as he encouraged them, they did what all good ideas will do when they are entertained: they led him further and further in the right way. And by the time the invalid was able to be moved they had led him very far indeed. For Mr. Whimms insisted on being put in the parlours himself—for the present, at least—and the clergyman being put into his more airy and better furnished rooms; and there in due time he visited him.

Many were the talks they had together as the invalid gathered strength, and Mr. Whimms was willing to hear about many things which he would not have listened to even for a moment before. Amongst them was this subject of a man's having friends to meet him in the other world, and when the clergyman was asked if this were true he said, "Yes, yes; provided he has first had the great Friend to be his Saviour—the Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother," the atoning Christ, the One whose Holy Spirit could make a man *fit* for Heaven." And so light came to Jeremiah Whimms, and went on and on in the direction of the perfect day.

* * * * *

You must now accompany me, good reader, for a few brief moments to the seaside.

There, in first-class apartments, sat lingering over the breakfast-table our three friends, Mr. Jeremiah Whimms, Mrs. Crumpleton, and the Rev. Samuel Daisey—now nearly convalescent. They were waiting for the post, which was due. And it came, and a wonderful post it was—at least to Mr. Whimms. He could scarce believe his eyes. The shares of that rubbish, the "Three Nugget Mine," of which he had a drawerful worth 3d. each, had jumped to 10s., and were prophesied to go by leaps and bounds to £5—it had struck a great pocket of gold.

It took Mr. Whimms a little time to steady himself, and when this was done he begged Mrs. Crumpleton to accompany him for a short stroll.

He led her to the damp but fragrant seaweed-covered rock, which from an association of ideas he thought would be

helpful to him in his present operations, and, finding a dry seat for them both, he told her all that had passed. He was very humble; he hid nothing, except his somewhat clumsy attempt at being a raven or an angel, or a judicious mixture of the two.

"And now," said the changed man, "I must lead another life, and you must help me to do it—you and Mr. Daisey. I was well off when I came to lodge with you, but to-day's post has made me a very rich man. Time was when I should have hugged that money, but I set loose to it now. I would rather have one friend, my Friend in Heaven, than the whole of it. This is how it is to go:

"Our friend's mission church shall come down, and I'll build him a handsome permanent one, with a spire, instead, and I'll endow it with £400 a year—many a church is built for the parson to starve in, but this shall not be one of them. You told me that you found out why he was so ill-fed was that he saved every penny for his poor rheumatic mother in the country. She shall have £60 a year while she lives. I will pay a curate for our friend, so as to relieve him in the work, for which he will never be very strong; and, as to yourself, dear Mrs. Crumpleton—"

Whereupon Mrs. Crumpleton began to slip off the shelving bit of rock on which they were sitting, and Mr. Whimms had to put his arm round her to hold her up. That was done in such a manner that Mrs. Crumpleton required but few words to let her know that she was proposed for then and there.

They were a happy party which returned from the seaside to No. 9, Sedgwick Gardens—the Rev. Mr. Daisey to take up his abode in the parlours, rent free; Mrs. Crumpleton to trouble about lodgers no more; and Mr. Whimms to begin a life worth the living, and make heavenly friends.

The cruets also returned to No. 9; for Mrs. Crumpleton, partly for their safety and partly because Mr. Whimms was particular as to the anchovy, had taken them with her to the seaside.

In due time the church was built, and Mr. Whimms was Vicar's warden, and you may judge what a change had come over him when I tell you that sprats were no longer a forbidden dish, and that his good wife had so worked upon and drawn

out his good sense that he walked without emotion, in love and charity with his neighbour, up the aisle on Sunday with the alms-bag, side by side with the people's warden, who was in spats of the most aggravating kind—pure white over patent leather. It was like the lion and the lamb,

not lying down, but taking a friendly stroll together.

It was all wonderful, very wonderful, and the most wonderful part of all was the simple source from which it sprang—just the anchovy bottle in

THE CRUMPLETON CRUETS.



He told her all that had passed.

The CHRISTIAN'S BOOK of DAYS

DECEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

ON December 17th, 1550, Matthew Parker was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. The line of prelates who are in the succession of St. Augustine is long and illustrious; but why is the

consecration of Parker worth recalling? For two reasons. One of these mainly concerns members of the English Church. It was once a favourite allegation of Roman Catholic controversialists that Episcopacy in the English Church was now invalid, on the ground that Matthew Parker had never been properly consecrated. At one time some credence was given by Roman Catholics to a story invented by a Jesuit named Holywood. This is known as "the Nag's Head Fable," because it said that such consecration as Parker possessed had been given him at the "Nag's Head" Tavern, in Cheapside. That story was not put out until some forty years after Parker's consecration; but it so happened that the Earl of Nottingham, who had seen Parker consecrated at Lambeth Chapel, was still alive to refute it. A second objection was raised on the ground that Barlow, who took part in the consecration, had not himself been consecrated. But both these objections are now dropped by reputable controversialists.

Fuller has left us a detailed account of the scene at Lambeth on December 17th. The place was the Chapel, the east end of which was hung with tapestry and the floor covered with red cloth. Morning Prayer was "solemnly read" by Andrew Peerson, the Archbishop's chaplain, and Scory (formerly Bishop of Chichester,

and then Bishop-Elect of Hereford) preached the sermon from 1 Peter v. 1. The consecrating prelates were Scory, Barlow (late of Bath and Wells, but then Bishop-Elect of Chichester), Miles Coverdale (of Exeter), and Hodgkins (Bishop-Suffragan of Bedford).

But the date is of interest for another reason. Much, at this period of the Reformation, depended on the character of Queen Elizabeth's advisers, especially of those by

The Creation

Genesis.

The first booke of Moyſes, called in
Hebreue of the first worde of the booke * Bereshith, and
in Grecke * Genesis.

¶ The first Chapter.

1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
2 And the earth was without forme, and was desolate and void: and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
3 And God sayde, Let there be light: and there was light.
4 And God sawe the light that it was good: and God blesseth the light from the darkness.
5 And God called the light day, and the darkness night: and the evening and the morning were the first day.
6 And God said, Let there be a firmament made betweene the waters, and let it make a heaven betweene the waters above, and the waters below: and God said, Let the waters under the firmament be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appeare: and it was so.
7 And God made the firmament, and let the waters under the firmament be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appeare: and it was so.
8 And God called the firmament heaven: and the evening and the morning were the second day.
9 And God sayde, Let the waters under the firmament be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appeare: and it was so.
10 And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters he called the seas: and God blesseth that it was good.
11 And God sayde, Let the earth bring forth



12 And God said, Let the earth bring forth

A PAGE FROM THE "BISHOPS' BIBLE."

whom she was mainly influenced in Church affairs. Those leading advisers were three—William Cecil, Nicholas Bacon, and Matthew Parker. The difficulties of Elizabeth were many, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, and it was of no small advantage not only to the Queen, but also to the kingdom and to the people, that for sixteen years she had as Archbishop of Canterbury a man of the sound learning, clear foresight, and practical mind of Matthew Parker.

Parker's learning was real and broad. It

has been severely handled by some modern historians, and, like Cranmer, he has found the general verdict to remain in his favour. Apart, however, from questions of ecclesiastical controversy, Parker's elevation to the See of Canterbury deserves to be remembered. To it we owe the opportunity he seized of giving his nation the version of the Holy Scriptures known as the Bishops' Bible, some books in which were translated by himself. To it also we must ascribe the larger results of Parker's antiquarian zeal. With the means at his dis-



(From a Reproduction published by the Autotype Company, London.)

THE CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

(After the Drawing by William Dyce, R.A.)

held him true to the best traditions of his own Church. He stood equally remote from Rome and from the more extreme spirits amongst the Reforming party. Such a policy as this fact suggests could not but entail some measure of criticism, and Parker did not lack assailants. Yet his policy was essentially that of a Reformer. His purpose was to cleanse away the accretions of long years of superstition, to leave the old Church with its old constitution, but not to set up a new Church with another and a different organisation in its stead. Such a policy implied some measure of toleration and comprehension, but for it Parker was prepared. To this attitude we must attribute the keenness of that enmity which, after his death, dragged the Archbishop's bones from their grave. He has not, of course, escaped more modern criticism: what leader in that most troublous era has? Like Cranmer, Parker

positional he was able to avert in some degree the serious loss of valuable books threatened by the dispersal of the monastic libraries. He employed agents to collect historical and other works, many of which, but for his foresight, might have been lost to us. The Parker Library at Cambridge is a lasting witness to a zeal which left its mark on the revival of learning in England. The man who gathered the treasures of that collection could not have been a narrow-minded and selfish bigot. Archbishop Parker remains, indeed, one of the most interesting figures in that most brilliant period of our nation's history.

Let us come now to another event, again one closely linked with the religious life of the nation. The day is December 11th, 1688: the scene, Whitehall. It was broad daylight when the Duke of Northumberland, Lord of the Bedchamber, opened the door of the

royal apartment where King James II. was supposed to have passed the night. The ante-chamber was crowded with peers and courtiers, all on the tip-toe of expectation, for William of Orange was at hand. The Queen and her son had already been hurried from the kingdom, but James had declared he would remain at his post. When, however, Northumberland opened the door, it was no longer possible to disguise the fact: James had fled! At three that morning he had risen from his bed, carrying the Great Seal with him, had slunk from the palace by a secret passage, and driven in a hackney coach to Millbank. There he crossed the Thames, flinging the Seal into the river; landing at Vauxhall, he drove to Sheerness. This time he did not reach the Continent, but although his final departure was a little while delayed, that night flitting marked the end of his reign.

which the nation and the Church in one way and another had to pay for deliverance, it was worth the purchase money.

December 18th, 1862, is a day to be remembered for reasons of another kind. It was then that the total abolition of slavery in the United States was officially announced. Long and grievous was the struggle associated with the freeing of the slave in America. Its bitterness is past; its wounds are healed. But the great fruit of that struggle remains—the Anglo-Saxon race is at one in its attitude towards slavery. Perhaps it may be worth adding that in December, 1874, the slave trade on the Gold Coast was abolished by proclamation; in December, 1888, began the blockade of the Zanzibar coast to check the traffic in arms and slaves; and in December, 1890, a law for the repression of the slave trade was published in Turkey. It is, however, a little melancholy



JAMES II. RECEIVING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

(From the Picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.)

It is true that the departure of James meant the beginning of new confusion and difficulty within the Church; but it was also the beginning of a new life for the realm. The battle of civil and religious liberty had been fought over again, and once more the independence of the nation had successfully asserted itself against the power of Rome. James, in doing the work of his ecclesiastical directors, had estranged his people. His flight marked the failure of the Roman designs; and despite the heavy price

to reflect that the task of Christianity in securing freedom for the slave is still far from reaching its final accomplishment. Even in Africa we Christians have not yet effected all that our own principles of freedom clearly demand. But at least we are moving steadily towards the goal. The advance would have been more rapid if other nations had shown the same jealous regard for personal freedom, and the same desire to extinguish the slave trade, as have in recent years been the mark of the Anglo-Saxon race.

A WORD ABOUT FOG.



Tis told of a certain Bishop of Oxford, how once while preaching, he described the passage of a man into a cloud of doubt, and his after extrication from it with such graphic illustration and apt persuasive power that a parson in the congregation begged him for the sight of his manuscript. He hoped to revive at leisure the enjoyment and benefit he had received in hearing the sermon. The bishop handed him readily a sheet of notepaper, in which (among other jottings) appeared the word "fog." This had been the sole clue to his description of the intellectual difficulties through which his imaginary sceptic had passed, and the simple borrower of the assumedly written utterance was left at liberty to reproduce, if he could, the sentences which had charmed his ear.

Perhaps there are few words more suggestive of perplexity than that which the eloquent preacher had chosen to aid him in painting a picture of bewilderment, for nothing dims bodily or mental perception more than a fog. On the blackest city night a man may be guided by a street-lamp, or in a country lane be led by a candle in the window of a cottage; but in the thick yellow mist which occasionally settles down upon London the brightest gas jet often shows only as a blurred patch of light, without revealing the path which has been lost. Indeed, the best plan in such a case is (if possible) to lay hold of a blind man who is tapping his ever darkened way along the pavement, and becomes, by misfortune, a better guide than such as can see. In the street or on the lonely moor, where no such leader can be found, the veil which is dropped over our view and bars our movement when thus caught, is so unlike any other hindrance that the conditions of sight are dissipated, and the man becomes aware of a keenly provoking bewilderment which upsets his mind as much as it impedes his vision, and sometimes reverses the precautions recommended in such a difficulty. This is especially the case at sea when a ship enters a mist so thick that the steersman can distinguish nothing but the illuminated binnacle under his nose, the atmosphere around him being as impenetrable to his eyes as a feather bed. On these occasions he is, of course, anxious to get clear of it as soon as possible, but

the rule is to move slowly. This instruction is obviously provoking, and not always observed. I remember, once, when surrounded by a dense fog off the coast of Newfoundland, that the ship I was in, blowing its horn like the scream of a mad bull, was driven at full speed. On my asking the captain, a man of few words, why he did not slacken his pace, he replied gruffly, "Worse for the other party."

All he cared for was to get out again into the sunshine. Had he encountered another vessel which might have injured his by impact, the impetus of his own promised a less dangerous collision for himself. The other would have been cut down at once, especially if small, such as the coasting fisher-boats most likely to be met with in those waters. Happily we emerged from darkness into light without mischief to others or to ourselves. There are, indeed, those who say that disaster at sea, under such circumstances, is more often caused by fog in the captain's brains than by that in the air; but the rough procedure of ours was owing to cruel forethought rather than to carelessness.

I believe the usual instructions are that in a fog a ship should not only move slowly, but, if under steam, blow its horn, and, if at anchor, ring its bell continuously. This is not always a perfectly sure precaution. I recollect on one occasion when thus stationary (being befogged) on the Irish coast and "tolling," as if we wanted to summon a fleet, that this by no means involved the giving of a wide berth to us by other ships; for as I stood on the taffrail, vainly peering into the mist, a huge steamer passed close to the stern of the one I was on without any warning note. Its captain could not have intended so narrow a shave. I doubt if he knew where we were. A few yards nearer and we should have furnished the newspapers with a sensational paragraph.

The suddenness, moreover, with which a ship enters a bank of fog is one of the most bewildering phases in its experience. In a moment everything is changed, and those on board almost feel as if they had been struck blind. One associates the coming of a mist with slowness. On the land it gathers by degrees when the chilled evening air comes into contact with the marsh or water which has been warmed by the sun; but after a body of it has been created and lies on the surface of the sea, with boundaries as closely defined as those of an island, you are simply swallowed up, and pass into a world of white darkness more really obscure than that of night. We see something like this occasionally in London—though the fog is there tainted—when thick billows of it

roll down the street. But the upper surface of a misty layer is not very high above our heads even when a seemingly impenetrable stratum has buried the whole region. The sight of this from some elevated position, say the ball of St. Paul's, is said to be very striking. You look down on a vast yellow plain, pierced by the spires of submerged churches, and hear the iron hum of the invisible city around you.

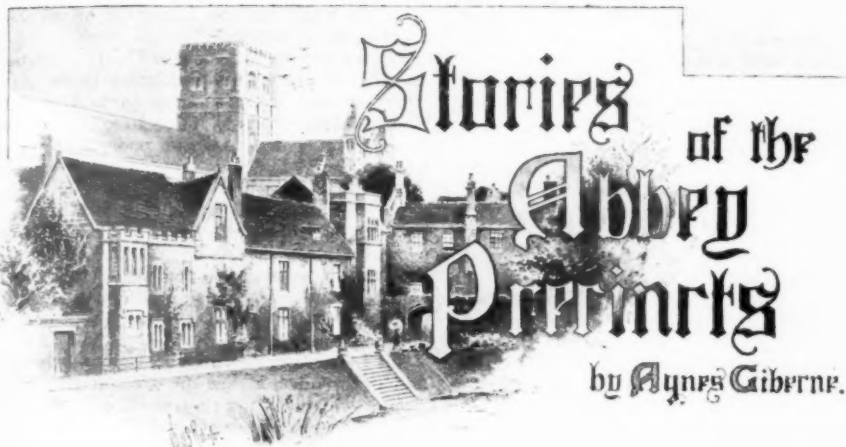
But if a fog is bad in the town, and worse at sea, perhaps its worst effect is felt when it covers a pathless mountain, and forbids the wanderer to stir lest he should fall over an edge. In the level street or on the flat sea he can at least move on, though he may lose his way. In the other case, when caught among precipices, by a step he may lose his life.

When a man is thus entangled and surrounded by pit-falls, nothing is harder for him to discern than the brim of a chasm. It is a mere streak on the ground. He cannot see "over" it. During the black fog of 1873, which killed the rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens, the accidents at the London Docks were thus disastrous, for the brinks of the basins are inevitably unprotected, since a wall or posts would interfere with the shifting of a rope along their edges when ships are being hauled into position, and also hinder the unloading of cargoes. One man drove a van over the verge of a dock and was drowned along with his horses. Another, a policeman, relying on his "bull's-eye," was trying to ward a wanderer off, and suddenly disappeared. There was seen only a dim descending flash as he (carrying his light) stepped over an unfenced edge into the deadly water. Two friends of a man, also, who went to see him off on a voyage to some colony, missed the plank which led into his ship, and were drowned.

Repeated efforts have been made to master "London fog," the removal or prohibition of which is not merely conceivable but possible, since it is a home product. We make it ourselves. Of course, when Nature lays a mist over the whole land it covers town and country alike. The prophets of the weather are powerless to do more than predict it. But there is no reason why we should manufacture this clean material into thick, yellow matter which stings our eyes as well as blinds them, chokes the throat and poisons the lungs, especially since we are compelled to swallow it when it is made. Worst of all, it comes when the days are shortest and we want more light and additional protection against the trying influences of winter. We cannot rule Nature when she spreads a pall of haze over earth and sea, though we post "sirens" on our headlands to warn bewildered ships. We fit them, too, with horns and bells to hinder collision, and supply all our

railway stations with "fog signals" to moderate the dangerous speed of trains; but in London we have let the making of its special plague proceed with no appreciable check. There have certainly been "Smoke Abatement Bills," which mitigate the vomiting of poison by factory chimneys, but these often, especially at night, elude the vigilance of sanitary inspectors, and spread abroad pernicious matter which they ought to consume at home. No one can look at the forest of suburban shafts and believe that each is sure to eat its own black progeny born of bituminous coal. Then, too, there are the thousands of grates which begin every morning to add their share to the darkness of the day, and when a natural mist comes, help to convert it into unnatural fog. But there is no law against the private manufacture of this particular poison. The adulteration of food is punished when detected, while that of air, which is equally necessary for human life, is allowed without legal protest. Every householder is at liberty to do his part in the suffocation of his neighbour as well as of himself. No legislator is permitted to put his finger upon the coal-seuttle. The chimney of the costermonger as well as that of the Prime Minister is free to make what mischief it can, and the only fault admittedly found with it is when this is made in the room, instead of being spread abroad. A "smoky chimney" means one which taints the air of the tenant within doors and refuses to spoil that of the public outside, and the ingenuity of manufacturing experts appears in the provision of jots and crows to ensure this result.

Some advanced sanitary enthusiasts, indeed, have set an example in using anthracite coal, in which case, if all did, the sky of London would be as clear as that of New York; and others have fitted their fire-places with smoke-consuming grates; but till one or other of these means is adopted or enforced there is small hope of Londoners being delivered from the plague deplored by all. Herein, however, is an allegory. As each does his best to stay its creation or progress, so far the plague ceases. The righteousness of the world is promoted as each man, instead of rebuking its wicked ways, sets his own house in order. The whole is made up of parts, and it is astonishing how much one can do, when, without conceit, he realises his individual ability. The course of history itself has been changed by personal influence. This may lead to corporate action, but it is the man himself who is mostly enabled to benefit humanity. I grant that it involves a costly effort for anyone to revolutionise his grates, and reformation in this respect must needs be slow; but still, in this domestic matter, the truth holds that personal well-doing leads and advances the well-being of all.



STORY THE SECOND: AT A "BRASS KNOCKER."

CHAPTER I.



IT really is the saddest thing in the world," remarked Mrs. Lauderdale, in her own peculiar tone of purring satisfaction.

She was a stout lady, round and complacent, and well dressed, as befitted the wife of Dr. Lauderdale, Head Master of Twychester Collegiate School. Since he was not a peculiarly successful head master—at least, in the opinion of a

small but influential section of Twychester society—it was the more needful that his wife should advertise success in the quality of her gowns and bonnets.

"Really the *very* saddest thing," she repeated, with comfortable gusto, as she skirted the Abbey Yard with her daughter, Letitia. She had two daughters, and Letitia was the younger and the prettier. Mrs. Lauderdale's own face was of the feline type sometimes seen in human beings. It was short, round, shrewdly observant, placidly self-satisfied, with big, circular, unwinking eyes of greenish-brown. Letitia's was after the same type. But, as everybody knows, a kitten is prettier than a full-grown cat.

It was a late spring day, and the rooks cawed overhead with ceaseless fuss. Mrs.

Lauderdale's observations, however, did not extend to Nature's phenomena. If fifty nightingales had been singing lustily around her, she would scarcely have heard them, had her attention not been drawn thither—in which case she would have said appropriately, "How pretty!" before turning to the nearest shop-window.

"Poor Miss Winterbottom! I can't think what she will do, mother. They say she won't have a penny of her own."

"Poor thing—yes! Most unfortunate! She will have to leave Twychester, of course. It isn't as if they had been long here, but still one can't help being sorry for her. I suppose she will find some situation as governess. Mrs. Winfrith may know of an opening likely to suit. If only she were not such an incapable-looking person, I might recommend her to Lady Louisa. But really, under the circumstances, I could *not*! Oh, stop a moment. There's the Canon."

A dusty figure pelted across in front of them. The Rev. John Hardy, Senior Canon of Twychester Abbey, and also Vicar of St. Jude's, a parish almost bordering on the Precincts, was always dusty and always in a hurry. If he failed to be either, the world was supposed to be going wrong with him. He was under medium height, exceptionally thin, loose in build, ungainly in movement, slouching in carriage. None of these peculiarities touched the fact of his being one of the most popular men in Twychester, or, for the matter of that, in the whole county.

"He's going to the other side. Stop him, Lettie."

Lettie hung back, and Mrs. Lauderdale

exerted her voice. Canon Hardy had seen her, of course, out of the corners of his merry dark blue eyes, but he had kept his head resolutely turned the other way, hoping to sidle out of an encounter. When Mrs. Lauderdale condescended to call in resolute accents, "Canon Hardy! Canon Hardy! One moment, please!" no choice was left him. So he came to the right-about, steered a straight course for the pair, and greeted them with sufficient cordiality.

"Are you going to the sale, Canon?"

"No. What sale?"

"Why, of course you know. The Winterbottom sale."

Canon Hardy's expression was peculiar. It arrested the lady's attention. "Sales are not much in my line," he remarked.

"But this sale will be in everybody's line. Such good things, and they'll go for a mere song. I'm sure some of *your* household gods need replenishing." The Canon laughed and bowed. "Oh, that's all very well; but people connected with the Abbey ought to be respectable, if it's only for the credit of the Abbey. And that drawing-room furniture of yours—it is popularly said, that, if Mac wants a rag for his painting, he snips it out of your drawing-room curtains."

"Shouldn't wonder!" murmured the Canon. "Better out of an old curtain than out of a new one."

"Of course, he wouldn't dare with a new one. And such an opportunity as this—Why, it's only fifteen months since the Winterbottoms got settled in; and they furnished their house most beautifully. I wonder who will take it next? The sale isn't till to-morrow, but the things are on view to-day, and Lettie and I are going to have a look. I advise you to come with us. I could point out to you—"

"I—I—no, thanks," stammered the Canon hurriedly. "No, I think not. It—it might be rather trying to Miss Winterbottom, if she saw—if too many of us were there at once."

The Canon was actually blushing. Mrs. Lauderdale examined him with her unwinking eyes.

"Not likely to be many at this hour. I came early on purpose. Why, I assure you—as for Miss Winterbottom, the kindest thing everybody can do is to buy the things as fast as possible. She has to get rid of house and furniture at once. Of course, you know that the old man was ruined, and that she is left without a penny. Some say it was that which caused his death. Do you think it was?"

The Canon transparently tried to get up a look of surprise.

"I suppose she'll have to go out as a governess or a companion. She will have nothing to live

upon. So the kindest thing for all of us to do is to be at the sale."

"I see—yes, of course." The Canon's shoulders were visibly twitching to escape.

"Well, we mustn't keep you, I suppose. You're always busy. Of course, you or the Dean have been to see the poor thing in her bereavement?"

"She has not—been neglected."

"So terribly sad, isn't it?—as I have just been saying to Lettie." Mrs. Lauderdale heaved a large appropriate sigh. Her highest aim in life was to be always appropriate to the occasion. "And won't you change your mind, and come with us? I assure you, I consider it quite your duty."

The Canon's eyebrows made a small rise. He had not requested her opinion on that point.

"No—no, certainly; no, thanks. I'll ask my housekeeper if she wants anything."

Canon Hardy made a dab at his soft wide-awake, denting the top of it, and thereby adding to his general untidiness of appearance. Then he was off, and Mrs. Lauderdale muttered, "So *that* is in the wind! Cecily Winterbottom, of all people! I'm sure I should never have thought—"

"You wouldn't have thought what, mother?"

"Nothing, my dear. Here we are at the house."

Mr. and Mrs. Winterbottom, a genial old couple with one daughter, had about a year and a half earlier rented a house in the Precincts, near that of General North. They had been well received, and had made themselves liked. Mrs. Lauderdale especially—perhaps in compliment to the very handsome "plenishing" of their new home—had taken a good deal of trouble to cultivate their acquaintance, and had been looked upon as their particular friend.

Some weeks before this date Twychester had suffered from a spring visitation of influenza, not severe in kind. Old Mrs. Winterbottom, however, had succumbed to a sharp attack; and during her illness Mr. Winterbottom heard unexpectedly of the loss of all his money. The double shock of this and of his wife's death proved too much for him. He caught the infection, pneumonia set in, and in three weeks he too passed away, leaving his daughter unprotected for.

Much sympathy was felt and expressed for Cecily Winterbottom, and many little kindnesses were shown by "the Precincts people." But Cecily knew that she had to shape her own life, and she was sorely at a loss what line to follow. She had had no such education as would fit her to become a successful governess in the present day of large requirements. She did not take to the notion of a life of "companionship" to some fretful old lady. While she hesitated, one or two



The furniture was ticketed and docketed.—p. 158.

friends offered to take her in for a while. The house was re-let, and its contents were advertised as "for sale."

The rooms looked forlorn when Mrs. Lauderdale and Letitia walked in. Furniture was ticketed and docketed; lesser articles were arranged in heaps; windows, unshaded by curtains, were flung open; little details of every-day home life had vanished. Three or four elderly ladies prowled round, inspecting the furniture, and two or three "dealers" were busied in the same manner. Mrs. Lauderdale had secured her wish—an early view before the crowd should arrive.

She was slightly embarrassed between her interest in the articles for sale, her anxiety for bargains, and her fear lest she should fail to display a due concern as to those who had been reckoned her friends. With an air of gravity, and even of subdued grief, she trailed through the rooms, timing her remarks with a view to the possibility of being overheard.

"Now, I wonder what they will ask for those fire-irons, Lettie? Nice set, aren't they? We do want something of that sort in our spare room. I should think they might go cheap. Not the kind Twychester people generally care to get." Mrs. Lauderdale heaved another profound sigh as they came within earshot of a solemn elderly lady, with two prim corkscrew curls on either side of a narrow face. The said lady was fingering a handsome tablecloth, and as Mrs. Lauderdale sighed she cast covetous eyes upon the same.

"Dear me! who ever would have thought, poor things, when they gave that dinner-party in March, that they would both be taken so soon? Kind old man, wasn't he?—and she was charming. Quite a sort of French expression in her eyes. What a pity Cecily is so unlike them! Really, I do think I shall have a try for those fire-irons. All to go together, you see."

"Couldn't you offer to give a nice sum, mother?" asked Letitia. "Miss Winterbottom will be so badly off, and every little must be a help."

"My dear, you are talking nonsense. Things can only be sold for what they are worth. Of course, I am quite ready to give a fair amount—as much as anybody else would give. I'm very sorry for Miss Winterbottom, poor thing—as sorry as anyone can be. But, of course, business is business. Yes, I'll certainly see after those fire-irons. And now we'll look at that tablecloth, too—now *she* has gone on"—in a whisper. "What nice curtains these are! Just the right kind for Canon Hardy, if only he would have a little sense. The idea of asking his old cook what he wants!"

CHAPTER II.

CANON HARDY had found his way to the cloisters late that evening. He had an especial affection for the cloisters, which were of older date than the main part of the Abbey, and, indeed, were in so far a state of unrepair as almost to be reckoned "a ruin." Nobody would consent to renovation. Twychester was proud of those aged cloisters.

In the dim twilight Canon Hardy paced to and fro, his hands behind his back, his head bent thoughtfully forward. No monk of olden days, living in the monastery hard by—of which only a few low masses of grass-grown brickwork still survived—had loved more to wander up and down these silent cloisters, with broad thumbs hooked in girdle, than did Canon Hardy in modern days. The Canon wore no girdle, and his thumbs were not broad, for he had small and delicate hands. And the cloisters were by no means always silent, since the boys of the Collegiate School loved the place—after their fashion—nearly as well as monk or Canon, only not for voiceless meditation.

But there were hours when the school-boys, being otherwise occupied, could not race and whoop and shout within those venerable walls. Then the Canon would come here for the making of his sermons.

He was not a powerful preacher like the Dean, and not in the least like one of the Early Fathers. Canon Hardy was essentially modern—wide-awake and sympathetic, well-read and semi-scientific—a man who could make himself equally liked by one companion or by fifty companions. His sermons were carefully thought out, and were given exactly as previously planned. Some listeners found them dull; but the poor who attended the Abbey were wont to choose those services which were likely to include a discourse from the Senior Canon. "He do speak straight to un," an old man was heard to say. The Dean spoke "straight," too, in the sense of using plain phraseology; but the Dean soared higher and delved deeper; and the Canon's manner was more outwardly sympathetic.

"He's *such* a nice man, and *so* clever," the ladies of the Precincts often declared. "Nice" is a useful feminine adjective, adapted equally well for the definition of qualities in a pudding or in a prince; and "clever," that especially pet term of the average feminine mind, may be applied to every description of mental power, from the knack which turns out a successful cake to the genius which maps out a universe.

"Dear Lady Louisa says you are *so* clever, Canon—she's really quite frightened of you," one day purred Mrs. Lauderdale to the happy

object of her titled friend's commendation. But the Canon was not in the smallest degree flattered. Men gauge better the true meaning of that much-abused word; and in point of fact Canon Hardy was not a clever man. He was intellectual, which means a good deal more, but which does not always include "cleverness."

Had he been more strictly "clever," he might perhaps have escaped certain difficulties in life.

On this particular evening Canon Hardy was in difficulties. He could not make up his mind as to the "whether or not" of a certain course of action.

Cecily Winterbottom was a very nice girl—well, yes, a "girl" still, to all intents and purposes, though she had reached her twenty-ninth year. A century ago this was considered rather elderly, but we know better now. She was small and fair, with smooth light hair and pale blue eyes, and rather pretty though characterless features. Her manner towards men was gently submissive, while towards women it was apt to become a trifle antagonistic. Her face was not one which lighted up in conversation, nor did it gain in prettiness by animation—if Cecily could ever, by the utmost stretch of language, be described as "animated." But everybody called her "a very nice sort of girl," and everybody was sorry for her, and everybody said what a pity it was that she should have to leave Twychester—not so much for the sake of Twychester as for the sake of Cecily.

But the Senior Canon was sorry for Twychester's sake—which meant, for his own. He had seen a great deal of the Winterbottoms during the last fifteen months. He liked the old man, he loved the winsome old lady, and he and Cecily fraternised over a community of tastes. Cecily was a botanist in a small way, and she had a collection of very pretty birds' eggs. The Canon was great on natural history, including plants and birds; and it was always agreeable to him to find an interested listener. Cecily's mind beside his was as a teacup beside a bucket; but she had been charmed to hold her teacup to the brim of his bucket, and he had been charmed to pour into it a few superfluous drops of knowledge.

The birds' eggs especially had drawn them together. The speckled pale-bluish shells of the linnet, the polished brown of the nightingale, the tiny cream-white of the golden-crested wren with its faint mottlings, the dull greenish-white of the woodlark, dark-marked, the uniform pale blue of the skylark—these and others were common to Cecily's and the Canon's collections. The Canon, of course, had many that Cecily had not. But when she discovered an egg in her

collection which Canon Hardy had not—the dull white shell of the night-jar, with pattern-like grey and blue markings—she was mildly jubilant for a whole week. The Canon really had not the heart to tell her that he had had the same a month earlier, only Mac had managed to smash it.

Upon this growing friendship of tastes had come the Winterbottom troubles. Cecily, left alone in the world, gentle and helpless, appealed to the Canon's sympathies. He went to see her in her sorrow, and she seemed to find his call so great a comfort that he naturally repeated it. She told him her difficulties, with a child-like frankness, and asked his advice.

The Canon, in response, urged her to remain in Twychester, among friends. But that involved the question of means. He was not himself badly off; but he could not offer to support the young lady, on the strength of their common interest in birds' eggs.

Except in one mode. That mode had occurred to Canon Hardy's mind, and had been promptly rejected. He was not a marrying man, everybody said. The Canon himself said the same. He knew why he was not, which few people knew. But the notion came up again; and the second time he did not fling it aside quite so hastily. A third time it recurred, and he found himself disposed to view it with something almost like favour.

He had been this afternoon to see Cecily. She was staying in the house of a Minor Canon, the Rev. Eustace Pratt—a married man, with several small children, and one of the most cramped little houses in the Precincts. It was not far from her old home, and she could easily watch from her bedroom window the comings and goings of Twychester people, intent upon furniture bargains next day. That was what Canon Hardy had meant when he had spoken to Mrs. Lauderdale.

The Minor Canon's wife had shown him in, as a matter of course, to see Cecily alone in the tiny drawing-room. Why not? Everybody recognised that Canon Hardy was not a marrying man, and that he was particularly well fitted to comfort people in distress. He had found Cecily more philosophical than he would have expected about the sale. "The things had to be parted with," she observed. "She hoped they would go off well. That was not the hardest part of matters. If only she could know what to do with herself—"

Canon Hardy was a man of the kindest feeling. He had been so much stirred as to find himself perilously near to a proposal. Perilously, because he had not yet made up his mind in a cool mood; and it is never

safe, in the more momentous affairs of life, to let action run ahead of resolution.

He managed to get through the interview without committing himself; but he was



As he paced the cloisters that scene came back.

more than ever touched by her sadness, her soft submissiveness of manner, her gentle helplessness. The Canon preferred that women should not be too obstreperously independent.

Cecily had looked young and taking, with her fair smooth hair and her mild eyes, set off by the deep black of her dress. She had narrow pale hands, and when the Canon rose to say good-bye she placed them in his, tears filling her eyes. "You are such a kind friend to me!" she faltered. The Canon did not propose even then, though he had an inclination to do so.

As he paced the cloisters that scene came back; and he felt again the touch of her limp soft fingers, which had no grip or firmness in them, but which could cling in a weak appeal, as young birds might cling.

Was he in love with her? No—yes—no, not exactly. He certainly felt the pity which is said to be near of kin to love. The Canon found it difficult to define his own state of mind. He liked Cecily very much. He rather wanted her for his wife at this moment—only he was uncertain whether the want would continue. Once upon a time he had been in love; deeply, intensely, unmistakably in love. So he knew very well what that meant. This was a different matter altogether. But why should it be, of its kind, less genuine?

Canon Hardy was fast nearing his fortieth year. Ten years earlier his heart had been given to a girl named Theodora Fitzgerald. He had sought her with the whole strength of his will; and she had refused him. She had declined utterly to be his wife, and had evaded all questions as to reasons.

From the day when Theodora Fitzgerald passed beyond his horizon he had never thought of matrimony. The disappointment had not soured his temper or spoilt his life, but it had thus far made a bachelor of him, and a bachelor everybody expected him to remain. Yet he was a man well fitted for domestic happiness. His sole domestic happiness now was centred in the companionship of Mischievous Mac, his orphan nephew and adopted child.

A gentle feminine influence in the house would be good for Mac. And that other affair was past. He had heard of Theodora's engagement to another, and he believed her to have been long ago married. Her dark, speaking, brilliant face flashed up, in vivid contrast with the colourless, mild visage of Cecily. Yet Cecily might conceivably make a man as happy in his home as Theodora—if he loved her and she loved him. Brilliance does not always tend to happiness.

That night, the Canon came to a definite resolution, and next day he went again to see Cecily. The Precincts people were beginning to talk about these calls of Canon Hardy. He went, perhaps, unnecessarily often. This time, however, his object was clearly defined. He explained to Cecily what was in his mind, and why he spoke out just then. It was early after her parents' death; but he wished her to undergo no further suspense as to her future. Would she be willing to have him for her husband?

Cecily's colourless face gained a tinge of pink, and she hesitated. It might have been expected, in her then position, liking the Canon as she did, that she would have responded quickly. But she did not. She even asked for a few hours, in which to consider the matter. Canon Hardy, of course, acceded to this request, and he went off rather in haste, wondering in a speculative fashion whether, if she refused him, his own

sensations would partake more largely of relief or of chagrin.

Cecily betook herself to her own room, and for a while she sat, thinking. Then she went to her desk, unlocked it, opened a drawer, and took out a withered brown rosebud, which had once been white and sweet, but which now smelt fusty. Cecily's mild eyes grew wet as she gazed upon it.

"If I accept Canon Hardy, I must burn this," she said softly. "Nobody must ever know that I kept it. And dear Edward said I was free. He said there was no use in thinking about it—any more. And Canon Hardy is such a good man—so very kind!" Then she sighed. "But I wish I need not burn this. Shall I ever be so happy again as I was—that day?" So even mild Cecily Winterbottom had had her small romance in life.

An hour later she wrote an immaculately tidy little note, accepting the offer of the most untidy of men.

CHAPTER III.

"I SAY, Rica, what's a brass knocker?"

"Why, Mac, 'course it's a knocker what's made of brass."

"I know better than that. It isn't a knocker at all."

"Mother's coming. Let's ask her."

From the back door of the Deanery swept Mrs. Winfrith, the Dean's young and lovely wife. No two opinions existed in all Twychester as to Mrs. Winfrith's loveliness. She was a little over middle height, very slight, quiet and graceful in movement, always prettily dressed. Her features were delicate; her lips were exquisite in their play; her eyes were two lakes of brown water, with gleams of golden sunlight in their depths. She had a fascinating way of giving her whole interest to each person, in turn, with whom she had to do, seeming to think of nothing in the whole universe beyond the especial concerns of him or her at that moment. The Dean was commonly reckoned an unsympathetic man, and his wife was looked upon as his "complement." Yet it may be questioned whether the Dean's sweet wife went through a tithe of what the Dean silently endured on behalf of the sinful and the sorrow-stricken. Only she had the gift of easy expression, both in word and look; while he could with difficulty show a small portion of what he felt.

"Rica, my pet, don't tumble down. You must take care of her, Mac." Mrs. Winfrith came to the garden-wall, on the top of which sat two children side by side.

"Rica isn't such a goose," declared Mac. "What is a brass knocker, please?"

"Mummie, do tell us. Mac says it isn't a knocker at all."

"Why does Mac want to know?"

"I heard Mr. Kerr say it. He was talking to Uncle John one day, over there," pointing to the clump of elms in the Abbey Yard. "And he said, 'You'll come to my brass knocker, of course.' And uncle said, 'But I'm coming to dinner No. 1. Must it be both?' And Mr. Kerr said, 'Yes, both—because *she* was to be there.' And I want to know what he meant."

"Little boys should not listen to what does not concern them."

"But this does concern me, because it's Uncle John," cried Mac triumphantly. "I always concern everything that's got to do with Uncle John, you know. And I want to know if '*she*' meant Miss Winterbottom, and if she's got a lot of new birds' eggs for uncle. She's coming this very day to stop at Mr. Kerr's. And I know he'd like some more birds' eggs—new sorts."

Mrs. Winfrith tried to keep her lips straight. "A brass knocker, Mac, is a term that people use in India. Mr. Kerr was a great many years in India. There was a big dinner last night at Mr. Kerr's."

"I know. It was to meet the Bishop. I like the Bishop. He's most awfully jolly."

"And, of course, after a large dinner-party a great many eatables are left over. So sometimes the host and hostess have a second little dinner-party next day, to use up what remains. In India they call that second dinner a 'brass knocker.' I do not know why."

"They ought to call the first a 'gold knocker,'" sententiously remarked Mac. "And uncle's going to be there this evening. I wonder if he'll bring back any new birds' eggs?"

The engagement of Canon Hardy to Cecily Winterbottom, though between two or three months' old, had not yet been given out to Twychester society. The Dean and Mrs. Winfrith knew it; Mr. and Mrs. Pratt knew it; Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, cousins of Canon Hardy, knew it; and Mrs. Lauderdale had her suspicions. But Cecily had gone away almost immediately to visit some old friends. She had been anxious that a longer time should elapse between her parents' death and the publication of her engagement; so it had seemed best that she should be absent from the place, and an invitation had arrived opportunely.

Now she was returning, to spend a month with the Kerrs, at their pretty home overhanging the border of the river, ten minutes' good walk beyond the outskirts of Twychester. Mr. Kerr, a retired Indian civilian and a rich man, occupied a prominent position in Twychester society.

Since Cecily would arrive the day after a dinner-party given in honour of the Bishop,

it had occurred to the hospitable mind of Mrs. Kerr to get up a very small and quiet "brass knocker" for the benefit of the engaged pair. Anything of a real dinner-party was, of course, out of the question for Cecily in her deep mourning; but, since she would be staying in the house, she could not object to a few friends being asked in. Besides the Canon, the Dean and his wife were expected, and also General North. Ellie North, not yet married, was away from home; but the General had asked leave to bring in her stead a young married niece, Mrs. Sprott, who had just come back from India for a few months, with two little children, leaving her husband behind.

Canon Hardy was to call and see Cecily alone, in the afternoon, before tea. Plans had been thus far smoothly arranged; but, when the hour arrived, he failed to appear.

A little while before he should have started, Canon Hardy was in his study, writing letters. He was not at this moment calm enough for sermon preparation. Some troublesome questions were pestering him, and had often pestered him of late. Did he feel so glad as he ought to have felt, at the prospect of seeing Cecily again? Had he acted too hastily in speaking to Cecily? Would this engagement mean happiness for them both?

"Well, I'm bound now. No going back," sighed the Canon. "I ought to have considered all that sooner. Must make the best of things. She's a— a dear good girl. We'll do our best to make it a success."

A slant ray from the window, travelling through a broken lath of the Venetian blind, bothered his eyes. He moved to one side.

"Always my tendency—to act too much upon impulse. The dear mother—how often she warned me against it! If she had been here now—somebody I could have gone to for advice—" The Canon gave vent to a husky little laugh. "Easy to advise other people, to take wise views of another's perplexities. But when it comes to oneself—! Yet I prayed for guidance, God knows how earnestly. Did I wait long enough to see the answer?" He broke into a sigh. "Ah, there it is! The old haste. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' My mother's favourite verse. But guidance still will come. I believe that firmly—if one wills to do the thing that is right."

He wrote another letter, then found the ray of light teasing him again. He stood up, went to the window, and tried to straighten the dropping lath, looking out as he did so.

A strange sharp thrill went through him, followed by a sick sensation. One momentary glimpse of a face was the cause. As he looked across his small garden into the Abbey yard, he saw somebody standing just

beyond the wall, standing with her face towards the Abbey, her back towards his garden. But at the moment when his attention was arrested she turned round, and her face came in his direction, the sunlight falling full upon it—an oval face, regular-featured, with warm colouring and dark eyes. The face that he had known and loved long years before.

A shadow swept over the Canon's sight, and specks were falling around him. With an effort he threw off the weakness and looked again. But the vision had departed.

Canon Hardy was trembling from head to foot. "Am I dreaming or delirious?" he asked. Then he caught up his hat, and went straight through his garden into the Abbey yard. He could see no stranger. Only the head sexton, Mr. William Varty, stood there. The Canon faced him, looking so pale that Varty stared. "Anybody been about here, Varty, just now?"

"No, sir; not that I knows. I'm just come this way."

"You did not see a lady—near this wall?"

"No, sir. Nobody."

"Ah, then it must have been my fancy. I thought I recognised a face—somebody I once knew. But no matter."

The Canon went hastily back to his study, bolted the door, and hid his face. He was engaged to Cecily Winterbottom, but he did not love her. He loved only and for ever—Theodora Fitzgerald. "Is she dead, that she came to see me?" he asked. "If she were living—But it was my fancy. It only shows—the mistake I have made. And now I am bound. I cannot break it off. I cannot leave poor little Cecily in the lurch."

He utterly forgot that he was to go to Cecily, that she would even now be looking for him. For two hours he remained alone, lost in thought. Then he went out, haggard and weary, to attend to necessary business. And then he recollected his forgotten engagement. He at once wrote a hasty scrawl—"Sorry I have been prevented from coming. Will see you this evening"—which he sent off. On the whole, he was glad that their first meeting would be in public, before some who did not know of their engagement.

The Kerrs did things in a pleasant way. A dinner-party at their house was a function worth going to, and a "brass knocker" was not to be despised. This particular brass knocker went off—at least, in its earlier stages—much as small dinners usually do. Cecily was, of course, in the deepest and plainest of mourning, and it was remarked that she did not look very happy; but it was hardly to be expected that she should—even though engaged—after her recent losses.

Everybody noticed that the Canon seemed out of sorts, pale and absent-minded. Mrs. Winfrith was, as always, lovely and graceful; and the Dean was in one of his most genial moods. The General was agreeable, and his married niece proved to be a particularly lively lady.

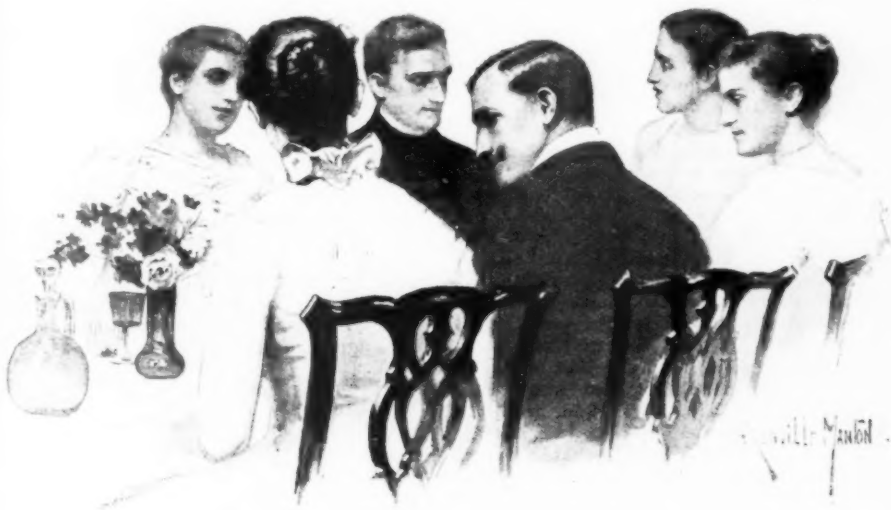
"Oh, yes, I was there," her voice was heard saying to the Dean, whose attention she systematically tried to monopolise. "Of course I was there; and it was charming. Oh, I enjoyed myself sixteen annas—I mean,

words. Had he not *known* that Theodora was in Twychester? Fancy—no! It was reality.

And he loved her still! And he was engaged to Cecily!

"No, thanks; I won't take any more," said Cecily's prim little voice.

Canon Hardy was glad to put down the dish. He could not have held it out much longer. Theodora in Twychester! The truth was taking possession of him, in a great rush of joy and anguish. Theodora! And he could not go to her!



Everybody noticed that the Canon seemed out of sorts.

I enjoyed myself thoroughly. By-the-bye, there was *such* a handsome woman sitting near me—most remarkable-looking. A very uncommon style. I managed to bring about an introduction, and found, of course—as one always does—that a great friend of mine was a great friend of hers too. Isn't it odd? She has just come to Twychester. I met her this afternoon and we had a talk. She seems uncertain about plans. Not so very young—perhaps getting on for thirty, but she looks less, and she *is* striking. Dark, and tall, and holds herself well."

"Her name?" the Dean asked.

"Oh, didn't I say her name? Miss Fitzgerald—Theodora Fitzgerald. Her mother died about a year ago. She is alone in the world now."

The Canon sat exactly opposite, and at this moment he was handing some fruit to Cecily. He heard every word. It seemed to him that he had been expecting to hear just those

Mrs. Winfrith bent towards Mr. Kerr. "Get Mrs. Kerr to make a move," she whispered. "I think—Canon Hardy is not very well. The room is close. Better avoid a stir."

Mr. Kerr gave one glance at that white, changed face, and signalled to his wife. She was quick of apprehension, and acted at once—bowing to Mrs. Winfrith, and rising. The ladies swept slowly out; and Canon Hardy, like a man upon the rack, walked to the door, held it open, and even smiled at Cecily as she passed.

He had to keep going still. He could not escape. So long as the gentlemen remained in the dining-room, he could be quiet. They saw that something was wrong with him, and they kindly left him alone, not seeming to see. But when they too went to the drawing-room, he had to make his way to Cecily's side, to do his best to seem cheerful.

In his very despair, he ventured on a bold step. Somewhat later, seeing Mrs. Sprott

rather apart from others, talking to Mrs. Winfrith, close to the conservatory door, he went thither, joined slightly in their conversation, and presently said, "You were speaking at dinner of a Miss Fitzgerald. I believe I once knew her. Can you tell me if she is staying long in Twychester?"

"I'm sorry, I really can't. She doesn't seem to know her own plans. She has come for a week to Dr. Barbour's—he once attended her mother, I believe—and she has not made up her mind whether to find lodgings here for a few weeks. Not very well off, I'm afraid. Her mother died a year or more ago, and most of their income died with her. Miss Fitzgerald was a most devoted daughter—never would leave her mother, you know, or she might have been married a dozen times. I heard all this last week from our mutual friend. Not many daughters in these days are so devoted."

Mrs. Winfrith hardly dared to look at the Canon, but she saw without looking. "And you say she had offers, Mrs. Sprott?"—to draw attention to herself.

"Oh, any number. Just the sort of girl who is sure to have them. In one case, I believe she really was touched—really quite in love. I don't know the man's name, but he was a clergyman. Miss Fitzgerald must be a noble sort of girl. She didn't deny, in talking to my friend, that she had cared for him—but she wouldn't let him know that she cared. She thought it right to leave him free. Her mother was in bad health; but not the sort of health that shortens life. She just refused, and gave no reason. Poor man!—I daresay he would rather have known the truth. Oh, are we going to have music? I dote on music."

Mrs. Sprott tripped away, smiling, and Mrs. Winfrith turned towards the Canon.

"Come with me," she said in a low voice; and he obeyed like a child. She led him through the conservatory, full of gay blossoms, into a narrow tiled passage lined with ferns, and did not pause till they reached a vinery, where voices from the drawing-room could not be heard. Then she faced him, and asked, "What is it?"—softly.

Canon Hardy said nothing.

"Have you known this Miss Fitzgerald? Have you loved her?"

A gesture was the only reply.

"Was it *you* whom she refused—for her mother's sake?"

"How can I tell?"—hoarsely. "She—would give no reason. I could not know. I heard—that she had accepted another—long ago. A report—"

"And you believed that you had forgotten—that you cared for Miss Winterbottom?"

"Not with—that caring. I did think—"

"It can't go on."

"It must go on. How can I forsake her—after—"

"It shall not go on. For Cecily's sake, as well as for yours."

"For Cecily's sake it has to go on." Canon Hardy lifted his ashen face. "And if I threw her aside—for this—what would be said?—what would—Theodora think?"

Mrs. Winfrith looked steadily at him.

"You are not yourself to-day," she said. "It is not a question of what anybody would think." The Canon bowed his head in assent. "Promise me one thing," she went on. "Do nothing hastily."

He thought again of his mother's favourite text.

"You have—pardon me—acted too hastily once. I do believe it was out of kindness—from very goodness—but it was wrong. Don't make another mistake. Go home now—if I may take upon myself to advise you. Yes, from here—and I will explain to Miss Winterbottom that you are not well. You look terribly overwrought. Come and see me early in the morning—at half-past ten. Promise me to take no steps before then. I want to think the whole question over for you both."

"True friend!" escaped the Canon's lips. Then again he did as he was told.

CHAPTER IV.

"GENERAL, I want to ask you a question."

"Certainly." General North could be stern, even hard, on occasions; but no man ever was hard or stern to this gentlest of women—least of all when, as at this moment, she stood with her lake-like eyes all but brimming over. "Anything I can do—"

"I want your advice. I know of somebody in great perplexity—and I want to know what to say—what advice to give. It is difficult, I think, for a woman to take the dispassionate view that a man can take."

"The Dean—"

"Yes. But the Dean would decline to give an opinion. He says always that he is willing to be consulted on every imaginable question except one—except a love affair. And this is a love affair—involving a question of honour. So I thought I would venture to trouble you. You are a soldier—and my father was a soldier. And I know that in an English officer one finds honour and chivalry at their highest. You may be best able to guide me here."

"From the more worldly point of view," suggested General North, in courteous reference still to her husband.

"From the more chivalrous point of view."

"Let it be so, if you like. Anything that I can do——"

Mrs. Winfrith had come across from the Deanery directly after breakfast, asking for a word with the General in his study. He gave her a seat, and stood waiting, erect and grave.

"This is, of course, in strict confidence. I come because I am puzzled, and I may be called upon to advise." Then she made a careful little statement of a supposed case, sufficiently like that of Canon Hardy and Cecily. By altering details, she tried to guard against recognition of the real people, and probably failed. She had not been the only one to note Canon Hardy's agitation the evening before; but if the General understood, he made no sign.

"What would you say that a man ought to do in such a case?"

Should he break off the engagement, or keep on with it? If she loves him, and he does not and cannot love her?"

"He ought not to have asked her until he knew his own mind."

"No. He was wrong. That is evident. But men—the best of men—sometimes make mistakes. And, having made such a mistake—having found it to be a mistake—what is his duty?"

"I do not see any great difficulty. He is bound to consider first the lady's happiness."

"You think that he ought to carry on the engagement still, at all hazards?" Mrs. Winfrith looked sorely disappointed.

"Pardon me. I said that he was bound to consider the lady's happiness. To go on with the engagement 'at all hazards' might be no more for her happiness than for his own. To give no word of explanation would be wronging her yet more than he has wronged her already. But one thing is certain. He should guard her name from the least suspicion of having been—it is an ugly word—having been jilted."

"How? In what way?"

"He could lay the matter before her—explain how things stand—and give her the choice of jilting him."

Mrs. Winfrith's face sparkled with relief.

"I see. How capital! Wasn't that what somebody did in a tale? I forget its name, but I read it once. Not exactly this sort of case—not an engagement—but yet a little like it. And that was an officer. Then you do not feel that the man in such a case is bound to go on? Only to shelter the lady's name?"

The General hesitated. "I should consider myself bound, if the lady in question, after hearing what I had to say, should still hold me to my word. But I imagine that the majority of ladies would object to an avowedly unwilling bridegroom."

And Mrs. Winfrith, on leaving the General's house, went home to await the Canon's visit.

He came punctually, careworn and haggard. Through the long hours of a sleepless night



"And you have waited—all these years!"—p. 166.

he had clung to the thought that Mrs. Winfrith would help him to a decision. He was past arriving at one alone. One moment he was ready to break with Cecily, to throw up everything—only to be free. The next moment he was bent on carrying out his engagement, on sacrificing himself at the altar of truth and kindness. If he forsook Cecily, and Theodora should hear of it—how she would despise him! But if he kept on with Cecily, and put Theodora out of his reach for ever—how could he bear it? One glimpse of a possible paradise with Theodora had made the whole world a blank without her. And yet again, how unimportant these lesser questions truly were, compared with that of the simple right or wrong of what he should do!

His face grew lighter as he listened to what Mrs. Winfrith had to say. The idea suggested by General North came to him as freshly as to Mrs. Winfrith; and he acted upon it immediately. He looked more untidy than ever as he stood outside the door of Mr. Kerr's house and asked for Miss Winterbottom. Cecily came to him in the breakfast-room, placid and mild. Her first thought, on seeing her *fiancé*, was—"Dear Edward never looked like that!"

"I am afraid you are not well yet," she said.

"I am very unhappy, for I have wronged you terribly," the Canon answered, plunging headlong into his confession, without the smallest intention of exculpating himself.

Cecily listened to the outpouring which followed with her bland little air of feminine submission. A patch of dust on the Canon's left shoulder so far distracted her attention from the matter in hand that she failed to grasp fully his meaning, and he had to explain himself over again.

"I see," she said at length. "You mean—that you loved that other young lady. And that you thought she was married, and you find she is not. And I suppose"—with the least little breath of a sigh—"I suppose you would like now to give me up, and to go back to her?"

This was stating truth with a brutal simplicity, and the Canon winced. After a pause, he said: "If I have blundered—if I know now that I do unfortunately care more for another—could we be happy, Cecily?"

"That is just what I have sometimes wondered," observed Cecily in her smallest voice. "I think—perhaps—I was wrong ever to say 'Yes.' You see—I did like—Edward."

The Canon impulsively sprang to his feet, and as impulsively sat down again.

"You don't mean—do you care for somebody else?"

Cecily hung her head.

"I didn't think it would matter," she

whispered. "He is a sort of cousin, too. And I knew that could not ever be. He has nothing of his own; and so my father wouldn't allow it, even when we were well off. And now I have nothing either. But Edward—"

"Has he married anybody else?" asked the Canon, with genuine anxiety.

"Oh, no—he said he couldn't. He was so very miserable. And so was I," added Cecily, with almost a sob. "But it was really quite over, and I thought—"

"Well, but now we might arrange something," observed the Canon, looking delighted. His usual colour and expression had come back. "You shall tell me all about him another day, and what he would like to do, I've some little interest in some quarters. Now, Cecily, you have got to break off the engagement—not I! If this ever oozes out, it must be known that you have given me up—not I, you!"

So the Canon had learnt his lesson. Cecily half-laughed, half-protected, and did as she was bidden.

Not many hours later, Canon Hardy, in another Twychester house, awaited another lady; and this time his heart beat fast. When she entered, no thought of Cecily could prevent the name which burst from him.

"Then I am Theodora still!" she said, a smile upon her dark face, as she held out brown shapely hands.

For some minutes neither he nor she said much. They seemed to have said it all before. It was enough to be together again.

"Then that was why," he murmured at length. "You would not have me because—only because you would not leave your mother?"

"What else could it be, John?"

"And all the time you might have kept her, and have made me happy too!"

"No. She would not have been happy." The brown cheeks crimsoned. "Don't you see? I—should have loved you too well for her happiness. And you have waited—all these years!"

The Canon was very honest. "Not consciously—for you. They told me you were married. And I have gone lately through one folly. It was not love; but I thought of taking a wife. Thank God! I found out my mistake in time, and mercifully she cares no more for me than I for her. You will not ask her name."

"If it were my name, I should not wish to have it known. John—only think!—when Dr. Barbour's wife invited me here, I did not know that you were living in Twychester."

"Would you have come if you had known?" he asked.



THE FRINGE OF CHRIST'S LAND.



By John Foster Fraser.



EVERYBODY who goes to Jerusalem goes by way of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. And nearly everyone, in eagerness to get up to the sacred city, ignores the old seaport, except to sniff at its smells and to pay a hurried visit to the house of Simon the Tanner, wondering how Peter was ever able to sleep in so dirty a place.

Jaffa, however, is more Eastern than Jerusalem itself. Once your nostrils grow accustomed to the odours, and your feet can pick a way over the offal and filth, you begin to appreciate the place. I first caught a glimpse of the town in the early afternoon, when a blazing sun was beating upon it, lighting up all its angles with a rich radiance, the houses climbing all over each other, and orange trees bearing luscious fruit, growing away on the town side. Quite fifty boats put out to meet the yacht. And their occupants—what a yelling, gesticulating noisy throng, shouting at one another and at us, managing their boats in the rolling waves with a rare skill, while standing on the edge in their white linen baggy trousers, and all the time the sun scorching to a deeper brown their bare arms and feet!

Despite the orders of the captain and the bullying of the sailors, they scampered on board, and, in lieu of fighting the whole lot, it was necessary to make a hurried bargain with one and tell him to chastise the rest if they did not clear out of the way.

The scene along the quay-side is a curious one. It is only a few yards wide. Great piles of merchandise block the way. Arabs tottering under immense weights hurry along, and others sit on their haunches up against the wall, heedless of all shouting, and not even moving for the

camel caravans which come swirling along in file, making a deafening clatter with their iron drums and bells. The scene is much more animated than is witnessed in most Eastern towns. Indeed, I spent many a curious hour watching the loading of barges and listening to the squabbles with the custom house officials, who will only smooth the way after receiving plenty of baksheesh. The Turkish language begins and ends with the same word—"baksheesh." A Turk will do nothing unless paid, and he will do anything if he is paid.

Whether the Hebrew translation of Jaffa as meaning "the beautiful" is right or not I cannot say. The Jews, like other Eastern folk, were given to much exaggeration, and they speak of sandy wildernesses as lovely blossoming plains. Therefore I can understand how they might even describe Jaffa as beautiful. It is curious and interesting, decidedly picturesque and narrow-wayed, but that it is beautiful can hardly be admitted by any truth-loving man.

Civilisation lays but a light finger on these shores, and manners of life are little changed from what they were a couple of thousand years ago. The history of the place is a mingling of myth and tradition. It was on the rocks, about which the



(Note: F. D. in ex. Stockport.)

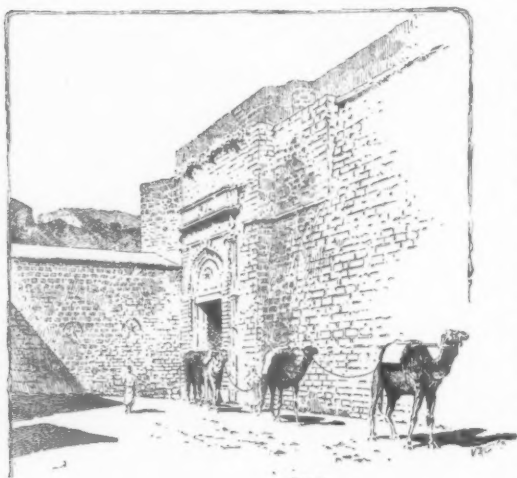
ON THE TOP OF THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.

waters of the Mediterranean play, that the lovely Andromeda was chained in order to be eaten by some sea monsters, and was rescued by Perseus. And years and years ago the hole in the rock and the chains that bound the maiden used to be shown. But I suppose some prehistoric tourist must have taken them away, for they are not now to be seen. Certainly it is the place to which Hiram, King of Tyre, sent wood from Lebanon "in flotes," to assist Solomon in the building of the Temple. The house, or perhaps it is only the foundation of the house, of Simon the Tanner is still to be seen. It is approached through a string of vile-odoured passages. Two or three idle Arabs are generally lying about the floor, and only rouse themselves at the prospect of receiving a gift. From the summit of the house a far-reaching view of the Mediterranean is obtained. There is an old well in the yard, and a decrepit, weak-eyed man is ever drawing water in leathern buckets and emptying it in a great stone trough. A shady tree spreads its branches over the well, and the coming of dusky men and bright-eyed women for water makes up a fascinating scene which I could long contemplate without tiring. The old town has

as at a country fair in the Midlands of England. The bread the people eat consists of cakes of bilious appearance, or browned rolls made in the shape of hoops. The Syrian Bedouins are a fierce lot of fellows, with their camel-hair cloaks about their shoulders, and inlaid rifles slung behind them. A handkerchief is over the head, and kept in place by two round mats of horse-hair pulled down over the skull. Here you see people with pure Semitic type of features, different in many respects from the type we call Semitic at home. The women—most of them veiled—sit on stools before the bazaars, fingering bright printed calicoes and disputing their value with the cross-legged merchants. Smiling little girls, with sparkling eyes and bright teeth, dance in front of you, kiss your coat or your hand, and ask for a gift. Mischievous boys, who have picked up enough English to be a nuisance, constantly proffer their services to run errands for you, or to show you where you can make purchases of Arabic goods, and you shout at them and shake your stick, but only get a grin in return.

A little to the north of Jaffa is Cæsarea. Only ruins now remain of Herod's magnificent city. Arabs have built huts with the stones, and over many a tumble-down place may be seen an exquisitely carved piece of marble. Wandering over the *débris*, one cannot help letting the fancy roam to the time when this was the greatest place in all Palestine, when Paul was kept a prisoner here for the space of two years, and when the Crusaders won and lost it. It was at Cæsarea that that sturdy old Crusader, Baldwin, secured a little vase of green crystal which for centuries has been sung in poetry. It was the "Holy Grail," to-day carefully guarded in Paris. Columns of granite lie half-buried in the sand, and flocks of goats graze around. The great amphitheatre capable of accommodating 20,000 spectators, built just outside the town by Herod, can still be traced, and an old weather-beaten castle, which has stood many sieges and storms, holds its head high on a rock which runs into the sea. From the summit there is a magnificent view, but all is silent save the scream of a bird and the lap of the waves.

I remember watching with great interest the autumn light playing upon Mount Carmel as we steamed through sea as smooth as a mirror. It is a spot rich in associations, and I looked, and waited, and looked again, as though anticipating something wonderful to happen. The town of Haifa, and round the bend, inside the Bay of Acre where one gets anchorage, lacks



(Photo: F. D. Bates, Stockport.)

THE LAND GATE AT ACRE.

had many vicissitudes; it has been a Christian bishopric, the haunt of pirates, the lounging place of Napoleon.

There is a curious little bazaar in Jaffa, not over-clean, but always thronged with Arabs and pure-blooded Bedouins. In the market-place all the wares are set out, and there is as much shouting

interest, except that it is nicely situated. It is the mount which attracts attention, covered as it is with rich green turf and a wealth of exquisite flowers. Frequent allusion is made in the Bible to the beauty of Carmel. In time far past, when men were persecuted, they came and lived in the grottoes. An altar to the God of Carmel once stood on the summit, and the oracle was consulted by Vespasian. The mount has always been a haven of the devout. The hermits were called Carmelites, and this was the origin of the Carmelite monks. The monastery on the slope of the hill on the western point towards the sea is richly adorned. You are shown the place where Elijah offered his sacrifice, and a large cavern where Joseph and Mary and Christ rested on their return from Egypt. A stroll along the mountain side, treading among the flowers, with the brook of Kishon below bubbling over the stones as though it had never run crimson with the blood of false prophets, while away to the east rises the hill hiding Nazareth, and in the other direction the wide Mediterranean spreads, is a most charming way of idling a warm afternoon.

On the other side of the bay is the often-besieged town of Acre, where I stayed some time, so old-world-like and Eastern was everything within the stout and stubborn walls. There are two entrances to the place, one from the sea and the other from the land. The sea gate is no larger than an ordinary shop-door, and the quay is about as big as a billiard table. Acre has no hotel. Once or twice I dined at the only restaurant there is—a dark, begrimed hole, where the food was cooked over wood fires in the same room as I ate it. The entrance to the town by land is through double massive, iron-studded gates, which are closed at sunset and not opened again till sunrise. Through this land gate all day long there is a constant coming and going of camel caravans bringing goods down from the interior, or starting out on a ten days' march. The camels are broad-set, shaggy animals that show their teeth. It is a picturesque sight, early in the morning, just when the gates are open, to see the caravans that have arrived during the night encamped on the plain of Acre, to hear the shouts of the Bedouins on their Arab horses as they scamper across the arid ground—swarthy, sinewy fellows who dare anything and are a terror to the country-side, so that it is dangerous for the townspeople to ride round to Haifa unaccompanied by an escort.

The native bazaar in Acre is a long, twisted, uneven, covered-in way, where the Bedouin women foregather—by no means handsome with



(Photo: Bonfilia)

THE TOMBS OF HIRAM, NEAR TYRE.

their pencilled eyebrows, cheeks with blue marks, and finger-nails dyed a light brown—to make their purchases. Many were the curious corners I discovered, picturesque wells with rich foliage drooping about them, singular workshops where men were slowly hammering out brass work, letter-writers crouching in corners, and crowds of deformed beggars. The people who live in Acre are principally Arabs. But this has not always been so. Is it not in the Book of Judges that we read about the tribe of Asher failing to drive out the inhabitants of Accho? Anyhow, we know from history that the Jews had it, and that the Phoenicians claimed it, that it was called Ptolemais, and that Paul stayed here a day. But the chief historical interest of Acre is that it was the point round which the wars raged fiercely between the Crusaders and the Moslems. Richard Cœur-de-Lion fought Saladin out on the plain. The headquarters of the Knights of St. John were here, and Acre was the last place held by the Franks before the Moslems finally succeeded in driving them out of the land.

I loved to climb about the old walls, through which the sea has pushed its way, and to picture the assaults and long sieges, from times lost in dim antiquity down to only half a century ago, when the gunboats of Britain, Austria, and

not; that Tyre is known and spoken about and written about all over the world is only an idle story of the traveller. What he wants to find out is—Why do not the fish bite?

What a part this coast of Syria has played!

Every little village and promontory has something to tell, and to which all the world listens. Some distance inland is Baniyas—a name not known to the general reader; but hiding under it is one well enough known, that of Caesarea Philippi. It was anciently the Greek Pannias, and many are the tablets with Greek inscriptions still to be seen. Close by is the source of the Jordan. The country is luxuriantly green and smiling. The town was the most northern part of the land visited by Christ. The ruins are all Hellenic, and there are still remains of the famous



(Photo: F. R. Bates, Stockport.)

A CARAVAN IN BEYROUT.

Turkey threw shells into the place and wrested it from Egyptian occupation in favour of the Sultan. But Syria, owned by Turkey, has not improved much. Indeed, it has not improved at all.

Steaming slowly along the coast, one can discern the snow-fringed summit of Mount Hermon far off, whilst on the hills down by the sea stands many a forsaken watch-tower. And then, lying basking in the sun, there is all that remains of Tyre, certainly one of the most famous places on the face of the globe. I do not know how many weird traditions hover about its history. It is quiet enough now, though the island was a rich and prosperous city long ago, and was the subject of several biblical prophecies. Nebuchadnezzar, we read, besieged it for thirteen years, and Alexander the Great used all his forces to lay it low. Its known history is nothing but a record of bloodshed and strife, nation after nation fighting for its possession. A bright-eyed Arab lad sits fishing in the ancient harbour, and grins at the fact that he can catch nothing. He knows little about his birthplace. That Christ was ever here is of no interest to him; that the Crusaders held it for nearly two hundred years he cares

nothing for. The Temple of Pan, as well as columns and towers, portions of the old city. There is a great castle on an adjoining hill, called Kalat-es-Subebeh, which some people say was the scene of the transfiguration, and also the spot where Christ made His remarkable declaration to Peter. I do not think the castle is by any means so old as some authorities would have it; but still, dilapidated as much of it is, the site is historical, even though there be divided opinions with reference to what did happen on the summit of the hill.

Many a day I sat on the yacht looking to the wide range of Mount Lebanon, which was always extremely beautiful in the early morning, when the first rays of the sun tipped the top; and also in the evening, when the sun went down in a bed of crimson and gold, and lit up the hill with a warm, rich glow. Not far to the north of Tyre, and almost beneath the shadow of Lebanon, is the sister city of Sidon, whose praises are sung in the Homeric poems. Like other places on the coast, for centuries it was a centre of religious strife between the Moslems and Christians, and even within living memory there was a horrible massacre within the narrow streets. Sidon, two

thousand and more years ago, was distinguished through the then civilised world as the home of art and science, as well as having a free government, even during the Roman period. Just the same as Tyre and other Phœnician towns, Sidon is situated on a promontory. The country round is wealthy in fertility, and the place itself is surrounded with orange and lemon groves. There is little to be observed, but still great blocks of granite can be seen in the water, the remains of the old harbour. The necropolis of the Phœnicians is, like many other necropoli I have visited, more interesting to the antiquarian and specialist than to an ordinary curious wanderer like myself. The sarcophagi are in different styles. In one of the chambers, some forty years ago, was found the sarcophagus of the Sidonian king, Eshmunazar. There was an inscription calling down a curse on whoever disturbed the tomb of the monarch, but

done something to improve its commerce, but the harbour is a poor little affair, although I was told it cost an immense amount of money. The Prince Line of steamers, of Newcastle, do most of the English trade, and I found it interesting to watch the unloading of Manchester goods, shipped at Manchester itself, destined to adorn the dusky beauties in the Houran, who probably never heard of Manchester or its canal. There are some fine drives in the neighbourhood, and in the short twilight I loved to watch the deep blue of the Mediterranean making a bold contrast with the light playing on the summit of Lebanon. The bazaar is not so Eastern as those in the towns further down the coast. There is some gorgeous colouring nevertheless, which makes the heart of the artist grow glad. A visit to the prison was a novel experience. The criminals were not in cells. They lounged about a yard, spoke to their



(Photo: Bompis.)

RUINS OF THE FORTRESS OF BANIAS.

this by no means debarred several people hurrying it off to Paris, where I believe it now is.

A place to which I made a couple of visits, and where I remained for some time, was Beyrout, the principal port on the coast, where all the merchandise for Damascus and the interior is loaded. The French have great influence, and they have

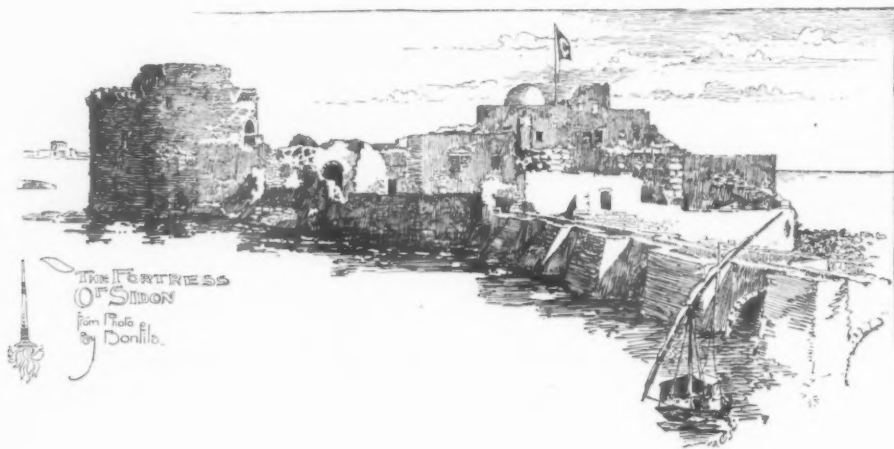
friends through a grating, smoked cigarettes, drank coffee, and played cards all day long. A weak-kneed, badly dressed, and ill-fed-looking Turkish soldier guarded the door, and the slipping of a bishleck into his palm secured me permission to wander whither I would. The same coin passed me into the mosque, which is supposed

to be particularly well guarded. Like many other mosques, it was formerly a Christian church, and is now brilliantly adorned with arabesques, which I cannot say assist much in beautifying it. There are always one or two Moslems on their knees at prayer. One Friday I was in the middle of "a bazaar" (a bargaining) with a dealer in Damascus ware, when my dragoman announced he must leave me, for he was a good Moslem, and never omitted to pray at noon on Fridays. He said it was a nuisance, but still he must go. I sat down and smoked a cigarette while he ran away to perform his devotions. He was back within five minutes, and he pointed out for my benefit that he had been in such a hurry to get back to me that he had not allowed himself time to put on his socks after leaving the mosque.

I confess I did not go to Tripoli. I landed early one morning, when the air was brisk and fresh, like the breath of the Derbyshire moors in early spring, and had a stroll about El-Mina, the little seaport, guarded by several old towers. The season for shipping oranges was then in full swing, and I sat down and watched a bevy of pretty Arab girls wrapping the fruit in tissue-paper and pitching them into boxes for sending to Europe. Late the same afternoon, after hugging the coast all the way, and passing the gaunt old castle of Markab, now infected with a horde of robbers, we came to another Banias, which I was interested to see, because it had caused me some confusion by my previously having thought it *Cæsarea Philippi*. This Banias (Lebanon) is a ramshackle village built on the site of an old town. There is a

delightful river called Valania, all edged with overhanging trees and with the water gurgling round stepping-stones; by the side of which I rested from the glare of the sun and saw the working of an antique water-mill, men riding away to their homes up the hills on sturdy little donkeys, heard the call of the Moslem priest when eventide closed in, and saw the Arabs kneel by the roadside and lower their foreheads to the ground. Very seldom does a European land at Banias, and the natives crowded round us with wide-open eyes, respectful but curious, wondering what sort of strange wild-fowl we were. I spent some time looking for ruins, and was rewarded by discovering some rock tombs, the foundations of an old church, and the remains of a castle. But, indeed, fringing the whole of the coast are such ruins. It is the same at Jebeleh, where part of a Roman theatre may be traced, and at Latikiyeh—with a reputation of growing good tobacco—where there stands a fine triumphal arch dating from the time of Septimus Severus.

You look at the map of the Eastern Mediterranean, and see Syria is but an insignificant bit of land wedged, as it were, into a corner. But when my ancestors, I suppose, painted themselves blue, and ran wild about the hills of Caledonia, and stole the cattle of their neighbours, Syria was a famous place in the world. Nations rise and nations fall, and perhaps Macaulay's New Zealander, if he happens to be a journalist as well as an artist, may one of these days be able to write an interesting article about the ruins he will see along the deserted banks of the River Thames.



THE KICKING MARE.

A Complete Story. By the Author of "Circumvented," Etc.



Ashe bent suddenly, peering ahead.

"NEVER trust a man till you watch him with his horses. Never trust a man——"

Lucy was repeating that little maxim, one of her dead father's pithy sayings, under her breath. He had not taught her much, but she had learnt, at least, that a man who handled his horses tenderly and with understanding was a man to trust. The teaching came back to her as she sat by young Ashe in the driving-seat, and the three of them, she and Ashe and the other man, were driving fast in a dim, twilight land.

It puzzled her how she came to be perched up there, she who had hardly spoken to Ashe all that afternoon. They had wanted her to stay later at the party, but it was a long walk after sunset—she had shaken hands firmly and said "Good-bye." And then young Ashe, who had driven his cousins over with a pair, and who was so calm

and boyish that people trusted their girls to him without a murmur, had exclaimed, "Oh, we'll bring her back with us," and she had said "No" in vain.

As soon as she was tucked in she had repented, but it was too late to slip out behind. The cousins were packed in the front, and Beauchamp, sitting with Lucy at the back, was twisting his long neck thoughtfully round to get a glimpse of the driver and shout—

"I say, don't kill us just yet, old chap!"

Young Ashe was a capital whip, but regardless in his choice of horses.

A poor driver keeps on the safe side, but he had had many smashes. He would excuse himself by saying, "I can't drive sheep!" To-day he had a young mare who had only twice been in double harness.

"All safe, milord. Sit tight!"

There was an odd little ring of triumph

in Ashe's tone. Beauchamp screwed his face into a comical look of terror.

"It's all up with us!" he shouted to the spectators. "Farewell for ever!"

The cousins had been put down at their door, and the last white petticoat had fluttered along the wheel. They hung round, laughing, as the horses chafed, backing against the laurels.

"Aren't you glad to get rid of us?"

"Awfully!" said Ashe.

He stood up in the cart, buttoning his long coat, a gallant and smiling figure. With a little bow, he turned from the girls to Lucy, and solemnly invited her to step over and sit in front. She could not see his look as he bent towards her, for already the sun was sinking, dark crimson, behind the trees.

"Are you nervous, Lucy?" called the girls from their safe shelter in the bushes, and she looked down at them with a queer half-smile.

"Not particularly," she said. Her heart was fluttering fast, but she could not imagine why.

"Not particularly! Do you hear that, Bobby? Wrap her up; pull a hood over her head, and don't let her see what will happen!"

"Talking of wrapping up," said Ashe, still standing, and gathering up the reins, "I'm awfully cold myself."

"Will you have father's coat, or a shawl?"

"I think I'll have Kitty's cloak, if she'll lend it. It's the thickest."

There was a chorus of laughter, reminiscent of some ancient joke, as the thing was flung up at him, and he pulled it over his shoulders. In the midst of the laugh they started.

"Hi! Woa! I want to get out and make my will," called Beauchamp as the horses went swinging through the narrow gates and along the darkening road. The sun had disappeared in the west, and the last red streamers were fading in the forsaken sky. Lucy looked hurriedly up at Ashe.

He was sitting very straight and silent, with his eyes on his horses; and there was no movement but the gentle play of his wrists. All the gay carelessness of a minute ago had been left behind with the girls, and he was strangely quiet. Lucy had seen a man drive like that when his horses were badly frightened and his watchfulness was all that could stand between them and being hurled over a hillside to certain death. Why did he drive like that? Was there any such chance to-night? Or was he thinking—thinking—

Kitty's cloak was slipping off his shoulders. Involuntarily, she caught at it, and he glanced at her.

"Bother the thing!" he said. "Oh, thank you. If you could find the buttons——"

And he bent forward a little, his wrists tightening on the reins, while she struggled with the heavy tartan folds of Kitty's cloak and buttoned it nervously under his chin. Just then one of the horses started. Ashe bent suddenly, peering ahead, and his lips almost touched the little cold fingers fumbling about his throat. He straightened himself quickly.

"Thanks," he said shortly.

Lucy sat back, with her head in the air, and her heart fluttering fast. It was the last time Ashe would ask her to drive with him. She knew he was going, soon; and she had been very careless. His cousins would miss him. Well, it was the last time he would ask her to drive with him. Perhaps the old lady she lived with would be a little shocked. Perhaps the horses would run away, and she would be killed. Perhaps—Oh, whatever happened, she did not care!

And Beauchamp, as chaperon, sat behind, with a comical twist on his long, lean, kindly face.

"I'm going on Saturday."

Ashe spoke abruptly, not looking at her, but the horses were rashly cantering down a hill. It grew darker and darker; above them were already glimmering a few dim and distant stars.

"Are you?" But Lucy had known all day.

There was another silence, broken only by the jingle of the harness, and then—

"Why wouldn't you speak to me?"

"I don't know," she said. It was true. She had only understood that it hurt her to watch him and Kitty, a gay and careless pair; and also that she must not betray the trouble that was so dreadfully traitorous in her eyes.

Ashe was driving a little slacker. He looked down at her; in his face that queer light of triumph flickered again, brief and rapid.

"If I hadn't bundled you into the trap," he said, reproachfully, and a little grimly, "I daresay you wouldn't have even said 'Good-bye.' But," with a kind of chuckle, "I've got you safe——"

Crash!

Lucy felt the cart leap beneath her, and there was a gleam of black and steel, lashing up in her eyes.

They had come swinging down the hill and then turned a corner sharply. The horse wheeled with a business-like steadiness; but, as the young mare tried to imitate him, the unfamiliar pole grazed her flank, and she flung up her heels in a panic.

All in a breathless moment Lucy saw the wild, white-rimmed eyes, the shining black plunging creatures, and to her startled gaze the mare's hind leg seemed to lash up within an inch of her face. In her fright, the mare had kicked high over the dash-board, and her leg was caught. It hung inside, close to Lucy's knee. And, while the animal tried to release it by frantic plunges, the other horse watched and quivered. If he were to bolt—!

The girl's first impulse was to lean over and lift the entangled limb: but she had no right to meddle: would Ashe be angry? She was not afraid to wait.

"Never trust a man till—"

She looked up at Ashe and trusted.

Ah, poor Lucy! She learnt then beyond mistaking what had puzzled her in herself. She had kept him at arm's length, believing she did not like him, and all the while—! With a little gasp, she sat still and gazed at the straight, calm figure wrapped in Kitty's cloak.

She was proud to be with him; and it did not much matter if she were killed.

"Steady, old lady, steady!"

The terrified mare heard the quiet voice of her master. With a last effort she freed herself, dragging the dash-board almost flat in the struggle. Then she stood and shivered. . . . Another instant and both horses had started off, restrained in their headlong gallop by his cool grip on the reins. It was over.

"Thank Heaven Kitty wasn't with us!" said Ashe under his breath. And the girl at his side heard that. . . .

Beauchamp was leaning over the back of the cart, watching events. He was looking now curiously at Lucy.

"'Pon my life, Miss Lucy, you're the bravest girl I know. I thought you would have been out like a shot. And if you had screamed—"

"My word, they would have been off!" said Ashe.

Lucy looked up courageously in their faces. They were praising her, as one might praise a child: applauding her for sitting still. Why should they? In that minute of peril she had been happy. Now she was deaf to anything but that eager exclamation, "Thank Heaven Kitty wasn't with us!" Her smile was bitter.

"Don't!" she said, and then, with an effort—"The poor thing looked so very funny!"

They all three laughed, a rather unsteady laugh of relief; and perhaps only Beauchamp guessed at the sob it smothered. His loud "Haw—haw!" covered it altogether, as he gave her a grandfatherly pat on the back.

She laughed with them again, but with a little shudder.

"You're cold?" said Ashe.

He shifted the reins into his right hand, pulled off his cloak, and, putting his left arm round her, attempted to wrap her in it. His manner was almost tender.

"Don't!" she cried, flinging it back impatiently. He looked hurt. Letting the cloak hang over the back of the cart unregarded, he turned to his horses and drove on silently.

"I've been reading a book," said Beauchamp—his voice was solemn and unexpected—"about a misunderstanding. Three volumes of it."

Neither of the two in front paid any attention to him. He went on, conversationally addressing the stars.

"There were two people, you know, and an unfortunate third party. The two got offended with each other in the first chapter. A word or two would have set it right, but they wouldn't talk—till the poor third party could hardly stand it. An awkward flx!"

"What was the title?" asked Lucy, breaking a dreadful pause.

"The title—h'm!—the title? 'A Pair of Geese.'"

"It must have been rather stupid."

Beauchamp was sitting with folded arms, gazing at the stars. He answered the hurried speech in a voice of portentous gravity.

"Very stupid."

"Oh, shut up!" said Ashe.

They had reached the cross-roads, and there were the lights of the houses upon the hill. Lucy stood up suddenly in the cart.

"Stop!" she said. "I'm going to run up the hill."

Ashe pulled up, and flung the reins to Beauchamp.

"I'll walk with you," he said, about to jump down and help her out; but she was already on the ground, and, reaching up to him, she shook hands determinedly.

"No," she said. "Thank you so much for driving me, and—Good-night."

Beauchamp was hauling in the reins with an odd affectation of dread and apprehension, and the horses, still all unstrung, were flinging up their heads. Ashe looked down earnestly at the little defiant figure waiting for them to start.

"Will you let me come and say 'Good-bye'—to-morrow?" he asked, trying to detain her. She pulled her hand out of his.

"Oh, don't trouble," she said fiercely.

"Good-bye, and good luck to you, Mr. Ashe!"

He stared after her in astonishment, while Beauchamp whistled softly. The impatient horses were already off, and mechanically

their driver allowed them to hurry on. He lifted his cap ceremoniously to Lucy and turned to Beauchamp, who had clambered

and she was tired. But she could not bring herself to turn and run up the hill.

Oh, she had been mad to think—so! but she



He was supported unconsciously by her shoulder.

over to his side and was tucking in the rugs philosophically.

"It's all up!" he said, with a little hard laugh; and Beauchamp whistled and held his peace.

Lucy was left standing at the cross-roads.

Up in the trees was the house she lived in; there was a light waiting in her window,

had been undeceived, and she had said "Good-bye" to him desperately. She would never see him again; she did not want to; it had been hard enough to make her little stately speech and draw her hand out of his, turning that he might not see her eyes. It was harder to gaze after him in the dark.

Wistfully she listened, hearing her own heart beat along with the tramp and jingle

that grew more and more distant—that meant his passing out of her life. While she was with him, nothing in the world could have made her afraid, but now a quick nervousness was fighting with the ache at her heart. He was driving with a dangerous carelessness, driving these unstrung, excited horses. If anything were to happen still—

"Oh, God, keep him safe—keep him safe!" she cried with a sob.

All round her were the dim fields and the high, dark hedges. Fainter and fainter grew the tramp of the horses in the hush of the summer night. It was more like an irregular gallop now, as her straining ears caught its rhythm. Ah! why had she let him come round that way? Why had she let him bring her? If he were hurt, she would die!

What was that?

A sudden pause in the distant gallop—a kicking and plunging—and then a crash!

Her heart gave a passionate leap of terror and almost stopped. Then she sprang to the grass—stumbled, and began to run desperately.

On she dashed, running, running until the hedges parted, and she saw the horses racing towards her. They had shied, leapt round, and bolted. Nearer and nearer they came in their terrible rush of fear.

She flung herself at them with a wild heedlessness of peril, but they swerved and rushed past her mad endeavour. And she saw that the driver's high seat was empty.

The catch at her heart was awful, but, fighting it, she ran on.

Something was lying in the grass, as if it had been flung there, as if—! Oh, it was a man's figure, lying in dreadful quiet! And she knew that it was Ashe.

She flew to his side with a cry, like a little wild mother-bird.

"Oh, my boy!—oh, my boy!—are you dead?"

The heart-breaking cry aroused him. He lifted his head—her arm was already under it; he was supported unconsciously by her shoulder while staggering to his feet.

"I'm a little dazed, I think," he said. And then—"Lucy—Lucy!"

His arms caught her and held her fast, and she sobbed out her terror against his heart.

"Hi! Hullo there! Alive, old chap?"

Beauchamp came leading the runaway horses solemnly up the road. They had run up against a haystack, and he had thus got the upper hand. With a shout of triumph he pulled up and peered at the two figures dimly visible in the dark.

"What's that? A ghost? Why, it's our late passenger! Oh, you should have seen him, Miss Lucy, shot like a stone from a catapult! Did you pick him up?"

"I—I was afraid," said Lucy.

Beauchamp spared her the necessity of explaining.

"Afraid? Were you the rash thing that tried to stop us? Not much afraid! That was what sent them into the haystack."

There was a queer twinkle in his eye, as he watched the two, while pretending to fix the harness, but his talk was loud and unconscious.

I say, Ashe, weren't you thanking goodness that your cousin Kitty was not with us to set up a hullabaloo? You'd better do it again. If we'd been blessed with such an arrant coward—"

"Oh!" said Lucy, with a small gasp of understanding.

Beauchamp had climbed back into the battered cart. He was calling for Ashe to jump in; but he did not look at them while they said "Good-night."

Lucy awoke with a strange bewilderment in the morning. All last night was a wild confusion of fear and happiness, and she was dizzy with dreams. Was it, perhaps, all a dream of the dark? And, oh!—had he got safely back?

That uncertainty was more than she could bear. It grew and grew until it was a terror. At last she ran down the hill to the post-office. The woman there was beginning to think of breakfast. She dropped her kettle and stared as Lucy came running in.

"I want to send a telegram," she said. Her cheeks were scarlet, but her eyes were anxious. If she had not dreamed it all, as she might, alas! there was the dreadful chance of another accident afterwards. It would break her heart to wait idle, imagining—and Beauchamp was to be trusted. He had been kind to her all her life, in his boisterous, joking way. No big brother could be more discreet than he. To Beauchamp, then, she wrote hurriedly—"Are you all safe?" handing over the slip with shaking fingers.

"I'll wait for the answer," she said, her own face all white with expectation.

Click, click, click! Oh, it must be real! Last night's fear came back to her with a rush. Had it not haunted her all night long, ruining the dreams that were strange and sweet? These awful horses! If they had killed him, after all!

Click, click, click! Had she lived already through half a morning of utter fear?

"The answer, Miss Lucy."

She caught it up hurriedly, then hardly dared to read—

"All right. No more callisthenics. Congratulations!"

The girl looked up, a wild scarlet suddenly in her cheeks. And then she saw Ashe riding eagerly up the hill.

R. RAMSAY.

On Christmas Morn.

Words by the late GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Music by WILLIAM CRESER, D.Mus., Oxon.

Con anima.

(Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.)

1. On Christ-mas morn, When Christ was born, Was heard a song of peace and
 2. That song, we know, Sung years a - go, Was sweet-est ca - rol ev - er

love; So full and strong, The per - fect song Of an - gel-throng From
 heard; And thro' the year We all may hear An e - cho clear Of

heav'n a - bove, Of an - gel-throng From heav'n a - bove.
 ev - 'ry word, An e - cho clear Of ev - 'ry word.

3.

And now to-day
 It seems to say,
 'To each of us, "Let discord cease;
 Put by your fears,
 Your griefs and tears,
 While in your ears
 I tell of peace!"

4.

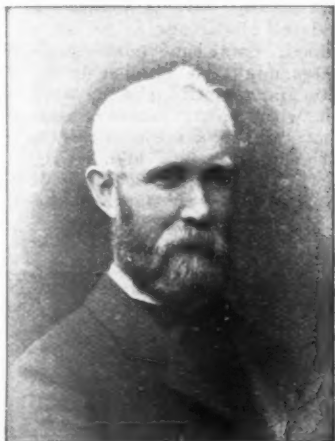
And on this morn,
 When Christ was born,
 Let all to Him an offering make;
 A victory won,
 A good deed done,
 Some work begun
 For His dear sake,

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

SOME SCOTTISH WORTHIES.

SCOTSMEN have certainly no need to be ashamed of the part which they have played in the making of temperance history. Some of the best workers and most honoured leaders of the cause have been born and bred in Scotland. Their roaming propensities have been of especial value to



(Photo: Stuart, Glasgow.)

MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

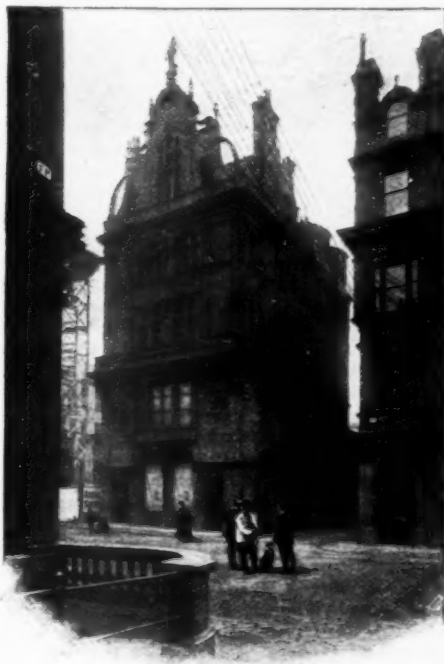
(Secretary of the Scottish Temperance League.)

the progress of temperance work, and a close examination of the authentic records of any old-established temperance society in our large towns will reveal the fact that Scotland has generally had a fair share in the building up of the society. Of temperance work in Scotland itself one cannot but admire the steady perseverance with which it has been sustained during the past seventy years. Juvenile temperance work, for example, had a munificent leader in John Hope, of Edinburgh. Under his inspiring direction there arose a band of young abstainers unmatched in any part of the Queen's dominions. Educational temperance work has received a magnificent backing from the Scottish Temperance League in Glasgow; and in the same city Legislative temperance work has been kept constantly before the public eye by the unswerving and persevering endeavours of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association. What an illustrious list of distinguished

workers stands to the credit of Scottish temperance story! To jot down a few, not at all as exhaustive or in the order of precedence, we may name John Dunlop, Robert Kettle, Robert Gray Mason, Dr. William Reid, Robert Reid, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, John McGavin, Robert Smith, the Rev. J. A. Johnston, Sir William Collins, Robert Rae, and William Logan. Every name will recall phases of work done with a thoroughness and self-denial not often touched by many of those whom the world honours as heroes.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

This widely known institution was founded on the 5th of November, 1844. Its first Secretary was Mr. Robert Reid, who was succeeded in 1846 by Mr. Robert Rae (the present highly esteemed secretary of the National Temperance League). In 1853 Mr.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, GLASGOW.

Rae was followed by Mr. J. B. Robertson, who was succeeded in 1854 by John S. Marr, who retired in 1863, when Mr. William Johnston, the present holder of the office, was appointed. He was previously for seven

has been of great help in disseminating sound teaching, and its accomplished editor, Mr. James Finlayson, has only recently retired after the long service of thirty-five years. The jubilee of the League was commemorated in 1894 by the erection of the splendid building in Glasgow of which we give an illustration.



(Photo: H. R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.)

THE REV. GEORGE GLADSTONE.

years a travelling lecturer of the League, so has been an officer of the society for the long stage of forty-three years. At a very early period in its history the League commenced the publication of temperance literature, and this department of its work has made its name a household word. All the world knows that the late Mrs. Henry Wood was started on her successful career as a novelist by gaining a prize of one hundred pounds, offered by the League, for the best tale depicting the evils of intemperance. "Danesbury House" was the result, and, although this famous book made its first appearance so far back as 1800, it is still selling as well as ever, and has just taken a new lease of life in a sixpenny issue for popular distribution. The late Mrs. Clara L. Balfour's attractive tale, "The Burnish Family," the late Professor Miller's standard volume, "Alcohol: Its Place and Power," and the late Dr. Guthrie's powerful work, "The City: Its Sins and its Sorrows," may be named as among the notable publications first issued by the League. Its weekly periodical, *The League Journal*,

THE SCOTTISH PERMISSIVE BILL AND TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This vigorous body was founded in 1858, and it has been a powerful factor in forming public opinion in favour of restrictive legislation. The President is Mr. John Wilson, M.P. for Govan. He is a native of Paisley, and had the misfortune to be left an orphan in boyhood. Some time ago he said the secret of success might be summed up in "Diligent attention and application to the work on hand, coupled with thrift, honesty, and sobriety; but, above all, godly principles as the outcome of faith in a living, loving, and seeking Saviour." The energetic Secretary of the Association is Mr. Robert Mackay, who has held



(Photo: Warnock, Glasgow.)

MR. JOHN WILSON, M.P.

the office since 1862. In his early manhood he was engaged in the liquor traffic, but the perusal of a tract led him to sign the pledge in 1854—a step which he has never regretted. Mr. Mackay is an old hand at parliamentary

elections, and there can be little doubt that the position of the Scottish electorate with regard to the Direct Popular Veto is largely due to his earnest labours. The Association publishes a weekly paper, *The Reformer*, which has deservedly secured a very large circulation.

A POPULAR ORATOR.

The Rev. George Gladstone, of Glasgow, has long held a foremost place in the ranks of temperance workers. He has taken a leading part among the Good Templars, and was, in fact, among the earliest members of the Order in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone's gifts of oratory cause his services to be in constant request, and he is heard to advantage when addressing such large audiences as assemble in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or the Town Hall, Birmingham. He is a frequent contributor to the press, and by his consistent and faithful labours has done very much to raise the tone of temperance advocacy. Mr. Gladstone is a highly esteemed minister of the Evangelical Union Church.

A DEVOTED IRISH WORKER.

Mrs. Margaret Byers, the founder and honoured Principal of the well-known Victoria College for Ladies, Belfast, has been prominently identified with the temperance movement in Ireland for considerably over a quarter of a century. She is a lady of many and varied gifts, and has been a total abstainer all her life. Mrs. Byers has taken a leading part in the work of the Irish Women's Temperance Union, and has been a warm supporter of the Prison Gate Mission from its foundation. It would be impossible to measure the far-reaching influence of her consecrated life, and it goes without saying that she occupies a warm place in the affections of her fellow-citizens. Women workers in all parts of the kingdom may be found who date their interest in Christian temperance work from the time when they were brought within the spell of Mrs. Byers' attractive personality.

COMING EVENTS.

The arrangements for the World's Temperance Congress in London next summer are being pushed forward with steady application by Mr. Robert Rae, the veteran Secretary of the National Temperance League. A special Consultative Conference of representatives of the leading organisations interested will be held in Sion College on December 4th. On December 8th, in the same place, Mr. J. Louis

Fenn will give a new lecture on the Royal Commission Report, illustrated with dissolving views. The Central Temperance Legislation Board has determined to convene several conferences in various parts of the country early in the new year, with the view of "spreading the light" as to the work of the Royal Commission. The annual meetings of the Irish Temperance League will be held in Belfast on January 23rd and 24th. On



(Photo: Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.)

MRS. BYERS.

February 26th the London Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society will hold a public demonstration in Exeter Hall. A congress on alcohol will be held in Paris from April 4th to 11th. Dr. Legrain will preside, and many distinguished men of science have signified their interest in the project. The Church of England Temperance Society Fête at the Crystal Palace has been definitely fixed for May 12th. The National Temperance Fête will be held at the same place on July 11th. A Twentieth Century Pledge-Signing Crusade, with the view of gaining a million fresh adherents to the pledge in 1900 and 1901, will give ample opportunity to every temperance worker to lend a helping hand.



A PARABLE-STORY
FOR CHILDREN LITTLE AND BIG.



NCE upon a time there was a little girl named Hefty, and she lived where the land ends and the sea begins, with only a ragged edge of rocks between. On a Monday morning early, when she had washed up the breakfast dishes and her father had sailed so far out in his fishing boat that he looked no bigger than a seagull, Hefty left the little log cottage and sat down on a rock with her brown legs dangling in the water. She was very busy knitting herself a pair of stockings, but she kept one eye on the fishing rod lying by her side, and every two or three minutes she had to put down her knitting and pull up one of those stupid fat bass that came swimming up to be caught. Presently there was a long pause—all the bass in the sea seemed to have been stowed away in Hefty's basket—but at last a trembling little tug came at the line, and this time it was a graceful grey pollock she pulled out. It was so pretty, and begged so hard for its life, that Hefty took the hook out of its mouth as gently as she could and dropped the little fish into the water. And then a strange thing happened. As Miss Pollock darted away in a great fright, too frightened at first to feel the toothache that the hook had given her, a long, lithe fish flashed out from under a rock like a streak of red lightning. Its scales were all a shining ruddy gold colour. This gorgeous creature

swam round and round the poor little grey fish, stroking its sides and fondling it like a mother for an instant; then they darted away together out to sea, and Hefty dived in and swam after them. Hefty had forgotten that she had a frock on, but it was a common, everyday frock, such as little girls constantly forget all about on dry land when they want to climb trees like their brothers and make mud-pies for their dolls. What surprised her more, when she came to think about it afterwards, was that she forgot almost everything she had ever remembered. She just felt as if she would like to go where the golden fish was taking the grey one; and go she would, and go she did. Now Hefty had known how to swim ever since she was smaller than small, and she had often tried to see how long she could stay under water. Generally she had to come up to breathe in about a minute; but this time, somehow, she just swam on and on without wanting to come up at all.

"It's very funny," she thought at last. "I wonder whether I've turned into a fish? But then I'd have fins instead of arms. Perhaps I'm a mermaid." And she looked back over her shoulder to see if her feet had turned into a tail. No, there were her two brown little feet and her ten brown little toes, all complete.

Just then Mr. Goldshine stopped and waited for Hefty to catch him up. "I wouldn't dawdle behind, if I were you," he said, in a smooth, deep voice, "because some of the big ones bite." Then she noticed that a whole crowd of fishes were swimming along beside them—and behind them and above them and below them, too—fishes of all shapes and sizes: some nearly as fat and round as balls, and some nearly as thin and long as pencils; some

gentle and innocent as Miss Pollock herself, and some so great and greedy-looking, with so many horrid teeth, that she knew at once they must be sharks.

"Keep close by me, my dear," Mr. Goldshine went on, "and none of them will touch you. We're almost there."

"Where?" asked Hefty.

"Atlantis Hospital," said the fine gentleman; and in another minute he was swimming into the mouth of a beautiful coral cave. It was much lighter in here than out in the deep sea they had been swimming through, for about a thousand millions of sea-glow-worms were dotted over the walls and roof and floor, and shining just as hard as ever they could shine; and sometimes they shone red, and sometimes blue, and sometimes yellow, and sometimes green, and sometimes purple, and sometimes all the colours of the rainbow together, just like fireworks.

It was not just one big cave, but a lot of caves, big and little, leading out of each other in all directions, so that Hefty never could have found the right way if she had not kept close to Mr. Goldshine as he turned and twisted to right and left and up and down and in and out. She noticed that each cave she passed through was full of a different kind of fish, mostly floating still in the water, but some lying on the sandy floor with their eyes shut; and in each cave a handsome big fellow like Mr. Goldshine was swimming busily about as if he was taking charge of all the rest.

"Now, then," said Mr. Goldshine, giving Hefty a nudge with his tail, "we'll be at the Doctor's in two strokes. Lie as flat as you can, and hide your hooks and eyes, and don't speak when you're spoken to."

"Why not?" asked Hefty.

"Because they might ask who your father is, and you mustn't tell a lie, and you'd better not tell the truth—that's all!"

Then he whisked away so fast that Hefty did not catch him up till he was swimming out through a red coral arch. "Oh, oh!" said Hefty; "I never did!" If she meant that she had never seen anything like it, she was right, for nothing like it had ever been seen before by any little girl that ever lived. She was in a great big basin like the crater of a volcano, or a Roman amphitheatre. The sides were all made of white coral fretwork, with a bright green flame of seaweed waving from every corner. All round the edge, at the top, grew trees of seaweed blazing golden red; and glowing sprigs of the same colour sprang up around the hundred archways through which a hundred Goldshines were leading processions of patients to see the Doctor. Yes, and there, floating in the very middle of the illuminated water, was the Doctor Fish

himself. He was dressed like Hefty's friend, only his burnished red-gold scales shone twice as bright, and he looked ever so much wiser, and he was quite ten times as big.

The Doctor Fish looked at a list that was written on the back of a crab, and then called out with a voice like a musical waterfall, "Arctic regions first!"

"Please, sir," said Mr. Goldshine, "they're all whales and walruses, and they will frighten the others."

"That won't do," said the Doctor; "I'll take the little fish first and get them out of the way before the sharks are admitted; and monsters must wait till the last. Now then, Number Two!"

The crab scuttled away and buried itself in the sand, and another crab heaved itself out of the sand, and swam zig-zagging up till its back was in front of the Doctor's eye.

"Canada next," said the Doctor. "Well, my dear," he went on as the little grey pollock came up to be examined, "you are suffering from angular maxillary laceration. Rub your cheek twice on my second left-hand fin, and then repose for three days in Pollock Ward. In future, when you see a wrinkle without a shell hanging to the end of a string, have nothing whatever to do with it, my dear."

"Thank you, sir," said Miss Pollock in a silvery rippling voice; "and I should like to thank this young lady, too, for taking the horrid sticking wrinkle out of my mouth and putting me back into the sea."

Hefty blushed as red as coral, for she knew how the hook got into Miss Pollock's mouth.

"Don't blush quite so red," said the Doctor; "you make us all look pale. I know what you are thinking of; but our motto is: 'One good turn wipes out a bad one.' Now, young lady, though you are not fortunate enough to be a fish, just tell me what's the matter and I'll try to cure you."

Hefty was just going to say there was nothing the matter with her, but she remembered Mr. Goldshine's advice and held her tongue.

"I see," said the Doctor; "it's a case of dumbness. What you need is a good shock. One of my bodyguard will oblige you presently. Next patient!"

"Who are his bodyguard?" whispered Hefty when she had got back to Mr. Goldshine.

"Electric eels," said he; "and when they touch you you feel as if you had been turned inside out and then blown to pieces—like him."

"Like which?" Hefty began. "Oh, poor fellow!" she went on. "Where has his body gone?"

By this time the Doctor had disposed of all his Canadian and other North American patients, and Crab No. 4 had come up with "West Indies" in raised letters at the top of the list on his back.

"Where have you left the rest of yourself?" the Doctor said, as a big moony face floated up with no neck or body behind it.

"I was running up the mouth of a river in Cuba," the face replied, "because the big floating-irons were banging away so loud that the mermaids couldn't hear each other gossip; and I met a stiff, proud fellow, something like one of your worship's bodyguard, and as soon as I rubbed noses with him, a sea-quake happened and he burst in pieces; and so did I, but I didn't make anything like so much noise about it. And ever since then I've been so hungry, no matter how much I eat; so I've just come to ask your worship for a new body."

"Very well," said the Doctor Fish. "Goldshine, call down the sharks."

Up went Mr. Goldshine like a blazing rocket, till he was out of sight; and all the little fishes began shivering and shaking, so that the water trembled like hot air. And when Mr. Goldshine plunged down again from the upper sea with a regiment of sharks behind him, showing their teeth like Cheshire cats, all the little fishes turned tail and vanished into the red coral archways.

"Which of you has eaten most men?" asked the Doctor Fish.

And all the sharks but one shouted "ME!"

So the Doctor Fish questioned each of them in turn, and he found that none of the shouting sharks had eaten nearly so many people as the one that said nothing. And the reason he said nothing was that he had eaten three men and a boy that very day, and they belonged to the navy and wore brass buttons, and that was why he had had to come to the doctor.

"Call the head Sawfish!" said the Doctor. And the head Sawfish darted in and raced up to the greedy shark, and "buzz" went the saw and off came the shark's head in a twinkling. Then the moony face stuck itself on to the shark's body, and looked uncommonly foolish and happy for a minute, and after that it looked very miserable indeed.

"I'm much obliged," said the face; "and it's a very nice body, I'm sure, but there seems to be something the matter inside it."

"Indigestion," said the Doctor. "Can't be helped, you know. It will pass off in a week or two."

The melancholy face was swimming awkwardly away with its overloaded body, when suddenly all the sharks turned their eyes up, and their teeth began chattering with a sound like "crackerackerack." There was only one beast that could frighten them as they frightened the other fishes, and that was the Great Sea-Serpent himself; and here he was—or rather here was one end of him, the end where the mouth was, that could

swallow ten sharks at once. From the way he was hanging, head downwards, Hefty supposed his tail must be waving near the top of the water, three miles up.

The Doctor Fish neither winked nor turned a scale, for nothing could frighten him. "Now then," he said, quite roughly, "what's the matter with you, coming here again so soon? Wounded vanity, I suppose. Nobody talking about you just now, eh?"

"Nobody," grumbled the Great Sea-Serpent; and the sound was like a big lake bubbling in a giant's saucepan. "And it's all your fault, telling me to keep out of people's sight for fear I should scare them. I tell you I'm going to show myself just whenever I like. What do I care about doctor's orders?"

The Doctor said not a word, but he gave one sharp little wag of his tail. At that sign his whole bodyguard of electric eels, who had been hovering just below him like a black cloud in the water, swarmed up like a flight of angry bees and stung the disrespectful Sea-Serpent till he yelled out that he would be good and do exactly what he was told.

"Be off with you, then," said the Doctor Fish, "and keep at least five miles under water till I send for you. You'll find a valley near Kamtschatka that is just about deep enough."

The Great Sea-Serpent, looking very glum, began to back out of the terrible presence without a word; but he had hardly gone twenty feet when he gave a start and a yell as if the bodyguard had attacked him again, "Oh, my poor tail!" he screamed; "please tell them to leave it alone."

"Clumsy creature!" said the Doctor. "I suppose you've left your tail waving up in the air and some poor ship has run against it. Curl yourself down out of sight, and if you dare to go near the surface again I'll tie you up in such a tangle of knots that you can't undo yourself in a hundred years."

Just at that moment a sea-snake came whizzing down from the upper waters, as straight and quick as an arrow. "If you please, Doctor," it said in a frightened whisper, "Old Clumsy's tail has upset a ship, and ever so many men are coming down here."

"That won't do at all," said the Doctor Fish.

"Up with you, snakes, and carry them back."

"Yes, Doctor," said the sea-snake, "but the sharks have got the start of us." And so they had, every greedy one of them.

Then the Doctor got dreadfully angry, and lashed out with his glowing tail till the water seemed on fire. The bodyguard sprang up with a rush, and were out of sight in a moment. Hefty followed them as fast as she could. Before she got half-way up she heard a tremendous squealing, and saw the sharks tumbling down through the water rolling over and over with their tails between their

flms, and the electric eels butting and shocking them savagely.

The Captain of the bodyguard stopped the chase when he saw Hefty, and said, in a friendly way: "They won't want to eat anything but seaweed for a week, after that. Don't you think it was rather neatly done, my dear? Oh, but I forgot you were dumb. Let me give you the Doctor's prescription, miss."

Hefty jumped back. "Oh, please don't!" she said. "I'm not *very* dumb, you know, *really*."

"Well," said Captain Eel, "that's curious. You look exactly like the dumb things that come floating down whenever the air is rough. And here they are—dozens of them!"

Sure enough, here came the people from the ship that Old Clumsy's tail had upset—floating down, down, down. But here came the sea-snakes to meet them, and a couple of snakes twined their tails round the arms of each man, and pulled him up, and up, and up.

"Dumb as jelly-fish," the Captain went on, "and fast asleep!"

Hefty was terribly frightened, for she knew what that kind of sleep was. "Won't you, please, try and wake them up?" she asked.

"I don't mind trying," said the Captain, "but we've often tried before, and it's no use; at least, not down here."

So the bodyguard went on up, close behind the snakes; and when they got to the top, and the snakes let go, the electric eels gently touched the men's hands, and the men began to move; and then the eels touched them again, and the men coughed the water out of their mouths and shouted for help. Then people came in boats from a big steamer that was passing, and took the men on board, and when they spied Hefty they wanted to take her on board too; but she dived out of sight in a great hurry, so they went back to the ship and said they had nearly caught a mermaid.

The reason why Hefty was in such a hurry was that she had caught sight of the sun, and it was nearly setting; and she suddenly remembered that her father would be coming home soon for his supper. So without looking for the sea-snakes or the bodyguard, or trying to say good-bye to the Doctor Fish, she swam home as fast as ever she could. She had nearly reached the shore when she saw a dark something swishing along over-

head, and she knew it was her father's boat. "Rather late for a swim, isn't it, little daughter?" said her father, when Hefty climbed on board. "But it has been a hot afternoon, hasn't it? So after supper we'll sit out on the rocks, and you can spin me a yarn."

And this is the yarn she spun.

For a long time after Hefty went to sleep that night, her father sat at the door, listening to the music of the rippling waves and



The disrespectful Sea-Serpent yelled out.

the rustling trees; and as he was a bit of a poet, like many a fisherman before him, his thoughts ran into rhyme like this:

"I dropt a dream-line into the sea,
Baited with children's wishes;
It brought a story back to me,
With wonders many and lessons three,
Caught among fairy fishes.

"First lesson—that a fish can feel,
And so can beast and bird.
It's easier to hurt than heal—
That is the second. If you do wrong,
You've got to suffer before very long—
And that is lesson the third."

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

DECEMBER 17TH.—Birth of St. John the Baptist.

Passage for reading.—*St. Luke i. 3-25.*



- POINTS.**
1. Godly parents receive blessing from God.
 2. True greatness consists not in birth, riches, or intellect, but in character and usefulness.
 3. The Holy Ghost the Giver of all graces.
 4. Unbelief the worst of all sins.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Mothers' Prayers. Some gentlemen in America who were in training to become ministers of the Gospel felt interested in finding out how many of their number had godly mothers. They were greatly surprised and delighted to find that out of a hundred and twenty students more than a hundred had been blessed by a mother's prayers and guided by a mother's counsels in seeking after God.

Greatness shown in little Things. A poet once wrote of his gentle wife:

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

The same is illustrated in this story. A gentleman was once walking behind a well-dressed girl, and thought to himself, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her clothes?" A poor old man was coming up the road with a loaded barrow, and just before he reached the girl he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the girl; springing lightly forward; "I will hold the gate open." She did so, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," thought the gentleman, "for she has a beautiful spirit."

Unbelief. Unbelief among sins, says an old writer, is as the plague among diseases, the most dangerous of all; but when unbelief, as it often does, gives way to despair, it is as the plague with the tokens appearing that bring the certain message of death with them. Unbelief is despair in the bud, and despair is unbelief at its full growth. We walk by faith, not by sight, and faith is just taking God at His word.

DECEMBER 24TH.—The Birth of Jesus Christ.

Passage for reading.—*St. Matt. i. 18-25.*

POINTS. 1. The names of God's Son. *Jesus*, the Saviour from sin. *Christ*, the Anointed One (Acts x. 38), as

Prophet to teach, Priest to offer Himself as sacrifice, King to reign over His people. *Emmanuel*, God with us, come to dwell on earth.

2. The kingdom of God's Son. Not an earthly, but heavenly one.
3. The Word of God in prophecy—true, and must be fulfilled.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Christ stooping to save. A mother wan and pale through incessant watchings by the bedside of her sick child; the fireman maimed for life in bravely rescuing lives from a burning building; the three hundred Spartans defending the pass at Thermopylae; Howard, the philanthropist, dying of fever caught in dungeons while on his mission of mercy; the Moravian missionaries willingly going to live and die in the African leper houses; all these and many other glorious instances of self-devotion do but faintly shadow forth the love of Him, Jesus our Saviour, who laid His glory by and humbled Himself even to the death of the cross.

Greatness of Christ's Love. When Lysander was in favour with Cyrus, that great king presented him with vast sums of money and made him large promises of more. So vast was the monarch's esteem for his subject that he told him he would be willing to melt down the very throne of massive gold on which he sat to administer justice if there were no other way to show the appreciation in which he held him. Noble generosity as this was, it does not match the greatness of the gift of Christ. It was not His throne, nor His crown, nor His kingdom merely, but Himself that He gave; not simply to show His love to those who had done Him a great service worthy of such grace, but to those who had rebelled against the authority of His Father, despised His laws, and reviled His mercy.

DECEMBER 31ST.—Christ's Second Coming.

Passage for reading.—*St. Matt. xxiv. 23-42.*

POINTS. 1. The destruction of Jerusalem typical of the Judgment in three ways. Both preceded by false prophets and general distress. The eagle—standard of the Roman army—a type of the sign of the Son of Man. Both events certain but unexpected, except to those who watched.

2. The world thinks only of the present, and regards not the future.
3. The certainty of Christ's coming and of the Judgment.
4. The duty of all to watch and be ready.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Judge of all the Earth. It is reported of a Hungarian king that, being on a time extremely dejected, he was asked the cause of it by his brother. "Oh," said he, "I have been a

great sinner against God, and know not how I shall appear before Him in judgment." His brother ridiculed these thoughts as too melancholy, and as unworthy a moment's place in the breast of a king. The king then made no further reply; but it was customary in that country that if the executioner sounded a trumpet at any man's door he was presently to be led forth to execution. The king, at midnight, sent the trumpeter to sound an alarm at his brother's door, which so terrified him that he ran to the king with a trembling heart, a pale and frightened countenance, and besought him to tell him how he had offended him. "Oh, brother," said the king, "you have never displeased me, but if the sight of my executioner be so dreadful in your eyes, what must the sight of God's coming judgment be in mine?"

Similitude of the Last Judgment. There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterises the judgment of the Great Day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before going in.

JANUARY 7TH, 1900.—Visit of the Wise Men; Flight into Egypt.

Passage for reading—*St. Matt. ii. 1-15.*

- POINTS. 1. The Wise Men followed the guiding light, and found Jesus.
2. The Wise Men gave Christ their best—their devotion and their gifts.
3. We must give Him the gold of ourselves, the incense of our prayers, the myrrh of our affections.
4. God's providence protects God's children.

ILLUSTRATIONS. True Riches. A nobleman in the North of England once said to a friend who accompanied him on a walk, "These beautiful grounds, as far as your eye can reach, those forests of valuable timber on the mountain side, and those vast mines full of precious metals, all belong to me. Yonder powerful steam engines obtain the produce of my mines, and those ships convey my wealth to other parts of the kingdom." "Well, my lord," his friend replied, "do you see yonder small cottage that seems but a speck on your estate? There dwells a poor woman who can say more than all this, for she can say, 'Christ is mine.' She was once ignorant of all religious truth, but she sought the guiding light, which brought her to the Saviour. In a few years you must give up your possessions, for you can carry nothing away with you when you die; but when she leaves this world she will enter upon a far nobler inheritance than your lordship now possesses—an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away—reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

Spirit of Giving. Three resolutions were once passed at a missionary meeting of coloured people.
(1) That all should give something. (2) That all

should give according to their means. (3) That all should give willingly. Among those who came forward to make their offerings was a rich old man, who put down a small silver coin. "Take that back," said the chairman; "that is according to the first, but not the second resolution." One after another came up and made their offerings; till the old man could stand it no longer, and, going up to the table, he threw down a sovereign, saying somewhat angrily, "There, take that." "No," said the chairman, "that won't do either. It may be according to the first and second resolutions, but not the third." At last he came up with a smile and gave a much larger gift. "That is all right," said the chairman. "It is according to all the resolutions. God loveth a cheerful giver." The best we can give God is ourselves.

JANUARY 11TH.—The Child Jesus visits Jerusalem.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke ii. 41-52.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ's eagerness to be taught.
2. Christ's love for God's house.
3. Christ's submission to His earthly parents.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Henry Martyn. It is told of this celebrated missionary that when at college he never lost an hour. But at that time every moment was spent in seeking honour for himself. When, however, he had won the highest honour—that of Senior Wrangler—he was disappointed in finding that he had only grasped a shadow. A friend one day told him that he ought to study not for the praise of men, but that he might be better fitted to promote the glory of God. He thought this strange at the time; but a change came over him—a change of heart—and he resolved to "seek first the Kingdom of God." He became a minister of God, and, although he might have risen to posts of honour and distinction at home, he chose rather to be a missionary to the heathen. He sacrificed home, comfort, health, earthly love, and at last life itself, that he might tell the heathen of the true God and Jesus Christ, God's Son. He studied hard, and before he died had translated the Scriptures into the Persian language. He lived and he died in favour with God and man.

Love for God's House. I spent a year, forty years ago, in a native village in the North Island of New Zealand. There were about six hundred Maoris in the place who had been taught the Christian religion by a resident missionary who afterwards became Archbishop. There was one thing about their lives which specially struck me, and that was their love for God's house. They had built their own large and handsome church some years before, and ornamented it with their beautiful wood-carving; and they used it well both for worship and for hearing the Word of God. On Sundays there were crowded congregations, mostly clad in English dress, but some few in their old Maori cloaks. At the end of morning service there were Bible classes for old and young of both sexes. The same thing happened every day throughout the year. I have often seen spades piled in the porch while the owners were in church before going to work as early as five in the morning. These simple Christians loved God, and therefore they loved to pray in God's house, and to learn out of God's Word (Rev. J. W. Gedge).

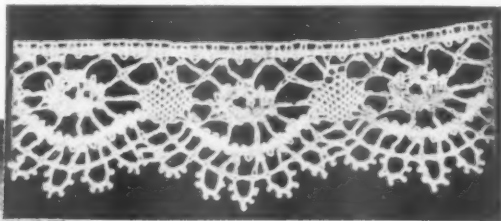
SHORT TO ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Ninety-five Years at a Trade.

IT is not altogether uncommon to meet old folk who have reached their hundredth year, so that Mrs. Berrington, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, cannot claim notoriety on account of her age alone. But she is probably the only woman living who can boast that she has worked at a trade for ninety-five years. Born in July, 1800, the old lady has lived all her days in Howard's model parish of Cardington, near Bedford, one of the rural centres of the pillow lace industry. Ninety years ago, and long

since then, lace-making was a paying trade, the women often earning at the pillow more than their husbands earned at the plough. Mrs. Berrington's parents were not so poor as some of their neighbours, yet her father—a prudent and thrifty old man—insisted upon her being set early to work, so that she would have something to



(Photo: Sidney C. Moyes, Kington.)

A SPECIMEN OF NANCY'S WORK.



(Photo: Sidney C. Moyes, Kington.)

"OLD NANCY" AND HER DAUGHTER.

fall back upon if any mishap should befall him. So at the age of four she was put to the pillow. During all the ninety-five years that have since flown by she has been working regularly at her craft. Those who have not seen this kind of lace made can hardly have an idea of how many hundreds of thousands of turns, crosses, and twists have to be given to the threads in the making of a few yards; yet the old lady, even now, follows an intricate pattern with ease, and without the aid of spectacles. In her younger days, and till quite lately, she was a regular attendant at the parish church; but now that age has crept upon her she oftener attends the chapel near her house. The lace photographed above was cut from a piece made by her a few weeks ago, and upon this she will probably work till the end of her days. During the year numbers of people who happen to be passing through the village call to see "Old Nancy," as she is known; and samples of lace made by "an old woman in her hundred" have

found their way to places more remote than Land's End or John o' Groat's. Patterns like this would have fetched two shillings a yard when she was young; now the times have changed, and, thanks to Nottingham and its machines, it has to be made for sixpence, material included. "Nancy," though she has reached her hundredth year, has scarcely a grey hair on her head, and when she was already ninety-eight she walked home from Bedford, over three miles, because the carrier would not start, and "dawdled about," as she quaintly put it. Even now she is quite firm of foot, and is always ready to get over the fence bordering the path to her cottage to pick flowers from her garden for a visitor.

A Hall of Peace.

THE "House in the Wood," a small Dutch royal palace near the city of The Hague, has perhaps had more attention drawn to it this year than any other palace in Europe. Certain it is that it will be famous for all time as the place where the delegates of the various Powers assembled for the momentous Peace Conference brought about on the initiative of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias. No quieter or prettier situation could have been selected for the purpose, for the palace is in the midst of an extensive and natural wood on the road to Haarlem. It was built in 1647 by Princess Amalie of Solms, grandmother of our William III. The chief interest centres on the Orange Hall, which is a large apartment of octagonal shape, surmounted by a lofty cupola. The walls are literally covered with paintings, all of an allegorical character. Nine artists—all pupils of Rubens—were employed for four years by the aforesaid Princess in executing these paintings, which really depict scenes in the life of her husband, Prince Frederick. The story commences at his birth, and goes on to his death in 1647. The finest of all is that of the "triumphal entry" of the Prince into the realms of bliss. This was the work of Jordaens, and it shows all the brilliant transparency of Rubens' colouring. It will be remembered that "The Peace of Munster" was the

outcome of the victorious warfare of the brave Prince Frederick; and an appropriate inscription which is engraved in the hall was particularly applicable to the purpose for which the delegates met: "The greatest victory is that by which peace is won." If the Conference has not done all that



THE SCENE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

(The Orange Hall at the "House in the Wood.")

was hoped for, it has considerably advanced the cause of Christianity and common humanity by its decision on the Arbitration question; and has, let us hope, established a precedent for future International Conferences, the outcome of which will still further tend to diminish war and advance peace.

For Old and Young.

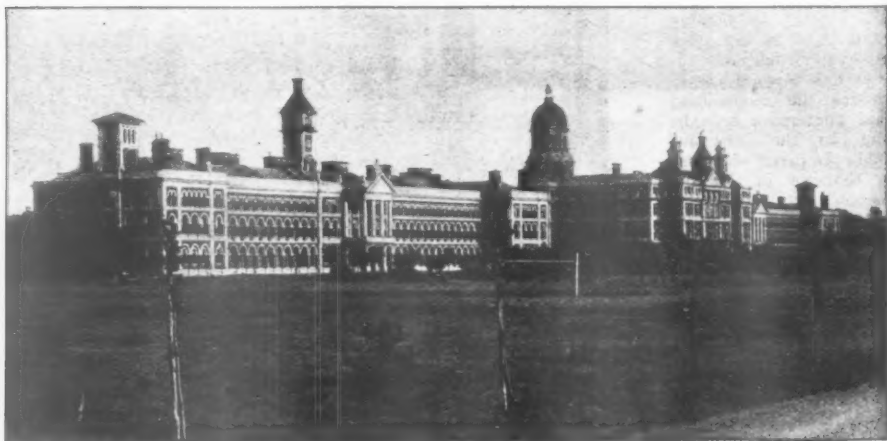
THE giving of prizes and the exchanging of presents, at this season of kindly goodwill, are among the most pleasing features of the Christmas festivities. We have received several volumes suitable for such distribution, which we can heartily

commend to parents, teachers, and others; prominent amongst which may be cited Mr. Andrew Lang's "Red Book of Animal Stories" (Longmans), which is crowded with fascinating tales and graphic illustrations. For the very little ones what could be more acceptable than Dr. Barnardo's volume of "Bubbles," with its varied contents and numerous coloured pictures?—whilst any boy would be more than delighted to receive Mr. G. A. Henty's attractive volume of "Yule-Tide Yarns" (Longmans), written in that author's well-known robust and healthy style. Miss Amy Le Feuvre's charming story of little Dimple, which is issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton under the title "Roses," will interest any young girl into whose hands it is placed; and children of a larger growth who enjoy stories devoid of sensational incidents, yet full of interesting character studies, will find just what they desire in two novels recently published by Messrs. Isbister, respectively entitled "Gillian the Dreamer" (by Neil Munro) and "At the Eleventh Hour" (by our contributor David Lyall).—Closely akin to the seasonable presentation of books and other gifts is the almost universal practice of exchanging Christmas greetings by means of cards and other mementoes—which seem to grow in variety and popularity year by year. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are to the fore, as usual, with a most varied and complete assortment of cards, calendars, and booklets, suitable for every age and every taste, and the numerous attractive novelties in

contributor Dean Farrar, entitled "Texts Explained; or, Helps to Understand the New Testament" (Longmans). Dean Farrar's work needs no recommendation at our hands; nor does that of another well-known writer, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, who has just published his recent Donellan Lectures at Trinity College, Dublin, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title "Doubt and Faith." We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a little work by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, containing several fruitfully suggestive and eminently practical addresses on "Life's Problems" (Morgan and Scott); "Prayers Public and Private" (Isbister), being, as the title implies, a collection of prayers for public and private use, compiled, written, or translated by the late Archbishop Benson; the third volume of the exhaustive autobiography of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon (Passmore and Alabaster); and new editions of Backhouse and Tylor's well-known works on "Early Church History" and "Witnesses for Christ" (Headley Bros.).

How Britain Cares for her Wounded.

STANDING amidst the lovely woods, undulating grassy slopes, and historic remains which are to be found on the eastern shore of Southampton Water, is a noble and imposing building, which, from end to end, is no less than a quarter of a mile in extent. This is the famous military institution

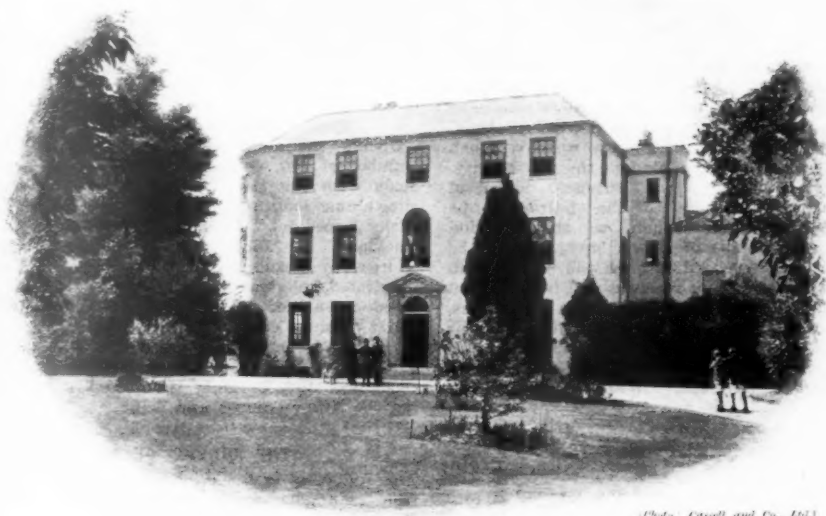


(Photo: F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton.)

NETLEY HOSPITAL, SOUTHAMPTON.

designs and colouring which they have introduced this year sufficiently prove that they are well able to sustain their recognised reputation in this respect. Where all are good, it is difficult to particularise, and we leave that task to our readers, who will doubtless be anxious to make a close acquaintance with many of Messrs. Tuck's delightful productions.—Of serious works, we have several before us, including a most helpful volume by our

called "The Royal Victoria Hospital," though more popularly known as "Netley Hospital," the convalescent home of the Army. In 1856 the foundation stone of the vast pile was laid by the Queen, and seven years later the building was opened to receive our sick and wounded soldiers, especially those from abroad. It is built of red brick and Portland stone, in three storeys, having rows of arched and mullioned windows along its



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

whole extent, overlooking the lovely green Solent beyond. There are one hundred and thirty wards, capable of receiving twelve hundred patients, a chapel, a natural history museum, theatre, reading-rooms, kitchen, bakery, etc., included in the main block. Attached to the hospital is the Army Medical School, where young medical officers study military surgery and hygiene, tropical medicine, and pathology, before being recommended for commissions. There is also a school for the training of female medical nurses, who wear a dainty grey costume, and of whom the patients are very fond. The patients are usually brought by transport to the Southampton Docks, whence they are conveyed by rail with the greatest care to Netley, three miles distant. There is, however, a good pier in the front of the hospital. North of the main building is a large, substantial, grey house, the quarters of the officers. Her Majesty frequently visits the hospital to personally thank those who, having nobly fought for the integrity of her Empire and the general cause of humanity and right, have fallen by the way.

A Public School for the Blind (the only one in the Empire).

It may safely be said that few people are aware of the fact that there exists in England an institution whose trust-deeds and work are entirely for the benefit of the blind youths of the Empire, and are based on the lines of those of our large public schools. Yet there is such a school, and has been for the past ten years, at the pretty village of Powick, near Worcester. There, in 1806, a private

school for the blind was commenced by some philanthropic persons, which passed through various vicissitudes till the year 1889. By that time it had made itself a secure reputation, and so it was then reorganised, with a small endowment fund, and was placed by the new deeds and governing body upon the same footing and working as a first-class English public school. That the college has proved not only its usefulness, but even the indebtedness of the nation to it, may be seen from the results it has attained in educating and encouraging those young men of gentle birth or breeding who have had the great misfortune to be afflicted with loss of sight. There are few of the pupils of the college who have not taken a prominent place in the special careers to which they have, after school life, devoted themselves; and no small proportion of them have taken University degrees, often with high honours.

Roll of Honour for Sunday-School Workers.

THE Special Silver Medal offered for the longest known period of Sunday-school service in the county of Suffolk (for which applications were invited up to September 30th, 1899) has been gained by

MR. JOHN MAY, J.P.,
Broughton Place,
Ipswich,

who has distinguished himself by **sixty-three** consecutive years of service in Tacket Street Sunday School, Ipswich. Mr. May commenced his work there in 1836, and is still in regular attendance.

HELP FOR SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

WHATEVER may be the merits or results of the Transvaal conflict, it is certain that an immense amount of suffering and distress will be the portion of the families of a large number of those who have been sent out to fight their country's battles. As we go to press, the Lord Mayor of London has inaugurated a Fund for the relief of the necessitous widows and orphans of the soldiers who have fallen in war; and, in accordance with the time-honoured practice of THE QUIVER, we have much pleasure in affording our readers the opportunity, which, no doubt, they will earnestly desire, of sending their offerings to the Editor, to be forwarded, on their behalf, to the Mansion House. All amounts of £1 and upwards will be separately acknowledged through the post. A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All donations, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and marked, on left hand top corner of envelope, "Widows and Orphans Fund."

The Latest Quiver Hero.

AGAIN we have the pleasure to record the bestowal of a Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER HEROES Fund. In this case it has been awarded to Mr. George McLachlan, of Dalbeattie, who, on the evening of the 23rd August last, was attracted by the shrieks of a little girl in an adjacent street, who had been playing with matches, and was at that moment enveloped in flames. Though McLachlan was without coat or boots, and with arms bare, he immediately rushed out and heroically attempted to smother the flames. In this he was finally successful, but unfortunately the child was so seriously injured that she succumbed

two days after. Mr. McLachlan was also so terribly burned and in such great suffering that he was confined to his bed for some time. On hearing of the facts from the Chief Magistrate of the Borough, we felt that McLachlan had fully proved his right to rank among THE QUIVER HEROES. We are always glad to hear of cases of individual heroism in any part of the world.

Christmas Arrows, 1899.

UNDER the above title, the extra Christmas Number of THE QUIVER is published simultaneously with this part, and opens with a story of one-volume length by H. C. Bruce, entitled "A Risky Expedient," which is illustrated by Arthur Buckland. In addition will be found a special address by Dean Spence of Gloucester; a fully illustrated and seasonable article by the Rev. Dr. Preston, entitled "What I saw at Bethlehem"; and two short complete stories—one by the Rev. P. B. Power, entitled "Fardenbunch: A Romance of Crowden Rents," and the other, an Australian Christmas story by Mary Bradford Whiting, bearing the title "Samson and Self."

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from September 23rd, 1899, up to and including October 27th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "The Quiver" *Waifs' Fund*: A Warwickshire Lass, 1s. 6d.; J. J. E., Govan (143rd donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (113th donation), 1s.; R. S., Crouch End (10th donation), 5s.; J. McE., Wookey Hole (7th donation), 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, £2; Avonmouth, Bristol, 4s.; J. S., £1 7s. 5d. (We are also asked to acknowledge the following amounts sent direct to Dr. Barnardo:—J. E. D., 10s.; Tithe, 5s. 9d.; S. J., 2s. 6d.)

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: J. S., £1.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

13. From whom was John the Baptist descended?
14. Why was Zacharias punished?
15. What was most probably the cause of the unbelief of Zacharias?
16. By whom was John the Baptist spoken of as the greatest of prophets? Quote passage.
17. By what name did the prophet Isaiah speak of our blessed Lord?
18. Quote a passage in which our Lord speaks of Himself as a King, and sets forth the nature of His kingdom.
19. In what words does our Lord foretell the certainty and suddenness of His second coming?
20. What is the duty laid upon us in preparation for Christ's second coming? Quote passage.
21. From what circumstances should we gather that the star which the Wise Men saw in the East did not appear to them during their journey to Jerusalem?
22. In what way did God help the faith of the Wise Men?
23. Quote passage which shows the perfect manhood of Christ.
24. What lesson do we learn from our Lord's first visit to Jerusalem?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 96.

1. It was kept as a great feast day, and was ushered in with a great blowing of trumpets; hence called the Feast of Trumpets (Lev. xxiii. 24; Neh. viii. 2; and Ex. xii. 2).
2. Giving presents to the poor (Neh. viii. 10-12).
3. Ps. cxix. 105.
4. Wine mixed with two-thirds of water was generally used; but sometimes the wine was mixed with myrrh, honey, and spices, to make it stronger (Prov. ix. 2, and xxiii. 30).
5. 1 Cor. ix. 27.
6. Profaning the Sabbath (Jer. xvii. 21-27; Neh. xiii. 17, 18).
7. The Jews not only sold and bought openly on the Sabbath Day, but they got in their harvest of corn and wine on the Sabbath (Neh. xiii. 15, 16).
8. Is. lvi. 2, and lviii. 13, 14.
9. That of dishonouring God by offering polluted things (Mal. i. 7, 8).
10. That which was offered must be perfect to be accepted of God; there must be no blemish therein; neither must bread made by a stranger be offered (Mal. i. 7; Lev. xxii. 21-25).
11. That of robbing God by withholding the tithes from the priests (Mal. iii. 8-10; Neh. xiii. 10, 11).
12. Mal. i. 11.

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(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)

HOME HAPPINESS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUDE GOODMAN.

THE TRUCE OF GOD



IN THE BATTLEFIELD.

By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, Author of "How to be Happy though Married," Etc.



IN days when it was not only professional soldiers who fought, but every tribe and every individual; when a man going out in the morning knew that, if he could not defend himself, most likely he would be killed before evening — in those dark ages there was one gleam of light. This was the rule of the ancient Church, that fighting should not take place upon her holy days. At such times there was what was called "the truce of God," and then only people could feel safe.

From the Czar of Russia to the wife of the last wounded private soldier, we all wish that war would cease; but it is to be feared that this consummation will not take place in our day. However, wars are not now what they were, either in length or brutality. Railways, telegraphs, and the wonderfully destructive weapons now used bring them soon to an end; there will never again be a war nearly a hundred years in duration, like our lengthy one with France, or

a thirty, or even a seven years' war. Again, women, children, and prisoners of war are not now killed, much less



MISS NORMAN.

(Superintendent of Military Nursing Sisters.)

The photograph of Ambulance Drill at the head of this page is by Messrs. W. Gregory and Co., Strand, W.C.

tortured, as once they were. In fact, there is at present what may be called the truce of God in the battlefield, the outward and visible sign of which is the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention. *Apropos* of the sad war into which we and the Boers have muddled, we propose to say something about Red Cross work amongst wounded soldiers.

A common sight during a sham fight or field day is to see detachments of the Royal Army Medical Corps going through stretcher drill. Soldiers detailed beforehand fall down and pretend to be wounded. Then medical officers diagnose the cases, and attach to the part sup-

(as the wounded are euphemistically called) which occur.

Lately the head of the medical officers in the German Army expressed doubts as to the advisability of trying to carry off the wounded before the storm of battle had subsided. He said that several might be disabled or killed picking up one, that this one might be made worse by rough handling in the confusion, and that it is better to wait until the battle is over. This would necessitate the bleeding to death of some of the wounded, and our Royal Army Medical Corps have always been ready to risk their lives to prevent this calamity. Their gallantry

in bringing, under fire, first aid to the wounded is well known, and quite as many, if not more, medical as combative officers, in proportion to their numbers, have been decorated with Victoria Crosses. One of these, a friend of mine, won the bit of bronze in the Chitral campaign. Attacked when dressing a wound, he did not leave his patient, but defended him with his sword, and dragged him to a place of safety. I was also intimate with another Vic-

toria Cross Army Medical officer. He attended to the wounded all through the fight at Rorke's Drift, and with his subordinates showed great valour in rescuing the sick when the hospital at that place was set on fire.

From the Transvaal, or any other place where British soldiers are fighting, there is a Red Cross Army Medical chain connecting it with military hospitals at Netley, Woolwich, Portsmouth, and other places in England. The first link of this chain is the medical officer and two stretcher-bearers per company, who belong to the battalion in action. When the men drop, the medical officer goes from one to the other as quickly as possible, examines their wounds, does



CARRYING THE WOUNDED OUT OF RANGE OF FIRE.

posed to be hit a coupon torn out of a book with which they are provided. This coupon, or tablet, they fill in, stating the nature of the injury, and from it the bearer company know what to do when they come to pick up the wounded. Frequently a man supposed to be wounded, or even dead, makes the performance very ludicrous by standing up and looking about to see if the stretcher-bearers are coming to pick him up. Alas! this mimicry of wounds and death has now given place to a reality both for English and Boers, and we have but too many opportunities of seeing how far the stretcher drill learned in peace can be carried into practice in picking up behind the fighting line the casualties



AT A FIELD HOSPITAL.

something to stop the bleeding, and attaches a docket such as has been described. The next link is the bearer company, which follows the fighting line, picks up the wounded, and brings them to a collecting station. Here wounds get a little more attention, and then the sufferers are sent to a field hospital. Where no building is available, a field hospital is made of large tents or marquees, and contains from fifty to five hundred beds. It is pitched as near the fighting division as safety allows, and is moved when it moves. The field hospital must be cleared as soon as possible of every patient capable of being removed, so that fresh wounded may be accommodated. "The object of a field hospital," to quote an expression of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, "is to keep itself empty"—for further emergencies, of course. When, therefore, the first lot can bear another journey in ambulances, or by rail, they have to go to hospitals on the line of communication. When more strength is here gained, the

disabled men are transferred to hospitals at the base of operations and to hospital ships. Then home they bring the warrior, let us hope, *not* dead.

The faster the wounded can be passed from front to base, the better for themselves and for those who come after them. For themselves, because medical comforts increase at each stage, until the greatest comfort of all is found at the base hospitals and in hospital ships—the woman's tenderness of the military nursing sisters. To the fact that wounded soldiers greatly appreciate being nursed by the wearers of the grey dresses and scarlet capes, which are now so well known in the Army, I can bear personal testimony. I know how these ladies can

"Wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain."

When I was chaplain at Netley Hospital a military nursing sister told me that on one occasion, when she and another sister were taking a walk in the neighbourhood of Netley, they heard one

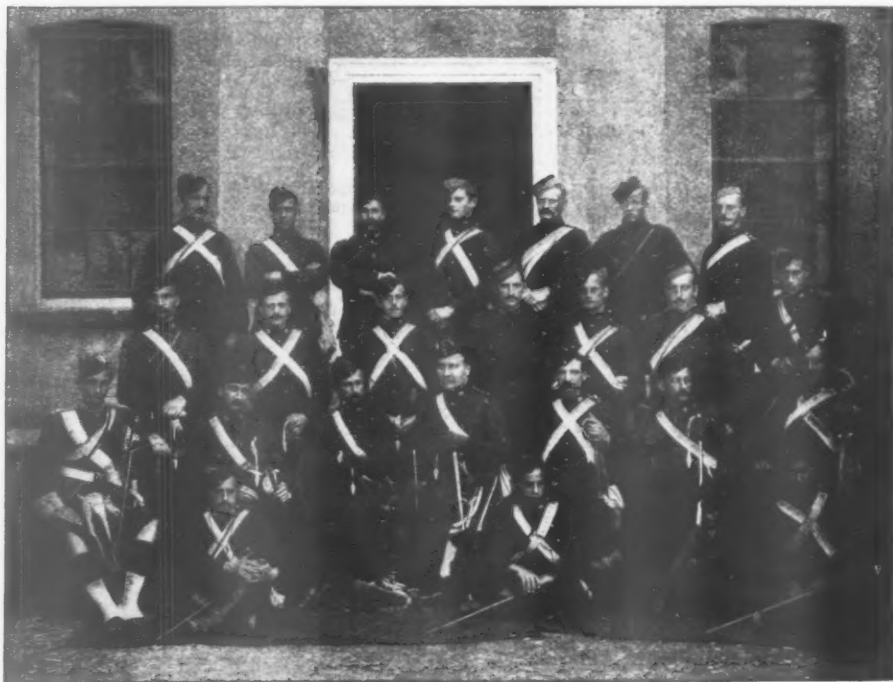


ON A HOSPITAL SHIP—HOMEWARD BOUND.

country bumpkin remark to another as they passed, "Shouldn't mind if I was sick, being nursed by they." In this opinion every wounded soldier who has had experience of the kindness and skill of the sisters cordially agrees. Two or three of the sisters, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, have obtained the Royal Red Cross, which is for nursing sisters what the Distinguished Service Order is for military men. One of these tells me that, when they all arrive, there will be about fifty military nursing sisters in the war in South Africa.

But though the truce of God is con-

in the care of the wounded. Everyone worked loyally, and the staff in Lady-smith laboured so effectively that, though the first doolies or native stretchers only arrived at midnight, special trains were ready throughout the night to convey the wounded to the hospital, and with the first stroke of dawn sufficient doolies were waiting to convey every man. The Red Cross workers attached to the Boer force were equally ready, and it was pleasant to see the mutual good feeling. The British soldiers treated the Boer wounded as solicitously as their own, and round one of the few camp fires which were lighted I saw all the best



(Photo: Robinson and Son, Dublin.)

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS IN CAMPAIGNING KIT.

spicuous on the battlefield when Red Cross work is going on amongst our wounded, it is far more so when it brings aid to our enemies. A special correspondent wrote after the battle of Elands-laagte:—

"From the moment of the 'cease firing' both British and Boers fraternised

places occupied by the enemy's wounded prisoners."

This sudden conversion of hostility into friendship is unintelligible to Afghans, Soudanese, and the other uncivilised people with whom we have so many little wars. They cannot understand why we should be at the expense and

trouble of bringing magazine rifles and machine guns to mow them down, and then, when "cease firing" sounds, should do all in our power to relieve the misery inflicted. "Why does this strange people of England kill with one hand and cure with the other?" they ask themselves. Not being able to answer the conundrum, and believing that the more of our men they kill the surer they are of Paradise, wounded Afghans and Soudanese try to shoot or stab Red Cross workers when they offer them food, water, or surgical assistance. Fuzzy-Wuzzy is never so dangerous as when he is half-dead. When, however, he does honour one of our hospitals by coming into it, so pleased is he with his treatment that it is nearly as hard to get him out as it was to get him in.

We Chaplains to the Forces feel that we are more in touch and sympathy with the Royal Army Medical Corps than with any other part of the Army. In war-time our place is for the most part in the hospitals, where, besides our own special work, we help the medical officers in any way we can. A well-known chaplain who believed that charity to the soul is the soul of charity walked twenty miles over the desert in one of our Soudan campaigns to administer the consolations of his Church.

There are, as everyone knows, several civilian Red Cross societies, or branches of one parent society in Great Britain, such as the National Aid Society and the St. John Ambulance. These are for helping people who meet with accidents in time of peace; but they also send doctors and nurses to the assistance of the Royal Army Medical Corps during war. To South Africa, accordingly, Colonel Young, who has done so much in organising Red Cross work, went with a large detachment of nurses and other helpers. Before leaving he was received by the Princess of Wales and bidden god-speed. German and Dutch Red Cross societies sent workers to the Boer army. We were all pleased when we read that Sir William MacCormac, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and two other very eminent civilian surgeons had volunteered to accompany Sir Redvers Buller's army as consulting surgeons. When hundreds of wounded soldiers are brought to hospitals, there is



(Photo: Lafayette, Dublin.)

THE REV. E. J. HARDY, CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

all too little time for arriving at a decision so momentous to the patients themselves as to the advisability of performing in particular cases great operations. How well it is, then, that the military medical officers who are in charge of hospitals, and have therefore a great strain upon them, should be able to consult with surgeons whose great experience enables them to give almost instinctively a right opinion.

Besides thankfully accepting the offer of these exceptional surgeons, the Government has authorised the employment of fifty-six civilian surgeons and eleven civilian nurses to supplement the Army Medical Staff in South Africa. To let it be seen what they are, and for their own protection, these civilian surgeons will wear a red cross on white ground on the right arm.

Neither money nor trouble is spared to relieve the sufferings of the wounded who arrive at Netley and other large

military hospitals from the seat of war. I was chaplain at Netley for a considerable time, and saw men come there who had been disabled by wars in different countries. There was little of the romance of war attaching to them. They were thinking of such prosaic matters as how to get a more up-to-date, serviceable, and handsome artificial leg or arm than the kind Government supplies. But it is only in this matter that I ever saw any stint.

The Red Cross Society and individuals amongst the general public are always very kind in sending for the use of our soldiers engaged in war, and for the wounded who return home, presents of tobacco, mineral waters, underclothing, picture papers, and other things. Never, however, was so much thoughtful kindness to sufferers in war shown as during the present campaign in South Africa. Certainly the "chicken and champagne" side of medicine is not being forgotten. The Red Cross Society has fitted up a hospital ship of its own to assist those provided by Government and a hospital train, which Florence Nightingale would have given much to have seen in the Crimea. In this train *de luxe* there are a hundred beds in communicating Pullman

carriages, and the best cooking and other necessary arrangements. To the train there are attached five surgeons—two of the Royal Army Medical Corps and three civilians. It has four nurses and twenty hospital attendants. Some of the things which are sent by kind and well-meaning people for the bodies, minds, and souls of wounded soldiers are, to say the least, more suitable than are others. Surely the zeal of the good person who sent the following was without either knowledge or humour. During the last war in Burmah many soldiers came to Netley Hospital suffering some from wounds, but more from liver complaints, which caused them to take a jaundiced view of their prospects. Being then chaplain at the hospital, I asked the public to send picture papers or any kind of innocent literature that would help to keep up the sick men's spirits. A reply came to me in the shape of a very large package which contained thousands of copies of a single tract with a most depressing title. Written across some of the copies at the top of the package were the words, "For a melancholy friend." This, of course, was just the sort of literature we did not want.



(Photo: Gregory and Co., Strand.)

ONE OF THE RED CROSS WAGONS.

[A NEW SERIAL STORY.]



CHAPTER I.

ELSA'S LOVER.

"**I**T is not a sad world at all, Colin. It is a beautiful world. I feel as if I were a queen who had just come into my kingdom."

"And I feel as if I were a king who had just come into mine."

There is only one frame of mind in which it is possible to speak thus; there are only two people in the world who feel thus. "*The light that never was on land or sea*" is on either face, radiant, beautiful; a light whose glory may linger, thank God, on into the years, and till the lovers "*sleep together at the foot*" of the long hill. For the rapture of this hour there are men and women who would give their whole life afterwards; it is something which is a priceless memory for all the future, and Sir Colin Strathdoran and Elsa Howard were glorying

in its possession to-day. They were standing before the balcony of a little house which is situated in a side street in the fringes of South Kensington. Mrs. Howard always, of course, gave her address as "South Kensington"; she would infinitely have preferred to have given Berkeley Square or Grosvenor Street, but if her income was very much more suited to a residence in Bayswater, or West Kensington, she was wont to say that she would have died rather than have gone to any other spot of a lower grade than the outskirts, at least, of the fashionable world. She felt that at the worst here the ripples could reach her.

Elsa Howard had known that most bitter struggle of all—the struggle of genteel poverty—all her life, and Mrs. Howard used to say peevishly sometimes that her daughter had "no sense of the fitness of things." Perhaps Elsa would have preferred to have had sufficient of one dish at dinner, rather than the four courses upon which her mother insisted, and in none of which there seemed anything for the girl to satisfy her healthy

appetite upon. It was the same with everything; they must live as if they had five thousand a year, instead of a good deal less than five hundred. Mrs. Howard was wont to say that she "thanked heaven that she never forgot that she was the widow of the Honourable Talbot Howard, and that she meant always to live as such." If other people chose to give up the struggle, and live comfortably in a *bourgeois* fashion in some West Kensington flat, or in a dingy house at Clapham, she would have died rather than do anything of the kind. And how she and Elsa managed to keep up appearances, and appear smiling and well-dressed at some of the best social functions of the day, was almost a mystery to the most clever of this clever lady's associates.

That Elsa must marry well was a *sine quid non*. The girl was only nineteen. She was generous, loving, impressionable, and warm-hearted, for, just as her lovely young face was the image of handsome Talbot Howard's, who was dead, her nature was the same as his, and there was no touch of her mother's narrow-minded cold-heartedness about her. Fortunately for Elsa, love and fortune had walked hand in hand to meet her. She had met, first at a private picture show in Bond Street, Sir Colin Strathdorran; he had just come up from the Western Highlands, and, as Mrs. Howard remarked complacently afterwards, it had really been a case of love at first sight. Everything went smoothly; Sir Colin was possessed of a fine estate in the Highlands, worth about four thousand a year, he was young, ardent, and handsome. And Elsa's mother smiled upon them with her most seductive smiles. He was too quick-witted, however, simple-minded as he was in some ways, not to read the good lady rather shrewdly; and he knew very well that but for his Highland acres and his substantial income he would never have been permitted to pay his addresses to Elsa, and to share those frugal repasts in the little house, when they ate very little from priceless china and silver dishes, which were the wreck of Talbot Howard's possessions.

The young couple were engaged; they were to be married at Christmas, and two weeks hence Elsa and her mother were to leave for Strathdorran Castle, on a visit to the girl's future home.

"I had a letter from my mother to-day," Sir Colin said presently, as they seated themselves on the window lounge, and Elsa began to play with the cord of the window-blind. "She is longing to see you, sweetheart. She says the people want to give us a great reception, but I told her they must keep that for the day when I bring my wife home."

"Does your mother always live at the Castle?" Elsa asked. "We are such selfish people, Colin; we are always talking about ourselves, and you seem to have told me nothing of your home, or of either your mother or your brother."

"I want you to make their acquaintance yourself," he said fondly. "My mother said when she saw your picture that yours was the most beautiful face she had ever seen. She would love anyone whom I loved. I know that. But she will love you for your own sake."

"And your brother?"

"Tormaid and I have always been the best of friends," Colin said, and then his face shadowed a little; "though I am sorry to say, Elsa, that he and my mother have not always understood each other. I think it better to tell you this, because there must be no secrets between us, and perhaps your gentle influence may heal the breach. A woman has such quick wits, such delicate tact. You know that my poor brother was deformed from his birth, and that he is a dwarf. He shrinks very much from society, and he has annoyed my mother by associating too much, she says, with the crofters. He is steeped in their legends and superstitions, but he and I have always been the best of friends; and I know that Tormaid has a heart of gold."

Mrs. Howard's entrance checked any further private conversation, and presently Colin and his *fiancée* went off to see the Academy together, Elsa's mother watching them from the window with satisfied eyes.

"Things have really turned out most satisfactorily," she said to herself. "Mr. Stevens tells me that the settlements the other side purpose to make upon Elsa are really handsome. I don't quite see why Lady Strathdorran should go on living at the Castle, but if she is a weak kind of woman I daresay I can arrange that she should live elsewhere. It would not do for Elsa to be hampered by her

husband's relations, for I mean that she shall make a sensation next year. Gertrude Martindale shall present her, and she must have house-parties in the autumn. I shall manage to live a good part of the year at Strathdorrnan, and this dwarf brother of whom I hear must certainly be got rid of. Oh, yes; I think Elsa has done very well. She needs guiding, but I can do that."

A fortnight later, with dress-baskets filled full of pretty costumes—Mrs. Howard having spent almost a year's income on her daughter's trousseau and their clothes for this visit—they took the train to Edinburgh, and thence to Oban, and there, after a night's rest, took the steamer to Mull. Sir Colin had had to go on in advance, as he had some county business to see to; but he came out to the steamer in a little boat which was to take them back to the Strathdorrnan pier, and Elsa saw him for the first time in Highland dress as he stood up in the little boat before it reached the big vessel's side, waving his cap to her.

"He *does* look handsome," Mrs. Howard said. "I had no idea that the kilt could look so well, but then Colin is a distinctly handsome man. Is that his brother crouched at the other end of the boat? He is really quite a dwarf, and most dwarfs are so unpleasant. I hope he won't come much in my way. And I really wish that we were safely landed. That boat looks a perfect cockle-shell, Elsa, and moreover I think rain is coming on."

Elsa heard almost nothing of all this; her eyes were fixed upon her handsome lover's face, and he, for his part, only saw the slim, girlish figure in its blue serge yachting costume, as the boat drew nearer and nearer, and they smiled in each other's eyes. He managed everything, after a tight hand-clasp and a radiant welcome whispered in her ear, and in a wonderfully short time Mrs. Howard found herself seated in the "cockle-shell," the luggage following in another boat, and the steamer already puffing slowly away from them towards Skye.

"My brother Tormaid, Mrs. Howard. Elsa, this is Tormaid," Colin said. Mrs. Howard bowed stiffly. Tormaid had already shaken hands with Elsa, and the girl had turned with even more than her usual sweetness of manner to the stunted figure beside her, as if to atone for her mother's lack of cordiality.

"It was very good of you to come and meet us," she said. "Though I suppose the sea is nothing to you, and you feel as if you were on your native heath. Are you very fond of boats, Tormaid?"

Tormaid was gazing into her face with a kind of bewildered stare, as if he scarcely understood. He thought that never before had his own name sounded so musical; he thought that never before had his eyes seen so lovely a face; and then her gentle voice, the small, ungloved hand which had taken his so kindly, the sweet affection and womanly pity of her look! Tormaid was wont to detest pity, and to fiercely resent it. He usually avoided all ladies; but in one look, in one sentence, it seemed, Elsa had taken possession of him, body and soul: he was her bond-slave from that moment.

Colin talked to his future mother-in-law till the pier was reached, only too happy to see that Elsa was chatting gaily to his brother, and that his brother was listening quietly and even answering with unusual freedom from any restraint. "She has won his heart as she would win anyone's," he said to himself. "How happy we shall be together! I felt instinctively that she would understand him. A sweeter nature never lived."

The waggonette was awaiting them at the end of the pier, with a cart for the luggage; but the groom in charge looked rather blank when the ladies' boxes were piled, one after another, on the pier. "We shall have to put some of these in the waggonette, Sir Colin," he said, "unless the ladies can do without some till to-morrow."

"We can't possibly do without *any*!" Mrs. Howard cried; she was the kind of woman who never could accommodate herself to circumstances. "For one of the maids packed, and I don't know what is in each box. Probably I should leave the one in which are all the things we want to-night. We must have them all, Colin."

"You can put the boxes across the end seat," Tormaid said aside to the groom. "I shall walk up. I have a message to one of the crofts."

He had turned away, but Colin and Elsa called after him, and he returned to the waggonette. "You will need all the room, Colin," he said brusquely to his brother, "and you know I always prefer walking to driving."

Colin yielded, perceiving that every inch of room in the waggonette would require to be used, if Mrs. Howard was to have her way. And as that lady was seated cheerfully and comfortably, taking no notice at all of his brother, there was nothing to do but mount into his seat and let the cavalcade start.

"It was very kind of Tormaid," Elsa said in his ear, as the horses started. "He has such a clever face, and such beautiful deep brown eyes. We are going to be great friends, Colin, I am sure."

Tormaid was ascending the steep road

has chosen well; he is in luck. Oh, yes, he is in luck. He has always been in luck all his life. She is the kind of woman who makes the house like a little heaven on earth. She is one in ten thousand. I can read it in her face. Her mother is hateful; a proud, narrow-minded woman, but that cannot affect Colin, and it cannot affect me."

He walked about three miles, the road winding upwards by the lovely seashore, upon which great masses of golden-brown seaweed fringed the rocks. Behind there towered magnificent mountains, receding, now, into the deep purple of the night, and it was almost dark when he knocked at the crazy door of a little hut which crouched under the shelter of an overhanging cliff. His summons was answered almost immediately by a curious figure. She was like one's idea of a witch, with elfish grey locks hanging about her white old face, and glittering eyes of a curious light grey peering out to meet him.

"And it is yourself, Mr. Tormaid?" she said in her high Highland voice. "Come in, come in. Hef you brought me the tobacco?"

He had followed her into the dark little kitchen, which was full of peat smoke, the rafters blackened, and the air heavy.

There was no apparent outlet for the smoke, for the fire was lit in a hole in the middle of the floor, and the blue peat reek escaped as it might into every crevice of the room; the atmosphere would have choked most people, but Tormaid was too accustomed to it to feel it at all.

"I have brought you the tobacco, Silis," he said, putting a packet into her hands, which she began to fondle with a sort of chuckling laugh. "I have been



His summons was answered by a curious figure.

which wound up by the sea, and he, too, was thinking of his brother's *fiancée*. "She is as sweet-natured as her face is beautiful," he said to himself. "Colin

to the steamer, with Colin, to meet the London ladies."

"And why hef you not driven home with them?"

He was seated now upon an old oak settle near the one tiny window, which did not open, and Silis was crouching over the fire, tapping her packet of tobacco with brown wizened fingers. They were old friends, these two—odd friends. Silis had gone up to the Castle once to nurse him, when Tormaid's nurse had fallen ill, and she had a curious influence over him, and a curious fascination for him ever since.

"There were so many boxes, Silis," he said with a grim smile; "you would have thought that they were bringing half the contents of the London shops."

She gave a kind of grunt. "And what are the fine London ladies like?"

"The girl my brother is going to marry is very beautiful," he said slowly; "and what is more, she has a heart of gold. She is like a rose in the garden, Silis. As usual, Colin has got the best; he has got the very best that could be had."

"And you hef seen all that already? You will be as quick to read the face as I am myself, Tormaid; but before you go I want to read your hand again, for I hef had a bad dream, and I want to see what is in your hand this night."

He gave a kind of shrug, resuming, without a pause: "But I don't like the girl's mother at all. She is a wicked woman; it is a bad thing for Strathdorrnan the day that she has come here. I saw it from the first. I saw her shadow behind the girl's on the steamer. It was an ill shadow."

She nodded again. "I hef seen that evil was coming to the Castle," she said in a curious monotone; "and I was wondering if it was through the girl. But you say it is not the girl. Then it will be the mother; but I think there is something else coming, Tormaid, and I wish that I could dream again and see clearly this night."

He rose shortly after this, saying he must go. "It would not do to be late for dinner on the first night." He gave her his hand then, as if it was an old habit, and she held it down to the red glow of the peats. Silis looked long and keenly, but she did not speak; and then Tormaid said, "Well, Silis?" interroga-

tively. She only shook her grey head. "I cannot make it out to-night," she said, "but likely I will be dreaming again, and I will tell you."

He bade her farewell, and she watched him along the road, shaking her head with a curious crooning murmur till he had disappeared.

"I must hef been mistaken, it could not have been *that* in his hand; no, it could not have been *that*."

Shaking her head still, she went back to the hut and crouched once more over the dying peats—a curious and most uncanny figure.

CHAPTER II.

LADY STRATHDORRAN'S INJUSTICE.

AFTER all, Tormaid had made himself late for dinner, and the party had all collected in the drawing-room, where long windows faced a magnificent panorama of frowning mountain land and distant sea, when the old butler, Donall, sharply rung for by his mistress, appeared at her elbow with the information that Mr. Tormaid had not yet come in.

Mrs. Howard, who happened to be seated next her hostess on a satin couch, perceived that her ladyship's brow grew dark and that her eyes flashed indignantly. "Bring dinner!" she said curtly. "If Mr. Tormaid is late, he can dine elsewhere. I cannot have my guests kept waiting."

Mrs. Howard had glanced up inquisitively at the sound of something new in her hostess's voice. It seemed to her that an accent of bitterness and of dislike was in the voice, and Lady Strathdorrnan was frowning too, sharply and impatiently. This was a new phase of character, and the little incident was one from which the London lady drew her own deductions. "Apparently she dislikes the dwarf," Mrs. Howard said to herself, "as much as she adores the handsome brother. Someone said they were twins; I wonder if it is true?"

Donall had marched away with an exceedingly dour expression on his rugged old face, and the gong did not sound for quite ten minutes later, though Mrs. Howard could see that her hostess was tapping her fan impatiently upon

her lap. Mrs. Howard had turned from regarding Colin and Elsa, and she addressed Lady Strathdorrnan now with her usual caressing smile and silky voice.

"Dear Lady Strathdorrnan," she said, "I hope to be his mother, too, so I suppose I may say what a handsome man Sir Colin is." She turned her head then with half-averted eyes. "What a pitiful contrast, and how you must feel it, between him and his brother! Someone said to me that they were twins. But that is not true, is it?"

"Yes, it is quite true; Colin is only a few hours older than his brother."

"One would never suppose it to look at them; twins are usually so alike; but," with a little gasping laugh, "how fortunate for you that Colin *was* the elder."

"Fortunate, indeed," and her ladyship was crushing her delicate fan with an unconscious grip in her white, heavily ringed hands. "If I may say so to you, Mrs. Howard, the two are as great a contrast in disposition as they are in face and figure. Colin has always been the best and kindest of sons; he has never disappointed me in his life, and it has seemed almost, I have thought, as if the misshapen figure of my second son were possessed by a misshapen spirit. We have never drawn towards each other; he is always thwarting me. He would not go to either school or college—utterly refused; indeed, he spends the better part of his time with the people of the estate, fishermen and crofters, and the like, and he interferes between them and me, and, what is most provoking, occasionally wins Colin to his side and gets his brother to reduce rents and wipe off arrears!"

"How really unpardonable!" Mrs. Howard spoke with much feeling; then the gong boomed loudly through the house, and they all went downstairs and through the fine old hall with its branchings antlers, to the dining-room.

Colin, seated at the foot of the table, glanced at the empty place near him as Donall took the silver cover from the soup. "Where is Mr. Tormaid?" he inquired.

"Not come in yet, sir; her ladyship said I could give him his dinner elsewhere."

The man spoke in a covert whisper

in his master's ear, but Colin said, "No, no," quickly; "he will not mind slipping in here." And the old butler walked away at that as if with a hidden smile of triumph.

The baronet turned to Elsa then, but he saw she was looking after the old man. "Donall's wife, Märi, was my brother's foster-mother," he explained, "and the old man is devoted to Tormaid. Donall is quite a character; my mother sometimes complains that he would like to rule the Castle. He has already confided to me, however, that he approves of my choice of a wife." And then, under cover of a burst of laughter from the young people at the other end of the table, Sir Colin managed to whisper something else which brought the colour flushing into Elsa's sweet face.

The dinner was pretty far advanced when Tormaid returned, and he met the old butler in the hall as he was hanging his Glengarry cap on the hat-stand. Donall handed the dish he was carrying to another servant and hurried up to his young master.

"I hef kept dinner late," he whispered in his ear, "and your mother was not pleased; but you will need to go and dress in haste, Mr. Tormaid, for we are just taking out the joint."

"I shall not go in, Donall," Tormaid said listlessly. "I hate these big dinners; besides, ever so many new people were to arrive this forenoon."

"There were only four of them," Donall whispered, "and the young leddy that is to be mistress here she will think it strange if you do not dine on the first night. She hass a very sweet face and a sweet voice, and I hef placed your seat next hers, Mr. Tormaid, and away from the strangers."

But Strathdorrnan was already walking down the hall, and he shook his head. "I am tired," he said. "You can ask Märi to bring something up to my room." And then he climbed the stairs rather wearily, the old man looking after him.

"If only her ladyship had been from home, he does not mind if he is late then," he muttered to himself. "But he will know her black looks ferry well, and how she would stare! It is unbelievable to me sometimes that that woman is mother to the two Strathdorrnans. It is as if she would hate Mr. Tormaid as

much as she adores his brother, though I am not saying anything against Mr. Colin, for he is just a fine man. And I don't understand her sometimes, when she will look at Tormaid. I believe, on my soul, that she wished that night, long ago, that he would die of the scarlet fever. I wonder what it was that Märi whispered to her; yes, and I wonder why she will pay Märi so high a wage?"

He seemed to have forgotten where he was; and he was standing still in the same attitude, gazing up the dark old staircase, when one of the servants came up to ask him something about the sweets, and he went back to his duties with a start.

Tormaid did not again appear that night, but, after the guests had retired about eleven o'clock, Colin went whistling along the corridor towards his brother's rooms. They were situated in a kind of turret, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and here Tormaid spent a great deal of his time reading, writing, and sketching, for he was a very clever artist; a celebrated man in London, who had once seen his sketch-book, having told him, indeed, half-laughingly, that if he went up to town he could make his fortune in black and white.

"Hullo, old man! why did you not come in to dinner?" Colin inquired easily, seating himself near his brother, and lighting his cigar. "Donall gave you the best seat at table—next to Elsa's—it was sheer ingratitude to leave it empty. I assure you."

"Was it?" and Tormaid seemed to be watching the blue smoke from his brother's cigar. "I daresay it seemed so, but the truth is that I was afraid of the strangers—and of my mother's black looks."

"The strangers were not very terrifying," Colin said, taking no notice of the last words, though his bright face shadowed a little. "Besides, you have met the Dangerfields before, and the two daughters are very harmless young people."

"I might have faced them," Tormaid said doggedly, "but not my mother's frowns, and the scolding I should get afterwards. I came in late the day the McLeans dined, and she told me in the evening that I could dine anywhere in the Castle—in the kitchen, if I liked—but

I was not to come into the dining-room after the gong had sounded."

Colin's eyebrows met a little, but he put his hand on his brother's affectionately. "It is a crank of the mother's," he said. "She is a painfully punctual person herself; but cannot you try to humour her a bit, old man?"

"Her painful punctuality does not extend to anyone she likes," the younger son said bitterly. "She kept dinner waiting a full half-hour for our cousin Geoffrey Dale, and Donall has orders never to sound the gong till you are in the drawing-room. But you and Geoffrey Dale are different people, of course, from the dwarf, who has the misfortune to be her younger son."

"Don't speak like that, Tormaid, I cannot bear to hear you," Colin cried. "You talk as if she did not like you."

"Not like me?"—and the other laughed sardonically. "That is a mild way of expressing it. She *hates* me, Colin; and, if you did not shut your eyes to the fact, you would see it for yourself. She is always trying to thwart me, too, and I think lately that she has designs of turning me out of these rooms. She thinks that her new French maid requires better light for her sewing. Märi tells me that she was speaking of the turret rooms, and saying that I could paint in the gun-room."

He was watching his brother's face, almost triumphantly, aware of Colin's disappointment and chagrin—aware, too, that his mother was quite clever enough to try and hide her injustice from her elder son. Her voice was always carefully modulated when she spoke to Tormaid before Colin.

"I shall not allow your rooms to be changed," the young baronet said gravely, "if any such project is in hand, Tormaid, which, indeed, I can scarcely believe." And shortly afterwards the two parted.

And yet, as Colin went back to his own rooms, he sighed deeply, thinking of the late conversation, for, though his mother was very careful before him, he was always dimly aware of the feud between these two, and that the injustice was all on his mother's side. The friction between them was the one shadow of his life, now, and in the happy days that followed. Elsa had never been in Scotland before, and her delight in the beautiful western islands was intense.

Her lover was teaching her to fish and to row. She tramped everywhere with him—over the muir and through the bogs, and sometimes they would get away from the others, and Tormaid would join them in some secret spot, and Elsa would make tea for them from her little tea-basket. These were green oases in Tormaid's life, for day by day his admiration for the sweet English girl, whose love his brother had won, was on the increase. He had associated with very few girls of his own rank; the few he had met had either half-shrunk from him or had pitied him too openly. Elsa extended towards him a frank hand of friendliness—she treated him like a brother; and there was a touch of womanly tenderness in her manner, which was so delicate that he could never resent it. Before these two she was perfectly herself. She thought them both the noblest of their sex, and it made Colin happy to see how perfectly she understood his brother, and how she seemed to bring out all that was best in him.

It was rather unfortunate that she was obliged to be a witness to a painful scene between Lady Strathdorrnan and her sons one day, and the incident distressed and amazed her. Sir Colin had been teaching her billiards, one wet afternoon, but on Tormaid's entrance she had begged the two men to have a game, whilst she ensconced herself in a wide window-seat which was half hidden by velvet curtains depending from above. She was deep in her book when the door opened and the old butler appeared, beginning to speak without, of course, perceiving her. "Mr. Tormaid," he began abruptly, "hef you been in your room this afternoon?"

"No, Donall; why?"

"Then you do not know that the French hussy is sitting there sewing, and that all your things hef been taken away down to the gun-room? I hef seen them with my own eyes, and I hef gone to Màri and hef asked her what is the meaning of it. And she hass said that it is Lady Strathdorrnan's orders."

"Without my leave? Without telling me anything of it?"—and Tormaid leapt to his feet passionately. "Now, Colin," he cried, "perhaps you will believe what I told you." There was silence for a moment, and Colin seemed about to speak, when the door opened and Lady

Strathdorrnan herself entered. "When you have finished your game, Colin," she said, without looking at her younger son, "I want you to come and help me with the new store list. We really need some new stores. There will be just half an hour before it is time to dress for dinner."

"I shall come, mother," Colin said, and then, as if forgetting that Elsa was present, he looked at her gravely for a moment. "But I think there has been some mistake about this matter of Tormaid's rooms? You did not understand, did you, that he was devoted to these rooms? He must have the best light for his sketching. The things must be carried back, mother, and the French maid must sew elsewhere."

"Nonsense, Colin!" and she flushed redly. "You don't know what you are speaking about. It cannot possibly matter to Tormaid where he sketches, and, after all, his sketches come to nothing. It is not as if he did anything with them," she concluded, with an angry and contemptuous look towards her younger son; "for, though that man from London told him that he should send up to the magazines and illustrated papers, Tormaid has never done so. He can easily do any work he has in the gun-room. Leonie says she *cannot* see to sew in her rooms, and she is altering my dinner dress for the McVeans' dinner. It cannot possibly matter to Tormaid."

"But it does matter, mother."

"This is your doing," her ladyship said, turning passionately upon the butler. "How dare you interfere, and go to your master with complaints? If I hear anything more of the kind, I shall dismiss you. Do you hear?"

When she was swayed by passion such as this, her voice rose to a kind of shriek; and Colin's voice had almost a stern note in it when he said: "Mother, please listen to me one moment. Tormaid *must* have his rooms; and if you will not give the servants instructions to move his things back, I must."

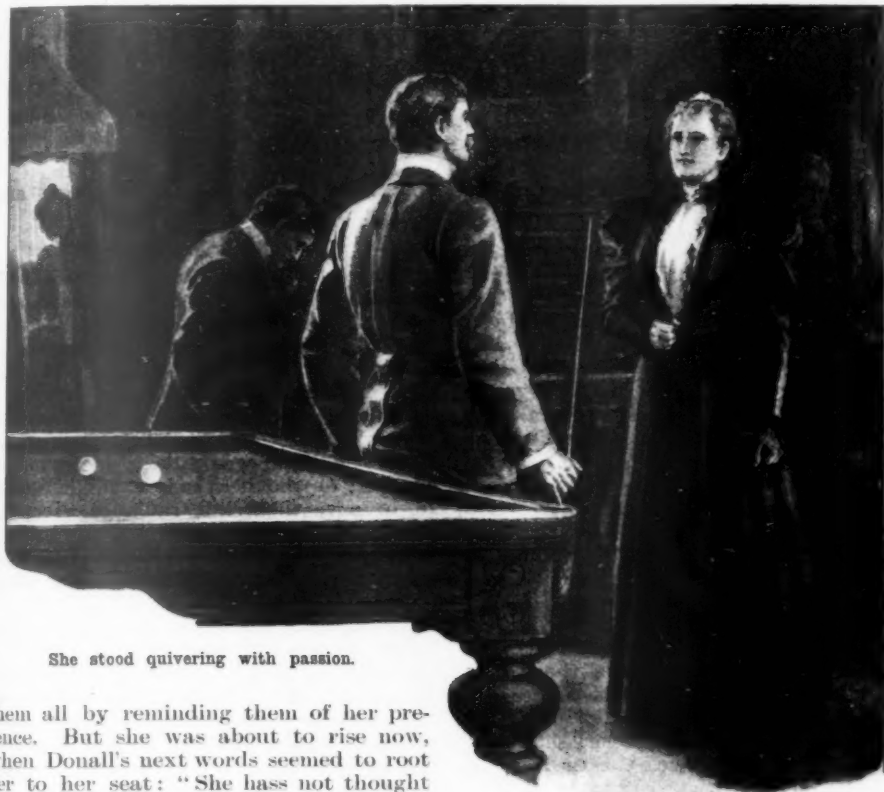
She stood quivering with passion, her hands clenched. "Very well, Colin," she got out at last, as if restraining herself with a mighty effort. "It is the last of Tormaid's kind deeds towards me—to sow dissension between us two. But you are the master of the Castle, and you do well to remind me of the fact."

"As you are its mistress, dear mother," he said, taking her hand tenderly, and then, as if the words reminded him of Elsa, he led Lady Strathdorrnan gently out of the room, and the door closed behind them.

The girl herself had not dared to move, thinking that she would only embarrass

and, as you see, she says I sow dissension between her and Colin."

There was something so painful in the dreary accent of his voice that Elsa laid her hand pityingly on his arm. "Dear Tormaid," she said, "it is impossible that she does not love you. This is merely a passing mood."



She stood quivering with passion.

them all by reminding them of her presence. But she was about to rise now, when Donall's next words seemed to root her to her seat: "She has not thought that Mr. Colin would go so far as to counter-order what she would say," he said triumphantly. "It is as if she would hate you, Mr. Tormaid."

Elsa rose then, and came towards them; and, with a startled look, the old man gave a half-bow and retreated to the door.

"I think we almost forgot you were there, Elsa," Tormaid said; "but, after all, if you are to be one of us, I suppose it is as well that you should know exactly where the family skeleton is. I represent the skeleton"—and he gave a sort of desperate half-laugh. "My mother does not exactly love me,

"No," he answered, speaking with a curious, ruminating questioning in his own voice. "I can't understand it. It is not as if I had been the heir, and had taken the Castle or the title from Colin. It is a mystery, but I suppose life is full of mysteries."

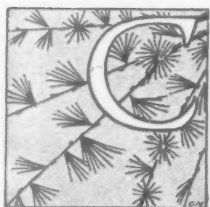
"It is full of happiness, too, dear Tormaid," the girl said; "and you and I and Colin are going to be three of the happiest people in the world, you know."

[END OF CHAPTER TWO.]

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER

THE BAPTISM, FASTING, AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

By the Most Rev. William Alexander, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.



CALMLY and silently the Elect of God had ripened in a Divine silence. The successive stages in the early development of Him Who was so wonderfully born are clearly and well marked for the reverent student. He is "conceived in the womb of Mary"; "the fruit of her womb"; "the Holy Thing to be born"; "her Son"; "the Babe"; "the Child"; "the King"; "the Man of about thirty years old." In one beautiful passage Ignatius, the martyred Bishop of Antioch, speaks of the things which Jesus wrought by His *silence*; of that gentle *quietude*, really to hear which is the fulness of Christian perfection. The twelve years' retirement in Nazareth is over; the visit to Jerusalem, with the questioning in the Temple, has indicated to a few what stores of wisdom were in the hidden Son of God.

And now the retirement of the succeeding eighteen years in Nazareth draws to its close. The Father would inaugurate His entrance upon His Messianic work by an august initiation in the form of a baptism in Jordan. It is noteworthy that the effect of prayer upon two of the salient external phenomena in the Saviour's life is mentioned by St. Luke. Prayer on His part is the psychological antecedent both of the scene at the Baptism and of the glory of the Trans-

figuration. To St. Luke we owe *both* notices. "Jesus having been baptised, and *while He was yet praying*, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily form as a dove." It was even "in the act of *His yet praying*" that the fashion of His countenance became "other" at the Transfiguration. In neither case was this a mere magic cleaving of the heavens; a sudden and, so to say, theatrical radiance steeping face and form. There was a human factor; a spiritual condition; a suitable antecedent. The inward glory grew outward.

As the radiance of the Transfiguration forms a line of division between the two parts of our Lord's ministry, and sends Him on to His suffering and death, so the brightness and wonder of the baptismal initiation fits Him for the Temptation which forms the prelude to the beginning of His public work.

In speaking of the Temptation in the wilderness, we should always carefully remember what is sometimes too much put out of sight by Lenten preachers. The historical temptation of our Lord is not exhausted by the wilderness. "When the devil had ended all that temptation, he departed from Him—for a season." "This is your hour," He exclaims, just before His Passion, to some of those who were arrayed against Him—"and the power of darkness."

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews shows us, when carefully read, how the area of temptation ever grows

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THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

From the Celebrated Picture by BRITON RIVIERE, R. A.

broader and intenser for Him and for us. For Him it was all *His* life one great temptation, with its past suffering still present to Him in its results. For us, too, all *our* life, with the blessed ability on His part acquired, ever at the moment of need, to give the new help required by those who are ever being tempted.

After His Baptism Jesus retires, under the impulse of the Spirit, to the hill region west of Jericho. To the left was the mountain district, known afterwards as Quarantania. From the highest peak was an extensive view which took in the desert to the west. The rock was probably His refuge. The wild ring-doves often made their voices heard; the eagles barked down the glens and chasms. "Straightway," says St. Mark, "the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness. And He was there in the wilderness forty days"—filled up, it would seem, by one long silent temptation, or series of temptations—and He "was with the wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto Him."

Three difficulties have occurred in regard to this narrative, ever since modern thought has been brought to bear upon the life of Christ in the Gospels.

The first of these difficulties concerns *the extent of the Temptation*.

It must have been either *internal* or *external*.

Of the view that the agency was internal, there are three modifications. The first modification has been chiefly held by French writers.

In the history of the Temptation there is, it is said, one element of objective truth. That Jesus, when the Messianic consciousness dawned upon Him, retreated into the wilderness is a fact of the highest probability. He passed through the same phase of feeling as Moses, as Elijah, as the Baptist, as St. Paul, as the thousands of eremites who peopled the Thebaid. This is the element of truth—the remainder is the creation of fancy.

It should surely be remembered, in dealing with this hypothesis, that (if the history recorded in our Gospels be true) the purpose for which Christ withdrew into the wilderness was absolutely distinct from that of the recluses, ancient and modern. They retired from the world for the purpose of moulding

their characters by the strange and trying tonic of silence and solitude—perhaps from unsocial temperaments; from a misanthropic dislike of human society. They are like the shy bird of whose sequestered nest the poet writes:

"No hermit hath a finer eye
For shadowy quietness."

But no hint is given us in the Evangelists that this was the purpose of Christ—that He went into the wilderness merely for self-introspection, for self-fortification. His purpose was something else. They became ascetics for the *acquisition* of spiritual strength, He for the purpose of *exercising* the strength which was already His own. They went for a struggle with themselves, He for a *victory* over the concentrated power of evil.

The next modification of this view is mainly from German sources. The impulses in the mind of our Lord, matured and gathered to a point in His Baptism, brought Him face to face with two questions. Did duty call upon Him to translate the impulses and convictions at work within Him into immediate action by proclaiming Himself as the Messiah, with all the perils of such an undertaking, and its repugnance to a nature so gentle and retiring? If so, how was He to address Himself to the work which lay before Him—by trusting God for a supply of miraculous endowment sufficient for His task, or by a compromise with the spirit of the world? The conflicts arose from hesitations with Himself. The form in which they are expressed in the Gospel is purely legendary.

The third point of view may be termed English in the same sense as the first is French and the second German. The history of the Temptation was told by Jesus Himself to His disciples in the form which we find in the three synoptical Evangelists. But the Temptation was mental and ideal, clothed by the Narrator in an investiture of circumstances which would render them more easily intelligible to the disciples. The historic form of the Temptation is figurative throughout. The outward is localised, the inner clothed with a dramatic form; projected into brief, grand dialogues between Christ and Satan, with a bright and silent chorus of angels at the close.

This explanation has been received by

some minds not only acute but reverential. But there are many who shrink from it because it would seem to make Jesus His own tempter, and thus cast a stain upon His sinlessness.

Was, then, the agent of the Temptation external?

One explanation which has been given is that the tempter was human—a man in whose plausible utterances the Son of God detected a Satanic origin.

Milton has adopted this idea, and introduces the evil one in the disguise of "an aged man in rural weeds," who suggests a miracle as absolutely blameless in the case of Christ, and hints that making the stones bread would not only save His life, but be an act of charity to the poor dwellers in such a place.

"So shalt Thou save Thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."*

But Christians generally will be content to accept what the Evangelists record, and must have taken from the lips of their Master Himself, that Satan was the agent in the Temptation.

Half the difficulties which are found in accepting the Bible teaching about Satan arise from false and superficial views about it. Satan is not evil personified, a Semitic Ahriman. From the beauty, order, intellectual principles of the universe, we may reason up, and rest at last in the ancient and uncreated Beauty, the first and only Fair, the Personal God. But from the crime, moral irregularity, and evil upon earth we cannot assent to the conception of a personal author of sin. The correlative of God is not Satan but Michael. Satan is the highest form of created intelligence gone wrong. "He abode not in the truth."

A satirical laugh and a muttered "Absurd!" form the standing argument against the existence of Satan. May we not ask: Are there not possibly more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy? Do you know with absolute certainty all about the world of spirits? Are you sure that man in flesh and blood is the only intelligence, or the highest? At all events, every spiritual

being of whom we know anything has his own measure of spiritual powers. He does not work only by his words and with his hands, but by his very presence. Not only by direct influence, but by a certain *effluence*. "By the pricking of my thumbs something wicked this way comes" has been often said with a shudder. Marguerite complains that she can never pray after being with Faust. There are some human beings who seem to taint the air in which they move, as if they were literally under the influence of "the prince of the power of the air."

This impalpable, withering power, this breath of evil, makes the Scotch peasant talk of "folk that are not canny."

Perhaps some of those whose eye runs over these lines have known what the writer means, even if they have not had this kind of influence exerted upon themselves. Perhaps others, by painful experience, recognise the full mystery of suggestion mated with opportunity when they read the familiar words, "the tempter came to Him."* "But was the Divine Hero of the Temptation really capable of temptation? If not, was not the battle of the wilderness a sham fight?"

Of course, for all who grasp the incarnation, temptation in its grosser forms would have essayed an impossible task. The student of Milton will remember the grand passage in his "Paradise Regained" when, from amidst the evil angels rose,

"Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,
The sensualist; and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest incubus."

And the statement, how he lurked

"In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Callisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone."

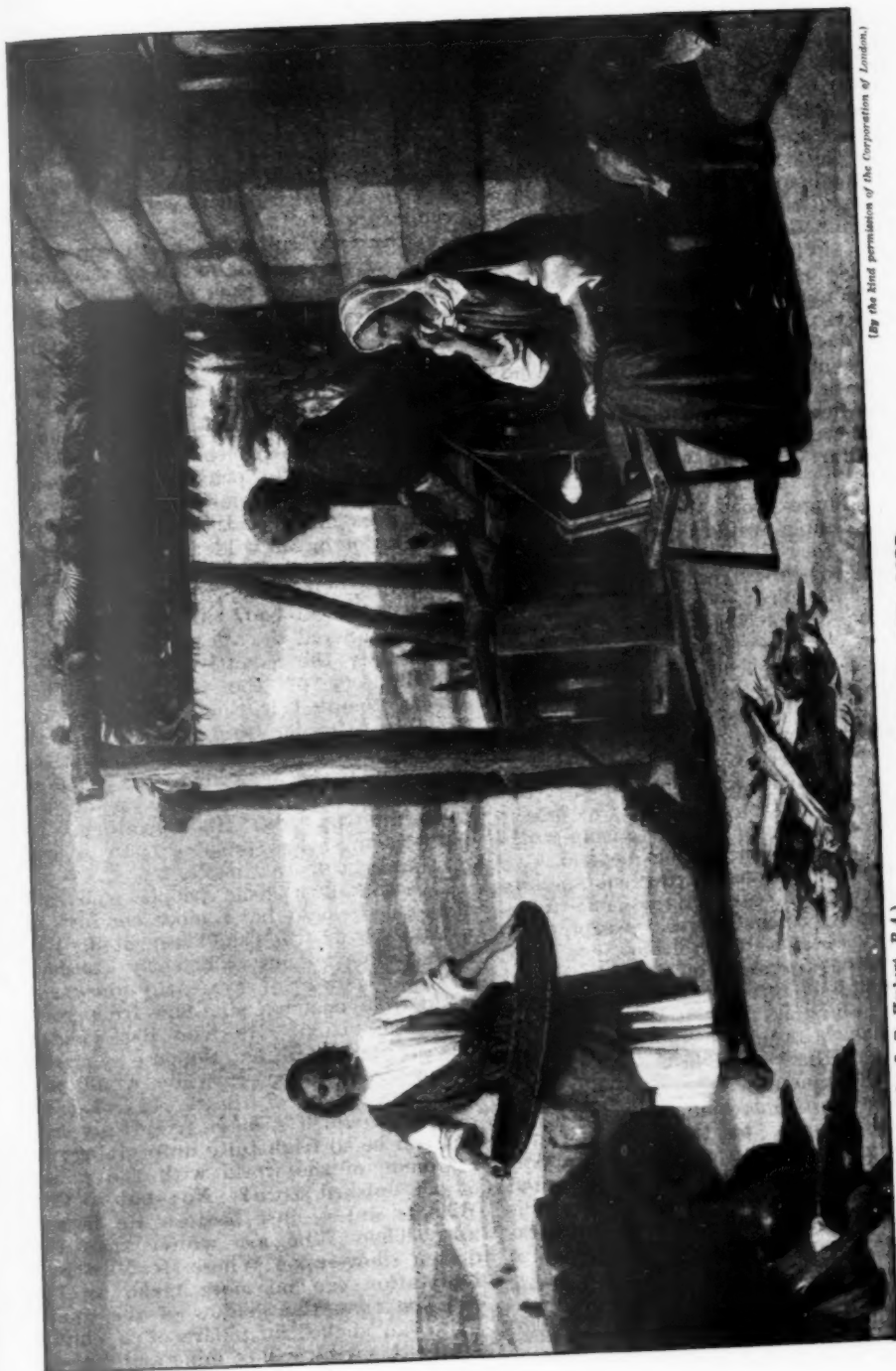
And the magnificent scorn of Satan's response to Belial upon such attempts:

"How would one look from His majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despised."

Not in any gross forms of temptation could there be any danger for Him. But

* The writer wishes to say once more that for him the theory that Christ was tempted by some man—Satan or other—who suggested thoughts, through which a divine insight saw Satan's promptings, is far from blasphemous. Bengel and Lange incline to it. Only why try to make the supernatural a little less supernatural?

* It has been thought that this idea might have been suggested to Milton by a design of David Vinkboom—popularised by cuts in popular editions of Dutch Bibles—in which Satan addresses himself to our Lord under the appearance of a poor old man.



(By the kind permission of the Corporation of London.)

THE YOUTH OF OUR LORD.

(From the celebrated Picture by J. R. Herbert, R.A.)

"The Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him."—ST. LUKE ch. ii. v. 40.

creatures made sinless can be tempted to wrong under one condition. There are many ways of doing right; many means to right ends; short cuts to great and good results.

Let us take the three temptations, and consider in what way they were temptations to sin, and would, if accepted, have discredited the Son of Man.

"Command that these stones be made bread." What sin is here? In itself, absolutely none. But the Saviour had been brought, in supernatural strength by supernatural influence, to a supernatural sphere of duty. To have used His miraculous power for Himself would have been to contaminate that awful gift of heaven by turning it to a self-end. It would have implied distrust in the Father Who had called Him to such a work.

The plunge from the giddy pinnacle of the Temple would have dictated the moment for His recognition by the multitudes below.

Then the bird's-eye view of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them in a moment of time. The bird's-eye view—for with minute inspection the beauty fades. If the glory does not flash out in a moment of time, the eye will never catch it again. The aim of God was to call forth from the old kingdom of darkness and cruelty a new kingdom of light and justice. Tiberius was on the throne of Rome. Before a waiting world there were centuries of crime and war. There were millions of precious souls to be lost. Now was the moment for a spirit of enormous power, possibly harbouring schemes, if ambitious, not without benevolence, and in language tinged with religious recognition of God's suzerainty, allowing that "all power and glory has been given and stands committed to Him." And in return for this great lieutenancy he asks but one questionable concession, one act of decided homage, to the spirit of the world.* So great an opportunity, apparently offered at the price of so small a concession of principles, and pregnant with such results of peace and happiness to the human race, needed insight to

detect and resolution to refuse. The offer was noble for any nature in proportion to its nobility. Just one concession, just one act of homage—susceptible of different explanations—and millenniums of suffering will be got rid of by humanity. God's fair kingdom will be floated centuries earlier. All will come right.

A third difficulty lies in the narrative itself. How could the Temptation and its incidents have been known?

The answer is obvious. If true, they could only have come from Christ Himself. And certainly the last Passover provides a suitable context, fitting opportunities, words which seem to hover upon some such divine testimony. "Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." St. John does not repeat the account of the Temptation in the wilderness recorded by the Synoptics. Is it not in his heart when he writes, "Because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have conquered the wicked one"?

Certainly the narrative is eloquent of the honesty of the Evangelists. For Christ tempted in the wilderness was possibly a harder thing for them than Christ crucified. It humiliated them more for His dear sake to see Him on the pinnacle of the Temple or on the mountain top with His appalling companion for such a purpose than to look at Him on the cross itself.

I have known some people who said that they would have more comfort in a Saviour who fell and repented. But such people do not sufficiently consider that the power of sympathy does not come from common sin, but from common temptation. He who has yielded has a coarser fibre. Suppose yourself tempted and fallen—to whom would you go? To a man of the world ruled by principles which seem so frightfully lax, but can be so frightfully unforgiving; to a woman of the world with the polish of her finished scorn? No; but to One Who is sinless—just because He is sinless. Thon Who art whiter than the driven snow—upon Whose steadfast soul temptation can no more make an impression than the shadow of the moonlight can shake the pillars of a church—take this weak will of mine and make it strong by the support of Thy all-holy will!

* To the present writer the preference of the author of "Paradise Regained" for that poem to his "Paradise Lost" seems not so unnatural, after all. The descriptions of Rome under Tiberius, with its military power and imperial splendour, of the beauty of Attica, and the intellectual achievements of Athens are becoming almost unknown to the rising generation of Englishmen.

No soul is without temptation. But how different its forms! Not only the sins that have light in the eye and honey on the lips, sins of the thoughts, sins of doubt—often so strong and haunting in pure natures.

The lesson of the Temptation is the necessity and possibility of the union of our humanity with Christ's. The heroism of one man literally wins victory after His death. Christ's victory is ours, if we will unite ourselves to Him. The pulsation of that great and gentle heart communicates itself to every generation, and enables those who are in contact with it to be victorious over temptation.

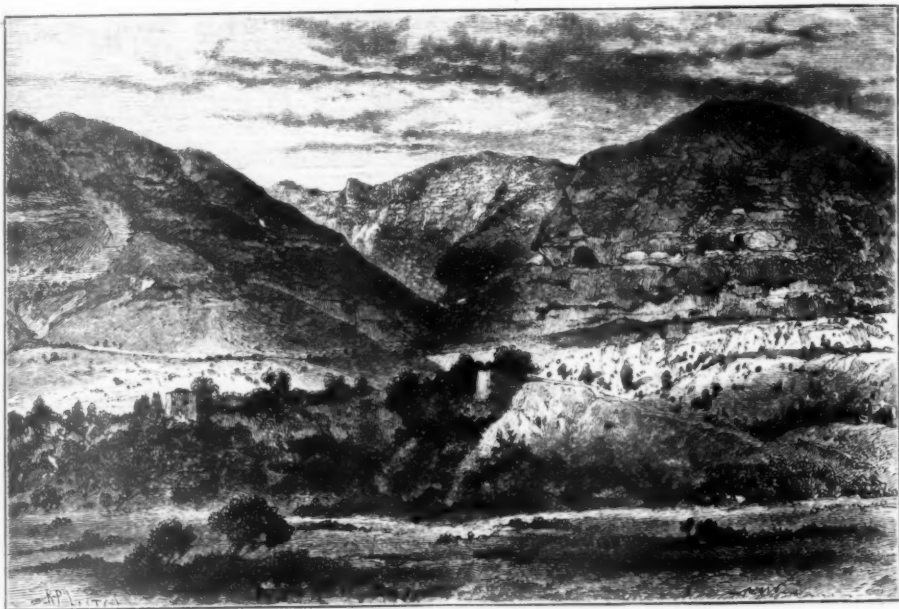
"Pro nobis semel vincit; semper vincit in nobis."

"Once for all He conquered for us. He is ever conquering in us."

"Ipse in certamine agonis nostri et coronat pariter et coronatur."

"He in the contest of our spiritual strife at once crowns and is crowned."

There is perfect unity in His principles of doing things. It was on the cross as in His temptation. "When He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was an hungred." First the spiritual struggle, *then* the recognition of bodily wants; like some heroic soldier so absorbed in his efforts that he feels no exhaustion until the storm of battle is over—*then* He calls for drink (Luke iv. 2; cf. John xix. 28).



MOUNT QUARANTANIA.

(The reputed scene of the Temptation.)

A SPECTRE IN HIS PATH.

A Complete Story. By Agnes Giberne.

CHAPTER I.



CHRISTMAS is most awfully jolly. The jolliest time of all the whole year. Don't *you* think so? Take a pop. Do! They're awfully good, you know."

Mischievous Mac beamed up into the sombre face of the Abbey organist, as he held out a sticky little palm, in the soiled centre of which lay a yet stickier sweatmeat. He had made his way through half-closed doors into the Chapter House, which was also the library. He had no right to be there; but what English boy ever hesitates to walk through an open door?

The organist, finding himself in a mood out of tune with the season, had gone to the Chapter House for a quiet hour among old books and manuscripts. He had a secondary passion for antique literature, his primary passion being, of course, music. It vexed him that his intended solitude should be broken in upon.

A heavy black oak table occupied the centre of the room, round which "the Chapter" was wont to sit at intervals in claw-legged oaken chairs. Bookcases stood about, and a massive locked glass case held manuscripts and mediæval volumes of priceless value. The organist had borrowed its key. Slant rays of wintry sunlight came through rich old stained glass, clothing the organist's shoulder with blue, and turning the sticky little hand to a fine crimson.

"Come, clear out, youngster," he began sharply, albeit he was not given to sharp speech. "You've no business here."

Then he hesitated. His glance fell upon the frank, freckled brow, the saucy, upturned nose, the joyous confiding eyes; and he spoke in a gentler tone.

"No, thank you, my boy. I don't eat sweets. You may get rid of it for me."

Mac promptly obeyed, and asked, with his mouth full, "What are you doing?"

"I'm busy. You had better be off now."

Mac obeyed slowly, talking as he went. "I know. It's an awfully busy time, Christmas. There's all the presents to see to. Rica and me, we're going to have heaps, I know. We always do. And uncle gave me a whole

sovereign. It's awfully jolly, spending," Mac swaggered, with the air of a millionaire, "I s'pose *you* give presents to all the choir-boys. Don't you? I wish I was a choir-boy. It's awfully jolly—Christmas."

Mac vanished, beaming from top to toe, and the organist sighed. "Poor little soul! Seems to find it a happy world, so far."

Apparently the organist did not. He shut the door, took out an aged volume of chants, and sank into a reverie.

Things had gone uncomfortably with him of late; not as to the outward, but as to the inward life. After years of serene self-satisfaction, he was utterly dissatisfied with self. After years of easy forgetfulness, concerning that which he had no wish to remember, forgetfulness had become impossible. Something in the past, which he would fain have banished from his consciousness, had of late been obtruding itself upon him.

To escape the unwelcome intrusion he had worked hard, leaving himself little leisure. Still, he could not do away with sleepless nights or lonely walks. He could not get away from memory.

This particular hour he had meant to spend in a careful examination of some quaint old chants. He had meant to be enchained by them until the ringing of the Abbey bells for evensong. Thus far, his two main pursuits, music and antique literature, had never failed for the moment to exorcise the foe—to drive away the troublesome spectre which haunted his path.

But failure came now. He ceased to see the music page. The folio under his hands, the exquisite stained glass around, made no impression upon his senses. He was far away from Twychester, in a lonely village inn, beside a bed whereon lay a dying man; and the voice of the dying man was sounding in his ears. Strange, that for long years that voice, those words, had been safely relegated to a back corner of his memory. And now he could not escape from them.

Though not a popular man, Dr. Baynton was a man much appreciated. Twychester people were proud of his gifts; they enjoyed his masterly handling of the grand Abbey organ, they liked to boast to outsiders of "Our Organist," though personally he failed to win affection.

Few could have said why. He was a fine-looking man, verging on fifty, trusted of all, respected by all. Some called him proud, and perhaps with truth; yet his was not a

blatant, offensive pride. It rather took the form of dignified reticence and aloofness. Extreme reserve was one of his characteristics.

He never by any chance spoke of his feelings, except through the organ. The man's passions—and his was a passionate nature—found that one vent. There were days when he could sway the hearts of the congregation; days when he could move to tears the more impressionable spirits present; days when it would be said by the musically initiated, "To hear Baynton is as good as to listen to any sermon." But he never showed outward signs of being moved himself.

As organist, he was, of course, a regular attendant at the daily Abbey services; and his manner was remarkably reverent. He never, however, uttered a needless word on religious topics. He had the sensitive and imaginative temperament which often goes with high musical gifts, yet few discovered the fact. Few could penetrate the cold composure in which he wrapped himself.

Suddenly he woke from his dream of the past. He had read nothing; the hour was over, and the Abbey bells were ringing.

Christmas Eve Evensong! That stood apart from common days. The Abbey had been made ready for the morrow. Prickly leaves and crimson berries, with some rich hot-house blooms, lent their passing colour to the stately pile. Not too much of the evanescent had been admitted. The effect was chaste and beautiful.

Dr. Baynton, hastening from the Chapter House to the Vestry by way of the Abbey Yard, was stopped by a young girl—a pretty creature of about twenty-two. This was Mrs. Lauderdale's elder daughter, Pattie, one of his pupils—his favourite pupil, it was said; and Dr. Baynton made no effort to deny the fact. Not that her music was anything out of the way. She had a nice touch and a correct ear, and that was about all. None the less, she *was* his favourite pupil. Whatever her playing might be, Pattie herself was a great deal more to Dr. Baynton than all the rest of his pupils put together.

Had he avowed these feelings, he would have met with a sorry reception from the young lady's mother. Mrs. Lauderdale held widely different views for the future of Pattie than that she should be the wife of an organist—even the organist of Twychester Abbey.

But Pattie had learnt for three years from Dr. Baynton, and she liked him very much—as a music master. She bestowed upon him her sweetest smile as she said eagerly, "Oh, Dr. Baynton, do tell me: can I get into the Chapter House after the service?"

Dr. Baynton hesitated. "I have the keys still," he said. "I promised not to keep them long."

"Couldn't you let me in with a friend, just for a few minutes? I want to show him those old autographs. *Would* you mind?" with a bewitching air of entreaty. Pattie was not built after the maternal feline type. She had a pear-shaped face, delicately pale, with soft wavy hair and long eyelashes.

"Yes, certainly." Dr. Baynton would have found it hard to refuse anything to that petitioning manner. "If you will be in the south transept, I will come to you."

Ten minutes later the congregation had collected. Beside the more usual attendants at week-day services, a large gathering of townsmen had appeared.

Dr. Baynton was at the organ, playing a voluntary; the Dean was in his stall; the Senior Canon, happiest of men, occupied his stall; and Mac beamed beside Theodora Hardy, opposite the Dean's wife and his little daughter, who looked for all the world like a small saint out of an ancient church window.

Some curious glances were cast towards a new face in one of the "Honorary Canons" stalls, just under the organist's seat. The head verger liked to put people of distinguished appearance into those stalls, and the young man in question had about him a certain something which might be called "distinguished." He held his handsome head well, and seemed to be conscious of his own importance. He might very well be "a somebody," though such bodies do not always carry the evidence of their exalted position in their features.

Among the many present were, of course, some who had come with mixed motives, probably wishing to do their duty, yet by no means too much absorbed in spiritual matters to pay attention to their neighbours. By them it was noted, as a point of interest, that the stranger's eyes wandered often in the direction of certain stalls on the other side, where sat Mrs. Lauderdale, large and complacent, between her two daughters.

Never once did Pattie raise her long lashes to return the glances bestowed upon her; but Lettie looked across several times with undisguised interest. Mrs. Lauderdale beamed contentedly upon the world in general, inclusive of Abbey, congregation, and stranger—though the latter was no stranger to her. She had been put into the best of humours by the blissful consciousness of a magnificent new winter mantle, worn for the first time that day, and of a new admirer for Pattie. Mrs. Lauderdale was not always in so happy a mood. She had a temper of her own; and so had Pattie, though this was not usually known to outsiders.

The choir and clergy walked in, and before the service was sung the old familiar hymn,



Like a man in a dream, Baynton played on.

"While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night."

As Baynton accompanied the singing he was strangely stirred. A new sound was in the chorus of voices; a new richness belonged to it. Lately the Abbey choir had lost its two best tenors, and in that respect it was weak. Baynton had deplored the weakness only the day before, when speaking to the Dean. But this afternoon a tenor of unusual power filled up the cavity which had existed.

Like a man in a dream, Baynton played on. The voice, to whomsoever it might belong, thrilled him intensely.

When the hymn was ended, intoning followed, in the mellow voice of Mr. Pratt, Minor Canon; but with the singing of the Psalms the new tenor rang forth again with greater confidence than before. It seemed to fill the aisles, to travel upward into the roof, to wind in waves of sound among the intersecting arches. Baynton's cultivated ear could listen separately to each voice in the choir as if it alone were singing. He could study that voice as he played, observing its intonations, gauging its quality.

Something else had hold of him, besides the intonations and the quality of the new voice. The long past again was rolling up. This day, for the first time, antiquities had failed to drive away a haunting Spectre of memory. Now music, his chief passion in life, failed to perform the same office. As he played and as he heard, he was once more far from Twychester, once more in a small village inn, beside an elderly man, laid suddenly low by acute illness; and once more the dying man's utterances rang in his ears so clearly and so strongly as to drown even the new tenor.

Not only was the voice of the old man sounding in his ears, but his own action following stood vividly forth before his eyes. So entirely was his attention absorbed by the eyes and ears of his mind that the eyes and ears of his body had to perform their office mechanically—uncontrolled by his will.

He woke up abruptly, with a shock, to the knowledge that he had broken down in his playing. Never in his life had Dr. Baynton done such a thing before.

He had played on mechanically, unconsciously. Another Christmas hymn was being sung, and the new tenor voice was pealing forth again; but the organist had forgotten it—had forgotten that he was in the Abbey—had forgotten that he was accompanying the choir. He had seen nothing, heard nothing, known nothing—except the long-silent voice of an old man, dying in a wayside inn.

And suddenly his automatic playing ceased of its own accord.

In a moment he was recalled to the present. He caught himself up and went on. The practised choir covered his blunder, and only a few musical ears in the congregation detected it. Of course, those few belonged to just the people for whose opinion he cared.

CHAPTER II.

Nobody said a word to Dr. Baynton, after the service, about his unwonted breakdown. It was not likely that anyone should. His manner, a trifle more dignified than usual, did not invite remarks.

Pattie and the melodious stranger had waited some time in the south transept, and the stranger was remarking, "I shall have to go soon," when the organist appeared.

"Oh, I'm so glad—you are just in time," exclaimed Pattie, with an accent of impatience. "Only just in time. Can we make haste, please? He"—with a glance at the young man—"has to catch a train, and he must be off in a few minutes. So we must hurry."

In her eagerness, she forgot to make any sort of introduction. The organist bowed stiffly to the young man, and the young fellow said pleasantly, "I hope I am not putting you to any inconvenience."

"Not at all. I am sorry to have been delayed." Dr. Baynton led the way.

"Fine organ," remarked the young man.

Dr. Baynton's assent came in the form of a monosyllable. He was in no talkative mood.

"Splendid old building altogether. I am coming soon with my sister to live here. Do you think there is a chance of my becoming a member of the choir?"

Dr. Baynton glanced at him. "Perhaps it was your voice that I heard?"

There was an evident effort to look modest. "I'm afraid I did join in rather lustily. I sing a good deal—and the surroundings were irresistible. This the Chapter House? What a beautiful old place! Those windows—"

The young man moved round, examining everything with keen interest. Pattie took the opportunity to remark softly: "He has such a lovely tenor voice, Dr. Baynton."

Dr. Baynton noted an unwonted light in Pattie's eyes, and he was conscious of a thrill of aversion towards the handsome young stranger. No doubt his voice would be a desirable addition to the choir. But the man! Dr. Baynton looked at him again, and condemned him as conceited and self-satisfied—made too much of, there could be small question, on account of his voice. Yet the voice itself—it would have to be in the choir. The Precentor would take care of that.

Pattie prattled on softly: "You must have heard him, of course. It's a beautiful tenor—and so true! He couldn't sing out of tune, if he tried. He's musical through and through. We met him lately, away from Twychester—my mother and I—at a country house. He often sang to us. He's going to be under-master in the school. So nice of him, because he is well off, and he needn't work hard, only he would hate to be idle. He and his sister are looking out for a house in Twychester. They are coming to live here. Won't that be capital for the choir? But I mustn't hinder you now. He has to be off directly, and I do want him to see those old autographs. He collects autographs, and knows a great deal about them."

Dr. Baynton was not aroused to any appearance of enthusiasm. He unlocked the large glass case, however, and drew out one or two historical treasures.

"Now, isn't that worth seeing, Mr. Windermere?" exclaimed Pattie. "A letter from her Majesty Queen Elizabeth herself."

Pattie sparkled and dimpled towards Mr. Windermere, and did not so much as glance at the organist. She did not see the organist's start. Nothing more than a start, instantly controlled—but Windermere observed it, with a momentary sense of puzzlement. He turned his attention, however, to the autographs, and soon pulled out his watch.

"I must be off now. Not a minute more," he said. "No, I'm afraid I can't go by a later train. I promised Benedicte to keep to this one. When I come again"—and he turned to Dr. Baynton—"I shall ask you to show me these things at leisure." He shook hands with a cordiality which found small response. After which he and Pattie and Lettie vanished, talking as they went. Mrs. Lauderdale had waited for them in the south transept.

"Did I hear you call the organist Dr. Baynton?" asked Windermere, as they left the building. "I knew a fellow once named Baynton, and I should very much like to come across him again. Wonder if this can be a relative?"

Dr. Baynton stayed behind, alone. His first move was to lock the door from within. Then he glanced down upon the small card in his hand and read—"Mr. Llewellyn Windermere." A veil of pallor crept over his face.

"Is this to be the judgment upon me?" he asked bitterly.

The past again rolled over him as he stood. Again he heard the voice of a dying man in words which had been spoken some seventeen years before.

"I may trust you: I feel sure that I may.

You are a stranger, but something tells me you are a true man. My papers are in that bag. You will learn everything from them. I give them into your charge. All that I have must go to my little grandson. I have never seen him. It grieves me now that I have been so hard—that I would not forgive my son for marrying that widow. She was too old—not suitable—but still—! And now he is dead, and she—I do not know where she lives. But you will search them out for me—the mother and the child and the daughter, Miss Browne. Tell them of my death. And you will give over the money for the boy—only for him—entirely for him. I charge you this as a dying man. Eleven hundred and fifty pounds for his boy."

In the bag he had found various particulars, but no clue to the address of the son's widow. Memoranda stated that the sum of eleven hundred pounds lay in a County Bank, not invested; and in the bag itself were bank-notes and gold to the amount of nearly sixty-five pounds.

Baynton at that time was poor, and he was in serious trouble about his parents, who were in dire need of help. He started inquiries after the old man's relatives, but time passed before there was any result. Meanwhile, finding so large a sum of loose money in his hands, he gave way to the pressing temptation, and sent fifty pounds to his father—fully meaning, of course, to restore the whole when he should find the boy.

He did find the boy suddenly; much sooner than he had allowed himself to expect. An inquiry, from which he had looked for no result, met with immediate success.

At the same time, he found that the sum of money lying in the County Bank was not, as the old man had stated in his memoranda, only eleven hundred pounds, but eleven hundred and fifty pounds.

This brought upon him an insidious temptation. The discovery of the old man's relatives found him still poor, still in difficulties. He literally had not fifty pounds in his possession, wherewith to restore the money that he had borrowed for the relief of his parents in their necessity; nor did he know where to turn for it.

He found Mrs. Windermere, her daughter, and her little son, badly off. He also found them in complete ignorance of the old man's circumstances. There was no positive necessity for him to speak of the fifty pounds which he had used—beyond a moral necessity. Nobody would know, if he said nothing. And—here was the point of the temptation—he would be giving over the full sum named by the dying man as his legacy to his grandchild.

Led away by this notion, Baynton gave himself no time for consideration. He made

over all necessary papers; he passed on the old man's dying messages; he spoke truly of having spent on funeral expenses some amount of loose money found in the bag. He also silently told himself that it would be an easy matter, when he should be better off, to send anonymously the fifty pounds, and so to put matters right. From the Windermere—or, rather, from Mrs. Windermere and her daughter, Benedicta Browne—he met with great gratitude for the part he had played. The boy was too young to understand.

Then he lost sight of the family altogether. He knew that they were about to leave their present home, and he took no pains to learn where they would go next.

Singularly, he had been for a long while little troubled by conscience. He had worked hard, and had met with a good measure of success. No living creature suspected this dark little episode in his career. He had confided the truth to none. For years the matter had been thrust into an almost forgotten back-ground.

Of late a change had come; how, he hardly knew. It might have been the influence of the Dean's life, of the Dean's sermons, telling upon him slowly. It might have been his growing love for Pattie Lauderdale, making him feel himself unworthy of the girl. One way or another, a gaunt Spectre had arisen in his path. It stood between him and man. It stood between him and God.

If he tried to pray, the heavens above were as brass, and he knew the reason why. If he looked forward to the future, he could see only blackness of shadow, and he knew the reason why. He knew that in the hour of passing away—that hour which sooner or later comes to every man—this Spectre of the past would rise up in tenfold might, and would block the path to all help, all comfort.

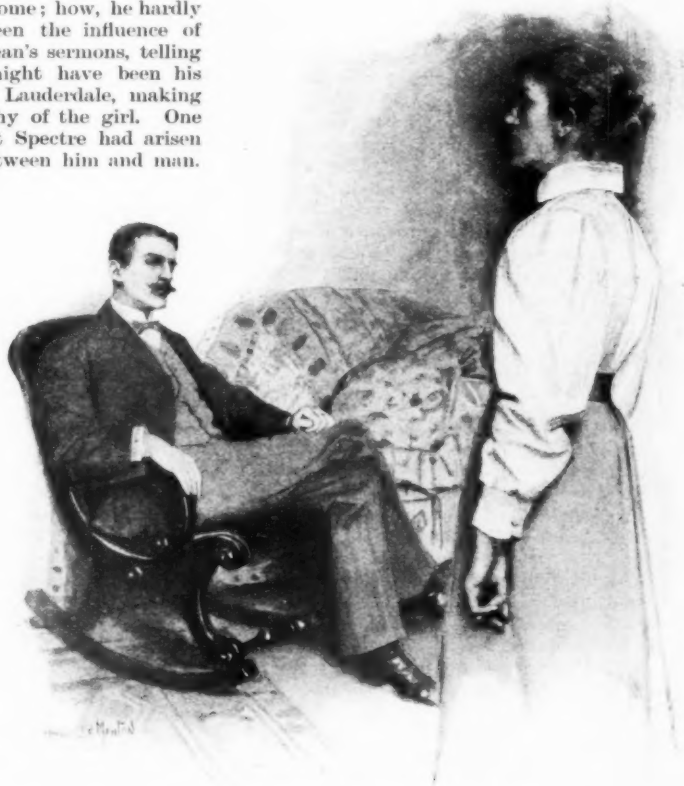
He had tried through years to live a religious and praiseworthy life, to make up, as it were, for that past failure. He could no longer

deceive himself. He could no longer lay that flattering unction to his soul.

How could he look for Divine forgiveness, unless he should first confess the wrong he had done, and should restore that which he had taken? Extraordinary, that he had not seen earlier what he saw now. Extraordinary, that for years he could have gone quietly on, never realising what he had done.

Mere restoration of the fifty pounds would be nothing to him. Though not rich, he could afford that. But—confession! To confess that he, George Baynton, the dignified and irreproachable organist of Twychester Abbey, had been guilty of so dire a lapse from the path of simple rectitude! To confess that he had not only in younger days used a sum of money not his own, but had for years persisted in the wrong! To confess himself—dishonest! Impossible!

Anything rather than to sink so low in the eyes of others. His position was dear to him. It was everything to him. He had nothing



"Dicta, I've found out something."—p. 220.

but that—that and his music. He stood alone. He did not make personal friends. But he was trusted and respected by all. No stigma had ever been attached to his name. To give up all this—to avow that he was morally a failure—to humble himself before that conceited young Windermere—

A cold sweat broke out all over him. It was out of the question. He could not do it.

CHAPTER III.

"I SAY, Dicta, I like this place."

"Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Well, yes, half a cup. Thanks, not any more cream. I like the place immensely. Pleasant society."

"Some of the people seem pleasant."

"Of course, one can't expect to find perfection all round. But, really, Twychester is well off. They're an intellectual lot."

"Mrs. Lauderdale, *par exemple*."

"Now, Dicta, that's too bad." Llewellyn actually blushed.

"One generally expects to find a fair collection of brains in a collegiate circle. The Dean has more than his share, and Canon Hardy is a clever man. I like him better than his wife."

"You do! I assure you, Pattie Lauderdale thinks there is nobody in the world like Mrs. Hardy."

Benedicta did not count it needful to confess that this was her very reason for indulging a private aversion towards Theodora Hardy. She merely remarked, "Pattie Lauderdale and I do not always think alike."

"I wish you did."

Benedicta smiled quietly. She had towards this younger half-brother an air of indulgent affection. She was at least twelve years his senior, and since the death of their mother she had been to him sister and mother and friend all in one. Her devotion for him was unbounded.

Despite modifying influences of school and college, Llewellyn had been rather spoilt. He was, of course, aware of his own good looks. Some few years earlier, an aged uncle of their mother, who had seldom troubled himself about them in life, left them all that he was possessed of when he quitted this world. The lion's share went, indeed, to Benedicta, and only the mouse's share to Llewellyn; but, as she said, that made no difference. So his pathway promised to be a smooth one.

He was a well-principled and kind-hearted young fellow, a good deal absorbed in himself. In his circle he had always been the most important person of his acquaintance. The foremost study in the world to Llewellyn was his own development of character, which

perpetually aroused his astonishment, not to say his admiration. He was always trying to delve to the bottom of his reasons for doing this or that, with a dim sense that nobody before had ever dug so deeply into human motives.

A sympathetic listener on this topic had a great attraction for him. Pattie Lauderdale had shown from the first moment of their acquaintance an exquisite readiness to listen. She had seemed as if she could never tire of listening to the handsome young fellow's views of himself—of all that he had been, was, and meant to be. It did not surprise Pattie that Llewellyn should estimate himself rather highly, because her estimate of him was the same. A universe did, of course, exist round about Llewellyn Windermere; but in Pattie's eyes, as well as in his own, he formed its centre.

Benedicta Browne was a quiet, plain woman, somewhat old-fashioned in dress and precise in manner. She spoke slowly, and with an air of knowing everything rather better than anybody else. Though hardly thirty-six in age, most people took her at first sight for well over forty.

The Christmas holidays were past, and the brother and sister were settled into their new home—a pretty little house standing in its own garden, outside Twychester, and not far from the Kerrs' big house near the river.

"Dicta, I've found out something."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"Dr. Baynton came back yesterday evening. They say he wasn't well, and the Dean persuaded him to take a good month away. He's at home again now. I mean to look him up soon. There can't be the smallest doubt that he is *our* Baynton."

"He may be," dubiously.

"I don't see any 'may be' in the question. He must be. The same Christian name. Why should one expect to find two George Bayntons? Nothing more unlikely."

"At all events, you can soon find out."

"I mean to do so. If it is our man, the more we see of him the better. I always think he behaved nobly—handing over the whole, as he did, when no human being would have been the wiser if he had chosen to pocket it all. Yes, I know; it was his duty. Impossible, of course, that he should have acted otherwise, being a man of such rectitude. None the less, one honours him for it—for the way in which it was done."

"Don't go too far in thanking him. If he is the man I should suppose him to be, he may feel insulted at your supposing any other course to have been imaginable."

"I'll take care. You'd rather rest now? I am going for a stroll."

Benedicta assented, not without a feeling

of depression. She knew that Llewellyn did not want her with him. Probably he meant to pay a call at the house of the Head Master, hoping to see Pattie. Time had been when he would have urged Benedicta to go with him, but that time was past.

She made a mistake, however. For once, his aim was to see—not Pattie, but the organist.

Dr. Baynton lived close to the Abbey. High Street, with its shops, was on the west. "The Precincts," strictly speaking, lay to the south, the east, and the north of the Abbey.

The Deanery, with a front door opening on High Street, was the end house on the south side; and, since the Deanery garden reached to the Abbey yard, there was no exit here from the Precincts, except through the Deanery garden, and through a small gate from the Precincts Road into the Abbey yard, always locked at night.

Next to the Deanery stood the Bishop's house, seldom occupied. Then came the Archdeacon's, General North's, the Chancellor's, and one or two more, all large houses in gardens, besides the Museum; these being on the south side. On the east side were the Canons' residences, two Minor Canons' houses, two or three private houses, and the Collegiate School, with its big playground leading down to the river.

The Head Master's house was round the corner, on the north side. Then came an aged archway, with iron gates, locked at night. Here ended "The Precincts" proper. But beyond the gate, still bordering the Abbey yard on its north, were two or three small detached houses in gardens, and also a row of little red houses, prim and plain, known as "Abbey Terrace." These, though not included in the Close, were yet reckoned by their inhabitants to be part of "The Precincts."

In one of the small detached houses lived Dr. Baynton; and to the door of this house Llewellyn found his way.

"Dr. Baynton in? Yes, sir. What name?"

Llewellyn declined to give his name. "Dr. Baynton is, I believe, an old friend," he said. "I should like to see if he recognises me."

The organist received him in a somewhat shabby sitting-room. It held a grand piano, and a pile of music lay near the latter. Dr. Baynton had a haggard look. He had been away for change and rest; but change had not meant rest. The Spectre in his path was more insistently present than ever.

He was not surprised to see young Windermere enter. At the moment it seemed to him that such a visit was inevitable. All through his absence he had never lost sight of Windermere's face.

"I did not send my name in." The young fellow spoke frankly, holding out a hand and smiling. "Dr. Baynton, do you know me?"

The hand was accepted coldly. "I believe you are—our new tenor."

"Yes. But I don't mean that. I believe we have met before—years ago—when I was a mere infant of six or seven. You don't see any likeness. Well, of course, one alters a good deal between six and twenty-four. Still, I feel sure that it was you who came to us after my grandfather's death. You know now what I mean. My name must have recalled the whole to you."

Had it not, in very truth?

"Child as I was, I do not forget. My mother always spoke of you with reverence and gratitude. Your honourable conduct—of course, I know that you could not possibly have acted otherwise. But you will at least let me thank you—"

Llewellyn stopped, unable to help noticing Dr. Baynton's pallor. "I am afraid, you are not well," he said.

"I have not been myself lately." Dr. Baynton spoke composedly, though his hand shook. "I am very much obliged to you for your kind words. It was—a mere nothing—"

The door opened.

"Sir, the Dean wishes for a word."

A more welcome interruption had never come to the organist. He stood up hastily. "I am afraid I must see you another time—not now."

"Yes, I see. Of course. But pray let it be soon. We wish to know you better. It is impossible that I should forget what I owe to you."

Dean Winfrith heard these words as Windermere went out. Then he saw, as no one could have helped seeing, the organist's strange look. He had long been silently troubled about Dr. Baynton, whom he felt himself unable to fathom. People who do not see an inch below the surface will often diagnose the character or the mental condition of another with pert and careless confidence. The Dean, seeing far deeper than most, knew also how little he did see, how much below was hidden; and he passed no hasty judgments. He rather waited with infinite patience to see what might be the truth.

But Dr. Baynton's face troubled him afresh, and he would have liked to put a question or two. It was difficult, however. Baynton's manner threw off any such attempt; and the Dean himself was a reserved man. After a slight pause, the most he managed to achieve was a dry—

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Dean."

"Nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

The Dean took the hint, and attempted no further pressure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Dean did not stay long, and when he was gone Dr. Baynton could not stay indoors. Restlessness had possession of him. He found that he had something to say about the morrow's services to Mr. Pratt, and he went across to the little house on the east side of the Abbey yard which sheltered the Minor Canon and his numerous small family.

Mr. Pratt was out, but would soon be in. Dr. Baynton was shown into the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Pratt—a woman of much character, with a worn face. The youngest child, a sweet little girl between two and three in age, had fallen into disgrace, and the organist might not invite her to his knee, as he liked to do. She had flung a box of toys to the ground in a fit of passion, and she steadfastly refused to pick them up at her mother's command.

Dr. Baynton sat down, and looked on with interest, glad of anything to occupy his thoughts. Mother and child were evidently taken up, each with the other. Minnie, her dark eyes wide open, came close, and put two plump hands upon Mrs. Pratt's knee. Mrs. Pratt quietly removed the little hands, not even casting a glance at the wilful small daughter. Minnie's eyes widened distractedly.

"Muvver! Muvver!"

Mrs. Pratt turned quietly away from Minnie, and talked to Dr. Baynton.

"Muvver, speak to me! Muvver, *speak* to me."

The infantine pleading went to Dr. Baynton's heart. He could have entreated for the child; but he read in the mother's face inflexible though pained resolution.

"Minnie is naughty. Till Minnie is good mother cannot speak to her." Mrs. Pratt said this to Dr. Baynton, ignoring the eager eyes and hands.

"Muvver, muvver, *speak* to me!" came again in passionate petition. Then, as the silence continued, "Muvver, I sorry! I dood now!"

"Will Minnie do what mother told her?"

Minnie trotted across the room and picked up the scattered toys, coming back with hands filled, and with a smiling face.

"Muvver!"

"Little darling!"

And the child was lifted in her mother's arms, to nestle there in perfect comfort and peace.

Dr. Baynton was strangely stirred. He got through his little business quickly, left a message for Mr. Pratt, and went hastily home. On the way, two thoughts were vividly present to his mind. One was, "In

the image of God made He man." The other was, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

As he went, that baby cry still rang in his ears, "Muvver, *speak* to me!" And, when he was again in his quiet room, words broke from him, as if forced from an almost breaking heart—

"Father, Father, *speak* to me!"

But there was no voice, nor any that answered.

Two hours later Llewellyn Windermere once more entered the little sitting-room, and Dr. Baynton stood up to receive him—pallid and dignified.

"I had your note, Dr. Baynton, and I came at once. I didn't understand."

The organist motioned him to a seat, and took another himself.

"It was something, perhaps, that you wished me to do—"

"Yes." Dr. Baynton cleared his throat. "It is something that I wish you—to receive."

Llewellyn's face fell into a set of blank amazement as he looked down upon a cheque for fifty pounds placed in his hand.

"I don't understand. I beg your pardon, but really there must be some mistake. You can't mean to make me this present."

"I have been in your debt to that amount." Dr. Baynton seemed to find articulation difficult. He cleared his throat again. "That is—yours. It ought to have been paid long ago."

Llewellyn said nothing. He waited for more. Dr. Baynton's eyes met his steadily.

"Seventeen years ago I communicated to your mother the news of your grandfather's death. I—handed on the money—"

"You did—most nobly."

Dr. Baynton's hand checked him, with a hasty movement.

"Your grandfather named the sum of eleven hundred and fifty pounds—to be yours. I found the full amount to be more than that. When funeral expenses had been paid, I had still fifty pounds in hand, besides the eleven hundred and fifty at the bank. I was at that time in pressing need of ready money—not for myself, but for my parents. My mother was suffering from an acute and painful illness, and very expensive treatment had been ordered for her. It was months before I could learn of your whereabouts; and meantime the temptation was great to use a little of that ready money for my mother's needs. I did so use fifty pounds—fully meaning to restore it. Then I heard of you, and I had not the amount in hand. I said nothing of my difficulty, but handed over the eleven hundred and fifty pounds, intending to forward

the fifty pounds later. Afterwards I lost sight of you, and it was never repaid."

"It could not be, of course. You did not know where I was. And you are taking this first opportunity!" The young fellow spoke with generous warmth.

"I ought not to have lost sight of you. I ought to have told all at the first."

Silence followed. Dr. Baynton's head drooped.

"I say"—Llewellyn spoke in subdued accents—"I say, I think this is awfully good of you: I do, indeed. Of course—if you wish it—I'll take the money, though I'd rather—"

A gesture stopped him.

"I see. Well, of course— But you won't tell anybody else. Don't. It'll be sacred with me—always."

That made Dr. Baynton look up. Llewellyn was a good deal moved. He grasped the elder man's hand.

"I almost wonder that you could make up your mind to speak out—after all these years. It's grand of you. I do honour you for it—with all my heart. Why didn't you just send the money by post anonymously?"

Dr. Baynton shook his head slightly. He knew that that would not have been enough.

"We needn't talk of it again, need we?" continued Llewellyn. "And you'll be a good friend to me. That sort of thing shows that religion's a real thing. Good-bye, Dr. Baynton—and don't speak of it to another living creature, pray."

"The Dean must know. I shall leave it with him whether I stay or go."

Dr. Baynton was closeted for an hour with the Dean. When he came away, he knew that he need not leave Twychester; and, as



"Don't speak of it to another living creature."

he walked home, he was conscious of a sense of rest that had not been his for seventeen years past. Even the thought of Pattie he longing to Llewellyn could not shake that spirit-rest.

"If I give her up to him, I shall be restoring fourfold," he said, with a look towards the stars.

Then he turned from the recollection of Pattie; and once again the cry, which he had learnt from the lips of a little child, went silently up through the wintry air:

"Father, Father, speak to me!"

This time there *was* a Voice that answered.

ENGLAND'S BOSTON.

By the Rev. John Coleman, of New York, U.S.A.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PULPIT IN BOSTON CHURCH.

AMERICA'S New York and Boston are prominent in the observation of mankind. Each community occupies a large place in the annals of the nation and in the history of the world. The names of the two cities, in juxtaposition, suggest numerous civic and social differences and contrasts. Many interesting comparisons might be proposed with reference to the size and commercial importance of these towns and their influence in the domains of literature, art, and public service.

If the question were asked, "What comparison and contrast would be presented by naming together England's New York and England's Boston?" the very query would be a surprise to most persons. Boston, in Lincolnshire, is known, although it is not much in the public eye; but the existence of New York in England is positively undreamed of by the vast majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles.

New York and Boston, in America, are

about two hundred and forty miles apart; the distance between the two places of like names in England is nine miles. The American New York boasts now a population of some three and a quarter millions; the New England Boston has about six hundred thousand. The Lincolnshire Boston has fifteen thousand inhabitants; its neighbour, the English New York, has about one hundred. A published authority informs us that "New York is two and a half miles east from Dogdyke Station, (the latter) on the Lincoln and Boston branch of the Great Northern Railway." We are further gravely informed that "there is a Wesleyan Chapel at New York." The railway communication is not very close; but it is only fair to add that once a week — every Wednesday — a "carrier" runs from Boston to New York.

A railway journey of one hundred and seven miles from London brings the traveller to "England's Boston." The visitor must not expect to breathe a literary atmosphere, or to find literary associations in the Boston now under consideration. To one familiar with the "Hub of the Universe," the contrast is marked. Moreover, if the visitor be from across the Atlantic, he will experience further disappointment by discovering near at hand no Cambridge, nor Concord, nor even Salem. We may, however, see at Boston the two-storey brick mansion in which Jean Ingelow lived; and, recalling earlier times, we learn that in 1517 John Fox, the martyrologist, was born at Boston.

England's Boston occupies a peculiar location, in the curious and interesting Fen district. This Fen region covers about one-third of Lincolnshire, half of Huntingdonshire, half of Cambridgeshire, and a portion of Norfolk and Suffolk. The little town itself does not present to the traveller or the antiquary the interest so richly provided in such delicious little places as Canterbury, Salisbury, Lichfield, or many another small and quaint place. In Boston we miss the abundance of antique and curious houses and shops, pretty gables, mullioned windows, winding streets, and other features that elsewhere are so pleasing, especially to the curiosity-seeking American. And the exploration of the town will not require an extended time. A small Boston, indeed, but verily of large historical importance, particularly to one prominent American community and the New World.

Boston's history is ancient. Nevertheless,

it is not separately mentioned in Domesday Book (published in 1087), doubtless because the place was formerly included in the adjoining parish of Skirbeck. In 1204 the Bostonians obtained a separate charter from King John. In 1342 Edward III. gave to his son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the honour of Richmond; and, later, in addition to that honour, the feudal rights over the borough of Boston were conferred by various sovereigns.

The former designation, "St. Botolph's Town," has been much improved, most persons will agree, by its shortening into "Boston." The name seems to have been bestowed upon this maritime place appropriately enough, since St. Botolph was the tutelary saint of mariners.

In the history of Boston a notable record is furnished in the career and influence of the Rev. John Cotton, who, becoming vicar at the early age of twenty-six, retained the incumbency from 1612 to 1633. He was born December 4th, 1585, at Derby, his father being a barrister there, and the lad was educated at Derby Grammar School. At the very youthful age of thirteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Taking his M.A. degree in 1606, he became successively Fellow of Magdalen, Head Lecturer, Dean and Catechist. In all these spheres he was

much beloved. His religious views were strongly Calvinistic, as indicated by his declaration: "I have read the Fathers and the Schoolmen, and Calvin, too; but I find that he that has Calvin has them all."

A scholarly man, Cotton was a good Hebraist, and was well versed in Greek and Latin also. His assiduity in pastoral labours was conspicuous and honourable. A highly enthusiastic contemporary thus testified: "A great reformation was wrought by Mr. Cotton in the town of Boston. Profaneness was extinguished, superstition was abandoned, and religion was embraced and practised among the body of the people. Yea, the mayor and most of the magistrates were now called

Puritans." After resigning his cure at Boston Mr. Cotton lived for a while in London in retirement.

With his family (he had six children by his second marriage) he subsequently set sail for the New World in the *Griffin*,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

BOSTON CHURCH AND
"STUMP."



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE COTTON CHAPEL IN BOSTON CHURCH.

a vessel of about three hundred tons and carrying some three hundred passengers. The voyage occupied nearly seven weeks. John Cotton's career in the American Boston is historic. There, on December 23rd, 1632, his death occurred, and he was laid to rest in the burying ground of King's Chapel.

The incumbency of the Rev. John Cotton, and the connection of the Lincolnshire parish with Boston in New England, are sufficient to demand the interest of Englishmen and Americans in the Church of St. Botolph, in England's Boston; and the desire to see an edifice so historic would be keen, even if the church were unpretentious, or actually mean in itself. Happily, however, Boston Church occupies a place among the noteworthy ecclesiastical fabrics of the land, and is one of the most splendid of all.

St. Botolph's Lantern Tower, proud and lofty, is one of the sights of England, and, as "Boston Stump," is known far and wide. It is a familiar landmark for many miles, being two hundred and seventy-two feet in height; and from its top, on a clear day, Lincoln Cathedral, thirty-five miles distant, can be seen. The foundation of the famous "Boston Stump" was laid in the year 1300,

but about a century elapsed before the "Stump" was completed. By this name it seems to have been designated from early times. When viewed by those on a vessel approaching from the Boston Deep, in a mist or in the twilight, the tower was thought to resemble the stem (locally called "stump") of a tree.

"Boston Stump" has four storeys, the first of which is carried up as high as the ridge of the nave roof. In the second storey, or Lower Lantern, are eight windows; the bell-chamber, with four large windows, is in the



(From an Old Print.)

CHAPEL AT BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND, IN WHICH THE REV. J. COTTON PREACHED.

third storey; and the fourth comprises the Upper Lantern. The courses of the tower foundation extend under the river, which



[From an Old Print.]

THE REV. JOHN COTTON.

flows by the church. The tower does not rely upon any support from the nave, and the buttresses on one side are contracted.

In the porch of St. Botolph's Church is a tablet bearing some words of an illustrious American, Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, late Bishop of Western New York:—

"'Tis the House of Prayer—Go in!
'Tis the Christian's Home, by right!
Find some nook, confess thy sin,
And go forth in Jesus' might."

The Church of St. Botolph is constructed in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles. Its erection, begun in 1300, occupied about two hundred years—a period covering the reigns of ten sovereigns. The first stone was laid in the third year of Edward II. The great edifice was built over a small Norman church; and, while the large church was building, services were continued in the old one, which was afterwards taken down. St. Botolph's exterior charms the visitor with its vastness, its proportions, and its beauty. The scene within delights him, as he views the fine stone architecture and rich carvings, the great display of pillars and windows, the five goodly aisles, the vast area of pews, the very wide and lofty nave, and the great, deep choir. The spaciousness, the beauty, and the gracefulness of this truly

grand church, combine to cast an irresistible spell upon the beholder. A notable feature of the church is the exquisitely carved woodwork of the choir-stalls; and the "miserere seats" (sixty-three in all) are among the finest in England.

An architectural eccentricity is seen at Boston Church, so extensively carried out as to engage the keen curiosity of the visitor. In the tower are three hundred and sixty-five steps, corresponding to the days in the year; and the church has twelve pillars, fifty-two windows, and seven doors, representing the months, weeks, and days in a week. Again, in the porch, at the west end of the church, are twenty-four steps (ascending to the library above), representing the hours of the day. Finally, on each side of the choir there are sixty steps, leading to the roof—



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MURAL TABLET IN BOSTON CHURCH.

(Erected to the memory of the Rev. John Cotton by English and American admirers in 1855.)

denoting, on the one side, the minutes, and, on the other, the seconds of the hour.

In the tower, or "Stump," is a fine peal of bells; and there are four other bells, which are used in rendering melodies every three

hours. There was formerly in use a set of carillons, consisting of thirty-six bells, cast at Louvain, Belgium.

The memory of the Rev. John Cotton is closely associated with the ancient pulpit in Boston Church, which is finely carved and gilded. It is still in use, and is the one from which he spoke. But he is especially honoured by the large and beautiful Cotton Chapel at

Francis Adams, Edward Everett, and George Bancroft, and Messrs. William H. Prescott and George Peabody.

English and American visitors will observe with interest in this chapel an elaborate mural tablet of bronze, with a Latin inscription by the Hon. Edward Everett. It is, indeed, quite an extensive one, covering twenty-three long lines. An English literary gentleman

writes concerning it: "The inscription is from the classical pen of the Hon. Edward Everett, of Boston, Massachusetts, and is—what it was sure to be, emanating from such a source—a specimen of very elegant and pure Latinity." This fine Cotton Chapel was reopened July 21st, 1857, by the Bishop of Lincoln. A tablet is placed here giving the names of all the incumbents of the parish from its beginning.

Beside the great Church of St. Botolph two interesting buildings in Boston invite the visitor's attention, namely, the old Town Hall and the very curious, ancient, and historic Grammar School. The municipal hall is a small one. Here may be inspected the dreary, repulsive



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE OLD TOWN HALL, BOSTON.

the south-western end of St. Botolph's. Its excellent present condition is largely due to American interest. In June, 1854, some citizens of the United States suggested a memorial to Mr. Cotton. A correspondence being carried on between certain residents of the two Bostons, it was decided that the memorial should be the restoration of the Cotton Chapel. Over two-thirds of the cost was contributed by people of Boston, Massachusetts, and an English writer gratefully records: "In 1856 the American Bostonians showed a kindly recollection of the old country by contributing £453, out of a total of £650 subscribed, towards the restoration of this chapel." Among the more prominent American donors were the Hons. Charles

little cells, or cages, in some of which certain of the Pilgrim Fathers were confined.

In many towns the grammar school is close to the parish church, but in Boston the building is about a quarter of a mile distant from St. Botolph's. Boston's old-time Grammar School is still doing excellent work; indeed, the institution occupies, in the northern country, a high rank in scholarships and examination tests. The foundation is an old one, the endowment having been conferred in 1554 by Queen Mary, but a still older grammar school existed in the town. The present modest but very curious and interesting structure of brick was erected in 1567-68, the cost—£195 0s. 11d.—not being exorbitant. The site was at one time the

"Mart Yard," where the great annual fair was held. The grounds were once surrounded by an old wall, but in 1827 this was taken down, when the Master's residence was erected. A fine ancient wrought-iron gateway still stands at the entrance to the school-yard.

Of peculiar interest—especially to the Transatlantic visitor—is the main schoolroom, because in this very room the Pilgrim Fathers received their early education.

The Visitors' Book at Boston Church contains the names of a large number of persons from across the Atlantic, including many from the American Boston. From John Cotton's pulpit various clergy of the Episcopal Church of America have addressed the congregation of St. Botolph's. At the time of the last great assembly of prelates of the Anglican Communion throughout the world, which met at Lambeth Palace in 1897, Dr. Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, preached at Boston Church. His references to the close ties binding the two Bostons were most feeling and eloquent, and his visit to the old town was much appreciated. Dr. Lawrence's illustrious predecessor, "Phillips Brooks"—as he is always endearingly called—was among the distinguished Americans welcomed at St. Botolph's; and Phillips Brooks and his brother, the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, have also preached there.

The disparity between New York in England and New York in America is even very much greater than that exhibited by the

English and American Bostons. The contrasts between the Lincolnshire Boston and



PHILLIPS BROOKS PREACHING IN BOSTON CHURCH.

its namesake in the United States are, however, very marked and numerous. The ancient Fen town, nevertheless, merits a visit—repeated visits—from Englishmen and Americans, who will be richly rewarded by diligently studying England's Boston.



BOSTON
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(Photo: Cassell and Co.)

(Where the Pilgrim Fathers received their early education.)

THE MADNESS OF ABEDNEGO.

A Story of Chapel Life. By Harry Davies.



ABEDNEGO MALPAS was what people always described as a "nice little man," but for fully six months of his life he lost all sense of judgment and modesty, and became so puffed up with his own importance that he grew to be a veritable thorn in the flesh of James

Tibbs, the "leader" of the singing, and of all the members of the choir as well. So thoroughly did he try their patience, in fact, that they got to dislike the very sight of his bald little head.

It arose in this way. Abednego had had the misfortune to learn a few things concerning harmony and counterpoint from an old book which he had picked up amongst the belongings of his uncle, when that worthy old man had departed this life. Abednego's uncle had been quite a musician in his day, and a "reg'lar stunner" of a player on the bass viol. What Abednego's uncle did not know about music, according to all evidence, was not worth knowing; but Abednego was by no means so gifted, and consequently thought a great deal more of himself. Having read a few facts in the book afore-mentioned, in a superficial kind of way, he thought he knew everything about music and he took it into his head that he was a composer—to the great discomfort, worry, and perplexity of James Tibbs and the choir for a space of fully six months.

Abednego being a singer (his voice was bass, and he let it out in gusts, with his chin dug into his chest), the marvel is that his ear did not undeceive him as to his musical productions, and I can only surmise that pride and conceit dulled his sense of hearing in the same way as they so often blind the understanding.

Abednego was a bachelor, and lived with his brother-in-law and sister, in a little cottage which stood amid a clustering wealth of roses and laburnums off the lane hard by the chapel. Lemuel Webb, Abednego's brother-in-law, was a slow, stolid, steady-going man, who did his work well, and supported his family comfortably, and took his rest with a hearty sense of comfort of an evening, and went to chapel o' Sundays, and did not trouble himself much about intellectual accomplishments or the vexed problems of

life. Lemuel thought the world of his wife and her judgment, and she in turn worshipped her brother Abednego; and consequently Lemuel, accepting her doctrine in all things, took it into his head that Abednego was one of the cleverest men in the country-side, and second only to the minister in point of ability. Whatever Abednego did was right and wonderful and clever in the eyes of his sister, and good-hearted Lemuel, in simple faith and loyalty to his wife's opinion, regarded her brother with a great awe and admiration. It may have been this home-worship and applause that so turned Abednego's head.

There was a little room at the back of the cottage that looked out straight upon the old-fashioned garden, and upon the cornfield that lay beyond. It was called in capitals "The Room," as becomes the importance of the chief apartment of the house, and was marked by that cold primness, and that spick-and-span, comfortless exactitude of arrangement, which was the pride and ambition of every house-keeper in the neighbourhood in reference to her "room." Abednego liked to sit here in his shirt-sleeves after the day's work was done and compose his music, or play with laborious slowness on the reedy harmonium. As for Lemuel, save on the rarest occasions he was never allowed to put his nose inside the room—this to his unbounded satisfaction, for he heartily preferred the great arm-chair by the kitchen fire.

After Abednego began to feel the divine afflatus stirring within him, and took to composing scraps of music, his sister, full of admiration as usual, would shut the door of "The Room," and go about the house on tip-toe, and hold up her finger when Lemuel spoke in his deep-chested voice, and say: "Sh-sh! Abednego 's a-composin'."

And meanwhile, Abednego, nursing himself with pride and satisfaction at the idea of "composin' a toon" out of his own head, sat at the table with a book of harmony and counterpoint on one side of him, and a penny ink-bottle on the other, and a big sheet of paper spread out before him. Taking the thin pen-holder between his thick fingers, he had, as a preliminary, ruled several staves across the paper with the aid of the edge of a book-cover. Regarded as lines, they were incoherent, for Abednego's hand was heavy and the ink was shallow, and the supply ran out of the pen several times before it had made its journey across the paper. But they served Abednego's ardent purpose well enough, and here he sat at the table, with the paper spread

out before him, occasionally making strange hieroglyphics among the staves, occasionally turning over the leaves of the book on harmony, occasionally going to the harmonium and laboriously finding out the chords which he had written down, occasionally "pom-pomming" the air to himself with a complacent and self-satisfied look on his face. Like so many people to whom writing is an arduous task, Abednego always hovered waveringly

sible to tell whether the note was C or D. The alto was a wavering and irresolute kind of lieutenant, now making a bold bid for the A with a big emphatic dot, now hastily changing its mind and sounding a timid and attenuated F where Abednego had interlined the change with faint stroke. The bass made reckless leaps upward and downward of octaves at a time, or even more, just like a switchback railway. Abednego's chief



He spelt each chord through again for their special behoof.—p. 232.

over the paper with his pen before he finally summoned resolution to make the crucial stroke. Hence his progress was slow, and his notes, when made, were fantastic—mere shapeless dots of black, with trembling stems going off in different directions. When the four parts were scored, and the bars were marked, and the rests put in, the sheet presented in the distance the appearance of an Oriental scroll. Looked at closely, it was a still more bewildering production. The air seemed to be in constant doubt as to whether its place was on the staves or between them, and in parts where Abednego had made a thicker blob than usual it ran over both, so that it was impos-

idea of writing bass was either "jumping octaves," as he called it, or continuing on the same note for several bars at a time. The sharps and flats and naturals were so alike that it was impossible to tell one from the other. But the sheet of paper gave Abednego unspeakable pleasure and pride, and he held it at arm's length when it was done, and walked to and fro, "pom-pomming" with his chin in his chest, and then sat at the harmonium and spent fully half an hour of rapt delight, trying to make out his chords, and playing them over and over again when he had spelt them note by note.

"That's beautiful, that is!" said Abednego.

And then he opened the door of the room, and called out proudly to his sister and Lemuel to listen; and, going to the harmonium, he spelt each chord through again for their special behoof. Hannah, with a flush of pride on her face, said it was grand.

"However do you do it, Abednego?" she asked admiringly, as her brother, the precious paper in his hand, came out of the room with an important air.

"Ay, however do you do it?" asked Lemuel, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking at Abednego with undisguised awe.

"These things is nat'ral," said Abednego somewhat distantly, as becomes a man of genius when the crowd applauds. "You can't say how you does it or how it comes. It's born in a man like!"

"Ah, think of that now!" exclaimed Lemuel, still holding his pipe in his hand and looking at Abednego with wide-open mouth.

"You'll astonish 'em all when they hears that," said Hannah proudly.

"Ay, you'll astonish 'em fair," said the good-humoured Lemuel, shaking his head with firm conviction as he put his pipe in his mouth again and blew great clouds of smoke up the broad chimney. "You'll make 'em sit up, Abednego!"

The weekly singing practice of the choir was held with open doors in summer-time, and the vocalists could see the long vista of quiet landscape stretching away to the darkening hills of the west as they sat together, with James Tibbs standing up before them, beating time.

Pleasant was it to saunter amidst the waving grass of the burial ground and look upon the quiet scene, while the voices of the singers, as they practised the hymns for the following Sunday, floated out in old-fashioned rustic harmony.

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal care shall seize my breast—
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

"That verse again," said James Tibbs. "Just a *leettle* bit softer on the words 'Oh, may my heart in tune be found.' You see, the idea of the verse is as it's very sweet to have a day of sacred rest, an' then it goes on to another idea—as he wants his heart to be quiet and peaceful, like the day—in tune, d'ye see? Let us sing the lines as if we *felt* 'em, and then we shall be sure to do 'em well. Begin soft on 'Sweet is the day.' Then get softer on 'No mortal care.' Then very soft on 'Oh, may my heart.' Now, that verse again."

Thus, with loving care and the keenest personal enjoyment, James used to take the choir through every verse of the hymns chosen for the following Sunday, pointing

out to them the spirit of the words, and ever adjuring them to "sing as though they felt 'em." It was entirely due to his devotion that the little chapel had a reputation throughout the country for the excellence of its music. With the minister's daughter at the small pipe organ, and the choir in full force, and the congregation joining heartily in the hymn, there rolled forth upon the country-side such a volume of sweet, well-attuned melody as often made James's face glow with honest pride.

It was after a Wednesday evening practice in the summer-time that Abednego went up to James Tibbs, and with swelling chest produced his composition.

"I've got a little thing here as I've knocked off myself," he said with studied indifference. "Just knocked it off when I was a-sittin' in the room there, the other day. What do you think of it?"

"What! Your own composin', Abednego!" exclaimed James with genuine pleasure, as he took the sheet of paper in his hand. He was a kind-hearted man, and had not the slightest spark of jealousy or exclusiveness about him.

His face had just a shade of blankness about it as he studied the score, but he kept on talking quite pleasantly in his genial way. "Oh, you've took a hymn tune, I see. 'In the dark and cloudy day.' Splendid words, them, for treatin' with expression. You've done it in three flats, too. Good key for soft, feeling music. I had no idea as you had a—a-gift this way, Abednego! I'm very pleased to find as you've got the taste for it. We must try it over, a few of us, some evenin' after practice!"

Abednego went home in such an ecstasy of pride and gratification that he seemed to be walking on air. He pictured them all sitting in a group, after the next practice was over, singing *his* music—his very own music out of his very own head! It sounded grand played chord by chord on the harmonium. What would it sound, then, when sung straight off, with James Tibbs taking the tenor, and Israel Hobbs, their best bass singer, thundering out that marvellous bass that went up and down an octave at a time! And his very own music—his, Abednego Malpas's—written down by his very own hand! His bosom swelled within him, and he carried himself, if not exactly with a strut (for the time was yet to come when he strutted), yet with the jaunty air of a man who is doing great things in life.

"Going to sing Abednego's toon?" exclaimed Lemuel, when Hannah told him. "You don't say so! There, what d'you think o' that, now? We'll go and 'ear that, Hannah! We must 'ear 'em a-singin'!

Abednego's toon, eh?" And Lemuel's face shone with genuine gratification.

By the next Wednesday evening Abednego had four copies of his music written out, and he sat through the practice with the precious roll in his breast-pocket, his heart thumping against his ribs in the pleasure and excitement of proud anticipation. His head swam with the intoxication of coming fame, and he found himself holding his tune-book upside down and singing mechanically from memory. When he saw Lemuel and Hannah steal in at the open door towards the end of the practice and enter the nearest pew his heart gave a great bound. His moment of triumph was near at hand. He drew himself up, and, laying his hand upon the roll of music, prepared himself for distinction as James Tibbs gave out the customary notices and closed the practice with prayer.

What was Abednego's dismay and chagrin when James, instead of calling for his new tune after the prayer was over, went down the aisle chatting with the singers. He sat for a moment like one stupefied, and his brain refused to act for very disappointment. Then, rising from his seat in frantic despair, he went in hurried pursuit of James, and came up with him half-way down the aisle.

"This little thing," he said abjectly, in a low voice, tapping the roll of paper as he spoke. "You said as you'd try it over."

"What? Oh, your tune! Of course! I forgot all about it. Here, Israel Hobbs, Martha Watts, Ellen Allcorn, don't go yet! You can all read music, and I want you to try over a little thing as Abednego Malpas has bin an' composed. Here, let's sit down here in the light."

They all came back willingly, and sat down together in the seat which was within the rays of the afterglow that streamed in at the doorway.

"Now then," said James, taking out his sounding pipe. "Key of three flats, common time; words, 'In the dark and cloudy day.' Take your pitch from the key-note."

James set his pipe to the required key, blew a mellow note, and there was a subdued medley of sound as they all "found their pitch"—Martha Watts in shrill treble, Ellen Allcorn in contralto, James Tibbs in tenor, and Israel Hobbs with subterranean rumblings, as befitted his powerful bass voice. Abednego sat back in a blind, whirling trance of delight.

The four singers bravely attacked Abednego's hieroglyphics, so anxious, in their simple kindness of heart, to do the music justice, that their earnestness evinced itself in an emphatic nod of the head at every note, as much as to say, "There, I've got 'im, anyhow." But, cordial though their inten-

tions were, Abednego's cryptic signs were too much for them, and a puzzled look stole into their faces before they had reached the end of the first line. The result of the first attempt was in consequence somewhat bewildering. Martha Watts was continually in two minds as to her note, and, as she sang first and changed her mind afterwards, there was a continuous dual sound in the treble which was curious in the extreme. Ellen Allcorn, slower and more cautious than Martha, puzzled out the note first and sang afterwards, with the result that her alto was continually coming in between the chords with belated solitariness. James Tibbs, his eyes fixed earnestly on the score, sang on irrespective of anyone. Finally, he finished first, Martha Watts came a triumphant second, Ellen Allcorn sang three plaintive notes alone, and Israel Hobbs was left rumbling up and down octaves for a whole bar, in a dismal, wandering kind of way.

They looked at each other and at Abednego in the utmost consternation; but Abednego paid no heed. He was in the seventh heaven, and both his eyes and ears were blurred.

"Come, come!" said James Tibbs. "We was all out of it that time. We mus' do better nor that."

"You bain't singin' together," piped old Daddy Bostock from the aisle. Daddy had been a tremendous singer in his time, and still religiously attended the practices, although he was almost too blind to see a note, and too weak of voice to sing one even if he could have seen it. "You bain't singin' together," he said quaveringly. "What's the use of singin' ef you don't keep together? You be all over the shop."

"We knows that, Daddy," replied James Tibbs good-humouredly. "But we'll get it right this time, never fear. Now, try again and keep together."

"Wait a bit," said Israel Hobbs, piqued considerably by the thought that he had been the last to get through. "Wait a bit, Let's get an unnerstandin' first. What's this 'ere note, Abednego?"

Abednego, brought down from his cloud-land of ecstasy, leaned over the pew from behind.

"That's a C," he said, doubtfully.

"There," said Israel triumphantly. "I knew it wasn't my fault as I got behind. If it's a C, how can it be in 'armony with that there chord? You must mean a B there, 'cos C would be a discord. That's where I lost the time, a-considerin' over it."

"All right, it's B then," said Abednego, rather tartly, annoyed at such an ignoramus as Israel Hobbs questioning the work of a composer.

"That's where I lost the time," said Israel

again, in an aggrieved tone, anxious to explain away his disgrace. "I was a-considerin' over it, an' that's how I lost a whole bar."

"Ha—hum!" said Israel Hobbs.

"Well, I think we'd better go now. It's getting late," said James Tibbs, constrainedly.



Abednego had the assurance to stand up and beat time.

"Never mind," said James Tibbs gently. "Let's try agen."

Aided by the thumps of James Tibbs's hand upon the seat-ledge at the first beat in each bar, they succeeded in keeping together at the next attempt, but they all glanced at each other in a depressed way as they finished. They had never before heard such a peculiar conglomeration of sound. They looked down at the paper in their hands in a vacuous and embarrassed manner, and there was an awkward silence.

They handed back the slips of paper to Abednego as they walked down the aisle, and an uncomfortable silence prevailed until they reached the door.

"What do you think of it?" asked Abednego, with exultant expectation, of James Tibbs.

An embarrassed look flitted over James's face. He never liked to hurt the feelings of any man.

"Well, it's just like this, Abednego," he said slowly, after a pause. "In composin'

there's only one way. A man has got to have an air in his head first of all. It's no good unless you've got an air to start on. Then he's got to write harmony to that air. It's just like a preacher startin' to write a sermon. What's the good for him to begin until he's got a subject fixed in his mind? Ef he's got no subject, no particular line of thought, he only goes floundering about, and gets nowhere in the end. Or, to come nearer home, it's just like a carpenter startin' work on a piece of wood. What's the good for him to begin until he knows what he's goin' to make? He'd only spoil the timber. Well, composin' is just the same. First of all, hit upon your air to suit your words. Then do your harmony. It's the only way."

With which gentle rebuke, James said "Good-night," and went off over the clover meadow with Israel Hobbs.

"You see, that's how I got a whole bar behind," said Israel Hobbs to James, as they walked homeward together in the twilight. "I couldn' make it out, see, an' while I was a-puzzlin' it over I lost the time."

"I don' know whether I was quite honest with Abednego," said James anxiously. "I don' know but what I ought to have told him straight as his composition is no use at all. Per'aps it 'ud ha' bin more in accordance with Scriptur' ef I had spoken candid. But it's very difficult to tell a man straight to his face as his composin' is only rubbish."

"Ef he had written it plain, it 'ud ha' bin something," said Israel plaintively. "A man can't help gettin' behind when he's got to puzzle out the notes for 'isself."

Thus Israel continued to explain the matter away at frequent intervals until his path diverged from that of James Tibbs; and he went into the subject at length with his wife when he reached his house; and for days it rankled in his mind that he had been the last to finish Abednego's music.

Abednego, on the other hand, was receiving the tribute due to his genius from Lemuel and Hannah.

"It was grand, Abednego," said Hannah enthusiastically.

"Ay, it was grand," said Lemuel, eyeing his supper with great satisfaction. "They'm all talkin' about you to-night, I reckon, Abednego."

"They did sing it, too, the second time," said Hannah. "James Tibbs did roll it out. An' you should ha' seen everybody a-listenin' an' a-lookin' at you like you was somebody."

Abednego leaned back in his chair with magnificent importance.

"Ha! You wait a bit," he said distantly. "I can do better nor that, never fear."

It was from that time forward, for at least six months, that Abednego became a con-

tinuous pest and embarrassment and weariness of the flesh to James Tibbs and everybody in the choir, and, eventually, even to the church itself. For, having once tasted the sweets of fame, the hunger for it became, as it were, the very breath of his nostrils. He grew greedy for it as a miser does for the glitter and ring of gold. To sit amongst the members of the choir and hear them singing over his music, written by his own hand, was the one thing for which he lived from week to week. He became a veritable barrel-organ of composition, turning out fresh productions every week, with the most fatal and alarming facility, and bringing them to the practice—four copies of each—with the most exasperating regularity. The luckless singers grew to dread the moment when Abednego would rise with an ominous-looking roll of paper in his hand, and say, in a casual, off-hand way: "I've got another little thing 'ere as I want you to try over. Just knocked it off the other evening."

That was all very well in its way once or twice, but when it happened with wearisome monotony after every practice, it grew too much to be borne. When the crucial moment approached, the singers would talk hard to each other, dreading the sound of Abednego's voice, and would hurriedly rise from their seats and attempt to escape, but Abednego never failed to overtake a luckless group of them, whom he conducted to a seat like unhappy lambs to the slaughter. They would look at each other in the utmost misery, and would sit giving vent to the dismal sounds marked down on Abednego's paper, the most depressed-looking lot of singers that imagination could picture. Yet they bore with Abednego with wonderful patience and good-humour. Human nature, it seems to me, is a gentler and kindlier thing amid these simple country surroundings than in the selfish stress of town life. James Tibbs would shake his head in great and serious perturbation when he thought of Abednego, and a troubled look would dwell on his usually genial face, and he would say, as though with a sudden access of fortitude and resolution in the face of some great perplexity: "I *must* tell 'im. Yes, indeed, I shall have to tell 'im. It's gettin' past all bearin'." Still James could never summon the courage to "be unkind" to Abednego, and the close of the next practice would find him sitting meekly and miserably amongst the other singers, with his eyes fixed on a slip of paper, and Abednego beating time before them.

Yes, Abednego had the assurance, before long, to stand up and beat time. Indeed, about this period he became so eaten up with pride and conceit that he lost all sense of proper modesty. He actually had the assurance

not only to stand up before James Tibbs, conductor of the choir, and beat time, but took upon himself to rap upon the seat-ledge, stop them in the middle of their singing, and bid them commence over again, exactly as though he were James Tibbs.

Abednego's ever-growing conceit and self-importance brought matters to a crisis at last. Trying over the chords of a new composition one day on the reedy harmonium, a sudden inspiration came to him, which caused him to rise from the instrument and walk to and fro in excitement. Why shouldn't they sing one of his tunes at a Sunday service? Why shouldn't they? They were as good and better than many of those stupid, old-fashioned melodies which were sung at present. Here was a grand idea. He would write a beautiful tune to one of the familiar hymns, and they should sing it on Sunday evening. Already he saw the great scene—the minister standing up and announcing the hymn, the minister's daughter playing his tune over on the organ; the congregation rising to their feet, and joining with the choir in the grand strains; and he, Abednego Malpas, standing up in the gallery, facing the choir, and in full view of the greater portion of the audience, and conducting as they sang. Yes, he would conduct in person! All great composers conducted their own work. His bosom swelled as he thought of that proud moment. Yes, it must come. His ambition would be satisfied with nothing less. They must sing one of his tunes at a full service, and he must conduct in person.

Then arose a time of great perplexity and dismay among the members of the choir. Wanted one of his tunes sung in service! The cool assurance of the proposal took their breath away, and they could not find words for the occasion. Oh, he must be told straight! They had had enough of Abednego and his tunes. Israel Hobbs, his face red with indignation, declared that James Tibbs must tell him straight, and James Tibbs declared, with a cloud of anxiety on his gentle face, that the minister must tell him; and the minister, laughing in his sleeve, said that he thought it was the duty of the conductor to undertake the task; and the result was that the close of the practice found James Tibbs sitting meekly and dismally among a group of others, trying Abednego's last and greatest tune over, and Abednego beating time before them more perkily than ever.

Then the choir, driven to desperation, held a private committee meeting, and determined that, come what might, they would not sing Abednego's tune in public—no, not even if he left the church. James Tibbs showed signs of being inclined to waver and to give way for the sake of peace; but the choir stood firm,

and announced their resolve to absent themselves in a body rather than sing Abednego's music. They were heartily sick of Abednego and his rolls of paper, and when he lost his head so far as to demand that one of his compositions be sung in public, it proved the last straw. Come what might, they would not sing his tune, and on that position they stood firm.

Abednego grew mightily offended when he realised that there was a silent though determined resistance to his ambition, and in a great huff he stayed away from the next practice. Then unpleasantness arose in the church, for honest Lemuel took up Abednego's cause with ardour, and went about asking everybody, "Why don't they sing Abednego's toon? It's a shame not to sing his toon. It's a rare good toon, and I reckon it's a shame not to sing it!" The next Sunday, Abednego, Lemuel, and Hannah were all absent from their accustomed seats in chapel as a formal sign of their resentment; and, in short, there is no knowing what things would have come to, had not the unexpected happened.

Abednego's career as a composer was cut short—nipped in the bud, so to speak—and that by a woman. Abednego, you must understand, was "keeping company" with Ann Foulkes, the serving-maid at the Court Farm, which means that they walked across the fields together, with preternaturally solemn bearing, once a week. Now Ann was a clear-headed, sensible woman, and when Abednego opened his heart to her on the subject of his grievance she turned upon him suddenly and said with awful distinctness:

"Look here, Abednego; you are makin' a silly of yourself!"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Abednego, bristling, and growing red as a turkey-cock.

"Don't answer me!" replied Ann sharply. "Jes' listen here! Ef you do any more composin', as you call it, of them awful things, I'll never speak to you agen!"

Poor Abednego could hardly believe his ears. His heart fell, and his mortification was such that there came a loud singing in his head.

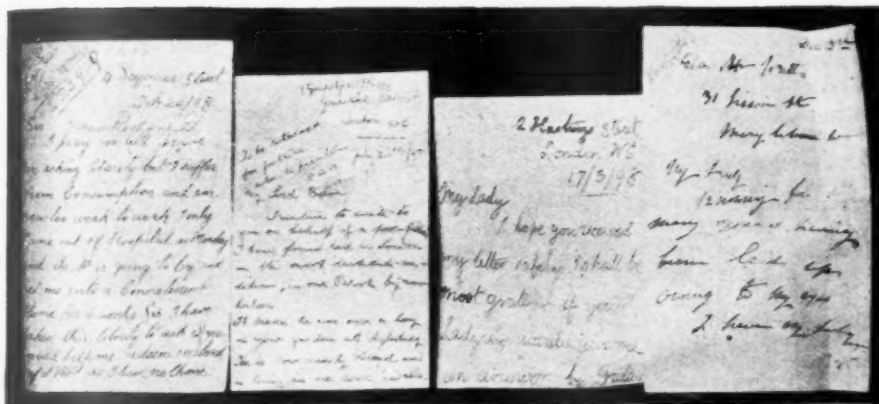
"Eh? What?" he stammered piteously. "You don't mean to say as—"

"Abednego, they are simply awful, and there's an end of it," replied Ann, with uncompromising bluntness. "They're more like a lot of farnyard noises than a tune! A man what sets 'isself up to do what he's got no gift for at all is makin' a silly of 'isself, and a man what makes a silly of 'isself ent a-go'in' to marry me, so I tell you!"

Abednego went home a broken and dispirited man; but since that evening he has disappeared from amongst the list of his country's composers.

A BEGGAR'S MUSEUM.

By Reginald H. Cocks.



SOME BEGGING LETTERS.

(Apparently in different handwritings, but in reality the work of a single ingenious beggar.)

“**N**EVER to give any money in the streets” seems in all conscience to be a hard and heartless maxim, but such is the advice of all who have seriously studied this difficult

question; and the genial Secretary of the London Mendicity Society will tell you this and, what is more, show you evidence which goes to prove and substantiate my opening sentence.

The work so successfully carried out by this Institution is manifold, and, broadly speaking, its purpose may be briefly summed up as being for the good of all classes of society who for the time being may have fallen upon rugged paths.

Appeals from 'Varsity men, naval and military men, literary and scientific, or even ladies high up the social ladder, are received by the Society on behalf of its subscribers.

This Institution is also instrumental in the apprehension of street beggars, and in giving daily evidence at the Police Courts, while it plays a conspicuous part in enforcing the Industrial School

Act and the rescue of infants hired out by professional beggars.

The Museum at the Society's Offices in Red Lion Square is of historical value and interest, and with regard to the ancient pictures to be here seen—so deep in tone as to have almost lost all recognition—we may class the Mendicity staff as being on the “Hanging Committee.”

Another very important and interesting branch of the work is the Begging Letter Department, that above mentioned being termed the Constables' Department.

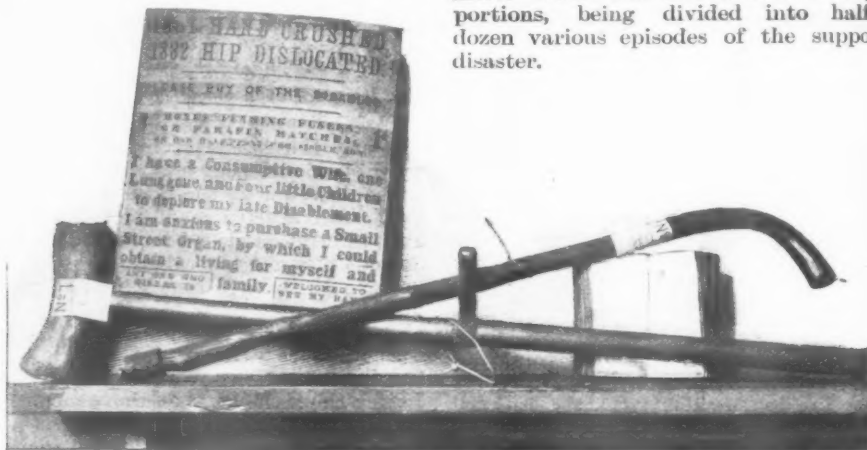
This Institution investigates for subscribers begging letters from any part of the United Kingdom, and often reports upon them by return of post by means of referring to a register, a marvel of comprehensive classification, wherein are over 225,000 names (every conceivable patronymic is there), against each of which is a number which refers to a certain pigeon-holed bundle of correspondence which will throw a searchlight upon each individual case. For the professional begging-letter writer is a wily person, his ways are many, the number of his various addresses past finding out, as the majority adopt the pernicious system of paying so much for letters to be taken in (accommodation addresses, as they are termed)

at some shop in a respectable neighbourhood, where they will call regularly. And then the flexible "fist" of these people!

Each communication of the begging order will not only tell a very different tale, but no two bear any similarity in penmanship, and would puzzle all the handwriting experts to give proof.

But in this register the actual name and the "professional" names of all old offenders are recorded, so that in case of urgent need a case can be turned up and successfully reported upon within a few hours.

If you do not give money in the streets—and, in point of fact, it is the public that makes the beggar by thus giving promiscuously—there is this alternative:



CRUTCH, STICK, AND "HYMNAL COMPANION."

(The property of begging impostors.)

you can provide the applicant with both unsaleable food and inquiry tickets, the former entitling the bearer to two-pennyworth of food at certain well-known cocoa rooms.

The "Trophy Room" at the Society's premises deserves more than passing attention, consisting, as it does, of the numerous devices which have been taken from pavement impostors on the London streets.

Since the Society has been established upwards of 70,000 street rogues and vagabonds have been dealt with.

The street beggar has been well called "an artist in imposture," and doubtless, if only some of the talent utilised to ply his trade could be diverted into the right channel, his cunning would serve him in useful stead for better purposes.

Some of these "trophy" date back a considerable period, and in many instances to a bygone time, when the susceptibilities of a gullible public were influenced by coloured drawings (very portable) in place of the present pavement pictures.

Now these earlier oil paintings always depicted some terrible catastrophe where in the beggar himself was represented as being shipwrecked, run over by a train, or otherwise maimed for life to get a living. Some of these daubs—for very few had any claim to artistic merit—would run into considerable proportions, being divided into half a dozen various episodes of the supposed disaster.

Where was the merit in displaying these when the majority were the work of one man who, if not exactly an original artist, was certainly possessed of a wondrous and vivid imagination?

The painter then pursued his commissions under the shelter of a "studio" in a common lodging-house, and while his fee was thirty shillings for "a 'orrible haccident," the compromise was one shilling per diem on the hire purchase system; yet it is extremely doubtful whether the full figure was ever paid.

A favourite subject for the beggar

was one that comprised all the horrors of the operating theatre, wherein nurses, students, white-haired doctors, and red rivers of streaming blood, surrounded the

storm and tempest for the sake of his fellow-creatures—as we see in the illustration (page 241). The *locale* is Boulogne Harbour, and “the French (possibly

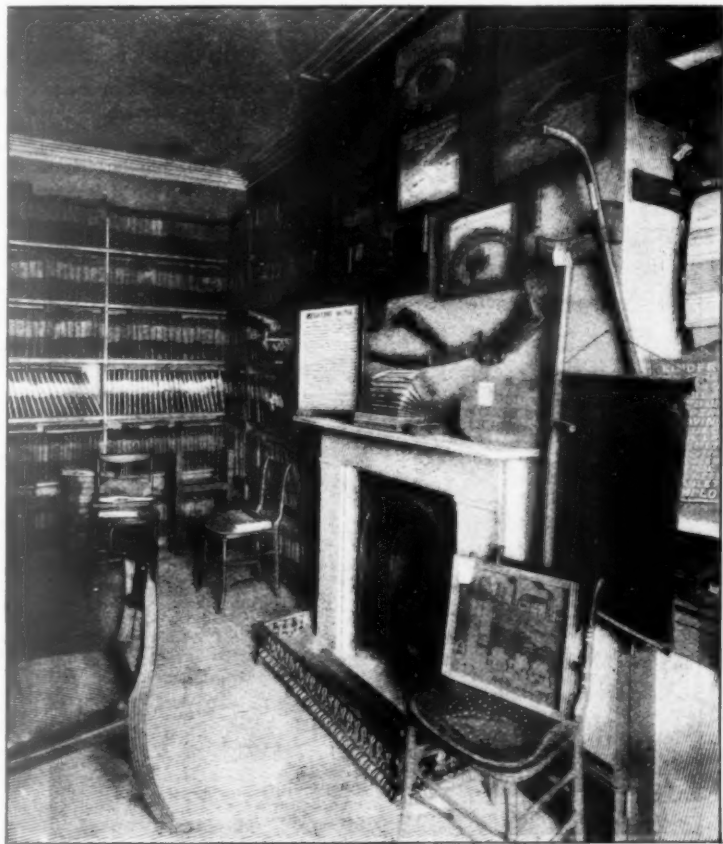


Photo. Cassell and Co., Ltd.

A CORNER OF THE BEGGAR'S MUSEUM.

gentleman as he lay prostrate on a couch in the centre.

Curious to note, many of these surgical pictures referred to the loss of a tongue, showing the operation of removal; and, in one case, the supposed original organ was displayed on the pavement in a glass bottle preserved in spirit of wine, while, in reality, it was not the tongue of the beggar, but that of an adult sheep.

Then there is the thrilling lifeboat scene wherein the brave beggar is battling the

Anglophobes!) would not go to save life." The sympathetic "kind friends" were left to trace the distant relationship 'twixt the lifeboat and the "cancer" by which the "mariner" had been deprived of his tongue—at least, perhaps the fellow would have held his tongue if you interrogated him.

The crutch, stick, and "hymnal companion" did not belong to one and the same impostor, but nevertheless the owners were in each case out-and-out rogues.

Yet the "lame" ran, took to his heels, and bolted away as hard as he could, leaving the crutch on the ground when he was being apprehended; while the stick, which also forms a feature of the illustration, was the property of a bolder man, for, observe, the ferule is a substantial piece of iron gas tubing which there is little doubt was placed there with an object.

At a church door each Sunday you might have espied a shabbily clad individual sporting the "Congregational

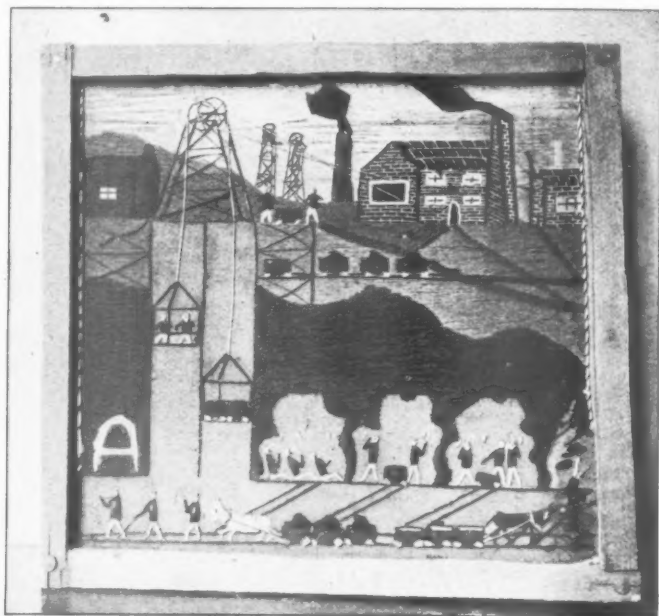
directory were "crosses" pencilled against every person who, in the man's estimation, would be "any good."

Roderick Manion went a decided step farther, and this is what he had to tell the public:—

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO THE GOVERNMENT AND NATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bearer, Roderick Manion, formerly a Private in the 26th, and latterly in the 2nd 14th



A CAPTURED TROPHY.

(A picture of a coal mine wrought in woollen fabric.)

Psalmist. Tenor"—as the cover of the "hymnal companion" reads. Members of the congregation looked with pity, thinking that the man yearned to enter but dared not because of his tattered garments.

But, as a matter of fact, it was found, on closer examination, that the "Psalmist" cover really contained a copy of the Royal Blue Book and Fashionable Directory, which the fellow had thus bound with his own hands; and further, within the columns of this street

Regiments of the Line, claims from the British Government a gratuity of six months' pay, £12 3s. 4d., sixty acres of land in New Zealand, value £120, and £27 passage money, making a total of £159 3s. 4d. The gratuity and land was proffered him on his discharge, April 6th, 1866, by Col. John Dwyer, one of the then representatives of the British Government in H.M. 2nd 14th Regiment, and was accepted by me, the bearer, but which said gratuity, pay, and land, or any part thereof has not at any time been received by me from the Government, who have failed in their contract to me, although I have been pressing since my discharge till the present time, and have returned from New Zealand to lay my claim

before the Government, it being still withheld from me.

On the motion being brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Sexton, M.P., August 14th, 1882, Mr. Childers, M.P., told H.M. Government and the Nation the gratuity was paid in 1866, the War Office having nothing to do with grants of land.

This assertion I positively deny, and challenge him to produce proofs of the payment to me, and consider the Government responsible for their agreement to me for compensation, and I exhibit this statement, urging the Government and Nation at large to investigate Mr. Childers' assertion, and compel a full satisfaction of my just and lawful claims.

Total claim, £159 3s. 4d.

RODERICK MANION (late 2nd 14th Foot).

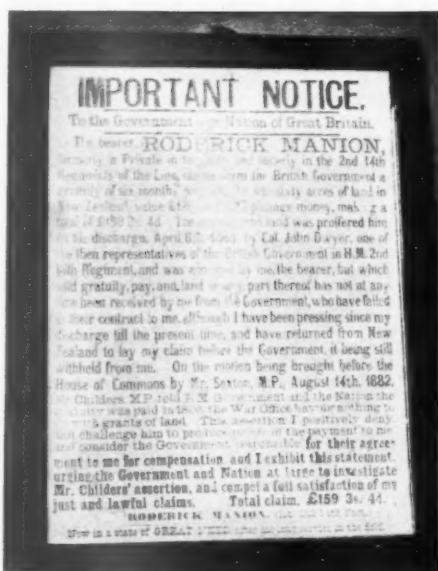
Now in state of GREAT NEED after his long service in the field.

One would imagine that very few people would have stopped on a cold winter's day to digest the assertions here put forth at such great length. This person would have done better to have simply displayed these few words: "I am an impostor. Please help me."

The picture of a coal mine in active working—doubtless a gold mine to its



SOME PAVEMENT PICTURES USED BY IMPOSTORS.



RODERICK MANION'S MANIFESTO.

owner—wrought in woollen fabric was instinctively ingenious, and showed at least that some one of the beggar's friends had an idea as to how the mines are worked, if not the beggar himself. This little frame has the merit of being a great curiosity, as it is the only thing of its kind that was captured and which now forms a portion of the booty at Red Lion Square.

With regard to Begging Letters, here is a typical one, which is written (as will be seen) in a bold hand. Necessarily omitting names, this reads as follows—the tautology rather spoiling the spontaneous flow of language:—

25th. Janry, 1898.

To the most Honble

and most noble

The Countess of —.

MY LADY COUNTESS,

With sincere grief and now with bitter tears I am obliged and now Driven to lay these testimonials and my papers before your Ladyship and say with Great Honour & respect its with sincere sorrow that I cannot lay them before that noble & good Christian The Late Samaritan good noble Earl [underlined twice] who knew me in my County position when I met the noble Earl at the —

Park — years ago the fact is my Lady Countess & the solemn truth Gods' Divine Truth is I have just come out of Hospital where I have been a long while and I have suffered a Martyrdom & have undergone Several Operations but that is not all now for 5 nights I have been Walking the Naked Streets with no money & no food & now I am Coughing & Spitting of Blood Spitting of Blood My Lady Countess If its only a Small Donation If only a few pounds it will be as much to me now as £40,000 was when in My Great County Position I am a Teetotaler (sic) & I beg to state My Lady Countess that I have tried and tried in Vain for a Situation & they all tell me I am to old old age I know that I am 78 but this is most serious (sic) My Lady Countess after Holding a County Position so many years to be out in the Cold naked streets as I have been Last & 3 nights before with no money & no food I will call again for all of my Papers & Testimonials then I pray I may get your kind & good Samaritan Christian help Please My Lady Countess then I will leave London and go down to my beloved wife & my family My Lady Countess My Case is a Sad one & is Most exceptional that ever yet have come before your Ladyship's kind perusal & all these Testimonials are Truth are facts I am now My Lady Countess feel Sinking feel Sinking feel Sinking & can only say in God Name that I have told your Ladyship the Solemn Gods Truth & Angels could do no more I will call again for my papers & beg the Great Honour to remain

My Lady Countess Your
with tears with tears
(Signed) HENRY CRISPE.

Obedient Servant

Observe that there is no punctuation in the original, of which this is a verbatim reproduction. The gentleman came to a "full stop" afterwards.

This man was a professional begging-letter writer, while his constant reiteration for the return of all "papers and

testimonials" becomes wearisome and at the same time proves that these were his stock-in-trade.

Some of the begging letters (25 per cent.) received for investigation by the Society may be put down at once as issuing from the fertile brains of impostors, while a further 50 per cent. have to be catalogued as "Undeserving," leaving 25 per cent. deserving, of which from 5 to 7 per cent. are very deserving cases — so much so, in fact, that there is often considerable difficulty in raising the necessary money to help them; and to deal with all these cases donations to the General Relief Fund are much wanted.

In conclusion, it is of interest to remark that her Majesty the Queen has been patron of the Society since the date of her accession, and that, in dealing with her Majesty's charity to the deserving poor of the metropolis, the Mendicity Society's services have constantly been sought, the thoroughness and promptness of their work being due, in great measure, to the exceptional efficiency and experience (gained by many years' service) of the office and staff, at the command of the energetic secretary, Mr. Eric Buchanan, and to the good fortune of having Lord Norton as chairman of the Board of Management, who once remarked, "The beggar's cry represents God's own demand for man's mutual service."

My Lady Countess My Case is a Sad one & is Most exceptional that ever yet have come before your Ladyship's kind perusal & all these Testimonials are Truth are facts I am now My Lady Countess feel Sinking feel Sinking feel Sinking & can only say in God Name that I have told your Ladyship the Solemn Gods Truth & Angels could do no more I will call again for my papers & beg the Great Honour to remain

26 Jan 1898
To the Most Noble
The Countess
My Lady Countess
I have been in the Hospital where I have been a long while and I have suffered a Martyrdom & have undergone Several Operations but that is not all now for 5 nights I have been Walking the Naked Streets with no money & no food & now I am Coughing & Spitting of Blood Spitting of Blood My Lady Countess If its only a Small Donation If only a few pounds it will be as much to me now as £40,000 was when in My Great County Position I am a Teetotaler (sic) & I beg to state My Lady Countess that I have tried and tried in Vain for a Situation & they all tell me I am to old old age I know that I am 78 but this is most serious (sic) My Lady Countess after Holding a County Position so many years to be out in the Cold naked streets as I have been Last & 3 nights before with no money & no food I will call again for all of my Papers & Testimonials then I pray I may get your kind & good Samaritan Christian help Please My Lady Countess then I will leave London and go down to my beloved wife & my family My Lady Countess My Case is a Sad one & is Most exceptional that ever yet have come before your Ladyship's kind perusal & all these Testimonials are Truth are facts I am now My Lady Countess feel Sinking feel Sinking feel Sinking & can only say in God Name that I have told your Ladyship the Solemn Gods Truth & Angels could do no more I will call again for my papers & beg the Great Honour to remain

Obedient Servant Henry Crispe

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE BEGGING LETTER QUOTED ABOVE.

The Lady of the Manor

By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY DALLINGER TO SEE MR. LEIGHTON.



NICE mess I've made of it! If anyone ever catches me going in for match-making again, I'll give him permission to call me the old idiot I surely must have been to help bring this about. Having done it, however, I ought in all decency to undo as much of it as I can; and this letter of

Forthshire's certainly offers a chance, if only I can work it properly."

The inaudible soliloquiser was Lady Dallinger, who had been amazed by her twelve hours' old discovery that Thorold Leighton loved Hildred Hurst as only such men as he can love; and that Hildred, though as yet unaware of the fact—or apparently so—was much more akin at heart to him than to her betrothed husband, his cousin and friend.

Her ladyship's eyes had been opened by a few words uttered by Lois, relating to the former's story, "Love's Conquest," which was rapidly nearing conclusion.

The sisters were spending the day at Cedar Lodge, an event of tolerably frequent occurrence. Lady Dallinger's liking for Lois had extended to the quieter Marjory; and, as both girls had taken a great fancy to the eccentric old lady, it became nothing unusual for Lois to cycle over to the Lodge for inspiration—which she declared came more readily there than at Estens—and for Marjory to follow and fetch her home later in the day.

The cedar room, as Lady Dallinger called her den, was the young scribbler's favourite hunting-ground. She would sit for hours facing the window overlooking the huge tree, writing as if her life depended on the result.

She had, she declared, done an unusually good day's work on this particular occasion, which was about a month after the coming-of-age festivities at the Manor.

"Glad you are satisfied," observed Marjory, diligently stitching at an elaborate table-centre. "When I have finished this poppy, we'll be off."

"Pray, don't hurry yourselves," said Lady Dallinger, looking up from her newspaper. "There's plenty for dinner, if you feel inclined to stay."

"We mustn't to-day," smiled Marjory; "you forget the manor folk are all coming."

"Why was I left out?"

"You weren't, you old dear!" Of course, this free-and-easy speech emanated from Miss Lois. "Only you have to dine at the Vicarage to-night."

"Bless my heart! It's lucky you reminded me of it, Madcap."

"Ah!" Lois shook her head solemnly. "What you did before you knew me I can't imagine! I think I'll engage myself to you as your secretary and amanuensis."

"I wish you would, child. Hildred was my right hand until Wulfe Estens came and stole her away. I have missed her more than I care for her to know, for she has other duties now to fill her days; and right well she does them too. Have you married them yet in your story?"

"No. And I'm not going to."

"My gracious! Why not?"

"Everything's got into a tangle. She had no business to get engaged to Wulfe; I can see that now."

"Do you allude to Berenice de Favart or to Hildred Hurst?"

"Whichever you like to call her. Thorold's in love with her, you know."

"Lois dear, Thorold would not thank you—" began Marjory.

"No, of course not! I was forgetting Lady Dallinger didn't know. Please forget I let it out, won't you?" Lois turned her eyes beseechingly on the startled old face, from before which the newspaper dropped suddenly.

"Are you sure? But, yes, of course he is. What an old blind-eyes I must have been not to see it for myself."

"He hides it so beautifully," said Lois, with mingled shame at her little slip and pride in her brother. "I should never have guessed if he hadn't walked into my story one day and insisted on staying there. I wondered what part he meant to play. And then I saw him watching Hildred, and I knew at once. She was playing the violin, and looking just lovely with her eyes all dreamy and far away. It came to me all of a sudden—about Thorold; and I couldn't feel

properly sorry for him, because it was such a splendid thing for my story. Of course, I never mean to have it published; so I write exactly what happens. The other tale may appear some day, if the publishers think it good enough. My short stories begin to go off really well—don't they, Marjory?"

"They do, dear. But you mustn't chatter any longer, or we shall never get home. Good-bye, Lady Dallinger."

Early on the following morning Lady Dallinger ordered her brougham, and set out for Estens. As Night and Midnight pranced up the avenue, in the cheerful style they deemed suitable on returning from a funeral, they met Captain Estens' dogcart, himself driving, Marjory at his side, and Lois sharing the back seat with the dapper-looking groom.

The girls wanted to get down and return to the house with Lady Dallinger, taking it for granted her errand was to them.

But they were quickly undeceived.

"Stay where you are. And you drive on, Wulfe. It's Thorold Leighton I want to see. I suppose he's not gallivanting about the country at this hour in the morning?"

No, Wulfe resumed her, with a laugh; old Thorold was hard at work in the library, writing an article on divination.

Thorold Leighton was not over-pleased at being disturbed; but no trace of the annoyance he felt was visible in his face.

"I am not going to apologise for interrupting you," began Lady Dallinger, as she took the chair he offered. "I've come on business, which may prove very important business before we've finished with it. First, do you mind answering a question or two?"

"I will do my best to oblige, Lady Dallinger."

"Bless me, how stately we are! Now, are you meaning to stay here for ever, Mr. Leighton? Don't you think it is quite time Wulfe managed his own affairs?"

"Quite," was the ready reply.

"Then you would leave here at once if you heard of anything to make it worth your while?"

"That would depend on two things. First, whether or not Wulfe would consent to look after his affairs; second, whether or not the 'anything' provided a home for my sisters as well as myself. They are too old to stay here if I go, though my cousin would gladly have them make their home here."

"Hildred Hurst might object, though, if he did not. Well, of course, I can't answer for Wulfe turning out trumps. He's as lazy as he's big, but he's not without a conscience. And I think if somebody—Hildred, for instance—pointed out to him that it's his duty to settle down, manage his own estate, and help her manage hers, why, he might do it. And,

if not, it doesn't seem to me that it's your duty to throw away a chance hundreds of men would gladly jump at, just because Wulfe refuses to work."

"And what of the second consideration, Lady Dallinger?"

"Your sisters? They're only your half-sisters, after all."

"It is equally my duty and my pleasure to provide for them."

"Oh, well, perhaps I have an idea in my head concerning them. Let me first hear what you think of the chance I am offering you. This letter is from my cousin, *Forthshire*. His secretary is leaving him, and he has not, as yet, heard of another to his liking. He mentions it quite casually, and only as a tremendous nuisance at the upset such a change is bound to cause. The man's health has given out—he's naturally consumptive—and he's ordered to the South. I need not tell you that *Forthshire* is first and foremost a politician. He was one in his cradle; and many's the time I've heard of his being in one of the galleries at the House when he ought to have been playing football. He means to be Prime Minister, if he lives—that's his little ambition; and you ought to know it before you consider the advisability of my suggesting you as a candidate for the secretaryship. It will be no child's play, you know. I think he'd give you an interview on my recommendation; and I may as well mention that the salary would be in proportion to the work—probably twice as much as you consent to take from Wulfe. But think it out. I am in no hurry for half an hour or so."

CHAPTER X.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

HAD Thorold only himself to think of, he would not have hesitated for a second. Such a chance was far too good to be missed; it was one in a thousand. But he would not allow himself to so much as glance at it until he was satisfied that it would not leave his young sisters without a home.

"The girls could not possibly be with me, Lady Dallinger."

"Perhaps not. But they would be safe enough at Cedar Lodge under my wing. I'm thinking."

"My dear Lady Dallinger, why, in the name of all that's surprising, should you be bothered with a couple of children?"

"You may think them children, Thorold Leighton, but they are no such thing. The fact of the matter is, I want Lois; I can't

have Lois without Marjory, and she is such a dear, sensible thing that I shall like to have her, too. Now are you answered?"

"No. I can't for the life of me guess why you should go out of your way to do me so great a service."

"As relieving you of your half-sisters? But there, I see you are in no mood for nonsense. Doesn't it occur to you that, just

Dallinger. You are doing me a greater service than you are aware of."

"What you know about that you'll soon forget!" Thus Lady Dallinger to herself. Aloud she said: "Now set to work to consider the matter from all points of view. I mean to stay to lunch. You'll find me in the dining-room at two o'clock."

She left him to think the matter over while



"I am not going to apologise for interrupting you."

possibly, the boot may be on the other leg?"

"I fear I don't follow you."

"Oh, dear me! You extra worthy men never do put a proper value on yourselves. To speak plainly, Mr. Thorold Leighton, I believe you are the very man my cousin Forthshire would choose out of a hundred or so applicants. Now do you understand? I may add that I am a lonely old woman. I miss Hildred Hurst's constant presence more even than I thought I should, and I want to replace her with Lois and Marjory. If you don't follow me now, I am sorry for you."

"It's immensely good of you, Lady

she went to another room and wrote to Lord Forthshire.

At a quarter to two Thorold left the library and went in search of her. She was already in the dining-room, sitting by an open window and drumming with her fingers on the broad sill.

"Well?"

"I thank you very heartily, Lady Dallinger. Should his Grace choose me for his secretary, I shall be only too glad to leave my sisters in your charge. But you must permit me to defray all their expenses."

"You shall pay me a hundred a year, for which I will undertake to provide wholesome food and decent clothing."

"A hundred a year for each, Lady Dallinger, would scarcely pay you."

"You are no business man, after all, or you wouldn't talk such nonsense. Lois will be my unsalaried companion, Marjory my unpaid housekeeper. I shall make money out of the transaction."

"That is your way of putting it——"

"Now don't begin to argue; I hate arguing, and I like having my own way. Consider the matter settled, if you please. I hope Wulfe Estens is going to be punctual; I want my lunch."

"We will begin without him. He is probably at the manor, and, if so, Marjory and Lois are sure to be with him still. They are staunch admirers of Miss Hurst."

"What a peculiar girl that Dagmar Errol is! As bright as sunshine one day and as surly as a bear the next. A girl of her build ought to have a more equable temperament. She should leave 'moods' to smaller women; they don't suit her at all."

"She has not enough to do," replied Thorold judiciously, doing the honours of the luncheon table in his quietly courteous fashion, which secretly delighted Lady Dallinger. "No girl of her age should be without occupation; Dagmar has not even a hobby."

"Unless it's flirting," supplemented her ladyship. "She certainly does not excel in anything but that—and looking handsome, which she can't help. She might be of great use to Hildred, if she chose."

"Yes. I confess to having felt disappointed in her of late. But perhaps she misses her brother; they are sincerely attached."

"That is no reason why she should spend her days—or most of them—in idle unamability. Why doesn't she take up a profession like your plucky little Lois? That child will make her mark in the world sooner or later."

"She certainly has talent—and industry; and her style is already emerging from crudeness."

"She is such a fascinating little witch, too. I hope she won't risk spoiling her career by marrying too early."

"I don't think there is any danger of that." Thorold could not resist a smile of amusement at the thought of Lois developing into a married woman. "Wulfe is appropriated, you know, and she never had any other hero."

"It doesn't follow that she never will. She is sixteen, she tells me. Girls of that age are often very romantic, and generally silly."

"Only when they have more time on their hands and less work for their heads than is good for them. I don't think you need fear for Lois, Lady Dallinger. Marjory is much more likely to marry young."

"Don't let her have Paulett, whatever you do," said her ladyship hastily. "I see him casting sheep's-eyes at her when he ought to be attending to his business. He is absolutely without prospects of any sort, and to be the wife of a curate without prospects is a cruel fate for any girl. I will look about me for Marjory—— Oh no, I'll do nothing of the kind."

Thorold looked at her questioningly.

"I did a bit of matchmaking once—and regretted it," she exclaimed. "You don't catch me interfering a second time."

"The marriage did not turn out well?"

"It hasn't come off yet. I'll trouble you for a little more of that excellent pie."

An inkling of the truth occurred to Leighton, bringing with it an uneasy suspicion that his cherished secret was no secret to Lady Dallinger. Was that why she was so anxious to serve him? Because she had helped to give the girl he loved to his cousin?

"But she must know that I could never have tried to win my darling!" he said to himself. "How could I presume to approach the wealthy lady of the manor as a possible husband?"

Lady Dallinger thought more highly than ever of him when at length she condescended to relieve him of the responsibility of entertaining her.

It was late in the afternoon before Wulfe and his cousins got back. Miss Hurst had wanted to go to Bagshot to do some shopping, and he offered to drive her over, Marjory and Lois staying at the manor with Mrs. Blenheim and Dagmar until Wulfe returned to fetch them.

Dagmar was in one of her dark moods, seething with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards the girl whose bread she was eating.

Lois considered her a suitable subject for "studying," and offered to accompany her when she said she was going for a walk.

"All right, come if you like; only I warn you that I shall not be an entertaining companion."

"I don't expect to find you entertaining, only instructive," said Lois coolly, as they left the house together. "I believe you have fallen in love, Dagmar, and it doesn't agree with you. You might tell me who it is, and if it's very serious; if not, it might do for a story."

"What a silly child you are! Always thinking of love and lovers!"

"It's my trade, you see. What's the good of writing stories without love in them?"

"There are other things than love in the world."

"Well, if it isn't that, what *is* the matter with you? You are not a bit like you were."

Perhaps it's indigestion, and, if so, you ought to see a doctor."

"I daresay it is indigestion. I don't feel up to much, certainly. But never mind me; I warned you I was in no mood to be entertaining. Talk of yourself and your stories. Is 'Love's Conquest' finished yet?"

"No. I want to finish it and put it away for private reading only. It has grown too personal for me to think of trying to have it published—especially as you are all in it, and everybody knows which is which."

"I did not know that I was honoured with a place in this marvellous production. What name have you given me?"

"Ethelfreda Lynecourt."

"My goodness, what a name! And what part have you given me?"

"Oh, only a small one," replied Lois in some little confusion; for she had, in reality, indulged her imagination to the extent of making Bertrand Vavasour's flirtation with the fair Ethelfreda the reason of his engagement to Berenice being broken off, explaining to herself that it did not matter, as nobody was going to read it—at any rate, not for years and years, when they would all be old men and women, and it would not matter.

"I'll get hold of this story," Dagmar vowed mentally. "It might serve my purpose well if I could manage accidentally to leave it where Hildred would be sure to see it. But Lois shall put in that ring incident first; Hildred didn't want it known; and she *would* be savage if she found it had got into a story which anyone might be expected to read."

She asked more questions to lead up to the one she much wanted answered.

"I suppose Berenice's marriage to Bertrand will come off in the last chapter?"

"N—no. The fact of the matter is, she is going to marry someone else."

"Indeed. Is it permitted to ask his name?"

"Frithiof Engelhart."

"Where *do* you find all your grand names? Is he a real person?"

"Well—partly."

"What made you do that? About her marriage, I mean?"

"I hardly know, except that—Dagmar, you can hold your tongue, I know. Will you promise to keep it a secret if I tell you something?"

"I promise."

"Well, do you know, I have had a sort of feeling as though something would occur really to prevent the marriage—the real marriage, I mean. Perhaps it was because Wulfe lost the ring he had bought for her."

"How do you know he lost it?"

"Because—remember you have promised not to tell anyone!—the day before Hildred's

birthday I came upon him unawares looking at a ring. He pretended he wasn't; but I made him show it to me and say who it was for. It was a lovely opal in a very pretty setting; and he said it was for Hildred. That was the first I heard of the engagement. Well, a day or two later I saw quite a different ring on Hildred's finger, and I asked Wulfe what had become of the other. He said he had lost it. I thought it was a bad omen, and I have had a strange feeling ever since, as though they were only pretending to be engaged."

"I can tell you how the ring was lost if you care to know," said Dagmar slowly. "Hildred told Lady Dallinger when I was so close to them that I could not help hearing. She does not want it generally known. Only there would be no harm in your putting it into your story, if you are sure you never mean to publish it."

Lois listened breathlessly to the history of the missing ring, told by Dagmar as she had heard it from Hildred's own lips.

"It is splendid! Just like a real romance!" exclaimed Lois. "I *must* write it into my story. Thank you ever so much, Dagmar."

"You're quite welcome, my dear." To herself Dagmar added, with a sort of savage relish, "*She* won't thank me when she reads it. I think I score for once."

CHAPTER XI.

ERNEST ANDERSON: PUBLISHER'S READER.

AFTER Lady Dallinger's departure, Thorold Leighton felt work to be out of the question even for his well-ordered brain. Besides, there was really nothing important on hand that day—nothing half so important as the probable change in his prospects. He might be forgiven for shirking, for once, what there was to do. He felt the need of fresh air and the wide stretch of blue sky over his head while he thought out the situation and the immense change which might be at hand for himself and for others.

First and foremost came the consciousness that Hildred Hurst would drop altogether out of his life. Well, it was better so; he had felt the increasing difficulty of meeting her as his cousin's future wife. Had she chosen a stranger, it would not have mattered; but to have to treat her as a near connection—he and Wulfe had always been more like brothers than mere cousins—and to be treated by her with almost sisterly familiarity, would prove beyond his powers of endurance. It was far better that he should go away at once; the pain of never

seeing her at all would be easier to bear than the constant torture he had endured since he heard that she belonged to Wulfe.

Then there were the girls—Marjory and Lois. They had become accustomed to regard Estens as their home. But this could not have lasted much longer, in any case. It was not good for them to continue to live

them. Men die suddenly every day; strong men—or apparently so—who might well expect to live to old age; why should not a similar fate be his—Thorold Leighton's?

So reason number two held good, his sensible mind voting that it was better for his young sisters to feel they were preparing for the battle with life which might be theirs



"I warn you that I shall not be an entertaining companion."—p. 246.

in the lap of luxury. In the event of their half-brother's death, they would be thrown upon the world with their own way to fight unaided. He knew the independent spirit of both too well to imagine they would be content to accept Wulfe's charity—that would be their word for his offer to provide for

to fight at any moment. Lady Dallinger would give them as comfortable a home as they had known at Estens; but she would be as good as her word, and make them work for it. That and the hundred per annum he intended paying her ladyship would make each of them feel quite independent.

As to Wulfe, Thorold felt that his withdrawal from Estens would be the very best thing that could possibly happen for Wulfe. He had decided to leave the Army, and now he wanted something to make him realise the responsibilities of his position as landlord and landowner. His love for Hildred Hurst ought to have done this, but hitherto he had been content to dance attendance on her instead of setting steadily to work to fit himself for the extra responsibility of being husband to the lady of the manor.

Hildred had a right to expect that her husband would help her in the management of her estate; but she would be disappointed, unless something happened to turn Wulfe's thoughts to the duties awaiting him, instead of merely contemplating the pleasures of a prolonged honeymoon in the yacht of which he had retained possession.

Now that his debts were paid and his future wife assured, Wulfe was already beginning to chafe under the monotony of country life. His visits to town were becoming more frequent; he hinted occasionally at the necessity of looking about for "things" to make Estens a more artistic residence for his bride—for, of course, she would spend part of her time at Estens. He argued that it was as easy to manage the manor estate from there as from the Manor House; Mrs. Blenheim might as well stay on at the manor as she had "chucked up" her own house four years before to oblige Hildred.

But from all Thorold could gather in subsequent interviews, the looking about for "things" was done mostly in the region of St. James's Street, and apparently was carried on from a club window.

By the time he had arrived at the conclusion that his securing the coveted post of secretary to Lord Forthshire would be the best thing for all concerned, he found he had walked the five miles between Estens and Bagshot, the sound of a whistle reminding him that he was close to Bagshot Station.

Why not run up to town for the afternoon, and enjoy an hour or two of club-life himself? As a member of the Authors' Club he had a perfect right to have an occasional peep at life from a window in Whitehall Court.

Five minutes later he was travelling Londonwards, and within the hour he was conversing with a small group of fellow-authors, and admitting, at last, to himself the charm such environments had for him. While it had seemed his duty to bury himself at Estens, he had done so uncomplainingly; but he had always been conscious of feeling cramped and dwarfed in mind by being thrown so much on himself. His rightful place was in

the ever-moving, restless crowd of workers, who jostle each other from morning till night in the keen struggle for supremacy.

But his old habit of self-repression prompted him to prepare for disappointment, to be content to go on writing "pot-boilers" all his life, and managing other people's estates. He braced himself to meet and master disappointment, and, as he did so, a hard sternness came into his fine face and deepened the lines round the firm mouth.

A man detached himself from a group at the far end of the room and came up to him.

"I could hardly believe my eyes; and yet there is no mistaking you, Leighton. Why didn't you tell me you were likely to be in town? We could have lunched together, and I could have told you how your book is likely to sell."

"Has it been given to you for your sins?" asked Thorold, shaking hands warmly; the new-comer was known in author-land as the most rapid reader owned by the firm of Quarterly and Co. "And you have digested it already?"

"Yes; it isn't bad. But why don't you try something more up-to-date—more like 'Tares,' for instance?" "Tares" was the latest success of the frothy type.

"I like to keep my hands—and my mind—clean," Leighton replied in his quiet, direct way.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"If you *will* stay behind the times, I suppose you must. The firm like publishing your work; it maintains their reputation for wholesomeness. But you have not answered my question. Why didn't you say you were coming up?"

"Because I had no idea myself of visiting town to-day until five minutes before the train started. It was just a whim."

"You must dine with me, and we'll talk shop to any extent."

"Impossible, Anderson; thanks, all the same. But no one knows where I am."

"Wire, man, wire!"

"No, I don't care to do that. I tell you what: you come back and dine with me. My younger sister—the little scribbler—is dying to know you."

"She'll sit at my feet all the evening and implore me to read her stories!"

"Not she! She doesn't hold them so cheaply. Honestly, Anderson, she won't worry you. You will come?"

"Gladly; a breath of country air will be more than welcome. When does your cousin's marriage come off?"

"The day is not fixed. They talk of some time this autumn."

"Shall I be likely to run up against the

lady this evening? I hear great things of her beauty."

"I fear it is not likely. Wait one moment; I'll wire for something to be sent to meet us. I walked into Bagshot."

"Under this sun? Brave man!"

Captain Estens was still absent with the dogcart when Thorold's telegram was opened by the grey-haired butler, who considered Mr. Leighton more truly the master of Estens than Wulfe himself.

There were plenty of horses eating their heads off in the stables; two of the best were brought out and sent into Bagshot in a light wagonette in time to meet the train mentioned by Thorold.

Just outside the station he and his friend overtook Lady Dallinger turning weary footsteps in the direction of Cedar Lodge.

Of course, Thorold offered to drive her, and she consented with heartfelt gratitude.

"I promised, Dr. Hussey I'd do all the walking I could. I am getting too fat, you know; so I sent the carriage home, and set to work to do some shopping. Shopping's the most fatiguing thing I know. I was just going to hail a cab when you turned up. I hate cabs. Who is your friend?"

Thorold introduced Ernest Anderson, who was immediately taken into favour by her ladyship, owing to a slight similarity he bore to Wulfe Estens.

"I'd like to be invited to dinner," she announced in her cool way, to Anderson's great delight; he was charmed with her originality, and laid himself out to please her during the drive to Estens.

The sight of Lady Dallinger in the wagonette brought Lois flying down the steps, regardless of the fact that a strange man was there to criticise her actions.

"I was savage when I heard you had stayed here for lunch, Lady Dallinger! It was as dull as ditchwater at the manor. Hildred and Wulfe went into Bagshot, Marjory appropriated Mrs. Blenheim, and I had to put up with Dagmar, who was as cross as two sticks. Though I must say she improved a bit before we came away," Lois added, with her usual keen sense of justice. Having had her say, she gave her attention to Mr. Anderson, and when she knew who he was, her face lit up like sunshine.

"How lovely! Thorold promised he'd bring you one day. That's the best of Thorold—or a little bit of the best—he never forgets a promise. Marjory! This is Mr. Anderson! Isn't it lovely? I just adore people who smell of literature, Mr. Anderson. I am sure they are the very nicest people in the world—the men and soldiers."

"Your grammar won't give Anderson a very high opinion of your literary powers,

Lois," said Thorold, with one of the tender smiles his half-sisters knew so well.

"Oh, what does it matter how one talks? It is so much easier to write proper grammar than to talk it. Wulfe is smoking somewhere, I'll find him, and tell him Mr. Anderson is here."

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

ERNEST ANDERSON opened his eyes when, after dinner, Wulfe handed him a magazine containing a story by "that little witch Lois."

Wulfe thought he might do the child a good turn by bringing her work under the notice of a man connected with such a firm as Quarterly and Co., little thinking that his simple act of kindness would lead to results having a direct bearing on his whole future.

"Does she write for this? She must be a smart youngster."

The "smart youngster" was hammering out the bass of the overture to *Zampa*, Marjory playing the treble. There was no danger of the conversation reaching their ears; but Lady Dallinger listened very attentively to Anderson's criticism of the little story, which he skimmed in his rapid way before the duet came to an end.

"She'll do! Don't let her try to publish too many things, Leighton. There's a smartness about her style which might lead some men to accept her work, in spite of the inevitable crudeness which is bound to pervade it, until she has written a mile or two of MS. Encourage her to write all she will, but keep her out of print as much as possible for the next year or two. She'll thank you for it later."

Thorold nodded; it was exactly his own opinion.

Wulfe, in his ignorance, objected, not understanding why his cousin should be compelled to hide her light under a bushel; and Lady Dallinger was inclined to agree with him, though her common-sense prompted her to believe that Thorold and his friend ought to understand their own trade better than outsiders could expect to do.

Zampa was succeeded by *Tancredi*, and that by *Poet and Peasant*, before her ladyship went over entirely to the enemy, as Wulfe expressed it, leaving him in a miserable minority of one to three.

"I don't see why the child should be sat upon," he declared warmly.

"My dear fellow, no one has any such intention," said his cousin. "We are not going to put a stop altogether to the appearance in print of her charming little stories."



The sight brought Lois flying down the steps.

"No, of course not," supplemented Lady Dallinger; "the best of them will always be given to the world. That is what you advise, Mr. Anderson?"

"Ye-es; in moderation, I said."

With which concession Wulfe had to be content.

The announcement that her ladyship's carriage was at the door was the signal for her departure. She offered to drive Anderson to the station, as he had declared he must return to town that night, and the offer was gratefully accepted. He was desirous of deepening the impression he had made on this unusually interesting old lady.

"My word!" exclaimed Anderson, involuntarily drawing back as he was about to follow Lady Dallinger and her host down the steps. "It—it isn't a hearse, I hope?"

"Step in, young man!" said the eccentric old soul, in a purposely hollow-sounding voice. In her natural tones she added: "Are you taking exception to my horses? I can assure you they know how to go."

"They are magnificent horses!" Anderson hastened to cover his momentary confusion. "It was only that in the darkness they looked quite black, don't you know?"

"Bagshot Station, Watkins, and be smart about it. Good-night, Wulfe; you'll have a fit, if you don't stop laughing. And you are as bad as he is, Thorold Leighton. I'm ashamed of the pair of ye."

The carriage drove off, and then, having enjoyed a prolonged chuckle, Lady Dallinger replied to Anderson: "They are black—coal-black. The first time I saw them they were drawing a veritable hearse. But what of that? They were the handsomest pair the man possessed. But I didn't offer to bring you along in order that your nerves should receive a shock at the sight of my horses. I wanted to talk business."

"I am at your ladyship's disposal." He was only too glad for the subject to be changed.

"I want a one-volume story published at the earliest possible date."

"I am not a publisher, Lady Dallinger."

"You are connected with a firm of publishers. What you tell them to publish they publish."

"H'm—scarcely! I give them my opinion of what is given me to read; that is all."

"Where's the difference? Nineteen times out of twenty they act on your opinion, and you know it. How soon can this book be out? I don't mind what I pay—in reason."

"What is the subject?" he asked.

"Fiction. But what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal."

Anderson began to wish he had not met Lady Dallinger. He was afraid to imagine what her ideas of fiction might represent in the shape of a story.

"Is it your first work, Lady Dallinger?"

"My first—*what*? Bless the man! Do I look like a woman who wastes her time writing fiction?"

"You do not," was the prompt and firm response. "Whose is it, then?"

"Lois Leighton's, of course. I want to give her a birthday present. She will be seventeen in a couple of months. You must manage to get a story of hers published by then, without her knowledge. The binding must be neat and smart, and the paper and type of the best. Let me know what it will cost, and tell Quarterly to be honest about it."

"It is not fair to Miss Lois to publish anything of hers without her knowledge."

"Kindly permit me to judge of that, Mr. Ernest Anderson. A man whose nerves are upset at unexpectedly seeing a couple of black horses is hardly qualified to judge of anything, in my humble opinion."

Anderson was not morally strong. He hated offending people, especially people of some social importance. His firm had the monopoly of the Duke of Forthshire's literary work—political and philosophical books, which sold exceedingly well. If he were unlucky enough to offend Lady Dallinger, she might persuade the Duke to place his work elsewhere.

Perspiration ran down the unhappy man's forehead as he cast about in his mind for some way out of this appalling dilemma.

"How long is the story?" he gasped. "About how many words?"

"How in the world should I know?"

"Well, then, about how many pages?"

"I haven't a notion."

"What is the title?"

"How can I say until I know which tale we decide on? I shall get someone to help me choose—someone I can depend on for not letting the cat out of the bag. If I send it to you a week hence, I suppose that will do?"

This was the last straw. The story was no *chef d'œuvre* chosen from the piles of manuscript written by the young aspirant to literary fame. Its merits were as unknown to Lady Dallinger as to himself; she might select the first that came uppermost, very possibly possessing no merit at all.

Feeling utterly crushed and broken in spirit, Anderson promised feebly to do all that was required of him; he had no strength left to refuse her ladyship anything.

A more miserable man than he could scarcely have been found in London that night when having parted with Lady Dallinger, he was left to the company of his own thoughts, and reflected what an idiot he had made of himself, and—far worse—also of his firm.

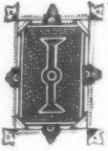
What *would* Quarterly and Co. say?

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE.]

THE GEOMETRY OF GOD.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NUMERICAL RELATIONS OF NATURE.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



T was truly said by the famous astronomer Kepler that "God is the great Arithmetician." He counts everything that He has made. He makes up all things in fixed numbers. He forms the flowers according to certain numerical relations, so

fixed and precise that the Linnean system of classification was based upon them. The roses have five divisions, the lilies three, and the sea-weeds, lichens, and mushrooms two or four: and every part of their structure is arranged in fives or threes, or twos, or by multiplying these figures. Even the little fringe around the mouth of the seed-vessel of a moss growing on a wayside wall, which you can hardly see with your naked eye, if you magnify it with a lens, you will find it arranged in exact numbers—four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two—a series in which each number is the double of the preceding one. The leaves of plants are all arranged around the stem on the same principle; and a fir-cone is one of the most beautiful illustrations of it. Crystals are constructed with mathematical regularity. They have four, six, eight, or ten sides, and have an algebra of their own. You cannot unite the chemical elements of Nature to form a compound body by chance, or in any proportion you please. The proportion in which they unite in each case is determined by an unvarying law; and the elements are weighed out by Nature in her delicate scales with a nicety no art can attain. Thus, for example, if you mix 23 ounces of sodium with 35.5 ounces

will all unite. This law, which governs all chemical mixtures, is called the law of definite proportion. The air is composed of four-fifths of nitrogen and one-fifth of oxygen. You cannot alter these proportions without producing a combination that would be injurious



SEED CASES OF MINUTE MOSSES.

SEED CASES OF LARGER MOSS, WITH FOLIAGE.

to every living thing that breathes it. The beautiful colours of Nature are caused by vibrations or waves of light, which have been counted, and are always exactly the same for the same colours. The number of waves required to produce the sensation of red as they break upon the eye must be 39,000 in an inch and 447 million million in a second. The number of waves required to produce yellow must be 44,000 in an inch, and 535 million million in a second. And so with all the other colours. To enable you to see a red rose, or a red ribbon, no less than 447 million of millions of ether waves must break upon your eye every second.

God counts also the number of the stars, and He arranges them in the heavens not by chance, but according to a fixed system. In the Solar System, for example, the intervals between the orbits of the planets go on doubling as we recede from the sun. Thus Venus is twice as far from Mercury as Mercury is from the sun; the earth is twice as far from Venus as Venus is from Mercury; Mars is twice as far from the earth as the earth is from Venus, and so on. In this

way the planets are arranged in the sky around the sun in the same numerical order as the leaves are arranged around the stem of a plant, or the scales around a pine-cone,



ROSE.

LILY.

SECTION OF MUSHROOM.

of chlorine, you will obtain common salt. But if you add 5 of sodium to the same quantity of chlorine, Nature will not mix it, but quietly put the extra quantity of sodium aside, and the rest

or the teeth around the edge of the seed-vessel of a microscopic moss. And that extraordinary law, the most universal of all



FIR CONE

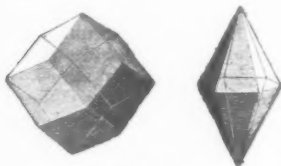
ROSE LEAF.

laws, which everything throughout the universe obeys — the law of gravitation — is also expressed by a numerical formula. The force does not decrease just in proportion as

the distance is increased; it decreases according to the square of the number expressing the distance; so that at twice the distance the force of gravitation is not twice less, but four times less; at thrice the distance nine times, and so on.

Thus everything in the universe, from the smallest moss to the remotest star, is constructed and arranged according to fixed numbers. There is nothing left to chance. There is not an atom but obeys its law, nor a leaf but appears in its proper place. A sublime order is present everywhere, proving that the universe is the product of one infinite Mind. And when you find out the laws of number in the things of Nature around you, you feel deeply that there is a close likeness between your own mind and that of Him who planned these laws. "You can think," as Kepler said, "the very thoughts of God." You can hold communion with Him amongst the works of His hands. No other creature possesses this power. Animals cannot count. They have no idea whatever of the order of things around them. Man alone of all God's creatures can make use of numbers in his own works, and thereby shows that he is made in the image of God, who makes use of the same numbers in the same way, in the ordering of His works. When you count the leaves of a flower, or mark the distances of the stars, or

find out the proportions in which substances mix, you discover in yourself with feelings of awe a capacity for entering into ideas which pervade the



CRYSTALS.

whole universe, and which must therefore be ever present in the mind of Him who created and upholdeth all things. You feel that it is your privilege and comfort to pray to and to worship One who is of kin with

yourself who acts towards you on principles intelligible to your understanding, and in accordance with the rule of righteousness which He has written in your heart, who says to you in all your approaches to the Mercy-seat, 'Come now, and let us reason together.'

But not only do you find an exact law of number in trees and flowers, in stones and stars, you also observe it among living creatures. It is seen in the cells of the



"He who measures the waters and weighs the mountains."

honeycomb, constructed on the most exact mathematical principles, and in the wing and tail feathers of birds, whose number is invariably the same. The human body is constructed upon the same numerical relations. The number five, or some multiple of five, constantly shows itself; and it is to this fact that we owe our very arithmetic itself, which is based upon the number of our fingers and toes. Our limbs, on account of their fixed

size, have been used from time immemorial as standards of measurement, as in the hand-breadth, the cubit, the foot, the pace. Artists have long been familiar with the proportions that exist between the parts of the human



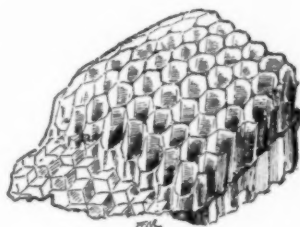
SPARROWS WING.

body. The height of a person is eight times the size of his head, or equal to the line drawn from the finger tips of the one hand to the finger tips of the other, when the two arms are outstretched. The number of teeth which we possess is thirty-two; and, strange to say, that number is proportioned to the number of our fingers, which is twenty, and to the number of parts in our four limbs, forearm, arm and hand, thigh, foreleg, foot, that is twelve, making thirty-two in all. Our Lord says that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. This is not a poetical, hyperbolic way of speaking. It is a sober expression of fact. There is a literal exactitude in it which we do not usually think of. We may be sure that the law of definite proportion regulates the quantity of our hair, as it regulates the number of our teeth and fingers. Indeed, physiologists tell us that there is a very close relation between the hair and teeth. They are the last things that are completed in man; and, as we have seen, the teeth to make up the number of thirty-two in the permanent set, so may we well believe that our hair is subject to the same law of number, and that when it is fully produced on the head, it will just contain no many individual hairs, no more and no less.

The hair of our head may seem the least important part of our substance—that which is more unstable than the rest, appearing and disappearing as if it did not belong essentially to our frame, and we could almost do without it. But even this part of our frame, which has no sensitiveness, which we can dispense with most easily, is accurately counted. Even in this apparently confused, irregular, indefinite mass of substance, there is the most perfect order, and God counts each individual hair, and there is not one more or less than is necessary. "He hath done all things well," was the exclamation of

the people who stood by and saw the miracle which Jesus wrought in restoring the deaf and dumb man. He did not leave His work half-finished. He did not cure the deafness and leave the dumbness as it was. He cured both, so that the man spoke and heard perfectly. And so God hath done all things well in regard to man's head, the crown of creation, the capital of the pillar of life, which contains the brain that can interpret God's works and hold communion with Him. He did not so construct the eye that the number of vibrations of light coming to it from the sun would produce different colours, according to fixed laws and proportional numbers, and leave the hair to grow in any way on the crown of the head, without any law to regulate its number and mode of growth. We see how the scales of a fish are numbered, and we can tell how many of them occupy a square inch of its body. We know that so exact is the number of the feathers in the wings and tails of birds that in about four hundred species of living birds the numbers were found to be invariably the same. We look through the microscope at the dust that covers the body of a butterfly, and we observe, to our astonishment, that each particle is a feather beautifully shaped and coloured; and the curious markings upon this insect feather are common tests of the excellence of a microscope. By the aid of the micrometer we can count how many thousands of these markings go to a line, or the twelfth of an inch. All these objects are the equivalents of the hair of man's head, which represents the royalty of the wearer, and every individual of which, in a broad sense, comes from his very nerves, and carries a streamlet of his life. And if the scales of insects and the feathers of birds are all counted in this minute and exact fashion, can we say less that the hairs of our head, too, are all numbered?

Insects, birds, and flowers are unconscious of this wonderfulness of their structure. They have beauty, but they know it not. Crystals and stars are arranged according to laws of perfect order, but they themselves are not conscious of it. Man, on the other hand, knows the peculiarities of his structure, can appreciate the beauty and order of his frame,



HONEYCOMB.

and can find out by the powers which God has given to him how the very hairs of his head are all numbered. The vast majority of human beings, however, live and die in ignorance of the wonders of their own frame, and to the extent of their ignorance they lose the great and ennobling thoughts which these wonders suggest. They are like the animals who use their powers without knowing the secret of them, who eat of the grass and drink of the stream without looking to the hills whence they come. But when our eyes are opened and our minds enlarged and trained to see and comprehend those numerical laws according to which our bodies are constructed, and by which our lives are regulated, how does the knowledge cheer and elevate us! In realising that God numbers the very hairs of our head is not the lesson obvious and delightful? We cannot help drawing from it the wide, consoling inference which our Saviour intended, that God numbers and proportions all His dealings with us in providence and grace. He who measures the waters in the

for wise and beneficent reasons, which we can see and understand as we study the geography of the earth, has made a covenant with human beings, ordered in all things and sure, in which there is a similar system of exquisite beneficent adaptations. And if the mathematician can demonstrate that the leaves of a plant are arranged around its stem in such a way as to give the plant all possible freedom of access to air and light, and the planets placed at such distances from the sun as to give them the best possible chance of revolving around it undisturbed by their neighbours and cheered by its beams, surely the Christian can prove from his own experience and observation that God performeth the thing that is appointed and adapts His special dealings to the circumstances and necessities of His people. He who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names, has assured us that in His book all our members are written, "which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them"; and

that since we were born He counteth our steps, and the number of our months is with Him, and our times are in His hand, and even the hairs of our head are all numbered. The conclusion, therefore, is as irresistible as it is welcome, that we need not fear any of the ills of life, for they can have no power at all against us, except it be given them from above by One who is too wise to err, and who so loved us that He did not spare His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

God makes no mistakes in His providence, as He has made no mistakes in His creation. Mathematics is the most exact of all sciences, and God's providence is most perfectly mathematical. He makes an exact calculation for every one whom He invites to the feast of life, and ample and suitable provision for every guest, so that the wine will not fail as it did at the marriage feast at Cana, and there shall be no want to them that fear Him. He has provided for us a plenteous redemption, so that His grace is free to all and sufficient for all. And the glorious city of our final habitation is measured with the golden rod twelve thousand furlongs, the length and the breadth

and the height of it are equal, and contains room enough for the multitude which no man can number, but each of whom is precious to the Redeemer who gave Himself for him.



THE STARRY HEAVENS.

hollow of His hand, and metes out heaven with a span, and comprehends the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance,

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From the Painting,
"The Blessed Damsel,"
 by Irlam Briggs. In the possession of
 Miss E. Wade, Portland House, Salisbury.

— "Ah, blessed they
 Who leave completed tasks of love to stay
 And answer mutely for them."

HON. MRS. NORTON.



A Complete Story. By Katharine Tynan, Author of "Pledged,"
"The Dear Irish Girl," Etc.



WE had remained on in Hargrave Villas, West Kensington, for a year after our mother's death, simply because we had not had energy enough to strike out a new path for ourselves.

Hargrave Villas is a depressing little row of dingy brick houses, every one exactly alike even to the ridiculous pediments above the hall-doors, the horrible stone settings of the windows, and the grotesque little beasts which are, I suppose, intended for lions on the gate-posts.

Be sure we did not live in Hargrave Villas from choice. When our father died, we had been fairly well off, I believe, and I have some childish remembrances of a grassy lawn, a verandah, and apple-trees, which must have belonged to our house at Sydenham. However, before we could well appreciate these things they were taken from us, and our girlhood was destined to be spent in the dreary wilderness of West Kensington.

Poor mother was delicate, sensitive, and quite unfitted for a rough world. She had been brought up gently, and had always had

a strong masculine arm to lean upon; and so when she was left with three little girls, and her investments began to go wrong, there could have been no one more helpless in the teeth of necessity.

Somehow she drifted to West Kensington, and, once there, she stayed there. While we were growing up we lived in genteel poverty on the tiny income that came in from the investments. We children did not suffer materially. We had always plenty to eat and were comfortably clad, but when that was done there was no margin—nothing for schooling, or pleasure, or travelling, or books, or anything.

Mother taught us to read herself, and imparted to us her own few accomplishments, which were not contemptible as things go. For instance, she taught us to speak French with a pure accent—her cosmopolitan parents had given her a couple of years' schooling in Paris; she taught us music so far as she knew it, and if she was not a brilliant performer she had a pretty touch and a good taste; she taught us to paint in water-colours, and I came to emulate her own pretty giggling performances, while Ada shot far ahead, and went on to display a brilliant and original talent of her own which amazed mother while it made her proud. Then Elsie,

the youngest of us, has a voice. We found that out early, and I used to think what a splendid presence Elsie would have later for a concert platform—black-eyed, black-haired Elsie, with a glow in her damask cheeks which not even West Kensington could quite extinguish.

However, there did not seem much chance for Ada and Elsie, for how were their talents to get the training they needed? How often I used to think gloomily about them after they and mother were asleep and I had gone down to see that the fires were out, but, instead of raking the embers, had sat down with my elbows on my knees, and my hands propping my chin, to think about all our futures.

I always hated West Kensington since I could remember. At the back of the houses was the railway line to send the dust and ashes blowing into the house, no matter how one strove to keep it clean. In front, across a mean roadway, was a row of houses exactly like ours, only with four storeys instead of two, so that it shut out our sky. There were poor little children playing in the road all day, for ours was a humble neighbourhood, and opposite us were one or two cheap boarding-houses much resorted to by young gentlemen of colour.

Ada, who has the most contented nature I have ever known, used to say that it was so lucky we overlooked the railway line, because we got not only the sky there, but the row of poplars which were like green flames in the spring and wore all the summer as cheerful a face as Ada's own. And also there was a little waste place covered with grasses, where Ada picked chickweed and groundsel for her canary. Dear Ada, she is like myself a country lover, and is grateful for even the rags and tags of the country's bounty. Of course, I was very glad to have the poplars too, and felt so fond of them for being so brave and having the heart to be so beautiful considering they were rooted where they were and could only hear of the country from the west wind or a wandering bird; but then I was the housekeeper, and not even the poplars could make me overlook other things.

We were conscious even as children that we were very different from our neighbours. Though we were so poor and grew up in such a poor neighbourhood, mother never let us forget we were ladies, and so we did not know our neighbours on terms of equality; though mother was always being consulted by the women if a baby was sick or fretful, or the children had the whooping-cough, or the husband a cold and wanted doctoring.

Outside, the house was like the others

in Hargrave Villas. Inside, it was very different.

We had not much furniture from our old prosperous days and the rooms were rather bare, but it was a delicate bareness. We had painted our floors, and put down strips of matting on them. Our furniture was covered in green and white chintz, which was an heirloom, having come from mother's old Wiltshire home; the curtains were of the same. We had a few pieces of good china and a great stock of father's books which we had managed to keep unsold. We had also our piano, and I used to think that when the sun came into the room and Dicky was singing, and Ada sat there at her painting, and mother and the rest of us sewed or knitted, that really there could not be a pleasanter room in all London.

Betsy and I fought the London dirt together untiringly. Betsy is our maid-of-all-work, and dates from mother's prosperous days, having been sent to her a raw girl out of Wiltshire, who was to prove invaluable in later days.

I do not know how we girls should have grown up without Betsy, considering mother's delicacy. Sometimes we must all have been on Betsy's hands together, and, fortunately, those hands proved capable. Neither many responsibilities, incessant work, unluxurious fare, nor London air, have been able to diminish the country colour in Betsy's cheeks or to lessen her country robustness.

I believe we must have learnt our love of the country from Betsy; for our mother, though brought up in the country, never seemed to sigh for it.

It was Betsy who put into my mind the revolutionary idea of taking in a boarder.

Those were the days when our dear mother was beginning to fail, and the pinch of our poverty to be felt.

"What's the use of Dr. Dunstan ordering her them things?" asked Betsy irascibly. "Cordial, and a few oysters, and the breast of a bird, when, as well I know, there isn't a penny in the house more than the quarter's bills'll take."

Betsy knew all our affairs as well as ourselves.

"Oh, Betsy," I cried, "and she eats so little!"

"A little 'ud do it, Miss Amy, but that little we haven't got. If I hadn't sent my old aunt every penny of last month's wages, I'd ask you kindly to take a loan of it from me and buy the poor mistress the things she wants."

"Dear Betsy," I said, "I know every penny you earn goes home to the country. We'll do without that, be sure, for mother would break her heart if she knew anyone suffered that she might have even necessities."

"Miss Amy, why don't we take a boarder or two? My friend, Mrs. Groves, has a couple of gentlemen constant on her first and second floors in George Street, Portman Square. They're as nice as nice, and they pays her a hatful of money. Hannah wouldn't be without them for anything now."

"Boarders, Betsy!" cried I.

"Don't look so shocked, miss. We'll have to do something to get the poor mistress her tit-bits. She hasn't reared none of you to earn your bread; and something we'll have to do."

"She'd never consent to it, Betsy."

"If she doesn't, the doctor's bill won't get paid, much less she have the things she did ought."

"Oh, Betsy! isn't there some other way?"

"Not that I can think on, Miss Amy, and I'm fair flabbergasted with thinking. Two gentlemen we could accommodate, for you young ladies could sleep together in the big back room. I'd cook for them, and I'd wait on them. 'Tisn't likely I'd have my Miss Amabel's daughters waiting on gentlemen, not if it was ever so."

Well, the end of it was that I told Betsy to try her eloquence on mother, for I wouldn't suggest such a thing; and, indeed, I nearly cried to see the poor darling's face as Betsy unfolded her plan and, without waiting to hear any refusals, advanced reason after reason for its being accepted.

At last dear mother consented, or at least, Betsy got her into a corner, and somehow, made her say "Yes." And then, not being very sure of the consent, before she left the room the determined woman made me sit down and write out an advertisement for a daily paper.

This is what we concocted between us, and I daresay it had rather a quaint look:—

"A widow lady, a gentlewoman, has accommodation for one or two gentlemen in her house at West Kensington: gentlemen by birth and position would find a congenial home. Address, 5, Hargrave Villas, West Kensington."

Now I did not think the least bit in the world that "gentlemen by birth and position" would want to live in Hargrave Villas, and I really looked upon the money for the advertisement as so much waste. But Betsy had wrung it from us, and had gone off herself triumphantly to post it at the office round the corner, having a suspicion, I think, that, if it were left to us, it would never get posted at all.

Indeed, next morning our dear invalid was so much disturbed, and so dreading the thought of insistent boarders, that I actually told Betsy we could not let the rooms after all.

She was rather angry at first, but after she had seen her poor dear Miss Amabel, as she always called mother, she was as vexed with herself for the notion as anyone could be.

"Never mind, Betsy dear," said I, "there is only to tell them, when they come, that we have changed our minds about letting the rooms."

"I'll say they're let," said Betsy.

"That wouldn't be true," said mother, gently.

"Then I'll tell them not to be hindering my work, and slam the door in their faces."

"Oh, poor things!" said mother. "Don't do that, Betsy."

"There's the first of 'em now," said Betsy, as a rat-tat came at the front door. "Bother his impudence!"

She opened the door rather snappishly, and we, in the large front room off the hall, waited anxiously to hear what she might say.

"I've come in answer to an advertisement," said a voice so pleasant that both mother and I pricked up our ears.

"We're not taking anyone," said Betsy lugubriously. "We've changed our minds. That's what I was bid tell you."

"But, my good soul, you can't. You can't lure me into these wilds, and then turn me adrift. If you don't let me in, I'll come in by main force."

"Well, I never!" said Betsy.

"No, you never did. But you will if you persist in keeping me out. Your own face has clinched the matter. I fell in love first with the advertisement, next with your delightful white and green window, and now with your honest, country face. I'm going to take these rooms, or know for what—"

"That you're not," said Betsy. "Missus won't let 'em."

"Let me see her! These rooms I will have or die. They are an oasis in West Kensington, and here I'll pitch my tent."

"Betsy," called out mother, to my amazement, "ask the gentleman to come in."

A second after, Betsy ushered in a brown-faced, brown-haired gentleman, with twinkling eyes and a sedate mouth with a little twitch about it which suggested that a smile had only just gone round the corner and might return at any moment.

"Madam," said he, bowing, with his hat in his hand, "my name is Pentreath. I have come in answer to your advertisement to say that I am very anxious to take your charming rooms."

"But—" began mother.

"I sha'n't be the least bit of trouble in the world," he went on, in a great hurry. "I have to be in town five days out of the week. On those days I shall have all my

meals in town except breakfast. I shall really efface myself so far as a man of my build can. Finally, madam, I give you fair warning that, if you will not consent to receive me, I shall go straight to the Uxbridge Road station and place my neck on the rails under the first train that comes in."

"Oh, sir!" began poor mother.

"Then you will take me?" he interrupted.

"If—"

"If references are satisfactory: I can give you excellent ones. My friend"—he mentioned the name of a famous painter—"lives near here, in Holland Park. It is chiefly to be near him that I sought these—this locality. He will speak for me."

"I'm afraid I never thought of references," said mother.

"I guessed you wouldn't," he said triumphantly. "I read it in your advertisement."

"We didn't put that in, Amy?" said mother, turning in a puzzled way to me.

"I found it there, all the same, I assure you. Ha!"—there was a knock at the door—"there comes Carter Paterson with my personal luggage. My books will take a whole van. I left them till I saw how much you could take in. And now, may I see my rooms?"

"Amy," said mother. "You had better ask Betsy to take Mr. Pentreath to his rooms."

That was the manner of Mr. Pentreath's installation into the family, of which he became a part. I often wondered later how we got on before he came.

Well, as I have said, we lingered on in Hargrave Villas for a year after mother died.

It is I who always take the lead with the others, as is but right seeing I am the eldest. I sometimes thought vaguely, during that year, of moving out, for it seemed to me that perhaps in the country, one might begin to live again, and forget the dull stabs that met one everywhere in those dreary roads, and in the house that was as though a light had gone out of it.

Yet I was held there, and, though I hardly acknowledged it to myself, the thing that held me was my dread lest Mr. Pentreath should leave us.

In the first place, his poorly paid editorship took him, as he had said, into town five days a week. In the second, he had come to Hargrave Villas to be near his friend, Mr. Singleton. It was hardly possible he could go with us.

At last he broached the matter himself.

"You are looking tired, Mouse"—it was his name for me—he said one afternoon when he had come home earlier than usual, and found me alone in the sitting-room, where he sometimes joined us of evenings.

"I always find it an effort to live in London in the spring," I said.

"Why live in London any longer, Mouse?"

"Ah, if we might leave it!" I cried, clasping my hands.

"And why not?"

"Well, Ada, you see, is giving lessons, thanks to Mr. Singleton's kindness. And I hope Elsie will win her scholarship at the Royal College, and—"

"Ada's earnings are not worth considering, and she needs the change as much as you. And Elsie is a child: let her voice be awhile! But what was the other reason?"

"There were several," I said vaguely.

"It was that you thought I would not go with you—wasn't that it, Mouse?"

"That was it partly."

"Well, don't think of it then, for I am not going to stay with you in any case."

"Not going to stay?"

"No; did you think I was going to stay for ever?"

The tears had come into my eyes, but the unkindness of his speech dried them.

"We had grown used to you," I answered coldly. "You are going to be married, perhaps?"

"I hope so. You will congratulate me, Mouse?"

"I congratulate you," I said, feeling my cheeks were betraying me.

"With all your heart, Mouse?" he said, putting his hand under my chin and lifting my face so that he could look into my eyes.

I tried vainly to wrench myself away, but he would not let me go.

"Ah, Mouse!" he said in a different voice.

"You don't congratulate me—not really. You detest that other woman—now, don't you?"

"Mr. Pentreath!"

"A Mouse in a passion," he laughed. "There, child, I am a stupid fellow, with my jests in and out of season. Give me a kiss, Mouse. You know there never was any woman but yourself."

I kissed him as he asked. If there had never been any other woman for him, there had never been, never could be, any other man for me.

Then he had something to tell me that made me sad. He had an offer of work from another newspaper than his, which would pay him well, but would take him to the other end of the world for a year. He wanted me to marry him before he left, because, he said, it would make all the difference to him and his work if he knew there was a beloved wife waiting for him when he came back. The work would lead to other things, too, as well as giving us a good sum in hand to start our house-keeping. I was not inclined to refuse him.

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"You detest that other woman—now, don't you?"

It was happiness enough to bear his name and wear his ring. Having that, I could take all the chances.

And now he had another surprise in store for me. A great-aunt of his had died, leaving him her furniture and her house in a Hampshire village.

"I want you to come and see it on Saturday, Mouse," he said. "I expect it's a wilderness, for the old woman lived alone, and was 'done for' by a villager nearly as old as herself. Poor Aunt Marcia! When I saw her last, five years ago, I wondered how soon the weeds would bury the house. To think she should have remembered me, and made me her heir!"

"What will you do with it, Mr. Pen-treath?"

"Archie, my child."

"Archie, then."

"Why, set you children up in it while I'm away. You'll be perfectly safe, which will be something for me to know when I'm at the ends of the earth. You'll be happy—I believe it's a sweet old place under its jungle—and you'll be well. What's there between young Arundel and Ada?"

"You've noticed it?"

"Arundel doesn't conceal his feelings. But how does Ada take it?"

"I believe she's head over ears in love with him."

"Poor happy young things, they'll have to wait, then, for old Arundel's not the sort to make his son happy by smoothing the way for him. What is the boy going to do?"

"Take a stool in his father's bank till happier times come."

"Ah, Mrs. Singleton says the father's determined the boy shall marry to please him. To do the old fellow justice, he's not after money—he has enough of his own, I suppose—but he wants birth and connection."

"Poor Ada! I think if he knew her, he would relent."

"Never mind, child. A little waiting will do them no harm. It will prove the Arundel lad. Why should he walk straight into Paradise the minute he sets eyes on it? Look at me. I have grey hairs, and I have only just arrived at the gates."

I stood on tip-toe to kiss his temples, where the grey hair was indeed sprinkled.

"Never mind," I said. "There'll be no more grey hairs. And I'll smooth out those lines, too, all except the little lines I like, because you laughed when you made them."

We went that expedition into Hampshire the following Saturday. By this time my sisters and Betsy knew I was engaged—wasn't I wearing my dear new ring?—and they assisted in furbishing me for the little outing as though I were going to be married.

I am brown-eyed and brown-haired, brown-skinned, for the matter of that, and if I had any doubt that my pink nun's veiling became me, I was reassured by my lover's eyes when he looked at me.

However, if I linger over these things, I shall have no time to tell my story.

It was a delicious June day, and the country heavenly, its young green not having yet assumed the darker shades. Here was a field white with daisies, as though snow had drifted on it; there, side by side with it, flashed a golden field of wild mustard, or again there was the rich colour of sainfoin. Archie told me what these things were, for I should not have known of myself.

The village was a delightful one. The house which was now Archie's stood back from the street, and when he had opened the little gate and we went in, walking on a path which you could hardly distinguish from the grass for the weeds, I saw the lattice windows of a delightful old house peeping at me over a tangle of apple and cherry boughs.

It was in a melancholy state, surely. The green had grown over the windows till the rooms were quite dark, even on this June day. The house smelt mouldy, and the paper rotted on the walls. There were cobwebs and dirt everywhere. Still, I saw that it could be made beautiful, and was not dismayed.

"Set Betsy at it with her pail and scrubbing brushes," said I, "and give us a few days, and it will be Paradise."

Archie said some dear, nonsensical thing about its being safe to be Paradise since I was in it; but he was relieved to find that I saw its possibilities.

"What a thorough little Mouse it is!" he said. "Upon my word, I was half-repenting having brought you."

After we had seen the house we went out and wandered about in the garden at the back. It was not very large, but was in the same dreadfully overgrown state as the rest of the place; yet beautiful roses were crowding on the neglected bushes, and I could see that the currants and gooseberries hung thickly on their boughs, and that there was promise of fruit on the cherry-, apple-, and plum-trees. Moreover, little peaches and apricots were growing golden in the sun on the red wall that looked south.

"And what lies beyond the wall?" I said to Archie, who was saying over to himself those words of Bacon about God having first devised a garden.

"There, little woman," said he, "you must not so much as look. Over there is a terrible ogre, Squire Dacre by name, who is very angry with me because I would not sell him this little Naboth's vineyard of mine."

"But why?"

"He is a great gardener, and has the most beautiful garden imaginable the other side of that wall. For years poor Aunt Marcia's neglected plot has poisoned his garden, so he says, sending him seeds of every noxious weed. He had sworn to make this place his own, but I saw you in it, little woman, and refused the most tempting offer he could make."

"I'll make a friend of him, Archie."

"How, little woman?"

"I'll make this desert blossom like the rose."

"You ambitious Mouse, you know nothing of gardening."

"I've a gift for it."

"How do you know, if you've never tried?"

"I feel it within me."

"Hello, Archie Pentreath, by all that's lucky!" cried a voice above us.

I jumped with amazement, and, looking round, saw a curly fair head peering above the wall.

"Hello, Tom!" cried Archie, joyfully.

"What a duffer I am! Of course, this is your village, and the ogre is your uncle."

"A jolly good old ogre, if you take him the right way. But how do you come here?"

"I'm the new owner of Rosegardens, and this lady, Miss Wyndham—my old college chum, Thomas Dacre, Esq., Amy—is my tenant."

"I congratulate you," said Tom Dacre, comically.

"Tell me," said Archie, "how do you come to be congratulating me from the top of that wall?"

"You always said I'd get high in the world. But if my uncle were to jerk this ladder from under me at this instant—I'm parleying with the enemy, you know—what a fall there'd be!"

"Tom, you villain!" cried a voice at that moment. "What are you doing up there?"

"Surveying the wilderness next door," said Tom promptly, and, with a scarcely perceptible lifting of his hat, his jolly fair head disappeared.

However, ten minutes later he and Archie were shaking hands as though they never would be done on the neglected lawn of Rosegardens.

Then Tom Dacre carried us off to the village inn, and had the best luncheon the place could afford set before us.

I thought it was delightfully pleasant in the brown oak-panelled room, with our big, square window overlooking a corner where the hollyhocks guarded a row of hives, but Mr. Dacre was very apologetic because he had to entertain us at the inn.

"My uncle's crusty at this moment, you see," he explained. "He says the place ought to

be burnt, trees and all, to purge it of the weeds, and then ploughed deep."

"I'll purge it," said I, "without burning or ploughing."

"You will!" said Mr. Dacre. "By Jupiter, I believe you will, Miss Wyndham. I shall watch your struggle with the weeds with sympathy."

"From the top of the wall?" said I.

"Unless you'll let me come round and lend a hand."

"I didn't mean that," said I, blushing.

"What would your uncle say?"

"Seriously," said Archie, "I'm glad you're at hand, Tom, though the Squire's not friendly, in case this little woman wants help about anything while I'm away."

"I'll always be at her service, and honoured," said Mr. Dacre.

A few weeks later we were married; then my Archie was gone, and we had said good-bye to Hargrave Villas for ever.

I entered on my new life quite cheerfully, though, of course, it was hard to part with Archie so soon after we had found out that we loved each other. However, when I considered that a little while ago I could not have believed such felicity was in store for me, and when I thought upon all there was to do before the year was over and Archie would come back, I was in no mood for folding my hands and sitting down to fret.

There was such a lot to be done. Even Bétsy held up her hands at sight of the house, and blessed the forethought that had brought down a stout wooden box filled with Sunlight Soap, and Monkey Soap and all the other benevolent aids to the cleanly housewife.

We could hardly clean within for the darkness until we had cleared the windows outside of the matted creepers and overhanging branches.

I had been chopping away all day, and my arms ached so that I had just given up the shears and my place on the ladder to Elsie, and sat down on a camp-stool to direct proceedings for a bit, when who should come swinging himself into the boughs of an apple-tree, and from thence to the ground, but Mr. Tom Dacre.

"Let me help, Mrs. Pentreath," he said. "It's tiresome work using those heavy old shears, especially if one isn't used to it."

"I daresay you'd get through it much quicker," I said. "Elsie, you've chopped enough. Give up the shears to Mr. Dacre."

Elsie came down, rather embarrassed, I think, at having to make the descent in the presence of a stranger and a young gentleman.

I saw Tom Dacre start as he looked at her. Elsie was yet in short frocks, and was wearing one of scarlet cotton, in which she looked like a gipsy. Following Tom Dacre's glance, I was

struck by the brilliant air of the child, although the long lashes were over her enormous eyes.

"Elsie, dear," I said, "this is Mr. Dacre, Archie's old college friend. He is kindly willing to help us, and I daresay will work much faster than we could."

"If Miss Elsie will give me instructions," he said.

I saw him mount the ladder, and I went inside to hang our pictures—a work in which I had been interrupted through lack of light.

I found Ada sitting in the midst of chintz draperies, arranging them to fit the windows, and told her how Mr. Dacre had kindly come to help us, and the job I had given him to do. I was delighted with the brightness of the room under its new aspect and smelling of Betsy's soap and furniture polish.

"It will be delicious when we have the pictures up and the furniture covered, and our china in that old cupboard and the books on the shelves," I said.

"Delicious!" said Ada. "See—I have filled this old punch-bowl with roses, and I have found the first strawberries for our tea."

"I'm glad you have," I said, "for I suppose Mr. Dacre will stay to tea."

"Presently," said Ada, looking down at her needlework, "when we get straight, we may see some of our friends, mayn't we?"

"We might ask Mr. Arundel, perhaps, and that nice little sister of his one day, if you think they would like to come, Ada."

"I am sure they would. Indeed, I told May Arundel we would ask her. She envies us. She says it's so dreary to be always living as they do, giving pompous entertainments to people they don't like a bit, and being entertained by them. Poor Mrs. Arundel doesn't like it any more than Percy or May; but their father insists upon it. He is quite different from them."

"He must be," said I. "But now I am going to get the tea-tray. We all deserve some tea."

Just then the ladder was set against the window, and we saw Mr. Tom Dacre run up it lightly. Then we saw Elsie stand at the foot of the ladder and look up at him.

"Just stand as you are," we heard him say, "and tell me what I am to cut down and take away."

"But if you sit on top of the ladder like that," objected Elsie, "and look down at me, you can't possibly see what I tell you."

"I'll take it in intelligently while you tell me, and then I'll apply it in practice afterwards. Miss Elsie, do you think your sister will invite me to tea?"

"I'm sure she will," said Elsie with fervour.

"You're so good to be so ready to help us."

"Miss Elsie, you're shaking the ladder; I shall fall down."

"Oh, Mr. Dacre, I'm sure I'm not."

"That innocent child," said I to Ada. "She doesn't know he's joking. I'd better go out and see how he's getting on."

I found Mr. Dacre sitting on the top step of the ladder, with his hands thrust through his yellow curls, while he was staring down into Elsie's great eyes of consternation.

"I'm telling your sister, Mrs. Pentreath," he said, "that if she doesn't take care, I'll fall down and be drowned in her eyes."

"He does talk such nonsense, Amy," complained Elsie. "He's been saying the most ridiculous things."

"Did you ever hear what happened to the little child who was disrespectful to her elders?" asked Mr. Dacre.

"Come away, Elsie," I said, laughing, "and help me to get tea. He's got to earn his yet. He came in to work, and he's only been playing."

"I came over the wall to do that," he said. "I'd been asking every creature in my uncle's well-ordered garden to play with me; but they were all too busy, so I came over the wall."

"Don't let Betsy—our housekeeper—hear you saying so," I said, "for she keeps us all hard at work. We won't sleep to-night till we've done what Betsy considers a full day's work."

After I had carried off Elsie, Mr. Dacre set to and chopped with a will, and, resuming after tea, cleared all the windows triumphantly.

"To-morrow," he said, "I'll come and nail up the branches. I'd no idea I was so useful a fellow."

"Mr. Dacre," I said, "could you recommend me an intelligent boy? Do you know I'm determined to restore this garden to its former glories?"

"I know an excellent one," he said; "honest, steady, sober, and not afraid of hard work for anyone he likes."

"Oh! would he not work for anyone he didn't like?"

"In that case he would be the laziest dog alive."

"What a strange youth! Do you think he would like me?"

"I'd swear it, Mrs. Pentreath."

"Pleasant, good-tempered, obliging?"

"All three, Mrs. Pentreath."

"Does he know anything about a garden?"

"He has been used to one all his days."

"Ah, but his wages are sure to be too high for me."

"An occasional glass of milk, and his tea every day. Not a stiver more."

"You mean yourself," I cried, with sudden illumination.

"I mean myself."

"What would your uncle say?"

"He is in and out his houses all day long, and never knows where I am. When we meet at meals, he remarks that he hopes I haven't been getting into mischief. That is an allusion to the fact of my having broken one of his orchids when I was nine years old. So long as he doesn't find me in his orchid houses he really doesn't bother about where I may be."

"You'd better not take the place. Do you know I'm going to undertake fruit-growing on a small scale?"

"I suspect it will be small; just what you and your little sisters will eat."

"You'll see," I said severely. "I want to make money, because"—I felt myself turning rather hot—"Archie and I are going to be so poor."

"Pentreath's a lucky dog. But if you really think of doing a little fruit-farming—"

"And rose-growing."

"And rose-growing."

"And bee-keeping."

"And bee-keeping. I'm the man to assist you in so many and varied occupations. All the same, you'll never grow fruit for the London market. Amateurs do that only in novels."

"After all, I don't think I'll have you: you're too depressing."

"Well then, I've the firmest faith in our future. I look on myself as a partner, you know. I do the work and you the play. Why not have a poultry farm too?"

"Why not, indeed?"

"Then while we grow young peas for the London market, we can supply ducklings at the same time."

"And eggs. It is strange that you can never get just two things in London for love or money—genuine chickens and genuine eggs."

"London chickens and London eggs are born old, Mrs. Pentreath. But we'll never overtake the London market if we stand gossiping like this."

Mr. Tom Dacre was as good as his word. He came every morning regularly soon after breakfast, hung his coat on a tree, and turned into his digging and hoeing and planting. When at last I protested, he assured me that I had saved him from an incipient liver, and that he was only fulfilling his promise to Archie.

The two girls had turned in like bricks to their part of the work. When we had got the house into order, and so clean that you couldn't find a mote in a sunbeam, though the rooms were now full of sun, we handed it over to Betsy, and took up the outdoor life.

At first we were all three a trifle languid

over the work, and inclined to suffer from stiffness after the stooping, but as time passed, and we got used to it, all that went away; and, looking at my sisters with the gold of the sun in their cheeks, I could not sigh over the postponement of their careers. After all, as Archie had said, there was plenty of time.

I used to notice that Mr. Tom Dacre and Elsie had a way of working in couple, and were never far removed from each other; but when the wind blew bits of their talk my way it seemed to be always jesting on his part and protesting on Elsie's. He seemed always to tease her as one teases a dear child, with tenderness in the teasing and compunction ever at hand. No, surely, there was no cause for uneasiness about Elsie's heart; and then he was Archie's friend, and so to be trusted.

Well, by September we had really made a new place of it, and we began to see how it came by its name of Rosegardens, for it had been planted with the choicest of roses, which still survived under the prairie grass.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Tom Dacre one day, "I begin to believe in those strawberries. If we can only keep it up during the winter, when gardening is not so idyllic as in summer."

"I'll keep it up," I said.

"I believe you will. I don't know where you get all your pluck and energy."

"Which reminds me, Mr. Dacre: aren't you neglecting other things to be here so much?"

"I don't neglect anything, Mrs. Pentreath. I'm a budding squire, you know, by profession, and the uncle leaves a good deal of the business to me. The days are much longer than they used to be. It's surprising what a lot of business I get through in the early morning—and then I have the afternoon and evening. You may have noticed that I strike work at tea-time."

"But you spend too much time here."

"Don't turn me out."

He said it so imploringly that I laughed and went off about my business.

I was tying up some rose-shoots, when I started at hearing a long whistle over my head.

I looked up, and saw a frosty red face under a wide-brimmed straw hat looking down on me from the top of the wall.

"You're doing that all wrong," said the owner of the face.

"No doubt," said I. "I'm not very experienced. How ought it to be done?"

"Just let it be for a few minutes, and I'll come round and show you. You're making a sickening mess of it."

I stood up and looked ruefully at my handiwork.

"I'm obliged to you, young woman, so I am," said Squire Dacre, as I guessed him to be; "if I'd looked over this wall six months ago, I'd have got a fit and fallen off the ladder."

"I'm glad you didn't then," said I.

"What business is it of yours?" he said, glancing at me. "I suppose I can fall off the ladder, if I like?"

"Then I shouldn't know how to do my roses," said I.

coatless, was digging away with more than common energy, a broad back obstinately turned towards us.

"That is he."

"Stick to him, then, if he's any good: gardeners are few, like geniuses."

"He's not much good," said I, raising my voice. "But he obeys orders."

"Don't shout: I'm not deaf," said the old gentleman testily. "So he's no good. Well,



They met face to face.

He laughed then, and said in a more amiable voice:

"You'll soon know how to do them yourself. Who's helped you here?"

"My sisters and—an assistant gardener."

"Where did you get him?"

"He offered himself to me here."

"H'm! Very strange. I can't get a soul in the place I'd trust with a hardy annual. Is that your man working over there by the currant bushes?"

I looked over to where Mr. Tom Dacre,

I'm not surprised. I suppose it was his voice I heard over the wall. I had an odd fancy it was that rascal Tom's—my nephew, ma'am—a good lad, but the clumsiest alive. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Very queer. But what about my rose-bush?"

"I'm coming. Don't lay a hand on it till I get round. You were near ruining it."

The head disappeared below the wall. As soon as it had gone, Mr. Tom Dacre rushed for his coat.

"I'm off," he said. "I shall be standing up there in Betsy's pantry behind the wire, watching your interview with the Squire. Think of the dear old chap coming round like that!"

I went to the front gate and received the Squire. After he had shown me the proper way to tie up the rose, he seemed to forget to go away. We wandered on from one thing to another, I listening to his words with a deference that evidently pleased him. At last I felt it only right to ask him to tea. He accepted without demur. As we walked round the house I began to wonder whether Mr. Tom Dacre was still imprisoned within Betsy's pantry, and how he was to get his tea.

"By the way, I never saw that man, after all," said Squire Dacre.

"He's gone to have some beer, I daresay," said I.

"Beer! I expect he's better at that than working."

"I don't know about that," said I, noticing that we were close to the pantry window.

"Tea's better than beer, though that rascal Tom won't believe it. I can see the yellow in his face already. If you ever know Tom don't let him handle any of your plants, young lady. A good fellow, but awkward. I'll tell you a story of my—"

We were now round the corner of the house, and I was less interested in Mr. Dacre's reminiscence of the breaking of the orchid.

After that Mr. Dacre came in constantly, and when he wasn't coming round to give advice he was giving it over the wall. Then one day he invited us all in to see his garden, and gave us a magnificent tea, with all sorts of cake and fruits and sweets, such as children would like. He had taken a tremendous fancy to Elsie, whom he always called Pretty.

"Egad, if I were a young fellow!" he would say, rubbing his hands and laughing, "like that rascal Tom, now. I can't imagine what becomes of the fellow; he seems to be always out of the way. I expect he's courting, if the truth were told. More fool he, for, if he only looked over the wall, he'd never look further for a wife."

Poor Elsie's confusion, when these speeches were made, used almost to make her weep; and then her old friend, relenting, would feel in his pocket and bring out a peach or a bag of bonbons or some such thing to console her.

At last we agreed that Mr. Dacre must really know that his nephew was such a friend of ours, but before we could break it to him they met face to face under the arch of roses which we had trained across the path that led down to the little cucumber house.

"Tom!" said Mr. Dacre. "How do you come here, you scoundrel?"

"Why, uncle, how did you make these ladies' acquaintance?"

"Over the wall, if you want to know, sirrah."

"So did I, Uncle Dick."

"And how dared you?"

"Followed your example, uncle."

"He has me there," said Squire Dacre, thoughtfully. Then he looked very hard at his nephew.

"What do *you* come for, Tom?"

"What do you come for, sir?"

"Well, to help with the garden for one thing, so that it won't be a danger to mine any more."

"I come for the same reason."

"Ah, you were that gardener lad. You scoundrel, did you think you deceived me, pegging away like that—and Mistress Minx, too, thinking she kept me in the dark? I knew you all the time."

"You *are* sly, Uncle Dick. I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"Nor I of you. Now, tell me, what did you do it for?"

"Love, Uncle Dick."

"I could have sworn it. Which of 'em?"

"Elsie."

"Ah, my Pretty! It's well for you, you young dog, that I'm not forty years younger."

So that was Elsie's career, after all—to marry Tom Dacre and keep her beautiful voice for her husband and friends, and for cradle-songs. And the curious thing was that Elsie's marriage, in the most unexpected way, helped Ada's, for Mr. Arundel was bitten with an ambition for a Parliamentary career, and it so happened that Squire Dacre had a huge influence in the constituency he chose to contest. The dear old Squire, when he discovered how the land lay, made much of Ada and his interest in her, and discovered presently that Ada's engagement to Percy Arundel made a reason for his throwing the weight of his influence on the banker's side. So Mr. Arundel was returned to Parliament really by the Dacre vote; and behaved very handsomely about his son's marrying a portionless girl.

So, after all, Archie came back to give away two brides.

I never *have* grown strawberries for the Covent Garden market, but I have a delightful garden, and Squire Dacre, whose interest in it has not lessened, has actually had a little gate broken in the wall so that he may come in at any time. He has great respect for me as a gardener; but he says he is too old and stiff to carry on our friendship over the wall.

The CHRISTIAN'S BOOK of DAYS

JANUARY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



THE 10th of January has a claim to our grateful remembrance, for on that date, in the year 1840, began the uniform penny postage. Now that we are come to days in which you may send a letter from England to the wilds of Central Africa for the sum of one penny, we find it hard to understand how people lived in the time of more restricted and more costly communications. There had, however, been a penny post before the days of Rowland Hill, for one had been set up in London and the suburbs by a Mr. Murray, an upholsterer, in the year 1681. There arose, after a time, some difficulty in connection with the right to the privilege, and ultimately the undertaking was adjudged to belong to

the Duke of York. This penny post then developed in the wrong way, and became the twopenny post which so long held the field. A penny post was also set up in Dublin in 1774.

The public have long regarded the Post Office as one of those national institutions at which it may grumble with the utmost freedom. Perhaps its indulgence in frequent criticism is only a sign of the respect in which it holds the institution; and yet it must be confessed that Post Office reforms have a knack not of anticipating, but of lagging behind, the public desires. It has always been so. When Rowland Hill first began to interest himself in the Post Office, the officials did not hail him as a benefactor. He was an outsider; and when, in 1837, he published his pamphlet advocating the uniform penny post, with the added convenience of the adhesive stamp, the authorities were filled with indignation. He had risen up to make the Post Office such a factor in national intercourse, such a friend to commerce, to family and to social life, as they had never dreamed of; but the official instinct stood in the way. However, the public at large liked the plan very well—it promised many conveniences and some economy—and, of course, they were not afflicted by the financial forebodings which harassed St. Martin's-le-Grand. They held meetings, they formed associations, they got up petitions to Parliament, and in time their zeal was rewarded. A Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the question; but for a time it seemed as if the Select Committee might only obstruct the path of reform. Its decision in favour of uniformity of postage was only obtained by the casting vote of the chairman. But the people who believed in a penny post went on with their appeal to the nation, and at last the Ministry had to give way. Mr. Rowland Hill had the satisfaction of seeing reform carried out on the lines of his famous pamphlet, and of himself assisting in an official capacity to organise the change. The people of Great Britain have long ago agreed to think of him as a great national benefactor, and they ought to remember the day on which his reform came into operation.



ROWLAND HILL.

At four minutes past two o'clock on January 30th, 1649, a grey-bearded man, dressed in a close-fitting frock, and masked, struck off the head of King Charles I. on the scaffold in front of the Banqueting House in Whitehall. The groan which broke from the spectators—"such a groan," wrote one of them, "as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again"—well typified the horror with which successive generations have regarded the deed. For although many can find for it, in theory, ample excuse, and will offer to

Wedded as we are to parliamentary government, we owe more than a passing thought to January 20th; for on that day, in the year 1265, there met the assembly which has some right to be regarded as the starting point of our modern Parliament. It was summoned on December 14th in the name of "Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine"; but it owed its existence to Simon de Montfort and Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester. The summons stated in some detail the purpose for which



(From the Picture by Ernest Crofts, R.A.)

(By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Co.)

CHARLES I. ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.

prove that it was a matter of absolute necessity in the interests of the nation, there are few who care to contemplate the act. Something, perhaps, of this reluctance is due to the bearing of Charles after his condemnation. He died like a gentleman, or, if you prefer it, like the martyr he called himself. His bearing on the scaffold was all that a saint dying in the best of causes could have shown us. His faith, his gentleness, his spirit of forgiveness, made men forget much of the past. Little wonder that from the moment of his death there began the revolution of feeling which ended quietly enough in the Restoration.

the assembly was to be brought together, alluding with discreet care to the fact that "our dearest first-born son Edward has been given as a hostage for securing and confirming peace in our realm," and commanding that, "putting aside all excuse and other business, you will be with us in London on the octave of St. Hilary next." The summons not only brought together the bishops, deans, abbots, and priors, representing the Church, together with five earls and eighteen barons; it also directed the sending of "two knights from the loyal, honest, and discreet knights of each shire," and further gave direction that certain cities and boroughs should each choose

"two of the discreet, loyal, and honest citizens and burgesses." Thus the Parliament summoned for that January day was the first in which there was representation not only of the Church and of the nobles, but also of the counties, cities, and boroughs. In a sense, therefore, this Parliament shows us the first House of Commons. De Montfort's power was not to last much longer; but, if he had done nothing else, he would, by his happy expedient of giving representation to the people, have left his mark upon his country's history.

The earlier history of the United States of America offers us some interesting views of the Quaker element in its population. The proclamation which in January, 1863, declared the freedom of all slaves in the Southern States, save in such parts as were held by the United States army, completed a movement which some American Quakers had long before anticipated; for on January 1st, 1788, just



GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

twenty years before the importation of slaves into the States was abolished, the Quakers of Philadelphia emancipated their slaves. It was a bitter struggle that brought to an end the system they deplored, and yet the struggle reminds us that purity of motive and sanctity of life are often associated with a lost cause. On January 19th, 1807, was born Robert Edward Lee, the son of that Colonel Henry Lee who, in the War of Independence, had been known as "Light Horse Harry." Lee's reputation as a soldier and commander is now less to us than the memory of a character as conspicuous for its faith as for its unswerving devotion to what it deemed its duty.

January 26th, 1885, is a date which the British people will also remember with mingled feelings; for it was then that Charles George Gordon fell at Khartoum.

The earlier accounts of his death told us that when the Dervishes penetrated into the palace, Gordon met them at the top of the stairs leading to his apartments, and submitted himself without resistance to the spears of his foes.

But in a detailed account given to Mr. Neufeld, we are told how, on the Dervishes approaching his private apartments, "Gordon Pasha met them with his sword in his right hand and his pistol (revolver) in his left, and killed of them two who fell at the door, and one who fell down the stairs (that is to say, fell dead or wounded), and the others ran away. Then we heard the Dervishes breaking the private door while the Pasha was loading his revolver. I went forward, and received a little wound in the face, and when the Pasha came, he received a wound in the left shoulder; the man who wounded him was a half-blood slave. We followed them to Rouchdi Bey's room, killing three and wounding many, and the others ran away and fell down the stairs. We went back to the Pasha's room and reloaded; but the Dervishes came back, and I received a slight wound in my right leg from a sword, but I warded the blow, and the cut was nothing. We attacked the Dervishes on the private stairs, and while we were passing the door a native of Khartoum, dressed as a Dervish, stabbed the Pasha with a spear on the left shoulder. . . . Then the Dervishes ran into the clerks' offices, and while we were standing in the corridor a tall negro fired a shot from the door near Rouchdi Bey's room, and the bullet struck the Pasha in the right breast, and the Pasha ran up and shot the man dead. The Dervishes then came out of the offices, and we turned, and they ran to the private stairs, and we fired into them, but the Pasha was getting weak from loss of blood. We fought these Dervishes down the stairs till we reached the last one, and a native of Katimeh speared the Pasha in the right hip, but I shot him, and the Pasha fell down on the canvasses' mat at the door, and he was dead."

"It is pleasant to find that, as we learn more and more of the melancholy events of that time and the years which succeeded them, we have also more and more testimony to the extraordinary influence which Gordon had established over friend and foe alike. According to Father Ohrwalder, who was for ten years a captive in the Mahdi's camp, Gordon's bravery, generosity, and voluntary self-sacrifice, won the admiration even of his bitterest enemies. "Had Gordon been one of us," the Moslems said, "he would have been a perfect man." Melancholy as are some of the thoughts we shall always associate with Gordon's end, we cannot say that he died in vain.

SCRIPTURE Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

JANUARY 21ST.—The Preaching of St. John the Baptist.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke iii. 1–17.*



- POINTS.
1. True repentance involves change of life.
 2. Each must give up his own besetting sin (*Heb. xii. 1*).
 3. God will judge all according to their works.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Faith and Repentance.** In the year 1680 Mr. Philip Henry preached much on the subject of faith and repentance from various texts of Scripture. He told

of Noah, who warned the people to repent before the flood came, but in vain. He reminded of the people of Nineveh, all of whom repented at the preaching of Jonah, and were saved. He quoted Zaccheus the publican, who, when he believed in Christ, restored fourfold for what he had unjustly gained. "If I were to die in the pulpit," he said, "I should wish to die preaching repentance; and, if I die out of the pulpit, I hope to die practising repentance. He who repents every day for the sins of every day will, when he comes to die, have the sins of but one day to repent of."

Sin Confessed. A German prince, travelling through France, visited the galleys at Toulon. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, offered to set at liberty any slave whom he selected. The prince went round the prison and conversed with the prisoners. He asked each the cause of his being there, and met only with tales of injustice and false accusation. At last he came to one man who admitted his imprisonment to be just. "My lord," said he, "I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked wretch, and deserve all my sufferings, and more." The prince at once selected

him, and he was set free. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

God's Judgments and Promises. Shortly after the city of Jerusalem was destroyed two Jewish Rabbis were walking over the ruins. Both seemed affected by the sad sight, but one wept while the other smiled. The one who wept asked the other, "Why do you smile when you see our holy city in ruins?" "Nay," said the Rabbi, "let me rather ask you, 'Why do you weep?'" "I weep," said he, "because I see the fearful judgments of the Almighty. Our city is no more, our Temple is laid waste, our people—where are they?" "All that," said the other, "is the reason why I smile. I see, like you, how sure God's judgments are, but I can learn how true must be also His promises. God said, 'I will destroy Jerusalem for its sin.' He has done so. But He has also said, 'I will rebuild Jerusalem.' Shall I not believe His word?"

JANUARY 28TH.—Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

Passage for reading—*St. Matt. iii. 13–iv. 11.*

- POINTS.
1. Christ strengthened by the Holy Spirit before His temptation.
 2. Temptation attacks each part of man's nature—the body, to lusts of the flesh, indulgence, etc.; the mind, to argue that what is wrong may be right; the soul, to forsake God for present pleasures.
 3. The way to resist—by the Word of God.
 4. The result of Christ's temptation—He is able to feel for and to succour those tempted (*Heb. ii. 18*).

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Holy Spirit's Influence.** Temptations are like the rocks which rest their jagged sides above the waves when it is low water. No vessels dare come near them. But after a time the tide comes sweeping into the bay, and buries the rocks under a flood of water, so that the largest ships can ride in safety, as much as the smallest boat, above their teeth of death. In our unbelief we

often ask, "How can I hope to resist the many enemies tempting me to my destruction?" But in answer to prayer the Holy Spirit will come and fill our hearts and bear us in safety, like the rising tide over the rocks of temptation.

A Christian and Temptation. A sentinel posted on the walls, when he sees a party of the enemy advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself, but at once informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and awaits his word as to how the foe is to be met. So the Christian does not attempt to resist temptation in his own strength, but in prayer calls upon his Captain for aid, and in His might and His Word goes forth to meet it.

Christ's Sympathy. We are told that in some lands, when one friend passes through the pathless forests, he breaks a twig here and there as he goes, that those who come after may see the traces and know that they are in the right road. So, when we are journeying through the dark paths of temptation or sorrow, it is cheering to know that Christ, our best Friend, has gone before and trodden the rough way—that He has been in all points tempted like as we are, and yet sinned not. That thought can bear us up, and turn our darkness into light.

FEBRUARY 4TH.—The first Disciples of Jesus.

Passage for reading—*St. John i. 35–46.*

POINTS. 1. Christ's call to His disciples comes in different ways. Andrew believed after hearing of the Lamb of God, the Sin-Bearer. Simon followed Christ, brought by his brother. Philip was called directly by Christ Himself. Nathanael believed on the evidence of Christ's omniscience.

2. Those who come once to Christ will desire to know more of Him.

3. Faith here will result in glory hereafter.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Lamb of God.** In 1857, wrote Mr. Spurgeon, before preaching at the Crystal Palace, I went there to decide where the platform should be fixed, and, in order to see how the sound of my voice would be heard, I cried in a loud voice, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" In one of the galleries a man, who knew not what was being done, heard the words, which came like a message from heaven to his soul. He was smitten with conviction on account of his sin, put down his tools, went home, and there, after a time of prayer on his knees, found peace by beholding the Lamb of God. Years afterwards he told this story to one who visited him on his death-bed.

Christ's Omniscience. What was Nathanael doing under the fig-tree? Perhaps you say that he was praying. I do not say that he was not praying, but it is impossible to prove that he was. What was Nathanael doing under the fig-tree? We frequently read of learned Rabbis who studied the Law under the fig-trees. Was Nathanael studying the Law, i.e. reading the Scriptures? I do not say that he was not, but you cannot prove that he was. What, then, was Nathanael doing? There are two persons who could have told us, and both these are silent on the matter. Both Jesus and Nathanael knew, and no one else. We will not attempt to

guess. Our Lord's words were a kind of sign to Nathanael. As soon as Jesus said, with a look, "I saw thee under the fig-tree," Nathanael was startled with the conviction that his secret heart was known to Jesus. Under that fig-tree he had done, or said, or thought, something that was known only to himself. How had this Jesus of Nazareth known of it? It is true that his deed or word was a pure, simple and honest one, but how did Jesus know of it? Nathanael had drunk into the very spirit of Psalm cxxxix. No greater proof of God-head can be given than omniscience. Christ knew his down-sitting and uprising. When he was under the fig-tree He read his heart. This must be, he thought at once, the God I love, the Saviour Whom I have been seeking. And so he at once owned Him in words: "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

FEBRUARY 11TH.—Jesus and Nicodemus.

Passage for reading—*St. John iii. 1–18.*

POINTS. 1. The necessity of the new birth.

2. The nature of the new birth.

3. The effect of the new birth.

4. God's way of salvation.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The great Change.** To hew a block of marble from the quarry and carve it into a noble statue. To break up a waste wilderness and then turn it into a garden of flowers. To melt a lump of ironstone and forge it into watch-springs. All these are mighty changes. Yet they all come far short of the change which every child of Adam needs, for they are merely the same thing in a new form, the same substance in a new shape. But man requires the grafting in of that which he had not before. He needs a change as great as a resurrection from the dead. He must become a new creature. He must be born again—born from above, born of God. The natural birth is not a whit more necessary to the life of the body than is the spiritual birth to the life of the soul (Bishop Ryle).

A Tombstone. A stranger was walking one day through a churchyard, when his eye caught sight of these words on one of the tombstones: "Here lies an aged man, seven years old." The words meant that the deceased had loved God for seven years. His natural birthday might have been seventy or possibly eighty years back, but his age was reckoned from the day when God gave him a new heart—the day when he was born again.

A Memory. "I can remember as well as if it was yesterday," said a clergyman, "the day that I was born again. I was fourteen years old, just fifty years ago. I had been confirmed and become a communicant, but I was not born again. The change was effected by the Holy Spirit through the means of a sermon on 'Secret Sins.' It was at a Wednesday evening service in a large parish church. My sins were brought home to me. But I had been taught to seek pardon through the precious blood, and I found it. I have often fallen back since then, but never have I lost hold upon God. I have been tempted and tried in a hundred ways, but, thank God, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His.'"

FIREMAN NAP.



By K. E. Vernham, Author of "Colonel Kit."



GATES of the fire station at Quorn Road, S.E., were thrown open, and out came the engine,

the hoofs of the horses striking sparks of fire from the stones; then with a shout and a glittering of bright helmets the engine disappeared round the corner.

Some children, who had squeezed themselves against the wall while the engine passed, came out and looked after it.

"Ain't it splendid?" said a girl who held a baby. "You, Billy, come back now," for one of her charges had started off by himself with the intention of going to the fire. "Nap, fetch him back, can't you?"

A boy who had halted in walking, seeming to be partly paralysed on one side, started off in pursuit; and as Billy stopped to look at something on the pavement he was soon caught and brought back to his sister.

Nap leant against the wall white and tired. Ada was too busy scolding Billy to notice him, and they went away, leaving him alone.

He did not mind that, but hung about the station looking in at the door, rather hoping another engine might be called out. The men there always had a kind word for him; they had come to know the forlorn, ragged little fellow who spent so much of his time there.

Nap waited about till the engine came back; then he still lingered, and presently a fireman stumbled over him and nearly fell, while the startled boy rose to his feet.

"Get out there," cried the fireman; then he saw who it was, and spoke good-humouredly enough. "Hulloa, sonny; that you? You nearly tripped me up."

"I didn't mean to," said the boy, "Say, mister, ain't there going to be another fire to-night?"

The man laughed. "How should I know? But you'd best be off to bed; it's bad for boys to be out like this."

"Can't go; dad ain't back yet. Mister, ain't it jolly riding on them engines?"

The fireman laughed again. "I'm pretty well used to it."

The boy drew a long breath. "Don't I wish I was; but I'll get plenty of it some day."

"How's that?" questioned the man.

"I'm going to be a fireman, and drive one of them engines—the biggest 'un—and, my, won't I make them horses fly?"

"Good for you, sonny," laughed the man; "but you don't look strong enough to be one of us."

"'Cause of this?" said Nap, looking at his dragging arm and leg. "Why, I'm fine and strong, and that ain't really nothing."

"Well, if I was you," said the fireman kindly, "I'd see if I couldn't strengthen that side a bit. Where do you go to school?"

"Don't go at all," said Nap. "Dad said it didn't matter, as I ain't ever likely to grow up—he don't know everything, though"; the boy caught himself up: "'t any rate, school ain't no good."

"If I was you," said the man gently, "I'd go to school though; learning don't hurt nobody. I often wish now that I'd had more of it."

"That's rum," said Nap, looking to see whether he was being made fun of. "Well, perhaps I'll go; I'll see."

"And strengthen them muscles," said his friend.

Nap gave a little nod, and started off with a brave air of jauntness; but the watcher saw that his steps flagged wearily after a moment or two, and that he looked a very little boy indeed, and a frail one at that.

George Fraser went upstairs to his rooms, to be greeted by a rush of baby feet, and a glad cry of "Dadda, dadda," and he took his boy in his arms with a new feeling of thankfulness as he looked at the bonny limbs and lovely face.

Bertie was a child to be proud of: he had scarcely known a day's illness in the two years of his life, and with his bright colour, hair that was really golden and not flaxen, and big brown eyes, he made a beautiful picture.

With the warm little arms about his neck George Fraser told his wife about Nap, and her kind eyes filled with tears.

"Hasn't he anybody to care for him?" she asked.

"He talks about his dad, but he can't be much of a one from the look of the boy, he's that hungry-looking and ragged. He's going to enter the fire brigade, he says; he looks more fit to enter the cemetery."

"Oh, poor little lad!" cried Mrs. Fraser. "George, let me see him when he comes again. Do you think he will come?"

"Not much doubt of it, he's always hanging about; but we must be careful; we don't know anything about him; still, a bit to eat now and then can't hurt him."

So it was that when Nap next appeared at the fire station George Fraser called his wife, and the boy was provided with a great basin of soup.

"Soup'll do him a deal more good than tea or coffee," Mrs. Fraser had remarked to her husband. "My soup'll stand by him, and give him a bit of strength."

"Thank 'ee, mum; it's real good," the boy said gratefully, as the soup warmed and comforted him.

"Why do they call you Nap?" asked Mrs. Fraser, interested in the frail, odd-looking little figure.

"'Cause it's my name," he answered. "The kids, they call me Fireman Nap, 'cause I'm going to be a fireman one day. But Nap ain't all my name; there's 'oleon' at the end."

"Napoleon," said Mrs. Fraser; "that's a fine name."

"There ain't many as has one like it," said Nap proudly. "There was a hemperor in France had it. My, ain't he a beauty!"

The exclamation did not refer to the Emperor of the French, but to little Bertie Fraser, who stood at the door regarding the strange boy with friendly curiosity.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fraser fondly, "and as good as he is pretty; come and speak to the little boy, Bertie."

Bertie held out his little hand with grave baby politeness, then put up his cherub face for a kiss, and Nap's heart was won straightway, so that Bertie gained another slave.

"I'm a exercisin' of my muscles," Nap said one day to his stalwart fireman friend. "See here." He pulled up a ragged sleeve and showed the skinny little arm that was so slow to move, though he regarded it with evident pride.

Some quick tears rose to Mr. Fraser's eyes—he thought of his own boy's bonny limbs; and his voice was husky as he patted the boy's shoulder kindly and said, "Aye, that's right, sonny, you'll want good muscles when you come to be one of us." The man had fallen into the way of speaking of that as an event likely to take place, though in his heart he well knew the boy's desire could never be gratified.

Nap sometimes spoke of his father, but the Frasers had not the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance. Mrs. Fraser said she should like to see him that she might give him a piece of her mind in regard to the way he neglected his son. But Nap had some love for the man who was certainly never unkind to him, if he left him to himself.

"What does your father do?" Mrs. Fraser asked the boy one day.

"Dunno," said Nap; but he looked rather cunning, as if he could have said more.

Once Bertie fell ill with some childish ailment, which his strong constitution enabled him to throw off quickly; but while it lasted Nap was very miserable, and ready to take the most gloomy view of the case.

"What 'ud you do s'pose he dies?" Nap asked one day when he had been allowed to creep upstairs and see Bertie in his crib.

"It would 'most break my heart," Mrs. Fraser said with a little catch in her breath at the idea; "but my laddie's getting better, thank God."

"Some babies die," Nap said gloomily. "Don't God love them?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Mrs. Fraser; "and if He took our Bertie 't would be because of love—only He sees we ain't able to bear it now."

Nap looked at her wonderingly. "I'd die instead, if I could," he said earnestly.

Mrs. Fraser kissed the boy's forehead. "Aye, I believe you would, but it seems to me you've both got to live and grow up good men."

"And be firemen?" put in Nap.

Bertie was soon quite well again, trotting about merrily, the very sunshine of the home, and much of the sunshine of Nap's life, too, with his winning, loving ways, never counting the ragged boy beneath him.

One day Nap had watched an engine go

out with his friend on it, and some time later it came back, the horses still fresh, and the men not much the worse, for it had not been a bad fire.

Nap always enjoyed seeing the horses come in with their dash and jingle of bells and harness. When he became a fireman, he meant to be a driver, and would always come in with a rush; the horses seemed to enjoy it as if they quite felt their importance.

On this occasion, as Nap watched eagerly,

how, but it seemed at first that it was at the expense of his own life.

They carried him indoors, and Mrs. Fraser would not hear of his being moved to the hospital, but watched over him tenderly till the doctor came. There were very grave injuries, but the marvel was that they were not worse.

"He had better go to the hospital," the doctor said.

"No, sir, thank you," Mrs. Fraser said firmly; "he 'most died for our Bertie, and I



The superintendent handed Nap up carefully.—p. 276.

suddenly his face turned white, and with a cry he dashed forward, right under the feet of the horses.

The driver pulled up as sharply as he could, but they had been going at a good rate, and Fraser, who bent forward to see what was the matter, turned white and sick as he saw a little white-frocked figure pulled almost from under the wheels, and another one, ragged and blood-stained, lying very still.

Bertie was quite unhurt, not even very much frightened; Nap had saved him some-

won't let strangers nurse him; ain't that right, George?"

"Aye," Fraser answered huskily—he had not yet recovered from his sickening fright—"we can't ever repay him for what he's done."

And so Nap came to himself in the tiny room that had been prepared for him. Mrs. Fraser was close to him, and seeing her, he was content to ask no questions at first. He suffered a good deal, but that he bore so patiently that Mrs. Fraser sometimes went away to cry.

"Ain't you seen my dad?" Nap inquired one day.

George Fraser felt rather uncomfortable; he had been glad not to see the man, and had certainly not tried to find him. Now he promised to go and look for him that very afternoon.

With Nap's directions he was not difficult to find, and at first George Fraser felt very angry at his apparent carelessness about his son. He had not troubled at his not coming back, thinking he was all right; yet, after all, underneath there was evidence of his caring more than he liked to reveal.

"Ain't yer just comfortable?" were his first words to his son.

"Aye," responded Nap. "Dad, are you getting on all right?"

"Yus," said the man. "When are you coming back?"

"Dunno," said Nap, rather wistfully. "Couldn't get there till I get well, and, dad, soon I'm going to be a fireman."

The man nodded, then shuffled out, and Nap felt constrained to apologise for him. "He ain't had no chance, and ain't a bad sort; there's a deal worse dads than him."

Days passed, and the little white face on the pillow grew whiter and more shadowy; often it was drawn with fierce pain, but the spirit in the little lad never faltered. After he had seen Mrs. Fraser cry for his pain he always tried to send her away when he felt the paroxysm coming on.

"I've got to bear it brave," he gasped, after one of those bad attacks. "I wouldn't do for a fireman to mind a bit of pain."

"A bit?" echoed Mrs. Fraser, whose heart was wrung by his suffering. "Oh, Nap, ain't there anything that would do you good?"

"Ah," answered Nap unexpectedly, "there's something that would well nigh make me quite well."

"What is that?" she asked eagerly. "If only we can get it for you, you shall have it."

"It's a ride on the engine; it feels as if being a-top of that and having the wind blowing on my head would make me well."

It was a strange fancy, yet perhaps not so strange for Nap who had found the pleasures and aspirations of his life with the fire-engines. Mrs. Fraser went to tell her husband, who straightway sought the superintendent, and they had a long talk together.

After the doctor's visit next morning a little excitement was in the air, and presently, after making Nap's bed, instead of putting him back into it, Mrs. Fraser wrapped the boy in a blanket, round which she swathed a shawl—making a bundle of him, she said.

"Why?" asked Nap. "I ain't going away, am I?"

Mrs. Fraser took the bundle in her arms—and how sadly light it was—and carried the boy into the next room that he might see out of the window.

There below stood a fire-engine, the horses stamping, impatient to be off; the men were there in their helmets, and looked up at him to wave a greeting.

"Give him to me, missus," said George Fraser, entering. "There, sonny, you're to have your wish, and we've all turned out for you."

The superintendent himself held Nap while Fraser got into his place, and handed him up carefully to his good friend, who had a cushion ready for the little tired back. The other men sprang into their places, gates flew open, and with that rush and clatter so dear to Nap's heart they were off.

Perhaps not many people in the London streets noticed the happy, eager face held against Fraser's coat and looking out so brightly, but the engine had never carried a stranger load.

They went a long way round, and then turned back to where Mrs. Fraser was watching for them anxiously.

"Tired, sonny?" asked Fraser tenderly, as he got down, holding the little fellow.

"It's been lovely," he gasped. "Wait a minute, please."

His eyes sought the men, whose own were full of tears. "Thank you; it's been so lovely." He held his claw-like hand out to them, and they all took it gently; then, at his wish, Fraser carried him round to touch the horse's heads.

"Well, did you like it?" Mrs. Fraser asked when he was back in bed once more.

His eyes shone, his thin little exhausted face was alight with joy. "I'm happier than anybody in the world," he said earnestly. "Don't you ever be sorry for me again. God loves me, and everybody's so kind, and now if I don't ever be a fireman it don't matter."

Bertie crept in to look at him, and Nap begged his mother to put him on the bed beside him.

"Poor, poor," said Bertie, touching the cheek near him.

"I feel as if I'm going to have a right down long sleep," Nap said presently. "Don't the little 'un sleep pretty?" For Bertie had fallen asleep beside him. "Good-night, mother."

It was not night, and he had never called her that before, but she bent to kiss him, then sat and watched him while he sank into a very peaceful sleep.

Hymn for the New Year.

"THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR."

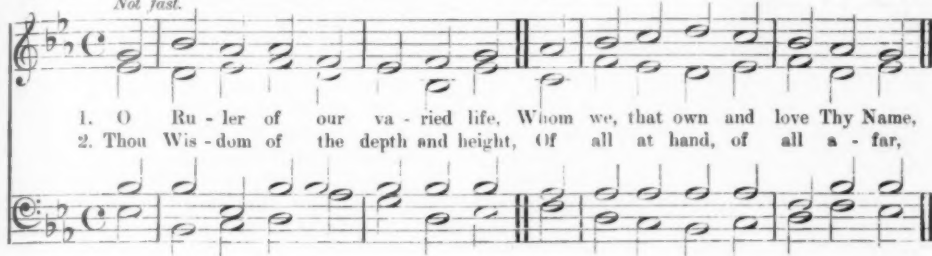
Words by the REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

(Author of "The Church's One Foundation," &c.)

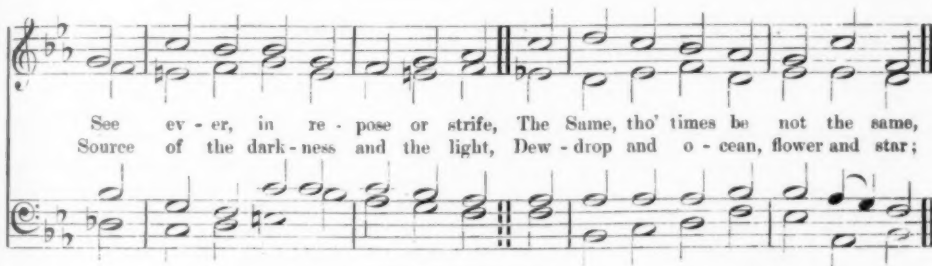
Not fast.

Music by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus.D.

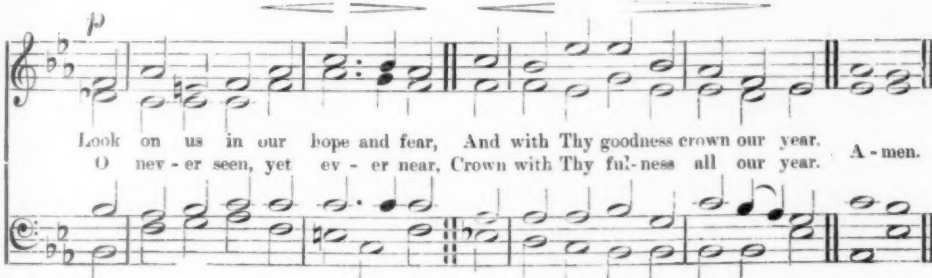
(Organist and Master of the Choristers, Westminster Abbey.)



1. O Ru - ler of our va - ried life, Whom we, that own and love Thy Name,
2. Thou Wis - dom of the depth and height, Of all at hand, of all a - far,



See ev - er, in re - pose or strife, The Same, tho' times be not the same,
Source of the dark - ness and the light, Dew - drop and o - cean, flower and star;



Look on us in our hope and fear, And with Thy goodness crown our year. A - men.
O nev - er seen, yet ev - er near, Crown with Thy ful - ness all our year.

3. Most dread in Justice, stern in Truth,
The deep clouds roll about Thy Throne,
Yet through them, in immortal youth,
Redeeming Love shines on Thine own;
In one great Cross its rays appear,
Oh, with that Love crown all our year!
4. All things that to Thine Honour tend
Be ours, in will, in work, in aim;
All hopes begin in Thee and end,
Nought else our highest homage claim;
O GOD TRIUNE, Thy children hear,
So with Thy glory crown our year. Amen.

POVERTY'S PETS.

By T. Sparrow, Author of "The Penniless Poor," Etc.



It is a fundamental rule of nature that a human being must love something, but it is a never-ending source of wonder why certain affections are centred on certain persons or things. One sees the millionaire ignore his beautiful wife and lovely children and centre his heart's desire on a horse. One hears of a woman endowed with every worldly good and yet lavishing it only on a collection of dead butterflies or an aviary of rare birds.

As human nature is human nature all the world over, we cannot be surprised that this idiosyncrasy is largely developed in our fellow-creatures of a lower social

scale; and to metaphysicians it must be of interest to trace the strong resemblance between the whims of the most highly cultured and the fancies of the least educated in civilised lands.

Ten years of intimate communion with Slumland and its inhabitants has taught me many things; but no lesson has been so strongly inculcated on me as this—that every being therein is overflowing with love, but they want guidance as to the direction in which to bestow it. Of course, remember that hate presupposes love in a former stage, and the coster who kicks his wife while he fondles a tame rat in his bosom only thus expresses his disappointment at the disillusionment a few years of married life has occasioned.

I shall never forget my surprise on calling, one bitterly cold day, at the house of a poor woman, and finding the children playing in the gutter, though she had a bright fire inside.

"Won't you come in with me?" I said to the two youngest, whose little pinched faces and red hands struck me with pity.

But they hung back afraid.

"Mother won't let us," said one. "Benny's sick, and doan't like no noise."

So I entered very quietly, expecting to see an invalid at the point of death; but the only person visible was the mother doing a bit of washing.

"The children tell me Benny is ill," I began sympathetically, when the first greetings were over. "What is the matter with him?"

Her face clouded at once.

"Yes, poor beast, I am afeerd we shall not have him much longer with us."

I looked round for a dog or a cat, but could see neither, so I made another attempt to discover the mysterious ego of the precious *malade*.

"Can he eat anything?" I inquired.

She shook her head sadly.

"Well, yesterday, he did seem ter fancy a reddish soaked in vinegar, but my 'usband couldn't coax 'im ter swaller even that much ter-dai."

Surely no cat or dog had such a



"While he fondles a tame rat."

depraved taste as that, so I made a bold bid for it and said—

"Let me see him; I know a little about animals."

Then she went to the corner by the fire, and took down a dirty shawl which concealed a cage; inside lay an old fox, with its beautiful eyes already filming with the glaze of death.

"We've 'ad it a matter of nine year," she said, wiping her eyes with her apron, "an' my 'usband is powerful fond of it. We 'ave many a time 'ad ter send the children ter bed wi' empty stomachs, but Benny 'as allus 'ad 'is bellyful. I shouldn't be surprised if 'is death sent John ter the public; they wus just like twins, they wus."

"Tell me how you got it," I asked, wishing to divert her mind from such dire forebodings.

So she told me that years ago her husband had been gamekeeper at Lord —'s estate, and that poor Reynard had been caught in a trap set for the wild cats which infested the woods.

It was so maimed by the trap that his master ordered it to be destroyed; but John took it home, nursed it, and cured it to a certain extent. It always slept on his bed till his marriage; but the wife, being a Londoner, could not "abear" the sight of the animal, and, when they settled in town, only allowed John to keep it on condition that it was "nailed up fast."

Thereupon John made its cage, from which it never emerged after the birth of the first child, for it hated babies, and would bite them if it could. The cage was just big enough for it to turn round—no more—and its death must have been a merciful deliverance.

But it is near the Docks that the funniest pets are treasured, as sailors bring them from abroad as presents and keepsakes. Few long survive the change of temperature.

A couple of gazelles once graced a court in that vicinity for about a fortnight, and then came to an untimely end. The male was set on to fight a

goat, and got the worst of it; while the female succumbed to the burns received by an overturned kettle. The owner carried it himself to the hospital wrapped up in a blanket, and the doctor (who told



"With the owl blinking away on his shoulder."

me the tale) was under the impression a baby was his patient till the coverings were taken away.

However, he good-naturedly did what he could, touched by the man's evident grief. "Charge wot yer will," he kept saying, "but save the poor crittur."

An owl was the constant companion of a rather disreputable rat-catcher, who was marked by the police, but so far had escaped their vigilance. If ever you were lucky enough to find him at home, you were sure to see him squatting peacefully by his fireside, smoking a pipe, with the owl blinking away on his shoulder.

From time to time he would purposely blow the tobacco in its face, when it would put on a comical expression of insulted dignity, and move solemnly to the further edge of the chair. But always, after a pause, it returned to its first position.

The rat-catcher assured me it had once saved his life. It was night, and he was sound asleep with some stolen booty by his side. His dreams were disturbed by the bird flapping its wings across his face; he brushed it away once or twice, but it kept repeating the performance. At length he sat up, and it at once swooped to his shoulder. He heard smothered sounds at the door, and had just time to escape by the roof when some men entered—rival burglars, intent on murder if he would not share the spoils.

Bad as he undoubtedly was, he managed to win the love of a very respectable girl; they had one child, born five years after the marriage—a boy, of whom they were very proud.

When the child was about two years old the rat-catcher got caught at last, and was given a long sentence.

He contrived to send this message to the wife:

"Come to the court to say good-bye with babby and Jim" (the owl). "If you cannot carry both, bring the bird."

It is a wonder that the animals can live at all, cooped up in small cages, and dieted in such a wonderful, and sometimes reprehensible, manner. There was a squirrel three years ago in Houndsditch that drank beer, and actually became so fond of it that, if some was placed in a saucer inside its cage, it would dip the nuts, after cracking them, into that liquid before eating them.

That squirrel (Jack was its name) had a grievance. Its proprietor was a charming old salt, who had seen fifty years at sea, and could yarn as no other Jack Tar had yarned before. But he was not faultless; he would not enter a church.

"I have had the christening service, and, please God, I'll have the burial one," he would say, shaking his shaggy head. "I began respectabl' and I'll end the same; what more does a decent fellow want?"

At last a clergyman came to the parish

where the sailor lived who cornered all the old boy's excuses till, to use his own phrase, he "hadn't a leg to stand upon."

His last plea was that Jack would not be left alone.

"How is he to know I be comin' back? He giv' himself to my care, and I must be true to my charge."

Eventually this objection was overruled also, and one fine Sunday Jack Tar was seen locking his door securely, and in a splendid get-up rather shamefacedly making his way to church.

I must confess he fidgeted much during the service, and did not seem easy in mind or body.

When it was over, he hurried homewards, and entered his one-roomed domicile.

The cage was empty!

How Jack contrived to undo the fastening can never be explained, but his master always averred that, in fear that he had deserted him, it managed to wrench it open, and go in search of his faithful comrade.

After a four hours' hunt, it was found in the oven, shivering and cowering with terror. No arguments after that induced the old sailor to leave it on the Sabbath, I am sorry to say.

When the denizens of the East-End make their preparations for hop-picking, it is always a burning question what to do with their pets. They generally go whole families strong, and lock up their tenement, leaving the keys with the landlord. What is to become of their cats, dogs, white mice, etc.? They have to be placed out to nurse *pro tem.*, and to find a suitable lodging is difficult.

On such an occasion, a coster had two tiny puppies which he was very loth to leave. After deep cogitation, he resolved to trust them to a cobbler, noted for his benignity, who had an amiable wife and one grown-up daughter deformed.

With repeated instructions on no account to starve them, the treasures were transferred to their new home. He returned in three weeks, and on the very first evening he called at the cobbler's. The latter met him with a dismal face, and bade him look inside a hat which lay on the table covered by a newspaper.

It contained a dead pup!

"I fed 'em," he began tragically, "my wife fed 'em, and my daughter fed 'em, till this 'ere one just nigh bursted. It died a week ago, but I kep' it to show I did my duty by it. T'other is 'live and bonny."

Yes, and lived to gain a prize at a local dog show—which it deserved to do



The man, in a rage, held it under the tap.

for the buoyancy of its digestion, as, on inquiry, it was found that the over-anxious hosts had been treating their juvenile visitors to *pork daily*.

Monkeys are quite common pets, and perhaps are the worst-treated of them all. They are so amusing in their antics, they are allowed liberty, but so mischievous they are sure to do some harm, and then get severely punished. They are also supposed to be the most teachable, and instruction is not always conducted on a humane method.

A very intelligent monkey was being taught, when its master (a working man) came home at night, to scramble on to his shoulder, take off his cap, spring on to the chest of drawers, and hang it on a peg.

Unfortunately, the animal could not discern when its master was the worse for drink. One evening, when he was in that state, he wished to keep his hat on, as he was going out again. But the animal persisted in hanging it on the peg, and each time the man took it down Bruno replaced it ungently, tweaking his ears as it did so.

The man, in a rage, seized it, carried it to the sink, and held it under the tap—a fitter place for its drunken owner—while it howled pitifully. Then the poor drenched creature crept away, and never would touch his cap again.

Another man had an ingenious method of teaching his monkey how to beg for coppers. If it held out the right paw, it was rewarded with a piece of sugar, which it liked. If it put out the left, it was given sugar dipped in ink, which it did not like. In a very short time it was proficient.

Monkeys are exceptionally sensitive, and when they have done wrong their nerves suffer. In one of these workmen's cottages a monkey had been disporting itself with the children, and somehow managed to upset a tray full of crockery, all of which was broken. Its terror at the crash was piteous to see, and it moaned as if itself was hurt. Notwithstanding, it was cruelly beaten—so cruelly that, watching its chance, it ran away and was never found. Let us hope it got a kinder home.

But, as a rule, poor things! they have no chance of freedom, for they are kept in cages much too small for comfort or for health. Yet, as I said before, they manage to exist years, in spite of all experiments in food—such as a *régime* of cod-liver oil and salt herrings, or infant's food and tripe!

If kindly treated, their affection is quite human; and a cripple lad whose only playmate was a marmoset, used to say—

"When I die, bury 'Duff in the same coffin. I know he'll break his heart when I am gone."

I do not know if it was his heart that broke, but I know it cried like a child

when they closed the lad's eyes in his last long sleep, that it refused all food, and was found dead, curled up on the breast of the corpse, when they came to fasten the lid. So the boy got his wish, and they were buried together.

Just as strong was the affection between an old man and his bull-terrier, a dog that was startling in his ugliness.

"I wud go ter the Union if it wusn't fur Bull," he often said plaintively as, blind and bent, he subsisted on charity; "but if I go in, that 'ere dawg urd die."

And Bull, as old comparatively as his master, would wag his stump of a tail and show his toothless jaws in a loving grin.

Often, when at his wits' end for a meal, he would go to the workhouse to seek admittance, but always on the stern "You must leave that dog outside," he hobbled painfully away, for it was more than he could bring himself to do. Perhaps Bull understood, and knew his duty; or, not to be sentimental, starvation told on him first.

One night the old man, very feeble and tottering, was again at the gates.

"Bain't got no dawg neaw," he mumbled. "Bull fell down dead in the gutter nigh an hour ago."

And in two days the old man was dead too.

In some districts it is quite the fashion to make pets of rats. They are decidedly intelligent, but dreadfully timid when tamed. Noise scares them even in the midst of friends.

I remember once being told of a rat that had grown up in a poor man's household, and could distinguish one member from the other. On the occasion of a birthday much music was the order of the evening—concertina, fiddle, and so on. Being terrified, the rat sought shelter in a back room, and ran up the leg of a pair of trousers. In the jubilation it was forgotten, and the next morning its resting-place was carried off to the pawnshop.

Before the bargain was finished a "pal" of the seller's came in, wanting the identical article. So an exchange was effected on the spot, and the purchaser marched off with the garment on his arm, and the rat still safely ensconced.

But the new owner had a bone to

pick with his friend when he next saw him, for he thought it was a practical joke. Sad to say, his wife drowned the poor animal, which deserved a better fate.

I meant to have included birds in my list—parrots, jackdaws, and canaries. Space, however, does not permit; but I cannot resist one anecdote relating to a tame gander. It was sent from Ireland to a hawker to fatten up and sell; but, his baby taking a fancy to it, the bird



They always had their morning tub together.

was kept as a pet. The infant had always a great objection to being bathed, till, one day it saw its favourite wobble into the tub; then baby cooed and chuckled, and straddled in after it. After that they always had their morning tub together.

That gander lived to a green old age, and who can say it lived without a purpose?—for, if cleanliness is next to godliness, it had its claim on the gratitude of posterity.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE WORK AMONGST WOMEN.



(Photo: Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.)
LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

However this may be, it cannot be questioned that there has been a wonderful advance in the number of women workers for the temperance cause, and a marvellous development of systematised effort to cope with female intemperance. Twenty years ago one might have counted upon the fingers those women of the first rank in the social scale who were actively engaged in promoting the temperance movement, while to-day there cannot be far short of a hundred women of high rank who are devoting their time and wealth and influence to the furtherance of the cause. Conspicuous among them may be named Lady Frederick Cavendish, whose heroic fortitude under the cruel bereavement which she has borne with such Christian resignation, has compelled the sympathetic admiration of the entire nation. Lady Frederick's support of every cause calculated to improve the social and religious condition of the people has caused her name to be identified with so many associations that some people may be astonished to hear that she contrives to crowd into her busy life a considerable amount of temperance work. The Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society enjoys a large share of her help, but in addition to the routine of the Committee, her ladyship renders valuable service by addresses at conferences and parochial meetings, London (especially East London) being greatly helped in this way. The sympathetic and winning persuasiveness of her appeals never fails to make a deep impression, and the apt illustration of her

arguments by a telling reference to some current event invariably secures her ladyship an attentive hearing. Working-women are far more likely to be drawn to consider the question by the eloquence of leaders of their own sex than by any well-meant appeals of the mere male creature, and there can be no doubt that the temperance work of ladies of high birth and education is the most effective force to bring against the growth of female intemperance.

A GOOD WORKMAN.

When the record of the life-story of Joseph Leicester comes to be written (may the day be far distant!), no more fitting title could be chosen than that from the good Old Book, "A Workman that Needeth not to be Ashamed." A son of labour, he has fought a strenuous battle for the poor ever since he was apprenticed to a glass-blower, at the age of nine, in his native town of Warrington. He has just kept his seventy-fourth birthday; he was born on Christmas Eve, 1825, and is still as alert and mentally alive as ever,



(Photo: Ed. Sharp, Islington, N.)

MR. JOSEPH LEICESTER.

although, of course, advancing years necessitate that he should take care of himself. Joseph Leicester was recruited at a meeting addressed by "the Father of English Teetotalism," Joseph Livesey, of Preston; and, having once given in his adhesion to the total abstinence pledge, he has never wavered. He was early called upon to take a stand against that wicked system of many trades, "paying your footing," and he is still remembered at Warrington as "the lad who dared to be a teetotaler in days of trial and persecution." He has no rival as a temperance advocate, inasmuch as his own personal experiences, related with a modesty and self-repression not always to be found in autobiographical

logic and genial good-humour which always captures an English audience. "What are the facts?" is a question which he is always asking and answering, and one is amazed at the fertility of his resources in shedding new light on the old arguments. He is seen at his best at a temperance mission, for in six or seven nights he is able to take so wide a survey of the ramifications of the liquor trade that his hearers are compelled to consider the question.

PRACTICAL RAILWAY MEN.

We have more than once had occasion to refer to the temperance work of railway men, and are pleased to give an illustration of a

coffee tavern which owes its origin to the men of the London and North-Western Railway Company employed at Willesden Junction. It is a wooden structure, very unpretentious externally, but thoroughly cosy, neat, and comfortable within. To make use of a hackneyed phrase, "it supplies a long-felt want," and is much appreciated by those for whom it was specially opened. It is not without interest that the photograph was taken by Mr. S. Terry, one of the telegraph messengers employed at the famous junction.



A RAILWAY COFFEE TAVERN AT WILLESDEN.
(Actually put up by the railway men for themselves.)

utterances, enable him to piece together an absolutely unique testimony to the value of total abstinence as a help in the battle of life. Outlined in brief, the sketch may thus be indicated: Joseph Leicester was the son of poor folk; he was apprenticed to a trade which is so arduous that most of its workers have short lives. Of those who worked at his side in youth and early manhood, all have long since passed away. As a handicraftsman, he has carried off the highest decorations awarded either in the United Kingdom or on the Continent; and by the vote of his fellow-workmen, he has held for many years the secretaryship of his trade society. He has more than once given evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, and was elected M.P. for West Ham in 1885, but failed to find a place at the next election. As a speaker, he is that excellent mixture of keen

ance of Temperance Sunday in Liverpool diocese, which falls this month, for it will be the last call of this kind from the venerable Bishop Ryle, who has in so many ways considerably helped forward the work, especially in the direction of Sunday closing. The annual meetings of the Irish Temperance League will be held in Belfast this month. The influential position which this Association occupies in the sister-country is shown by the large amount of space which the leading journals devote to its proceedings. Edmonton, which is the shrine of literary pilgrims as the resting-place of Charles Lamb and his sister, to say nothing of John Gilpin's "Bell Tavern," intends to earn a fresh reputation if possible. A United Temperance Mission, promoted by "the clergy and ministers of all denominations," is to be held this month, from which great things are expected.

COMING EVENTS.

Special interest attaches to the observ-

SHORT TO ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Befriending the Soldiers.



IN addition to the large and well-known organisations which carry on such admirable work in looking after the social and spiritual needs of our soldiers, there are many humbler efforts equally worthy of commendation and support. Such a one is the Soldiers' Home, Avenue Road, Gosport, where the Misses Sophie and Edith Ridout have

for the past ten years befriended not only the numerous soldiers in the district, but the sailors and marines also. The Home is made an attractive centre to men of both services, where they find comfortable quarters for reading, writing, and recreation. Their temporal comfort is further provided for by the equipment of a coffee room and a temperance refreshment bar, whilst their spiritual welfare is advanced by means of the Bible classes and meetings conducted by officers and other interested friends. The attendance at these gatherings is most encouraging, and the Misses Ridout have received numerous testimonies from the men of the great good which has been accomplished. At this time of special need, consequent upon the distressing war in South Africa, any help will be gladly welcomed by the conductors of the Home, who will also be pleased to receive gifts of books, magazines, or tracts, suitable for the lending library and for distribution.

The Archbishop of Armagh.

(See page 208.)

THERE are three aspects in which the Most Rev. William Alexander, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, may be regarded—as a preacher, a poet, and a man of letters. It is not necessary to say much on the first of these three divisions. Dr. Alexander's position as an eloquent, perhaps we might say the most eloquent, preacher

in the Anglican communion is unchallenged. His only rival in our time was the late Archbishop Magee, but their oratory was of distinctly different types. Dr. Magee was powerful in his rhetoric, his cold, unsparing logic, his tremendous *tour de force*. Language in his hands was used as a vehicle for conveying resistless thought; his style was that of the on-rushing torrent. Archbishop Alexander is French rather than Anglican. His sentences for the most part are brief, and his thoughts are lighted up with similes, and flowers of speech, and epigrammatic utterances, which mark him off from his great countryman. The one used the sledge-hammer of oratory to make an impression; the other trusts more to the lighter touches of the artist's brush. Archbishop Alexander is universally acknowledged to be the "poet-preacher" of our



(Photo: Luffington, Ltd.)

ARCHBISHOP ALEXANDER.

day. As such, he has succeeded, at a long interval, preachers such as Donne and South. We would not, perhaps, call him a powerful preacher, but we would speak of him as intensely interesting, brilliant, and effective; as seizing hold at once of the intellect and the imagination. He has besides the great advantage of a beautiful voice that can be heard as a whisper as well as in its louder tones; it is a magnetic voice, and most tender in its pathos.

epistles of St. John. The Archbishop has likewise been a voluminous contributor to the periodical literature of the day, contributing weighty articles to some of the leading quarterlies and monthly magazines. Dr. Alexander still flourishes in a green old age, and one of his most recent efforts was the remarkably eloquent sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on behalf of the London Hospital Sunday Fund in the month of June last.



THE TRAVELLING CHURCH OF JAMESTOWN, U.S.A.

The Archbishop has published many volumes of sermons, of which his Bampton Lectures, now in the third edition, are the best known. There was a time in his early career when the Archbishop might have made a name for himself as a poet rather than as a preacher, and might, perhaps, have ultimately worn the Laureate's crown. He says of himself that he has been "suspected all his life of poetry." In "St. Augustine's Holiday and Other Poems" the Archbishop has gathered together the fruits of his Muse. The volume contains verses that will not be forgotten—notably, his splendid lines on "Robert Burns" and his "laurell'd plough." It is easy to trace through this volume the influence of masters like Herbert, Wordsworth, and Arnold. Dr. Alexander eventually gave up in a large measure the pursuit of poetry for the austere duties of the pulpit. On the death of Keble, he was a candidate for the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, when Sir Francis Doyle was his successful rival. The onerous duties of the episcopate afterwards left him but little time to prosecute his favourite art. The Archbishop has abundant claims to be spoken of as a man of letters. He is a skilled linguist, and has a working knowledge of more than one modern language. His natural taste leads him in the direction of the French language, and he has produced elegant translations from the works of Victor Hugo and other French writers. His book on the Psalms and his sermons and commentaries show that he has a refined critical knowledge of both Hebrew and Greek. He has largely contributed to the volumes of "The Speaker's Commentary" on the New Testament, and he has also published a separate commentary on the

A Travelling Church.

ONE of the latest curiosities in the way of travelling churches has recently been constructed in the United States. It is a compact little building, weighing some ten tons, and measuring twenty-seven feet long by eighteen feet wide. A bell-tower projects from the front in such a way as to permit passage under telegraph wires, should such be encountered in the course of the wanderings of this portable church. The first stationary Episcopal church ever built in the States was erected in Jamestown, Virginia, and by a curious coincidence this latest example of the ingenuity and religious enthusiasm of American Episcopalians hails from Jamestown, in Rhode Island State, New York. The interior of the little chapel is a marvel of compactness as well as completeness. It has stained windows, oak pews, and, in addition to the pulpit, can also boast of an organ and a font. The Communion table, lectern, bishop's chair, safe, and vestings, were gifts presented by various individuals and societies, and no effort has been spared in the thorough equipment of the building. Unlike most places of worship, it can claim the probably unique distinction of having been built in a garden—the garden attached to the rectory of St. Matthew's Church, Jamestown, whose incumbent suggested the idea and supervised its inception. The miniature church is drawn from village to village by a team of twenty oxen; and it is not difficult to believe that this remarkable "caravan" creates a great sensation in the districts through which it itinerates, and in which it has already proved a means of great blessing. The complete cost of the building—which

is known as the "Movable Church of the Transfiguration"—was 3,000 dollars, or about £600.

Miles Coverdale's Tower.

EVERYTHING about Miles Coverdale is interesting, and there still exists at Paignton, in South Devon, a crenellated tower which bears his name, and of which he was the last tenant. The tower and a wall are the remains of a bishop's palace of the fourteenth century, and Coverdale no doubt dwelt here when he was Bishop of Exeter. He was appointed to the bishopric in 1551; but when Mary Tudor succeeded to the throne he was ejected and cast into prison. Coverdale, of course, was the translator of the English Bible; his version—which was the first complete printed version in English—appeared in 1535. The Psalms of this work are used in the Book of Common Prayer, and some of the best phrases in the Authorised Version of 1611 are taken from him. He was previously an Augustin friar, and was admitted to orders in 1514, but became one of the Reformers. According to Foxe, Coverdale was in 1529 at Ham-burg with Tyndale—who translated the New Testament issued in 1525, and also the Pentateuch. He used these versions in his own translations of the Bible. In the edition issued in 1550 he declares that the translation was his own, and was made "out of five sundry interpreters"—one of which was no doubt the Zurich Bible of 1531. No one knows where Coverdale's first edition of 1535 was printed, though from the type—which is German black letter—it is thought it may have been printed at Zurich. He was also connected with other editions of the Bible, notably Cranmer's or the "Great" Bible of 1540, and it is thought that he may have helped in the preparation of the famous Geneva Bible—"the Bible of the Puritans"—of 1560. He was afterwards appointed to St. Magnus', near London Bridge, and died in 1568.

How to Make Sure.

WHAT we give we have, and it is all of which we are sure. A merchant, having lost in one transaction £1,500, gave £100 to charities, saying that if his fortune was going by £1,500 at a mite, it was high time to make sure of some part before it was gone. He preferred to lay up treasure in heaven, where investment is profitable and safe.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from October 28th, 1890, up to and including November 24th, 1890. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month. **For acknowledgment of donations to our Soldiers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund** see page 288.

For "The Quiver" *Waifs' Fund*: "Only Too Glad to Help," 1s. 6d.; M. A. L., Hounslow, 3s. 6d.; J. J. E. Govan (144th donation), 5s.; A. Friend, Kilburn, 10s.; A. Glasgow Mother (114th donation), 1s.; E. G. H. (In memory of a dear departed child), 12s.; Mrs. L. (third donation), 5s.; The Twins, Brighton, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, 4s.; Yeovil, 5s.; J. C., 2s. (We are also asked to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from A. and B., Sway, sent direct.)

For "The Quiver" *Playgrounds Fund*: Richard Dendy, 3s.

For *The St. Giles Christian Mission*: M. T., 7s. 6d. An amount of 10s. was also received from the same correspondent for the Christmas Hamper Fund, but as that fund was closed, and has not been re-opened, we have placed the amount to the credit of our Soldiers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

For *The British and Foreign Bible Society*: We are asked to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Durham.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MILES COVERDALE'S TOWER.

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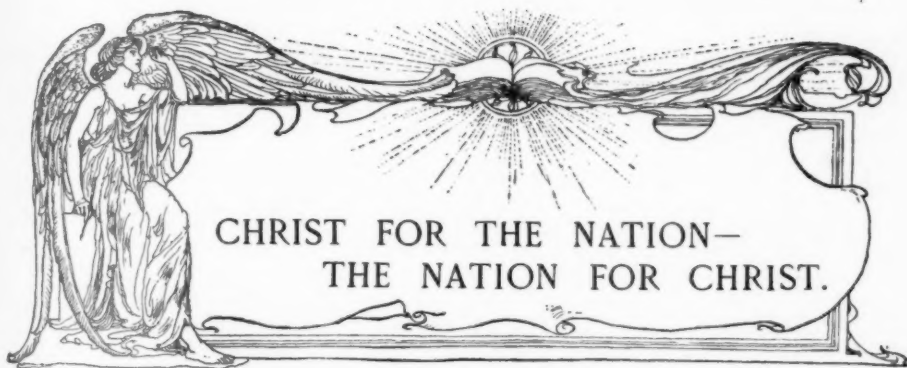




From the celebrated painting by Mrs. Seymour Lucas.

"WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK."

By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company.



A PLEA FOR UNITED PRAYER.



N every branch of the Christian Church there is a general feeling—so strong that it might almost be called an inspiration—urging the whole nation to observe the closing months of the present century and the opening of the new as a special season of united prayer for the national welfare, spiritual and temporal.

This feeling has already been voiced in various public utterances, but so far as we are at present aware, no organised corporate effort has been made to bring all the people of God, of every religious denomination, into a bond of spiritual unity for this special object.

The knowledge that by means of *THE QUIVER* we are in touch with many thousands of prayerful people encouraged us to set forward a movement by which the nation may speedily be banded together for this holy purpose of intercessory prayer.

We therefore earnestly invite all our readers to identify themselves with this movement, at once Christian and patriotic, by enrolling themselves as members of our "Century Prayer Union," by which they undertake to add to their daily petitions the following prayer, or a prayer in their own words to the same effect:—

SEND *Thy blessing, O Heavenly Father, on this our beloved land. Increase in our own and in every nation the spirit of truth and justice, peace and godly love. Turn the hearts of all men unto Thee, and so hasten the blessed time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Whose Name we offer these petitions and by Whose Word we pray, Our Father, etc. Amen.*

More especially do we appeal to the Christian Families of this country—to the "two or three gathered together" in the Name of Christ—to take part in this union of national intercession. Let us hope that in many cases such a course may lead to the revival of a hallowed custom which has been so great a national bulwark in the past, but which of late years has been loosening its hold upon us, to our incalculable loss as a Christian nation.

In order to promote a revival of the pious and helpful practice of Family Prayer, without which the object of the proposed Union would be very imperfectly realised, we earnestly invite the heads of all Christian households,

whether now conducting Family Worship or resolved for the future so to do, to enrol their names, and those of all the adult members of their households joining with them in this pious duty, in the enrolment form provided for this purpose, and to post it to the Editor, promising to use the above or a similar prayer in their own words for the object of the Union.

We trust that not one of our Christian readers will say, "There is no need to send my name, as I can just as well join in the prayer without enrolling myself in the Union." There is a peculiar spiritual force in the visible co-operation of a nation for such an object, as there is abundant historical evidence to show. The acknowledged power of example is never so strongly manifested as in such great national movements, and to add to that force is the duty as well as the privilege of every individual member of Christ who loves his Lord and his fellow-men.

THE EDITOR.

THE ORGANISATION OF THE UNION.

- 1.—The movement shall be known as the Century National Union for Prayer.
- 2.—The object of the Union shall be the daily offering of united individual and family prayer for the Divine Blessing on (1) our own country and (2) on all the nations, both now and during the coming century.
- 3.—All Christian persons from the age of sixteen years and upwards are eligible for membership.
- 4.—Enrolment forms are provided in the present issue of the magazine. They should be filled up as indicated, detached, and forwarded through the post, addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Subscribers abroad should add the word "England" to the above address.
- 5.—Further forms will at once be sent post free on application. All members are requested to obtain as many recruits among their Christian friends as possible, in order to strengthen the force of the Union.
- 6.—It is suggested that the formation of the Union affords an excellent opportunity for the commencement or resumption of Family Worship in those households in which the custom does not at present obtain; *and our Christian friends are earnestly urged to impress this suggestion on all such with whom they are acquainted.*
- 7.—For the help and guidance of those who feel their need of such assistance, it is proposed to issue from this office a collection of short Bible readings and prayers for family and private use, at the nominal price of One Penny. Further particulars of this collection will be announced very shortly.

. If by any mischance our readers should fail to find a separately printed form in the pages of this magazine, the words below may be copied out and, when duly signed, posted to the Editor.

FORM OF ENROLMENT.

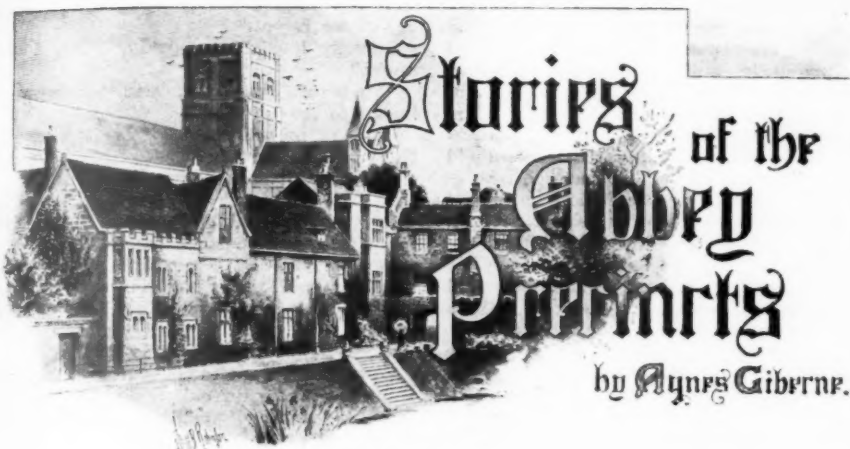
The undersigned will join the Century Prayer Union, undertaking to offer up prayer daily for the objects of the Union, either individually or as a family, or both.

Name.....

Address.....

Other names.....

Please underline "Individually" or "Family," as the case may be, or strike out the word not required.



Story the Fourth: IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.



DOROTHY, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, strolled one day at a leisurely pace along the Close Road towards Wychechester.

She was a clever girl, well educated, full of aspirations for her own future,

devoted to books and art, bent on being unlike other people. "I'm not one of a row of buttons," she sometimes asserted with unconscious complacency. And she was not.

Nobody by any chance described Dorothy as pretty. She held herself with a slight stoop, and she walked badly. Her dress was well made, but ill put on. Her face was rather plump, with irregular features, pale skin, and absorbed light-grey eyes. She liked to make unexpected remarks, and she rather enjoyed shocking other people's little prejudices.

It was a hot summer's day. The air shimmered drowsily at a distance. As Dorothy meandered along by the right-hand hedge, she speculated about her coming years. Dorothy meant to be a successful person. She had gifts, and she intended to use them. For the benefit of—Well, at present, Dorothy hoped to use them for the benefit of herself, though not without a side-chance of doing good by accident to folks around.

The question which had long harassed her mind was—which line to follow as a means

to this desirable end? One who has a true vocation, out of the common, is perhaps seldom at a loss with respect to its nature. The walk in life is determined by those gifts and opportunities which lead up to it. But Dorothy had been much at a loss.

She could play well on the piano; she could paint in a creditable style; she could express herself in writing with ease; she even had some original ideas. Trouble resided in the fact that she could do several things better than most people, but no one thing superlatively well. She had been unable to make up her mind whether music, or painting, or literature should be the business of her life. She had only known that she was resolved—somehow—to leave an impress upon her generation.

A glimmer of light had now dawned upon the situation. The editor of a monthly serial of fairly good standing had graciously accepted a short story from her pen; and this might decide the question as to her future vocation. Since the arrival of that editor's letter, Dorothy had been lost in a dream of delicious imaginings. She saw ahead a lengthening vista of greater and ever-greater successes.

Not far from the Museum corner of "The Precincts" stood, on the right-hand side of the Close Road as Dorothy walked towards Wychechester, three small houses with gardens. Before the garden-gate of the middle house of the three Dorothy paused, giving vent to a sigh.

"I must go in, I suppose," she said aloud. "I detest babies. But mother won't be satisfied without." At the door she asked: "Mrs. Victor in?" And then in an obtrusively uninterested tone: "The baby all right?"

Mrs. Victor was in, and would be sure to see Miss Kerr; and the baby was a beauty, and was getting on "splendid." Dorothy followed the exuberantly smiling maid to a dainty boudoir, where Ellie Victor posed as a semi-invalid, amid comfortable surroundings. Jem Victor was a far from rich man, but General North took good care that his daughter should find no lack of luxury in her married life.

A white bundle lay upon Ellie's knee, and Dorothy assumed her bluntest manner. "How d'you do? Mother meant to call, but she isn't well. So I'm come instead."

Ellie's face dimpled with amusement. "I see. You are to inspect and report. Take a good look at my little man."

She turned towards Dorothy the minute pinkish face, with blankly staring grey eyes. Dorothy surveyed the tiny creature in a studious fashion, as a naturalist might survey a caterpillar, holding her arms closely to her sides. To have asked to hold the baby would have savoured of the commonplace, and Dorothy eschewed commonplaces.

"It's an odd little thing," she said at length abruptly.

Ellie protested. "Don't call my baby 'it.' He is as much of a human being as you are."

"Rather less of him, isn't there?" Dorothy plumped down on a chair and leant her chin on two open palms. "You mustn't expect me to gush. It isn't my way—least of all over babies. They're abstractedly interesting, perhaps. But, personally, I prefer dogs."

"He is a darling! And such lovely eyes!"

"Has he? Well—perhaps—when he gets a little expression into them." The baby squirmed, gaped, screwed up those same eyes, and clutched at the air with aimless, spasmodic fingers. "Poor little mite! He's very undeveloped. Rather difficult to think that some day he may be one of the leaders of our Empire—Prime Minister, perhaps, or Commander-in-Chief, or Viceroy of India."

"I hope he will be a good man, whatever else he turns out."

"That's such a proper wish. Just like a copy-book. I never do make those correct remarks, somehow. But I suppose you wouldn't object to his being a great man, too. Of course, he'll go into the Army. He couldn't do anything else. His grandfather and uncle—"

Dorothy indulged in a slight access of colour, to her supreme disgust. She bent over the infant to hide it.

"I suppose I ought to give it a kiss—he—him—I mean." She pecked gingerly at the small cheek. "Queer little mite."

"Jocelyn came in this morning, Dorothy."

"I hope he dandled his nephew in the proper style."

"He was rather afraid of making baby cry.

You have heard that his regiment is under orders for Egypt."

Dorothy looked up quickly. "No, I didn't know."

"He is off from Twychester to-morrow. He meant to see you first."

Dorothy looked sober. "Is it likely that there will be fighting?"

"I'm afraid so. Arabi Pasha will not be put down without."

Dorothy changed the subject. "I'm going to have a new music master. A frightfully expensive one. I wonder if it is worth while?"

"Why not?"

"I'm not sure of going on with my music."

"Why, Dolly—you play so nicely."

"Yes, but I want to concentrate my powers. I don't want to do half a dozen things just decently—writing a little, and playing a little, and painting a little. That's not enough. I want to fix on one line, and to do my very utmost—and succeed."

"I should have said that you played and painted more than a little—enough to give pleasure to so many people."

"I don't care about giving pleasure. At least—of course, I like it. But I want to make a name."

"Does that matter so much? It would mean giving everything up to the one aim."

"Exactly what I intend to do. Everything."

"And what is to be the one aim?"

"Writing."

"What a pity! Some day, when you marry, you will wish that you had kept up your music and painting."

"I don't mean to marry. That's one of the little things that has to be given up."

"My dear Dolly!"

"I mean what I say. I have made up my mind. I shall never marry. Never! Plenty of people can do that. Of course, I might, some day, be so silly as to fall into love." Dorothy spoke in a speculative tone. "But if I do, I shall get over it. People always get over it, if they only wait long enough. If I married, I could never carry out my vocation thoroughly."

"The highest vocation in the world is that of wife and mother."

"Well—of course—you may call it the highest, in a sense. But for an intellectual mind—Just think how you have to spend yourself and your energies on hundreds of little fidgety details."

"Are they 'little'? I'm not so sure—if they affect other people's happiness."

"Anyhow, they are not in my line. I want to shape a career for myself. Women can, nowadays. It's not like what it used to be. Plenty of girls are willing to marry, and

there's a surplus of women in the country. If I don't marry, it leaves another husband free for somebody else."

"You talk of husbands exactly as if they were seats in a concert-room. Are you sure that *he* will get over it, as well as you?"

Dorothy's colour distinctly went up again. "Who?"

"The unfortunate man who will love you, and whom you won't marry—for the sake of writing novels."

"I didn't say a man would be in love with me. Why should—anybody? I said I might

"Yes. But the husbands must have been an awful hindrance," declared Dorothy. "*I* don't mean to be hampered."

CHAPTER II.

DOROTHY beat an early retreat from her interview with Ellie Victor. She felt inclined for solitude; and instead of going on to High Street, as she had intended, she paused on reaching the Museum, and skirted the back of it by a footpath



"I don't mean ever to marry."—p. 294.

be absurd enough to fall in love myself. I won't, if I can help it. If I do a thing in life, I must do it thoroughly. Authorship is a work which takes up all one's powers."

"Authors have occasionally been married."

which led into a large meadow, lying east of "The Precincts." There she roved about dreamily, oscillating in thought between her accepted tale, her hopes of proof-sheets, and the prospect of war in Africa.

The latter disquieted her more than she would have liked to allow. Even the prospective charm of proof-sheets went down before it. Dorothy paused under a spreading oak-tree, lost in consideration.

"How do you do?" a voice said.

Dorothy turned sharply. The young man by her side was very young-looking, though close upon thirty, slim in figure, holding himself bolt upright. One hand lifted his cap, the other was held out, and the steadfast blue eyes met hers in a full gaze. Captain Jocelyn North was Ellie's brother, and the only son of General North, living in "The Precincts."

He and Dorothy had known one another from Dorothy's infancy. The Norths and the Kerrs were old friends.

"Haven't seen you for days, Dolly."

"I've been busy."

"Doing what?"

"Oh—practising—and painting—and—"

"And—?"

"Writing, if you must know."

"Of course I must. When does the book appear?"

"It isn't a book—yet. I'm writing short stories. One has just been accepted." Dorothy tried to look indifferent.

"Glad to hear it—if you are pleased. Ellie will have told you that I am off to-morrow."

"It seems very sudden. Didn't you know till to-day?"

Jocelyn smiled. He had had an intimation days earlier to hold himself in readiness; but that had been a secret.

"And you are delighted to go, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long will you be away?"

"Depends on how much trouble Arabi Pasha puts us to."

"But—will there be real fighting? Don't put yourself into needless danger."

"No. I'll crouch behind a wall, and shout to my men to go ahead. That's the way, isn't it?"

Dorothy hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. She managed to do neither, keeping an impassive face.

"Any more commands?"

Dorothy shook her head. "I must be going home."

"You can spare me a few minutes. No such great hurry, is there? I want to ask you a question."

There was meaning in his tone, and Dorothy visibly shrank.

"Oh, no. Don't, please. I mean—of course, you can ask anything you like—anything sensible—only not—"

"It's the most sensible question I ever put in my life. I wanted to see you to-day—particularly—and this is as good a place as

any. Nobody in the field except ourselves I think you can guess what I have to say." Jocelyn's tone was quietly determined. He fully meant to be heard. Standing in front of her, wasting no time in useless preliminaries, he asked the question in clear firm tones—

"Dolly, will you promise to be my wife some day?"

He had taken her hand, and Dorothy snatched it away.

"I knew you meant something of that sort. And it's absurd. We are friends, of course. We always have been—good friends. Why couldn't you let things be? I don't mean ever to marry."

"Why?"

"Because I don't wish. I want to keep my freedom. I don't care enough for anybody. No, not for you. I like you very much—quite as much as I like Ellie. That isn't enough."

"No; that is not enough."

"So you see—it's plain enough. I can't marry you."

A slight silence intervened. The leaves overhead moved with a gentle rustle in the breeze.

"For my part, I can't imagine how you can wish it," Dorothy went on. "I'm not the right sort. Not pretty, or taking. Not what men care for."

"I don't answer for other men. Only for myself."

"You'd be tired of me in a month. I'm blunt, and I always shall be blunt. Men hate bluntness in women. And I want to take my own way in life. I don't want to be tied."

"I would not hinder you in that. You may leave me to judge as to the bluntness."

"You mightn't mean to hinder, but you couldn't help it. If a woman marries, she marries. She isn't free any longer. You know it is so. One sees it with other people."

"Have I taken you too much by surprise?"

"No, it isn't that. I—I think I've seen. I hoped I had stopped it. I've made up my mind. It isn't any use to argue. Even if I were in love with you, I wouldn't marry you, Jocelyn. I want to be free to carry out plans. Don't you see? And besides—I'm not in love with you."

She looked up for the first time. And the pain in those blue eyes! It startled Dorothy.

"Yes; I see. It can't be helped. If you don't care for me, there's nothing more to be said."

He spoke in a quiet, low tone.

Dorothy murmured something—she hardly knew what.

"I will not worry you. It would not be fair—when a girl feels as you do. Dolly, you are *sure*? You mean it—fully?"

"Of course I do," Dorothy replied impulsively, wondering all the while—did she truly?

That look of intense pain deepened. Jocelyn never removed his gaze from her. It was as if he were taking in her face, once and for ever, to be a living picture in his memory.

"Well—so be it. There's not much more to be said. I had hoped—but no matter. I'm off in the early morning; so no fear of my troubling you further. Perhaps you'll just think of me sometimes—when I'm out there."

Dorothy tried to say "Of course I shall!" but she was not able. It seemed too trivial a word to speak, when he was asking so much more. She kept silence.

He turned half away, then stopped, and again gazed earnestly in her face. It might be a plain face; she might have a brusque manner; but he knew the true Dolly below—the staunch, real, womanly nature—overlaid though it was by a gloss of girlish vanity.

"Dolly—remember—whatever happens—I have always loved you. And I shall love you to the end."

Then he was gone, and for a full hour Dorothy paced to and fro in the lonely field, unaccountably low-spirited, and hardly able to keep back her tears. Through the long night following she tossed about in wakeful misery, haunted by his look, his voice, his words. Was Jocelyn going to his death—"out there"?

He might be. And she at the last had grieved and disappointed him. Even if she had found it needful to refuse his offer, could she not have done it in different terms, in a different manner?

"But he'll come back. Of course he will. Why shouldn't he?" argued Dorothy impatiently. "And how else could I have spoken? I like him very much, but I don't want to marry. I don't mean to marry. I won't be forced into marrying against my will. I've always said I meant to make my mark in life, and how *can* I if I settle down to a humdrum existence of housekeeping worries? Other people may be able, but I can't. This is much best, and he won't care in a few weeks. It'll all come right."

CHAPTER III.

PEOPLE were growing impatient. September the 11th had arrived, and Arabi Pasha was not yet crushed.

We English seldom grudge men or money for the carrying out of Imperial duties; but we do like things done in a hurry.

Egypt had long been in a state of disorder; and by the middle of May, 1882, Arabi Pasha had risen to the height of his power. Before

the end of June, matters culminated in rioting and massacres at Alexandria. Then European ambassadors met in futile conference, and Great Britain waxed angry. Talk had gone on long enough, and the time for action had come. Preparations for a military expedition were set going.

Talk still went on, but the British and French fleets met outside Alexandria; and the Admiral of the British fleet showed himself to be a man of prompt decision. Finding promises broken, and the fortifications of Alexandria being still strengthened, he sent a sharp ultimatum, and the day after—July 11th—he bombarded Alexandria. The French fleet drew off, leaving England to deal with Egypt alone.

Troops began to go out on the 30th of July, and from then till August 11th many transports started. In one of them was Captain Jocelyn North, just appointed to the staff. To all outward seeming, he was as bright, as full of spirit, as any young fellow in the force. Bitterly though he felt Dorothy's refusal, he would not for a moment allow that to stand in the way of his duty. Had Dorothy accepted him, he would have gone with a lighter heart. But he bore his trouble as a soldier should; and none about him guessed that he had a heavy burden to carry. He was going to fight for his country, and that motive was with him supreme. Dorothy was going to work for herself, and that motive was with her supreme. But Dorothy was capable of better things, and already she began dimly to realise this. Perhaps no more potent force exists to awaken people from a smug self-complacency than that of national need or peril, seen in the lurid light of war.

On the 15th of August Sir Garnet Wolseley, Chief of the British Expedition, landed in Egypt.

It was generally supposed that the British would begin by seizing Aboukir; and since General Wolseley was not fond of publishing his plans beforehand for the benefit of the enemy, he made no effort to set this delusion right. What he did intend to do, from first to last, was to seize the Suez Canal, to disembark at Ismailia, to advance within striking distance of Tel-el-Kebir, and—having there crushed the enemy—to march on Cairo. As early as the 3rd of July he had noted in writing—"It may be expected that the Egyptian army would make its stand somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tel-el-Kebir"; and again, on August the 18th—"I shall want every available man I can get for my fight near Tel-el-Kebir, if Arabi will only in kindness stay to fight me there."

This programme, from first to last, was faithfully and with undeviating precision carried out. But, of course, the carrying

out occupied time. Whole regiments cannot be shipped, taken hundreds of miles, and disembarked, with all their paraphernalia, in two or three days. Even after embarkation, delays are unavoidable. One or two brilliant little victories were gained, and then followed a pause of nearly a fortnight, while the force was concentrating.

Dorothy found this time of waiting terribly hard to get through. Writing, practising, painting—all flagged. The one thing for which she cared was—news from the front. News, beyond all, of Captain North. That fact was becoming painfully apparent to herself, however unwilling she might be to admit it.

The strain under which she was living affected her temper a good deal, and the more so because she would not speak of what she felt. The sympathy which might have been a help in endurance was scouted by her. She went about among friends, and made believe to be as busy as ever with her own little concerns; but a good many people remarked how fractious and irritable Dorothy had become, and wondered what was the matter with her. Especially when she came across those who did not suit her, who, as she expressed it, "rubbed her the wrong way," small explosions resulted, which doubtless relieved Dorothy's own overcharged heart, but which sometimes hurt other folks' feelings. Dorothy was not the only individual in Twychester burdened with "feelings."

One day she was at Ellie Victor's. The baby, too, was present, but Dorothy had small attention to spare in that quarter. Her whole mind was taken up, not now with her own future, but with what the British Army, as represented by Captain North, was doing in Egypt. This was the afternoon of the 12th of September, a day which might well have aroused the keenest anxiety, had anybody known or been able to guess what was brewing in a far-away British camp. Dorothy, happily for herself, was in ignorance. While she and Ellie discussed the situation Miss Lauderdale was announced.

Miss Lauderdale, sister of the Head Master, happened unfortunately to be one of those Twychester inhabitants, just now alluded to, who always managed to rub Dorothy the wrong way. Miss Lauderdale was perhaps not to blame. She being what she was, and Dorothy being what Dorothy was, the result seemed unavoidable. When the two met, an altercation was almost as certain as is an explosion upon the contact of a lighted match with gunpowder. Some amount of self-control, possible in human beings, though not in gunpowder or matches, might have prevented a wordy explosion, but neither Miss Lauderdale nor Dorothy was great in self-control.

The Head Master's sister was not an interesting person, and Dorothy only liked interesting people. Miss Lauderdale was long and bony in make. She had a stilted manner of moving, and a "that's poz" mode of expressing her views. Having gone through due inquiries after the mother and child, having warned the former not to "get on" too fast, and having pronounced the latter "a most promising infant," she glanced with eyes of disapproval at Dorothy's lounging attitude, and alluded in sepulchral tones to the absence of Ellie's brother in Africa. There was always a sepulchral tone about Miss Lauderdale. She never failed to foretell the worst in every conceivable situation of public or private suspense.

"Poor General North looks quite ill with anxiety," she remarked. "It really is most terribly sad. His only son—if anything should happen to Captain North——" Then she hesitated, remembering that she spoke to Jocelyn's sister. "Of course, one hopes that nothing may happen—but still, nobody can foretell. One knows so well what the next battle *may* mean. And the enemy is, of course, a great deal stronger than anybody expects." Miss Lauderdale did not mention the source of her own exceptional information. She was one of those fortunate individuals who always know everything. She tweaked her bonnet-strings nervously, becoming conscious of Dorothy's fixed gaze. "It is so sad—to think of all the fine young fellows who have gone out to Egypt, never to come home again."

"Oh, but one need not expect the worst," remonstrated Ellie, sorely tried by even the suggestion, for she was a devoted sister. "Don't you think one ought always to hope for the best? Even if Arabi's army is larger than ours, his men cannot be compared with English soldiers."

Miss Lauderdale sighed in a portentous fashion. "My dear Ellie, this is not the first war I have known," she remarked—a rather unnecessary assurance. "And I know what it means. Everybody must know what it means. And then to think of all those lives cut short, and of the use that the poor young fellows might have been if they had lived——"

"No use can be greater than giving their lives for their country," burst forth Dorothy, half-choked, and unable to stand any more platitudes. She was sick at heart with the recollection of a certain past evening in a meadow near "The Precincts," and Miss Lauderdale's ill-timed suggestions cut her to the quick.

"War is a very terrible thing," began Miss Lauderdale, who always opposed Dorothy.

"Of course it is. Everybody knows that. Nobody ever doubts it. Only, very often, to shirk fighting would mean in the end things a great deal more terrible. I'm only a girl,

but I can see that. If I were a man, I'd be a soldier. I'd live and die for old England. There's nothing grander." So Dorothy had already begun to see that it was not enough to live only for herself. Miss Lauderdale bridled; not that she did not in the abstract agree with Dorothy's view, but that she thought Dorothy's manner disrespectful, as perhaps it was, considering the comparative ages of the two ladies. Dorothy, once started, went on passionately, unable to restrain herself:

"I do think—I do think—though war is very dreadful, and though it's awfully, horribly sad when our poor fellows are killed—still, if there were never any wars, we shouldn't half or a quarter know what men can rise to be. The wonderful self-devotion, the splendid forgetting of every single thing, except what their country needs. Oh, don't tell me that mere living in ease at home, mere money-grubbing, ever can come within miles of that! I'd give anything in the universe to be a man, and to be with them out there, fighting the enemy!" cried Dorothy. "One's everyday, commonplace life does seem so miserably small and narrow by comparison. Some people say our soldiers fight merely for the sake of fighting. But they don't—they don't. It's for the sake of dear old England. It's for the sake of duty. I only wish with all my heart that I was a man—not a stupid, helpless girl, poked down here in a corner, and good for nothing in the world except to please myself."

"My dear Dorothy!" began Miss Lauderdale in a tone of dismayed reproof. It was dawning upon her slowly what all this meant, and her sense of propriety received a shock.

But Dorothy had vanished.

CHAPTER IV

THE evening of that same day, September the 12th, drew near—not in England, but in Egypt. Busily astir was the British Army, encamped in and round Kassassin, where three days earlier a sharp attack of the enemy had been repulsed. Now the tables were to be turned, and the fortified position at Tel-el-Kebir was to be attacked by the English. Arabi Pasha had kindly waited to fight Sir Garnet Wolseley there; but while waiting he had greatly strengthened his position.

Orders from headquarters were issued for a night march, to be followed by an early morning surprise.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the men were to be ready.

At a quarter-past six, just after sunset, tents were to be struck.

The men were then to be "formed up by

brigades," and to be marched to the ground where they would bivouac.

Each soldier was to carry food for that night and for the next day, as well as one hundred rounds of ammunition.

After sunset no bugle would be heard.

These and many other directions went forth. All knew that a battle lay before them. They were ready for it—ready for whatever might befall.

The commands were promptly and quietly carried out, the first march being to a ridge of sand-hills outside the camp. There arms were piled, and the men lay down to rest, or sat and talked in subdued tones of the approaching fight.

At one o'clock word was passed to "fall in." With scarcely a sound the army obeyed. Then the various columns advanced westward, into desert darkness, direct for Tel-el-Kebir, six miles away.

With the exception of sandy mounds and loose patches, where walking is heavy work, the greater part of the desert lying between Ismailia and Cairo is firm and good for marching. And so soft was the tramp of our soldiers that night, so absolute was the stillness, that, except for an occasional whisper or murmured command, or now and then a slight clash of steel, even at the distance of a few yards no human being would have guessed, from the evidence of his own senses, that thousands of armed men were passing by. It was a silence that could be felt.

In the darkness, as almost always happens on such occasions, some bodies of men went out of their way, and for a while lost their bearings. Yet no serious blunders took place. All had been well thought out beforehand, and every care had been taken.

The marvel was that regiments did not wander farther afield. Jocelyn North, sent hither and thither with messages, as a member of the Staff, realised this keenly. He had to find his way as best he could, guided only by a rough knowledge of where the different regiments ought to be at a specified time and by the stars. The very stars, that especially dark night, were much veiled by clouds. But happily the Little Bear, with its tail-tip Pole-star, was never once hidden.

Time passed; the march went on; and silence still was kept. No bugle-calls, no loud giving of orders, broke it. No smoking was allowed. Nothing might interfere with the steadfast, hushed advance from Kassassin to Tel-el-Kebir, through miles of trackless desert. Marching, indeed, had to be slow, and frequent halts were needful, that the various regiments might keep in touch one with another; also that the men might not leave behind the

transport wagons, the creaking wheels of which made a stir that sounded loud to anxious listeners.

But the enemy did not hear. Twenty

Captain North, having carried a message to a distance, was doing his best to get back to his General. Unexpectedly he stumbled upon his most intimate friend, Captain John Healey,



He managed to pull himself up and moisten those dry lips.

thousand regular Egyptian troops, with six thousand Irregulars and Bedouins, lay in their strongly entrenched position, fearing no ill, not dreaming what was coming upon them. Would they have feared had they known of the small British army—only fourteen thousand all told—drawing near?

About half-past four o'clock. An hour before the first beginnings of dawn. Pitch-dark still.

second son of Bishop Healey of Twychester. The encounter was purely accidental. Jocelyn found himself close to a moving body of men, and as he sprang from his horse, with a hand held out, his fingers came in contact with a scabbard. His whispered inquiry brought a reply in tones familiar.

"Healey! Yes—I'm North. All right?" He went a few paces by the other's side.

"All right. There in an hour, I hope."

"Tough work before us, I suspect."

"So much the better. We will teach them a lesson."

"What's that?"

Others were putting the same question. A line or streak of light had appeared in the eastern sky. Not dawn, surely! It was impossible—unless the hour were later than they supposed. Many strained their eyes, in vain, to see their watches. If dawn were already beginning, their approach would be known long before the attack could take place. Far outnumbered as they were, to storm the Egyptian earth-works by daylight, though it might mean success, would also mean very heavy loss.

Thousands of eyes watched that strange gleam of light. They were right, however, as to the time. It was still nearly an hour before dawn. And the sun is not wont to rise now and then an hour earlier than foretold by the calendar.

The streak of soft light remained. It did not fade away. It did not increase. It did not widen into dawn.

There was for its advent a very simple explanation. During many months past a large light body, of hazy texture, had been on the rush from distant space, daily nearing the sun. As it approached, it developed gradually a tail of bright light—a tail which grew longer and longer. And it happened one day—that same 13th of September—that the comet, bearing with it its fine new tail, became visible from our earth. The British soldiers, marching in early morning darkness over the desert sands, were among the first to note that new arrival in the heavens. Elsewhere it was seen and reported by observing astronomers; but the cause of the strange light was unknown to the soldiers till after the battle.

"Extraordinary!" muttered Jocelyn.

"Doesn't look like sunrise."

"Nor like a fire. Going? We shall meet by-and-by."

Jocelyn made his way slowly back. The mysterious little gleam of light did not grow. The sun kept to his correct hour for rising.

When earliest tokens of the real dawn had begun to appear, Captain North was off again, bearing a fresh message. This time he found himself where most he wished to be, well to the front. And the moment of action was near.

A shot rang out; then another, and another. Egyptian bugles sounded an alarm. The Highland brigade, well in advance of the general line, was ordered to fix bayonets, still pressing forward. A shell passed overhead, and a broad blaze of fire flashed from the parapet. Long silence on the British side

was broken at last by bugle-cry and deep-throated cheer, as the Highlanders charged—one line in advance, one line in support. They were not encouraged by the dearly loved strains of their bagpipes, since, in consequence of the enforced stillness, the bags were not filled. None the less, their on-coming was like the sweep of Atlantic billows, as they breasted obstacles, and met the foe at the bayonet's point.

Many Highlanders dropped, but from their comrades no shot was heard, rifles being still unloaded.

The enemy was in great numbers, and they offered a determined resistance. The Gordons and Camerons, first to gain a footing within the enemy's lines, had hard work. All the greater honour to them that they were not beaten back. For a while, they had matters to themselves, but soon their supports joined them. Through a heavy though misdirected fire, the Highlanders forced their way, broken up by stress of fighting into small groups, each group led by any officer who happened to be within reach, till at length the enemy yielded, broke, and fled in dire confusion. By this time other regiments also were up, pressing hard upon Arabi's followers; and in no long time the rout became complete.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn used his chance for a share in the fray. With or without intention, he was borne forward by the tide, and found himself in the very thick of the storming party. His horse was shot under him. On foot, sword in hand, he headed one of the many detached groups of killed soldiers—"men-women," as the Kaffirs have more lately named them—and fought his way through the first line of entrenchments.

Men were falling round him, for the most part silently. Jocelyn's mother had been a Scotswoman, and he loved the Highlanders. It was to him a supreme delight to be with them in this foremost line of attack.

On and on, close to the second line of entrenchments. Another deep-throated cheer, another forward rush—and then Jocelyn knew that the unexpected had happened to him. He was on the ground. He tried to spring up and failed; so he could only cheer on the men, and stay behind.

A mere lad lay by his side, white and dying. In the rattle and confusion it was impossible to hear a faint voice speak, but Jocelyn guessed that the pale lips said "Water." He managed to pull himself partly up, and to moisten those dry lips. Then he dropped back, hardly conscious. Dorothy's face came before him; and the bells of Twychester Abbey were in his ears, calling the quiet townsfolk:

"For be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to Evenson's."

It was ringing to Evensong with many brave spirits that day on the field of Tel-el-Kebir. One cannot but think how surpassingly wonderful the change must be, from the roar and the rush and the bloodshed of one of Earth's battlefields, where men strive their utmost and hold life cheap for glory, to the infinite calm of the Other Side, with the welcoming presence of angels and the sudden new vision of true Glory.

CHAPTER V.

NEWS of the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir reached England, and was received with enthusiasm. The rebel forces were once and for all defeated. The Egyptians had fled *en masse*. Cairo was in the hands of the English. The war was ended with one fell stroke—a stroke which certain cynical foreign critics were pleased to describe as a lucky accident, but which Sir Garnet Wolseley had planned from the very beginning.

After the tidings of the victory came, more slowly, the names of those who had fallen. And among them was the name of Captain Jocelyn North, not "dead," but "seriously wounded."

Dorothy did not cry, so as to be seen. She told herself that she had no right to grieve openly. She had given away that right.

The difficulty was to know what to do with herself while waiting for further news. Not that she had any hope. Jocelyn would die, and he would never know how she felt towards him. She knew now, herself, how untrue she had spoken that evening in the meadow. Like him—as she liked Ellie! Not care for him! When she thought of those words she laughed—a dry, hard little laugh. Not care for him! Did she care for anybody else in the wide world?

It was out of the question not to be busy, for she dared not sit still and think. The hours crept past with such fearful tardiness. But nothing seemed worth doing. She could not read, for no book conveyed any idea to her mind. She could not work, for her hands trembled too much. Painting and music were beyond the bounds of possibility. The very idea of writing turned her sick. And if she went to call upon friends, they were all either jubilant over the victory or commiserating about losses—small though the British losses had been for so complete a success.

The one thing that Dorothy could not endure was any mention of the battle or of Jocelyn. And since everybody in "The Precincts" persisted in mentioning both upon every available opportunity, she had no choice but to keep away from everybody.

It was hard work to get on. When one day came to an end, she could have believed that a week had passed; and when two days were over, they seemed to her imagination like a full month.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr were very patient with her. They knew the meaning of that rigid face, and they understood Dolly far too well to force speech.

Dorothy wondered in a dazed fashion at her past self. Literature, music, painting, career-making. What were all those worth, beside the fact that Jocelyn loved her and that she loved Jocelyn? Everything else went down before the recollection of his true heart and of the pain she had given him. If only that evening in the meadow could come over again! Ah, how differently would she receive his words! "Dolly—remember—whatever happens—I have always loved you. And I shall love you to the end."

That end might be all too near. Dorothy could not think of those words without a rush of hot tears, so she refused to admit them into her mind when anybody else was present.

Further news of the wounded came. Most of them were doing well, but of Jocelyn North the account was not good.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr watched their child with grieved eyes. It was impossible to offer her comfort. She was very self-contained, very reticent. Loving them both, of course, but not outwardly affectionate. If they should venture to express sympathy, she would only make her escape.

"What are you going to do this morning, dear?" Mrs. Kerr asked. Her tone conveyed solicitude.

Dorothy stood near the window with locked hands and absent eyes.

"I—I was thinking—Mother, I want to see General North."

"Yes. He is very anxious, I am sure. Would you like me to come with you, Dolly?"

"No. Please don't. I'd rather not talk."

Dorothy went alone along the road and by the little pathway close to the Museum into "The Precincts." She walked to General North's, asked for him, and was shown into the study.

The General sat there by himself, studying the morning papers, his brow troubled. As Dorothy came in he stood up, meeting her with his most chivalrous air. For not only was she a woman, but also, as he well knew, she was the beloved of his only son—now perhaps dying.

He had known Dorothy from babyhood, and he offered her a chair close to his own, with a fatherly manner. "Anything you want?" he asked gravely.

Dorothy's lips moved, but no sound came.

"I am going up to town to make further inquiries at the War Office. Perhaps more details may have arrived. They are keeping

me informed—still, for a few days I wish to be on the spot."

Again Dorothy tried to speak, and tried in vain.

General North looked at her with concerned eyes.

"Don't hurry. Tell me presently—when you are able."

Dorothy made a desperate effort.

"I—I want a message—sent," she whispered.

"To whom?"

"To Jocelyn."

A faint light crept into the General's face.

"Yes. What message?"

"That I—that I——"

A slight murmur of encouragement came.

"I don't know if I ought. I don't know if it's proper," cried Dorothy passionately. "But—I—can't bear it any longer. If he were to die—and not know——"

"Not know what?"

"I told him I—didn't love him enough. And I do. Oh, I do!"

"Then he spoke to you?"

"The day before he went. And I—didn't know myself. And if a telegram could be sent—if he could just know how sorry I am—if it could be——"

"Certainly it can. I will do it for you. That might even make a difference as to his

recovery. In any case, a message from you will be a comfort to my boy. What telegram shall I send?"

"I don't know. Anything you like. Only tell him."

This was difficult. The General pondered.

"Shall I say, 'Dorothy's love, and all is right'?"

"Please say, 'Dorothy's true love, and she wants you back.' Will he understand? Make him understand—somehow. I don't mind how. Say—anything. My father would do it—but I don't want anybody to know—only you, please. If he dies, and doesn't hear in time, I shall never be happy again."

General North took the girl's cold hand.

"I will consider how to word the telegram, and it shall go at once. My dear—if I understand you—and I believe that I do——"

"Yes——" eagerly.

"Then, if it please God that my dear boy shall come back to us, you will one day be my daughter."

Dorothy whispered another "Yes."

Three days later came a telegram from the General to Dorothy, worded as follows:

"Better account. Doing well. Out of danger. Message received. Jocelyn sends true love."



"Shall I say, 'Dorothy's love, and all is right'?"

THE BIBLE AS A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.



(Photo: W. S. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.)

MR. WALTER N. EDWARDS.



THE STUDY of sanitary science has led to a great alteration in the conditions under which we live. The knowledge that certain things are inimical to good health, and that

other things are conducive to our well-being, has been of immense service to mankind.

Wherever the laws of hygiene, as far as they are known, have been observed, there has always been an improvement in the general health, in the longevity of the inhabitants, and a comparative immunity from epidemic disease. It has sometimes been argued that the Bible is not a scientific book, and that we must not look to it for modern scientific teaching. There is, of course, much truth in

this, and yet it is astonishing in how many ways Biblical statements harmonise with the scientific knowledge of to-day.

In regard to our sanitary code, we get a very good illustration of this fact. Owing to the absolutely spiritual meaning that has often been attached by commentators to every text, the more practical and common-sense reading has sometimes been overlooked; and so, with an excellent every-day sanitary code in their hands, the early Church, and, indeed, we may say everyone else, until thirty or forty years ago, paid absolutely little or no attention to the simple laws it enunciates regarding healthy life. The rules laid down by Moses, had they been followed by the Church in the Middle Ages, would have prevented an enormous amount of suffering and saved an incredible number of lives. The Plague of London would probably have been impossible in the presence of so strict a hygienic code.

To follow the Mosaic law into all its teaching relating to foods, disease, removal of offal, prevention of infection, and burial of the dead would go far beyond the limits of this paper, which will simply be devoted to the consideration of the Biblical laws relating to the important question of food.

One of the fundamental teachings of to-day is that the body should be cared for in

THE SELECTION OF FOOD

at once sufficient and wholesome for its use. In Leviticus xi. we have an elaborate code as to clean and unclean animals. The classification is not a scientific one, and is not presented as such. Although in these days we have no similar published and categorical list to guide us, yet we recognise such a law in our selection of food, as to what we deem fit or unfit, and there is a well-defined limit governing both classes. For instance, the hare is eaten, but the fox is rejected.

It would seem as though there was some deep-lying, but little understood, principle in human nature governing the selection of food. In all civilised nations at least, this principle is evident. Those people that have no such code, but who eat every kind of animal and insect indiscriminately, are always those sunk in the deepest and most gross intellectual and moral degradation. With the exception of the locust, the animals which are allowed for food by the Mosaic code are reckoned as suitable for food by the entire human family, excepting perhaps the Hindoo and the Buddhist, who, as a rule, reject all animal food.

The turtle, the oyster, the flesh of the horse and the hog, are in use to-day, but were amongst those rejected by Moses; the majority, however, of those foods disallowed by the Mosaic code—including the flesh of the chameleon, vulture, camel, coney, and cormorant—are

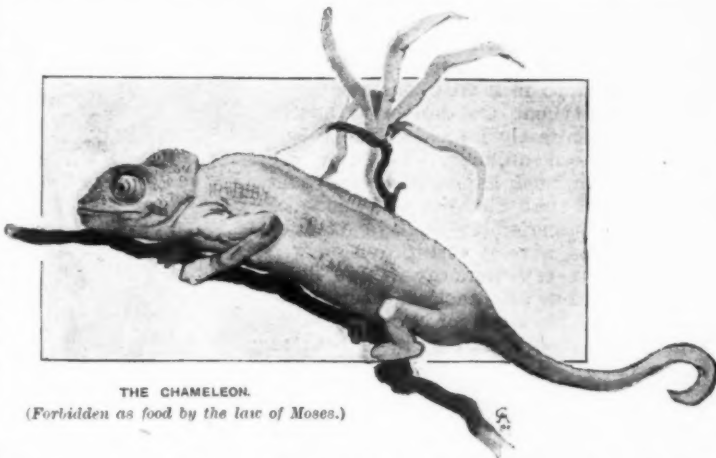
also rejected to-day. Practically, the Mosaic code is in use throughout the world.

WHAT TO AVOID.

There were many considerations—some of them purely local—that were taken into account by Moses in making these laws, and they may be summarised as follows: Peculiarities of climate; traditional habits of the people; surrounding tribes of nations; sanitary precautions.

The animals that were rejected as being unsuitable for food may be classified in three sections; and their classification helps us to see the wisdom and foresight that governed their rejection.

First.—Those animals whose multiplication was slow, and whose uses were special, such as the camel. The definition of a clean animal was: "One that had the foot completely cloven above and below, and that chewed the cud." This rejected at once all the carnivora, but left some in doubt, and specific instructions are given in regard to these, including the camel, which chews the cud, but has not the necessary cloven foot. We may note that the Ishmaelites, the Midianites, and all the rest of Abraham's Arabic descendants, not only drank the milk of the camel, but also ate its flesh; and it may have been a matter of polity in forbid-



THE CHAMELEON.

(Forbidden as food by the law of Moses.)

ding this to the Israelites, in order to keep them separate; but the reason assigned above is the more likely.

Second.—Those animals that could only be obtained by leaving the camp, involving probable danger to life and limb, and



THE EGYPTIAN VULTURE.
(Forbidden as food by the law of Moses.)

possible contact with the nations around, and the risk of bringing disease into the camp. Whilst the children of Israel were kept to themselves, it was a comparatively easy matter to institute laws regulating their health and well-being; but if they were allowed to mix with the degraded races around them, the danger to health would be manifestly increased.

Third.—Those animals who were by habit unclean, such as the hog. It would almost seem that the sanitary code of Moses was superior to that of to-day; for, doubtless, a very wise provision was made by the rejection of swine's flesh. All animals that are unclean eaters must of necessity be more or less liable to forms of disease that can be passed on to the eater.

REASONS FOR THESE LAWS

have been the source of much discussion amongst Biblical students, and many explanations have been learnedly suggested and elaborated. Amongst others, the following may be mentioned:—

(1) That the laws were moral and spiritual; (2) that they were intended to keep the people separate; (3) that they

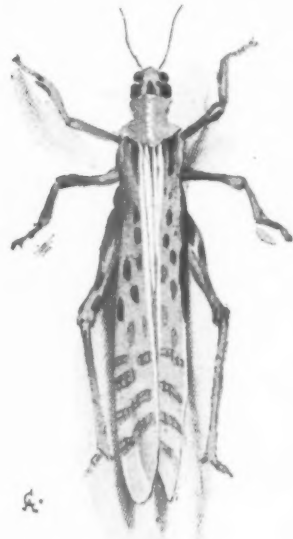
were to give moral discipline in self-restraint; (4) that certain animals typified certain sins and vices; (5) that the laws had a groundwork in the antithesis of life and death; (6) that the laws were purely sanitary.

A consideration of all the facts leads to the conclusion that in the last named we have the real reason for these laws.

As a leader of the people, and so responsible for their care and well-being, Moses set himself the task of defining their rules of life, and formulating an autocratic code, which they must follow.

There are many points in which the great sanitary excellence of these laws is shown: (1) The animals forbidden are unclean feeders; (2) no animal is allowed whose habits are unclean; (3) animals are rejected which are most likely to convey disease.

Modern research has shed much light on the causes of disease, and it is now well understood that many diseases are conveyed from one person to another by



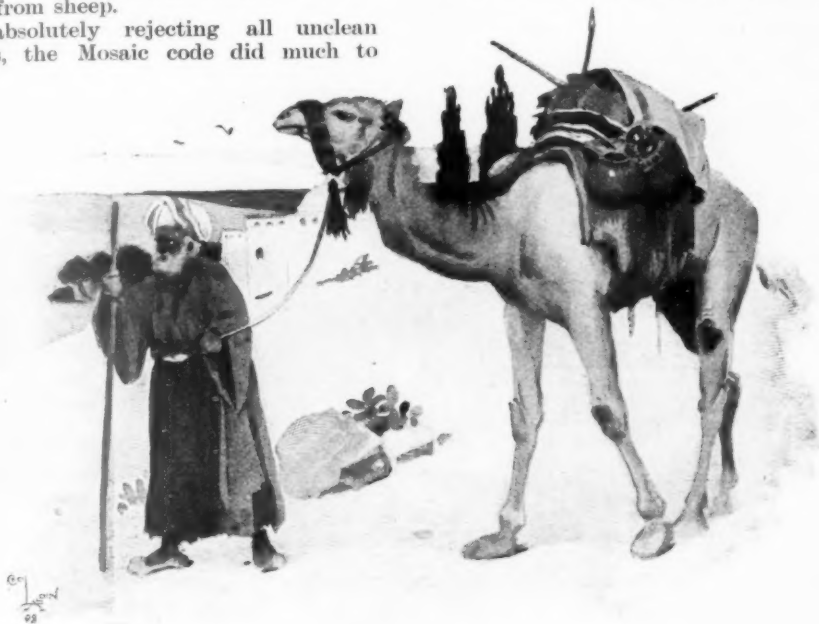
THE LOCUST
(Three-quarter life-size.)
(Permitted as food by the Mosaic law.)

means of parasites, germs, bacteria, or some kindred agent. The fact has also been established that by means of these agents disease can be conveyed by some animals to man. Instances are to be found in the trichinæ from swine's flesh, common in Germany; diphtheria from turkeys, glanders from horses, and anthrax from sheep.

In absolutely rejecting all unclean feeders, the Mosaic code did much to

the carrying about by the wind, or otherwise, of the microscopical germs, which, although inert in the dried state, can spring into life and activity again on reaching congenial conditions. Also, that under no circumstances is the blood of any animal to be used as food.

Second.—Effectual and cleanly cooking



THE CAMEL.

(Forbidden as food by the law of Moses.)

exclude those animals most likely to convey such forms of disease.

AN IDEAL LAW

would insure that no animal likely to convey disease should be used by the community. The law of Moses, however, went a good deal further than excluding certain animals. It insured the following important regulations:—

First.—Draining of all blood out of the body of the slaughtered animal. As it is in the blood that the germs or spores of infectious disease circulate, and might thus be communicated, he orders that they must be completely drained of the blood before being used, and that the blood should be covered with dust, thus preventing the drying of the blood, and

is most rigorously imposed. All earthen vessels that have come into contact with the unclean or dead are to be broken, and not used again; this, because of their porous nature and the difficulty, therefore, of effectually cleansing them. All other vessels are to be rendered fit for use by methods carefully prescribed.

The law not only decides what to eat, but how to prepare it for food. Good food is often spoiled by absence of cleanly preparation; hence the specific reasons for this law.

Third.—There must be no appearance of disease in the animal, or it must be rejected. Too often in these days, when an animal becomes ill it is slaughtered and dressed for the market, much to

the detriment of the public health. The law of Moses guarded against this danger.

A FURTHER SAFEGUARD was found in the fact that all unslaughtered meat was to be avoided.

which forbade the eating of any tree until it had attained the age of three years; and there was wise policy in leaving the whole vegetable kingdom open to the use of the people. The reason, probably, was that an agricultural



SYRIAN CONEYS.

(Forbidden as food by the law of Moses.)

There were good reasons for this. The animals might have died of some disease, or they might have eaten poisonous material. Our modern legislation endorses the wisdom of this law, and guards against the use for food of animals that have died from disease; and even goes a step further in destroying animals suffering from such forms of disease as *pleuropneumonia*, in order to stamp out the infection, and to prevent the flesh being used for food purposes.

It is true that in our day the law is often evaded, and sick animals are killed and dressed for food; hence, in all our markets there is a close inspection of meat, resulting in a large number of convictions and a consequent destruction of the meat. The Mosaic law, with its rigorous social penalties, was probably more effective in preventing the use of diseased meat than our modern law.

NO RESTRICTION

was laid upon vegetable food, except the prohibition contained in Leviticus xix. 23,

nation would be able readily to distinguish what was good and what was hurtful. There could not be the same reasons for restriction as we have seen existed in the case of the animal kingdom, and, moreover, from the hygienic point of view, it was of the highest possible value. It is generally conceded that a less use of meat, and a wider use of vegetables and fruit, would raise the standard of health, particularly in warm and temperate climates.

The staple food of the poorer Jews consisted of grain and fruit, animal food being beyond their means. The dietary of the Jews is interesting, and is worth a moment's notice. Their principal meals were a light breakfast, the mid-day, and evening meals. The vegetable world supplied the table of the poor, whilst the rich would have many dainties. Water, milk, clotted cream, wine mixed with water or flavoured with aromatic herbs, were the staple drinks, whilst they also had strong drink (probably date wine). Besides

animal foods and various kinds of grain, the following foods are mentioned in the Bible: cheese, butter, honey, figs, date cakes, and locusts.

In regard to locusts, they are still largely used in the East, and as an article of food possess certain good qualities: they are abundant, nutritious, and savoury.

WATER AS A SANITARY AGENT

finds its proper place in the Mosaic code, as it does with us to-day. Most minute instructions are given for ablutions and the cleanliness of the person, and precautions are also mentioned for insuring the rejection of tainted water, the purification of cooking utensils by water, and the use of clean and wholesome water for drinking purposes.

VALUE OF SANITARY LAWS.

With so complete a code of sanitary law, it might reasonably be expected that the Jews would obtain an immunity from disease far above other nations living without such a code, and undoubtedly, when circumstances permit of anything like a contrast, such would appear to be the case. No data exist which would enable us to form a deduction, in regard to ancient times; but, taking into account the fact that the same laws are to a large extent followed to-day as were pronounced by Moses, we are enabled to contrast the lives of Jews with those of the surrounding peoples, and the comparison is decidedly in favour of the Jews with their sanitary laws, as against the peoples without them.

Professor Hosmer says, "In times of pestilence the Jews have suffered far less than others; as regards longevity and general health, they have in every age been noteworthy, and at the present day in the life insurance offices the life of a Jew is said to be worth more than that of other men."

The fact that Jews of the poorer class are herded together in the meanest and most unsanitary part of modern cities would be against them, and render the

following of hygienic law regarding food of great service in the maintenance of health.

ABROGATION OF THESE LAWS.

The fact that the Mosaic laws are distinctly abrogated in the New Testament has led some to suppose that these laws could have had nothing to do with general health, but were connected with ritual and ceremonial, for, if they had been of value from the health standpoint, then their abrogation was both unwise and unnecessary.

It must be remembered that the characteristic of the Old Testament is to lay down certain laws for men to follow, whilst that of the New Testament opens a wider door to the judgment and liberty of the individual, urging him to select the good wherever it can be found, rather than fixing absolute laws for his guidance.

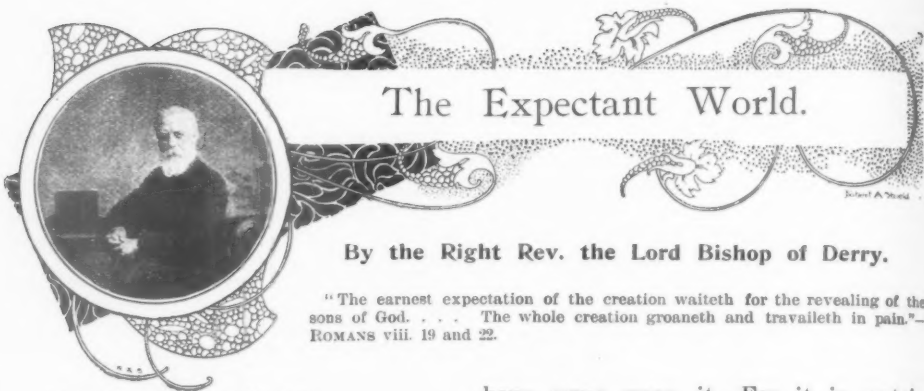
These laws were delivered to a people few in number and living in a prescribed



THE CORMORANT.

(Forbidden as food by the law of Moses.)

area, and some, which might suit them, would not be suitable for the whole of the world, as embraced by the New Testament. An example of this is found in the fact that the Jews were forbidden to eat fat; and this was no hardship to them in a comparatively hot country, but it would be a very cruel law to impose upon the Laplander and the Esquimaux.



By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry.

"The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. . . . The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain."—ROMANS viii. 19 and 22.

(Photo: Hower and Co., Armagh.)

THE BISHOP OF DERRY.



HERE are verses in the Bible, many verses, which need no evidence. Once you grasp their meaning they attest themselves: and the human heart, which God has

made, proves its origin by echoing them.

Such a text is "We love"—not God alone, but anyone with any honest affection worthy of the name—"We love, because He first loved us."

The kindling within us of so divine a flame is proof enough of the heart with which He looked upon us when He touched us with such flame. And we all know, certainly, that this is true.

Our text belongs to another class of verses, similar, though not the same. These arrest us and commend themselves, not because they are truth universally felt, but because they are eminently modern truth, the thought of our own age more emphatically than of any other time: their sentiment only needs to be expressed after the fashion of the day, and we shall promptly begin to wonder in what quite new book, by what sympathetic and typical writer, we

have come upon it. For it is certain that a great deal of what the present time most plumes itself upon is really but a working over of Isaiah and Paul and John.

You notice that instead of speaking about "the creature," and setting us to wonder which of all the creatures can possibly be meant, the text really says that creation, the whole system of things, is expecting, waiting for it knows not what—but Paul knows; and that creation came into its present bondage reluctantly, and that the pain it suffers is the pledge of a new birth, a higher life to be.

Can anyone deny, then, that the world, outside the Church entirely, does cherish a vague but strong expectation of something better than it has ever reached?

Think of the French Revolution, that wild time when Frenchmen butchered each other by tens of thousands and plundered and trampled over all the rest of Europe. That is not the strange thing. The true marvel is that they butchered each other and trampled upon Europe as the apostles of universal brotherhood, and bowed their own necks to a succession of ruthless tyrants in the name of liberty and equality. They put these words upon the same coin with the head of Napoleon. They were on fire with a hateful and murderous zeal for loving-kindness. They were ravening wolves, who devoured the sheep to hasten the time when the wolf should lie down with the lamb. And most of them were quite in earnest, fully persuaded that the golden age was really coming along these

strange roads of theirs. They changed the names of the months and the numbering of the years because, without believing in any God to help them, they had said to one another, "Behold, we make all things new; we, for ourselves—so easy a thing is this, so certain of attainment." What is more surprising still is that the rest of Europe was half-inclined to take them at their word. In England a great party wrecked itself by making common cause with them. In Italy proud cities welcomed their plunderers with rapture. The German populations were befooled. The very troops which fought them were half-hearted. It took years of the most bitter and cruel disillusion to persuade us that bad men cannot make humanity good, that bitter fountains do not send forth sweet waters, and that

"The sensual and the base rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion."

Nations, too sceptical to believe in a Messiah, were credulous enough to believe that any change, if only it were sweeping enough, might possibly be the dawn of a millennium.

To-day no man looks for a millennium of French manufacture any more. Honour that violates duty, fraternity without a Father, and the worship of humanity as its own God—what is left of them? A miserable heap of forgeries and blasted reputations, ashes into which has died down that roaring flame which once made pale the stars.

But the great vague yearning lives on. The air is thick and our ears are deafened with plans and promises. The advancement of the race is to be wrought out by science, by social reform, by organised labour, by the rearrangement of capital, by all sorts of dreams and crotchets and quack remedies for the deep disease of our humanity. And all have their dupes. The earnest expectation of creation waiteth—for what? Men hold their breath and wonder what is coming, much as the world around us, the earth and the sky, seem to do in that sultry half-hour before the stream of the whole year's thunder in a storm of the autumn breaks. For what? St. Paul claimed to know; he has given us the answer here. And it would be good for this feverish, expectant, overstrung time of ours to consider what his answer is.

But first stop a moment, and observe that he does not mention the expectation of man only. He speaks of the creation at large, of nature—with man, of course, the most important creature in it; but yet, with the whole system wherein we move, sharing, so he says, the burden of our fall. To some extent, this is literally so. Our cities and factories defile the rivers and the skies. The lower creatures share our diseases. When we penetrate into some trackless wilderness, we marvel at the splendour of its vegetation; but when we settle there, it bears thistles and weeds, the symbol of our fall.

But it is still more true that, to our feeling, to our eyes and ears, the world seems to share our griefs. The echo of this sad verse is in all our modern poetry. Tennyson speaks of the riddle of the painful earth, and says again:

"There's something in the world amiss
Shall be unriddled by-and-by."

Browning asks whether the sobbing wind is not "a dumb, wronged thing that would be righted," and declares that he

"Knows no other tone
So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow."

Matthew Arnold says:

"The mute earth we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream that falls incessantly;
The strange scrawled rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear, rather than rejoice";

and he speaks of "the something that infects the world." Why, this is exactly Paul's assertion that "the whole creation groaneth." But the apostle adds that this discontent is really an expectation: if we were made for small things, we should not fret and chafe and yearn. I am certain to-day that hundreds of the dullest and most prosaic men and women are only kept alive amid the tiresome routine of their existence by some vague feeling that it cannot last; there must come a change, a breath from the four winds upon the dry bones, a rising of the tide of life, until these grey sands and oozy pools are filled and freshened with the mighty pulses of the deep.

Have you noticed, also, how often the young man who goes wrong is the attractive, sympathetic, lovable youth?

That is because he is at first the most alive to such high longings, but presently the most impatient and the most bitterly disappointed. Then he turns to false reliefs for his desire, seeking for movement and an ampler sphere—perhaps in the excitement of gambling, perhaps in the stimulus of drink.

Now St. Paul found in this melancholy and unrest a witness to the Fall. We think it is with circumstances that we are at strife; this great chapter teaches that our environment and we are sufferers together, and the discord is more fundamental—it is within; it is the lusting of the flesh against the spirit, and of the spirit against the flesh.

If that war were at an end, all would be well within us and around.

We have seen how this melancholy finds a voice in nature, in creation, in the wailing wind, the barren, restless ocean, and the tearful, silent stars. But there are happy hours when the peace within us changes everything around.

"Let no one ask me how it came to pass:
It seems that I am happier, that for me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

Give us contentment, repose, and all nature will smile upon us. But our discontent and weariness are due far less to the burdens laid upon us than to the weakness and distraction of the mind with which we face them, to the faltering will, to the incessant wearing strife between the animal and the angel in our heart, like a civil war which leaves a nation powerless.

Now the God-given answer to this

desire, this expectation, is the revealing of the sons of God.

It is so in my own heart. In proportion as what is holy and Christlike makes itself felt, as my divine sonship is revealed, in that proportion I shall have content and harmony; there is peace and joy in believing.

I say this to men and women who are full of care, overworked, anxious, irritable—or perhaps full of unrestful hurry from one distraction to another, haunted all the while by a consciousness that pleasures and real pleasure lie very far apart.

I say that you, at all events you who know better things, will never be at rest unless the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep, which means guard, your heart and mind.

And what society requires, and the agitations and anxieties of our day demand, is just what this text declares. The world is better than it was, because the heaven and the salt are at work in it; but rest and happiness will not come until the sons of God are revealed, and their influence visible and commanding.

Some time there will be a grander and more perfect fulfilment of this verse, which will not be satisfied until the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Then will be the real manifesting of the sons of God. Then will the burden that weighs upon the world be rolled away. Then every tear shall be dried, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more; the first things are passed away.

The Bright and Morning Star.

(REVELATION XXII. 16.)

NIGHT wears away. Through shadows
that bewilder
We lift our patient eyes, and see
afar,
Beyond the dusky bound of earth's
horizon,
Our heart's Desire, the bright and
Morning Star.

False fires of earth, be quenched in that
uprising!
Gloom of the night and shadows, flee
away!
O friends, the mists enfolding us will
vanish
When breaks the morn of our Eternal
Day.

CLARA THWAITES.



SIR COLIN

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "Colina's Island," Etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOMAN FROM AUSTRALIA.



ELSA was very fond of going out to meet the shooters on the muir, and sometimes all the ladies of the party would join her, and they would have tea together in a little hut, where the gillies carried kettles and provisions earlier in the day. It was glowing September now, and the weather, which had been slightly unsettled in August, seemed to have settled down; all day long the sunshine flooded the purple muirs and bathed the distant mountain peaks, all day long soft and fresh breezes fanned the face of the happy girl. Elsa had not looked as well for years, her mother said, she was growing almost robust; her London friends would not know her when she returned to the great city. But for one little cloud on the horizon, Colin and his *fiancée* would have been perfectly happy; but it seemed to Elsa, sometimes, that when Tormaid had referred to him-

self as the skeleton at the feast, sad and bitter as the words were, they had in them a certain amount of truth. Not that this was wholly, or even at all, his fault; the girl thought, in her sweet pity, that it would have been hard for anyone, and harder still for one weighed down with physical delicacy and deformity, to bear up against the incessant coldness and injustice which his mother invariably meted out to him. Careful as she was, too, before her guests, and before Elsa, there were moments when the presence of neither seemed able to still the bitter words, the swift look of dislike upon her face, and it seemed to Elsa, indeed, sometimes, that her dislike for her second son was so intense and overwhelming that it was impossible for her to play the hypocrite. This phase of character in Colin's mother worried and distressed the girl, for Tormaid had won her esteem and liking to a great extent, and they were fast friends. She could see that he had rather a stormy temper, but he was wonderfully patient with his mother, though Elsa could perceive that he seemed to shrink into himself at the sound of her footstep, with

a strange look of half-shrinking, half-bitter apprehension at the very sound of her voice.

On a certain Tuesday, which happened to be Colin's and Tormaid's birthday, Lady Strathdorran had announced at breakfast that she would join the tea-party on the muir, and that the cook had baked a large cake, rich with icing and ornamentation, for the heir's birthday. She made no reference to Tormaid at all, and no one could help noticing the omission. Colin's frank and kindly face clouded as he heard her, and he was so distressed by her open injustice that he turned to his brother, placing a hand on the shoulder next him. "We must see if Shina has spelt our names right, old man," he remarked affectionately. "It ought to be a splendid cake, indeed, for a doubly festive occasion. Have you seen the cake, Tormaid?"

"Yes, I saw it by chance in the pantry," the younger brother said, with his half-weary, half-scornful smile, and then something seemed to sting him into open speech, and he looked over to his mother deliberately. "My mother wrote the inscription herself," he said slowly, "so you may be sure that your names are correctly spelt; but there is no mention of me at all."

"There was no room," her ladyship murmured, for once seemingly taken aback at this unexpected retort; and Mrs. Howard gracefully covered her retreat by remarking that, for her part, she thought icing was most indigestible, and that almond icing at weddings was accountable for a great many invalids and doctors' bills, afterwards.

Sir Colin, however, was really angry at the omission of Tormaid's name on the birthday cake, and when he saw Donall placing it into a wooden box, preparatory to its being put into the dog-cart, for the tea-party, he told the old man almost sharply that the box would not be required. The butler looked at him for a moment, half-wonderingly. "My brother's name is not on the cake," Sir Colin said, "and it is his birthday equally with mine. We will not have the cake at the birthday tea, Donall."

Rarely had the old butler been more pleased; and he nodded his head, chuckling grimly. "I hef told Mari," he said, "that it would not please Sir Colin, and that it is not the way to please him, to

scout Mr. Tormaid, for I know fery well that it is not Sir Colin's wish that his brother will be quite forgotten, and will be treated like this. There will be changed days, when the young lady is mistress here—yes, there will be changed days."

Colin said no more, but his mother observed, with a look of annoyance, later, that the cake had been left behind, and she knew very well that one person alone in the Castle could have countermanded her orders. The tea was a merry one, nevertheless, and everyone did their best to make it so; but there were dark clouds gathering behind them as they sat, and as the weather had been fine for long, they had been rash enough to bring neither cloaks nor umbrellas. It was Tormaid who observed the weather signs first, and he whispered to Elsa that it would rain in all probability before they got home. "You are all right," he said, glancing admiringly at her trim red serge skirt and little white knitted Tam-o-Shanter cap. "And I see that you have strong shoes; but when the floods descend, as I see they are about to do, I am sorry for these ladies' muslins and laces, and for their chiffons and feathers."

"Why, Tormaid, you are quite up in ladies' dress," Elsa said laughingly. "Is there not any place near that we could take shelter in, if it does rain?"

"There are a few crofts on the way back, but I don't think our fine London ladies would relish the inside of a Highland kitchen," he said, with his wonted half-mocking glance at the fashionable figures seated on the heather. "My mother always says peat-smoke gives her a headache; you know she will not have a piece of it in the Castle. Perhaps peat-smoke would upset the Miss Dangerfields."

"Then they will have to be content to get wet!" Elsa said. But the tea went on to its merry conclusion, it seemed impossible to hasten things, and it was only when a threatening rain-drop fell on somebody's face that the young ladies and their attendant swains could be induced to rise and prepare for departure.

There was one umbrella amongst the party, and two cloaks, and these by universal consent were handed over to the damsels in the muslin gowns. Colin got them to hurry on with the gillies

whilst the rest packed, and Mrs. Howard joined the first party, glad of even a small share of the one umbrella; behind were left Lady Strathdorrnan, Elsa, and the two brothers. The mistress of Strathdorrnan Castle was very glad not to be left to her sons' society, for Tormaid preserved his usual sullen silence, and Colin, she knew, had been distressed and annoyed by her total disregard of the fact that it was Tormaid's birthday as well as his. "I suppose Elsa and I cannot shelter in the hut?" she suggested just before they started. "Do you think this rain will continue, Colin?"

"Yes, I think we are in for a night of it," he said, glancing back at the lowering clouds. "We could not bring any carriage up the muir in any case, even if you were to wait, so I am afraid we must press on, mother, even if we are caught in the rain. A night in the hut would be far from comfortable."

They started to walk as rapidly as they could, Colin with his mother; but they were obliged to suit their pace to hers, and she was not accustomed to walking. The rain descended before they had gone far, and before very long it was falling in blinding sheets; Lady Strathdorrnan faced it with a wonderful calmness, but when a cottage was dimly discernible on the edge of the road she called out to Elsa to stop, saying they must take shelter somewhere and see if the rain would not pass.

Elsa turned her laughing eyes round upon the other two, and it seemed to Colin that the wind and wet had only brought a lovelier hue to her face. "It is quite grand, buffeting with this wind," she said. "But I daresay the rest will not be unpleasant, and I always wanted to see the inside of one of these cottages."

Tormaid had gone on first, and it was he who knocked at the door, which was answered by a sullen-looking crofter, who spoke in Gaelic and seemed to understand no English.

When Sir Colin stooped his tall head and followed the two ladies into the little cottage he could see that his mother had already seated herself in the one chair of the establishment, and that the old woman was bobbing her a curtsy in the darkness of the kitchen, a greeting to which his mother paid not the slightest heed. Their hostess was saying

something in Gaelic to Tormaid, and Elsa asked eagerly and curiously that he would translate. "It sounds so mysterious, Tormaid, and so weird. Do tell us what she says. I must begin my Gaelic studies to-morrow, for I want to be able to speak to them just as you do. Tell me, shall I ever be able to speak as easily as that?"

"You forget that I had a Gaelic nurse," he said to her gently. "I picked up the language unconsciously, just as I picked up English. Even Colin is not quite so ready as I am, for your nurse was not allowed to speak Gaelic to you, was she, Colin?"

"I am afraid I was slower, Tormaid; that is the truth," his brother said. "I really cannot follow what she says now. Why is she pointing to the other room?"

"It seems that her sister has just arrived from what she calls 'foreign parts,' after an absence of twenty-five years," Tormaid said. "No wonder she is excited, for she herself has never been any further than Tobermorey."

"What does 'foreign parts' mean?" Colin asked smilingly. "The adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland?"

The smouldering peat fire in the centre of the room was all the light they had. Lady Strathdorrnan had drawn her chair towards it, and was half-disdainfully attempting to dry her wet shoes by the glow, after an imperious gesture to the man to throw on more peat. She seemed hardly to be listening to the conversation; she rarely did when Tormaid took part in it, and she paid no attention now, when her second son turned again to translate the answers to his questions.

"The sister is from Australia, and has returned from there unexpectedly with her husband. She has left him behind in Glasgow, but she came on herself to Mull yesterday."

"I wonder what she thinks of her old home after twenty-five years' absence?" Elsa said. "One usually associates wealth with people who return from Australia. Has her husband made a fortune?"

The question was really a half-careless one, but the old woman shook her head when interrogated. "No, Sheila was not rich, though she was richer far than they were"; and then the old woman turned suddenly and looked towards Lady Strathdorrnan, as if recollecting something. She spoke rapidly and almost

eagerly, and her ladyship looked up languidly under half-closed lids.

"What does she say about my mother?" Colin asked.

"She says that her sister was once in service at the Castle."

"Very probably," and her ladyship pushed a peat into the fire with the edge of her shoe. "I suppose I have had members of every family on the estate at one time or another. Where did you say this woman had come from?"

"From Australia."

A little red flame had leapt up suddenly, catching a twig in the burning peat, and Colin happened to be looking at his mother as he answered her. He was surprised to see a sudden sharp startled look cross her face—a look of surprise and fear, an expression of arrested attention.

"From Australia," she repeated, almost mechanically. "What is her name? I did not know any of the crofters had relations in Australia."

"Here she comes, mother, to give you her own history," Colin said, for they had heard a step on the paved passage which led from one little room to the other, and Lady Strathdorran turned her head sharply with strained expectant eyes. There never had been any secrets between Sir Colin and his mother, there had never been anything in the way of a mystery, as far as he knew, in either her family or her past, and he felt, therefore, curiously surprised when he saw a look of absolute terror cross his mother's face as the figure of the stranger from Australia stood forward in the doorway. She seemed a quiet, respectably dressed woman, with a shrewd, sensible face, who bent her head respectfully when she saw the ladies. Lady Strathdorran drew her chair sharply back into the shadow, and it was Sir Colin who spoke.

"We hear you have just come from Australia," he said, in his pleasant voice. "That is a very long way from Mull. Did I understand you used to live here, and that you were in service at the Castle?"

For answer she gave him a suddenly intent look; it seemed to Colin, too, that she was trying to gaze into his mother's face, through the deep shadows into which her ladyship had retired. "Yes, I have been in service at Strathdorran

Castle," she said. "And, moreover, oddly enough, I was in service there on a very great occasion."

"Yes," he said pleasantly, "and what was that?"

"I heard my sister call you 'Sir Colin,'" she answered. "I was up at the Castle, Sir Colin, when you and your brother were born," and then it seemed to the Baronet that she started suddenly, and gazed at him with a look of startled attention and wondering surprise. "You are Sir Colin, are you not?" she said.

"Yes, I am Sir Colin."

"Then your brother—?" she began, in a hesitating voice, speaking in a curiously puzzled way, as if with a waking doubt in her voice; but her sentence was not concluded, for just as she began to speak again her ladyship rose sharply, jarring her chair on the paved floor. She addressed the woman in a high, sharp voice, much more loud than was her wonted tone. "You must come up to the Castle and see me," she said. "Come up soon; this is really quite interesting. In the meantime, Colin, I am positively stifled here. I am going on at once. Come, Elsa, come with me."

Never had the Baronet known his mother so insistent, or so abrupt; she had taken Elsa sharply by the arm, and the girl could feel her fingers clasp her like a vice. She got between Tormaid and the stranger from Australia, and, catching his arm with the other hand, drew him with feverish haste to the door. "Come at once, Tormaid; please come at once," she whispered in his ear; and he looked at her with great surprise. The tone was so pleading, so almost *desperate*. He obeyed her, however, and she was quite successful in screening his figure from the new-comer's eyes. She did not leave go her hold of either arm, even when they were outside; it was only when they were well down the path, struggling again with the baffling wind and rain, that she seemed at last to recover her equanimity.

Colin had waited to say farewell to the old woman, and he ran after them, now, half-laughingly.

"Why, mother, you swept us out of the cottage like a tornado," he said. "One would have thought that the woman from Australia was a ghost, or a spectre."

"What nonsense you talk! I was

stified; smoke always chokes me," she said, with a kind of fierce impatience. "I could not breathe the air for another moment."

All her three listeners knew perfectly well that Lady Strathdorran had breathed the air of the kitchen with perfect ease, till the sudden appearance of the new-comer, and all three heard her with a kind of wondering surprise.

and take something hot, and see that Elsa does the same."

She nodded half-absently, looking round for Tormaid with a strange glance. "Tormaid came on with me? Yes, of course he did," she said, as if confused, and groping back in her memory; and then, seeing the surprise on her sons' faces, she said, "I believe I am fairly worn out," and went upstairs, clinging to the balustrades.

Meanwhile, in the dark little kitchen of the croft, after Sir Colin had gone, there was a kind of silence till the



She addressed the woman in a high, sharp voice.

Why should the appearance of this apparently harmless woman so discompose and startle her? None of the three could help marvelling. It was a good long way, and the rain and wind almost beat them back at every step; but, though Colin had given his mother his arm, he almost fancied, as he looked at her, that she really seemed as if she did not feel the battling with the elements. It was almost as if she rejoiced in it. "I am afraid you will be exhausted, mother," he said, when at last the Castle was in view. "Do change your things at once,

woman from Australia—by name, Sheila Bruce—seated herself deliberately on the chair which Lady Strathdorran had occupied, and turned up the skirt of her dress. "Her ladyship left in a great hurry," she said calmly. "Does she often come here, Ishbel?"

"She has never been here before in her life," her sister replied sourly. "I have seen her drive past, that is all."

"She took shelter from the rain, that was it, I see. She was always a haughty dame, and I never liked her. It was said that she domineered, always, and ruled

the whole Castle, but I want to know about her son. The elder baby died?"

"What elder baby? She has never had any but the twins."

"Yes, I know; but the elder twin must have died?"

"What do you mean by that, Sheila?" Ishbel demanded almost crossly. "Hef I not told you?"

"The elder baby *must* have died," Sheila repeated obstinately. "That man you called Sir Colin, he was as tall and well made as her ladyship, and she came of a very tall family. I left the Island the day after the baby's birth, so, of course, I did not hear. Did the elder baby live long, or did it die soon after its birth?"

"I don't know why you will always be talking about his *dying*, when you hef seen him yourself," Ishbel cried crossly. "Neither of them hef died. They are both alive, and they were both in this room, before your eyes."

"I only saw one man," Sheila said, "and he was tall and straight."

"Well, well, Mr. Tormaid was back there, behind me."

"Mr. Tormaid? So they call him Tormaid? But I don't understand how this is possible. Is he tall, too, then, this Tormaid?"

"Tall—he is not tall at all. He is a dwarf; you must have heard that, surely," Ishbel replied sharply and crossly. "Everybody in the Island knows that."

"A dwarf! He is a dwarf!" The woman repeated the words in a kind of blank amazement, and she sat quite still afterwards, staring into the fire almost stupidly. "I never wrote, and you never wrote to me for years; and afterwards I never thought to ask," she said confusedly at last, as if groping back in the past. "No, I never thought to ask. It is a very strange thing, and what is more, I mean to get at the root of it. Yet I don't know, my lady, if I will go up to the Castle. At least, I will not go yet, till I have asked a few questions."

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH TORMAID IS QUESTIONED.

THE incident at the croft on the muir had left a disagreeable impression upon the minds of both Tormaid and his brother, though they did not refer to it to each other. It haunted Colin, indeed, in a way

which surprised himself. He could not help wondering why his mother had seemed so strangely alarmed at the sight of apparently so harmless a stranger, and why she had hurried them out of the hut in such hot haste. These questions would cross his mind at altogether irrelevant moments, sometimes when he was with Elsa, and the girl would wonder at the suddenly brooding look, and the look of deep and painful thought which crossed his face. Even to her, however, he said nothing, of course, of the puzzle in his mind, and something kept him back, also, from addressing any questions to his mother.

Tormaid had been equally puzzled, but he made no effort at all to help himself to the solution of the riddle, and, though he was often near Ishbel's croft, there was something too noble in his nature to admit of his questioning anyone regarding his mother, in spite of her injustice towards himself. And his mind, moreover, was full, just then, of a new trouble, and a new unrest. It seemed to Tormaid, sometimes, that he scarcely dared look Colin in the face; as if his brother must read his guilty secret in his eyes. For something had come to Tormaid which at first he really could not understand, and it was only in these last few days that it seemed to him that he knew what his own secret was. Elsa's face had crossed his path, and shone upon him as if with the light of a wonderful star; he had gazed and gazed till his heart went from him, and he seemed to wake to find that he loved her above everything earthly. For him there was no music on earth like the sound of her voice or the coming of her step. He struggled with himself fiercely, and he knew that he would come off the victor. This fierce, restless passion would die down, and he would be able, by-and-bye, to love her as a sister. He kept away from the Castle as much as possible, avoiding both her and Colin; but flight is not always the best way to resist temptation, and even when he was out on the muir alone, she seemed always there beside him, and he would sit recalling her words, recalling her face, her sweet, merry songs, recalling the gentle affection of her voice, when she bade him good-morning or good-night.

He was seated one day by the side of a running peat-stream when someone,

passing on the road which bounded the foot of the muir, looked up at him and, seeming to recognise him, came up the heather. Tormaid rose and held out his hand with a smile of welcome. The old minister of the bare little kirk was a great favourite of his, and had been a good friend to the friendless lad. It seemed to Mr. McDonald sometimes that of all the faces in his congregation Tormaid's was the one which interested him most.

"I have not seen you for almost a month, Tormaid," the old man said now. "And I hear that the young sister-in-law-elect is staying with you at the Castle. I have only seen her face in church; it is a very beautiful face, but I hope to call and make her acquaintance soon."

Tormaid had seated himself again on the heather, and he was looking at the minister with a sudden agony of questioning. He had struggled so long; he had a wild, irresistible impulse to ask for help, to make a confession. "Mr. McDonald," he began, "would you think that I could be wicked? Would you think that I could almost hate Colin sometimes, and envy him madly? Last night I heard Elsa's mother say to my mother that her daughter could never have married a poor man, and that it was so fortunate that Colin was rich. The words have kept ringing in my ears. Why was I not the elder brother? Why have not I had a fair chance? I have had no chance in life: I am maimed and deformed, and Colin has had everything. He has had all the luck all the time. God has been very unfair to me!"

"My poor boy!" and the old minister laid his hand lovingly upon the shoulder next to him. "In our moments of suffering we are all apt, as it were, to arraign God before our pitiful tribunal. We say He has been unjust, unfair. In many cases, Tormaid, I will allow that in our blindness it may seem so. But I know if we cling hard to our faith in Him, we can see, even in this life, that there is light behind the darkness, and that in a clearer day we shall find that all was done in love. You know that there are specially white robes for those who have come through 'great tribulation'; brightest crowns in heaven for those who have suffered and have waited; for those who have trusted in the dark!

Try to crush down those envious feelings under your heel, Tormaid, and think only of your brother's kindness and generosity. I know how he loves you. Don't look upon the black side, try to look only at the sunshine. I must be going on now, so I will say good-bye. Above all, my lad, *cling hard!*"

He walked along with bent head, thinking of the storm-tossed young face, and sighing as he thought; but the words he had spoken were sinking deep into Tormaid's heart, and the young man felt as if a kind and strong hand had gripped him fast as he was stumbling on a rough and stony road. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the sound of another pedestrian beneath. It was a woman this time, and when she first perceived Tormaid she stood as if hesitating for a moment before she, too, climbed the steep path which mounted to the burn-side. It was the woman from Australia. Tormaid looked up when she called his name rather timidly; his glance had a certain surprise and a certain curiosity.

"You are Mr. Tormaid Strathdorran?"

"Yes."

She seemed to hesitate then, and suddenly seated herself by his side on the heather. "Do you know that I had you in my arms when you were a baby, that I was up in the Castle when you were born? Your mother was taken ill suddenly, and the doctor was away at the other end of the Island. I had been training as nurse in a hospital at Glasgow, so that when they knew that your mother's nurse could not be in time, they sent for me. I was leaving Mull the next day, but I went up, and Mairi and I were the only two present at your birth. The doctor did not come till next day." She spoke in rather a curious voice, very earnestly, with a certain intent meaning, and her eyes were fixed upon Tormaid's face.

"This is very interesting," he said dully. "I did not know it before, though, of course, I knew that Mairi was our nurse."

"Your mother never told you anything about that time, of course?" the woman said, with a kind of subtle mockery. "I hear she is very devoted to your brother, Sir Colin Strathdorran? Is she very devoted to *you*?"

The question was so sudden that Tormaid almost started. "Why do you ask

that?" he said haughtily. "I suppose Ishbel has been gossiping with you?"

"Ishbel told me that your mother's injustice towards you was the talk of all the tenants," she said. "But I wanted to ask you yourself. I have a reason for asking you. Does your mother treat you fairly? Is she kind to you? Have you as much money as you want? Does your brother treat you fairly? Would you like to have been the elder son?"

It seemed to Tormaid that only one of these rapid questions reached his brain and stung him. If he had been the elder

son, a rich man, and Colin the poor one, he might have won and married Elsa!

There was just a chance that she would have listened. She was not one to make his deformity a barrier, and her mother had said that she would never have been allowed to marry a poor man. Before he considered he had answered her. "I would give all the world to have been in my brother's place."

She drew a kind of breath at that, and her face hardened and her lips tightened. "And does your mother love you?"

He did not answer, but his head drooped.

"I see," the woman said. "Then the stories are true. Well, I don't think I am surprised. When we have wronged a person deeply—quite past forgiveness—I suppose we always hate them. She hates you because she has done you a most bitter injustice!"

He echoed the words almost unbelievably, and yet with a strange feeling of surprise that he had never thought of all this or understood it before. He felt as if he knew what was coming, as if he could have foreseen what she was going to say; yet his own voice came in

a sort of stifled whisper when he spoke.

"What has she done?" he said.

"What injustice has she done to me?"

The woman bent her head and spoke almost in his ear. "Go to Mæri to-night," she whispered, "and tell her that I am here and that I have told you



The woman bent her head and spoke almost in his ear.

the truth. Tell her that I say that *you* are the eldest son, and not Sir Colin! You were born first, and when your mother asked to see you and saw that you were not quite—not quite like other babies, we thought she would have died of rage and grief. She bade Märi take you away, and when, two hours later, the other twin baby was born and she could see that his little limbs were smooth and shapely, I saw her look towards the cradle in which we had laid *you*; and then she looked at me, and seemed to lie thinking and brooding, with an expression on her face which kept haunting and puzzling me long after I had left Mull. Ishbel speaks English badly, and she can scarcely write at all; it was years before I heard anything from Mull, and then I was only told little bits of news about the crofts. If they mentioned the people at the Castle it was merely to say that they were all quite well. I never suspected anything, upon my soul, Mr. Tormaid, till I came back and saw your brother, tall and straight, in the cottage, and heard them call him Sir Colin. Then it seemed to flash before me, and, though it was twenty-five years ago, I remembered your mother's look as if it was yesterday, and the riddle all seemed plain. She has cheated you; she must have bribed Märi. They said Colin was the eldest born, but it was a lie!"

He had listened with wildly beating heart, and the world seemed whirling around him. He was the eldest son; he was owner of the Castle, and of the broad acres; he was Sir Tormaid Strathdorrán, and Colin was the younger son, who had inherited a mere pittance at his father's death! It was unbelievable!

Strangely enough, his first sensation was not that of passionate anger against his mother. He had borne her small injustices so long that this great one did not seem to surprise him. It seemed, indeed, to him later, when he thought of it, that the robbery of her love was the greater one—far greater than the robbery of his inheritance. Now, there was only one thought which possessed him madly, to the extinction of all others. He was the baronet; he was the rich man; he could have won Elsa!

"What shall you do?" the woman's voice said in his ear, and then she rose

and looked down at him inquisitively. "But I see you want to think it out," she said, "and I must be getting back to the cottage. I am ready to swear to all I say, and I am sure that we can prove it. Märi has been weak and yielding, but I don't think she would swear to a lie. And if your brother is the man they say he is, he would not rob you of your inheritance. Think it out, and you will find me at the cottage for a week. After that I shall be joining my husband in Glasgow. I shall see you righted, sir, for it has been a black and bitter shame. And you so kind and so good to the people! Remember you can send for me at any time. I am not afraid of her ladyship; it is she who is afraid of me, and I will come back at any time."

She walked away then, and Tormaid sat on and on, till the sunshine faded from the burn, and the afternoon was late. He was puzzling it all out, piecing it all together, asking himself what he should do. Should he tell them at once, claim his rights, shame his mother? As in a picture, he could see her white and terrified face, could see her shrinking back in despair and wild chagrin. It could not be surprising that the thought did not touch him deeply: but to think of Colin was another thing. All through their lives his brother had been kind and generous—Tormaid remembered from the first how Colin had always yielded to him the biggest trout, the best fishing-rod, the newest gun, and this, too, in spite of his mother's spoiling, and in the very face of his mother's preference for the heir. As he sat there in the fading day, certain memory-pictures flashed across him; he remembered how Colin had once carried him on his back for long miles over the muir when he had sprained his foot; how Colin had climbed down the cliff's side for him when he was bird-nesting, and had grown suddenly dizzy; how Colin had insisted, against all commands and entreaties, in coming into his room when he had the scarlet fever, and sat there for hours bathing his head. Poor Tormaid rose to his feet with a kind of groan at last. "If it was not robbing Colin of everything," he muttered to himself; "if it did not mean robbing Colin of everything!"

[END OF CHAPTER FOUR.]

STRANGE PRISON SERVICES



THE OLD TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

(Now being rebuilt.)

(Showing the Bridge of Sighs connecting with the Criminal Court building, over which all prisoners were taken for trial.)

By Charles Cook, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Prisons of the World."



THE first prison service I conducted in America was in the Tombs Prison, New York City, and it certainly was the strangest I have ever heard of. The pulpit was on

the first gallery, on an iron bridge crossing the middle of the huge corridor which constitutes the gaol where many of the "toughest" of the New York criminals do congregate.

Not a prisoner could be seen; they were all in their cells with the wooden doors thrown open and the barred iron doors locked, so that they could hear every word, but could neither see nor be seen.

A quartette rendered some simple Gospel hymns very pathetically, the chaplain engaged in prayer, and then a lady sang the solo—which at that time was almost new—"Where is my wandering boy to-night?" so touchingly and

feelingly as to draw a very decided sob or two from several "mothers' sons" in the nearest cells to us.

My surprise—accustomed as I was to the strict discipline of our English gaols—can hardly be imagined when, at the close of the solo, there burst upon my astonished ears a storm of applause and the clapping of the hands of our unseen audience, punctuated with "Bravo, bravo!" "Encore, encore!" And this was on a Sunday morning! When they had quieted down, I at once endeavoured to preach the Gospel to this curious congregation.

They were well-behaved throughout; the only interruption I remember was the occasional striking of a match, which opened my eyes to the fact that in the prison there was no notice up "Smoking not allowed."

The address, which lasted some twenty minutes, appeared to be appreciated, judging by the continual "Hear, hear!" which came through many of the grated doors; and after singing a closing hymn I went on a pastoral visit to the gaol-birds in their separate cages.

In the "Murderers' Row" I found three men under sentence of death,

apparently unconcerned about their fate, they presumably being aware that America does not execute *three per cent* of those sentenced to death.

Before we left we held a service among the drunkards, who are kept by themselves and who undergo short sentences in association wards; and after kind but faithful words, a good number of the men expressed a desire that we should pray for them. My short address was continually interrupted by a warder, who every few minutes opened the door, pushing in a man as he cried out, "One man, seven days," or "One man, ten days." This was another surprise to me. Men tried on Sunday? "Oh, yes," said an officer. "If we did not try prisoners on Sunday, we should never get through our work."

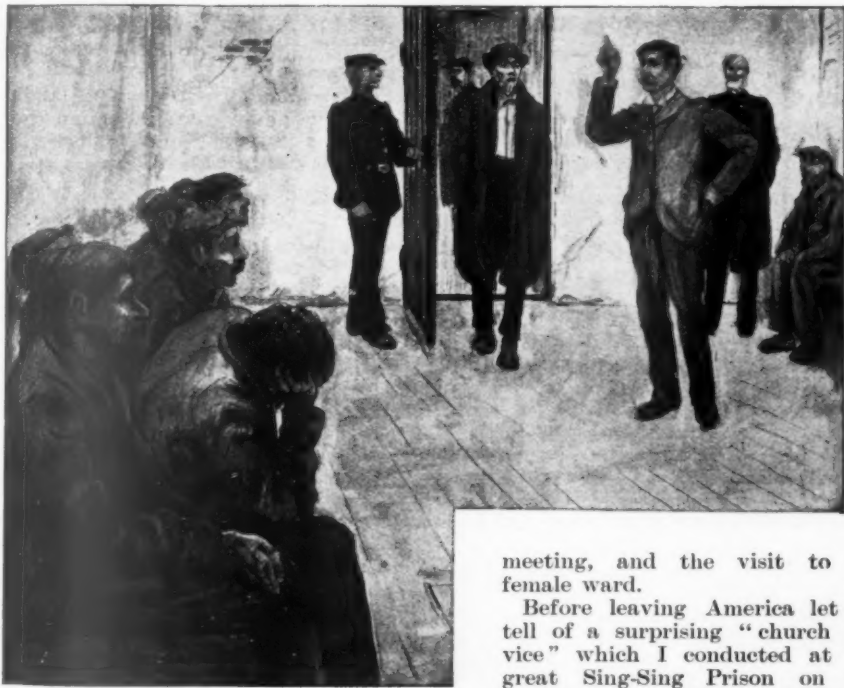
Our last quaint service in this queer

and amenable to kind and sympathetic words.

At the end of a short address we sang, by the request of one young girl, a certain hymn which evidently struck a chord in many a heart. Many struggled bravely to sing it through, but we ignominiously collapsed at the verse—which had to remain unsung—

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in."

I have preached in many an American church since then, and on the same continent to the redskin, to the coloured man, and the paleface, but in the memory of my ministry there stands out most conspicuously those three vignettes of the corridor service, the drunkards'



"ONE MAN, SEVEN DAYS."

meeting, and the visit to the female ward.

Before leaving America let me tell of a surprising "church service" which I conducted at the great Sing-Sing Prison on the Hudson, where 1,200 convicts were confined, among others being three bankers and several who had till

recently been most influential persons in New York. Some seventy men were there for life, and others were serving

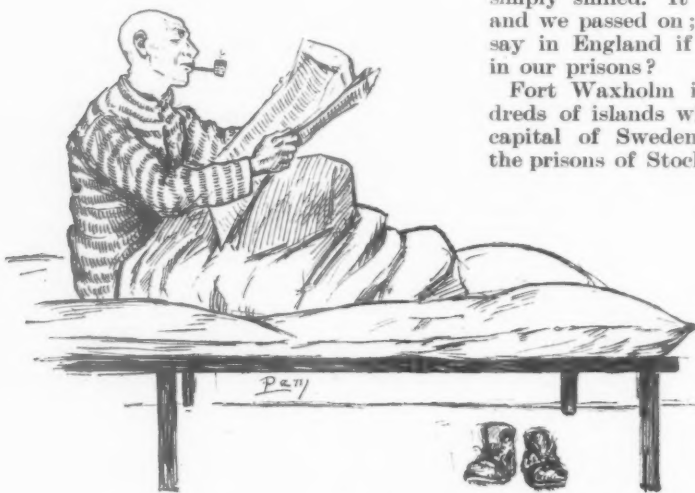
place was among the females, and though there were some who appeared hardened, yet most of them were young

sentences of from two to thirty years. The Government had just passed an Act forbidding the entry of the Chinese into the States, and it is only right to say that not a single Chinaman was there in the Chinese-named prison of the Empire State.

It was on a Sunday morning in the lovely month of September when I was booked to preach there. A band composed entirely of prisoners played a selection of music before the actual meeting began. A magnificent choir, also composed of convicts, led the singing, and it was strange to hear such a congregation of American criminals join in the refrain—

"All sorrows past, and grief and pain,
We'll meet to part no more."

The chapel was crowded with over a thousand men, who formed the most attentive audience I ever spoke to, and I was drawn out to do my very best to



A PIPE AND NEWSPAPER IN SING-SING PRISON.

set forth Christ as One prophesied to save His people from their sins.

Applause more than once interrupted me, and at one homely remark they laughed outright, and at the close asked me to "come again."

I was surprised to find that a Bible is only supplied to those who ask for it, and more surprised to find that four ounces of tobacco are served out weekly to every prisoner.

When I was through with the service, I went round with the chaplain and visited the men in their cells. Here is a "plain, unvarnished tale" of what I saw in the first four cells I came to.

In the first, a man was playing with a diamond, which he said he had found among some rags; the second man was in bed smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper; the next man was boiling some water over a petroleum lamp, preparatory to his making "afternoon tea," as he "expected visitors"—though he confessed that the tea had been brought into the prison surreptitiously.

The fourth man was passing a letter to the man in the cell next to him by the aid of a piece of crooked wire and a pair of scissors; but our presence disturbed him, and he dropped the apparatus, and was dependent upon me to give it to him again. "What's this?" I asked. "Only a patent telephone, sir." The chaplain simply smiled. It was not our business, and we passed on; but what would they say in England if such things happened in our prisons?

Fort Waxholm is on one of the hundreds of islands which surround the fair capital of Sweden, and whilst visiting the prisons of Stockholm it was arranged that I should preach to the many prisoners confined on the island.

It was on a lovely summer morning that we reached the prison, and after being courteously received by the staff of officers, we were taken to one of the large dormitories,

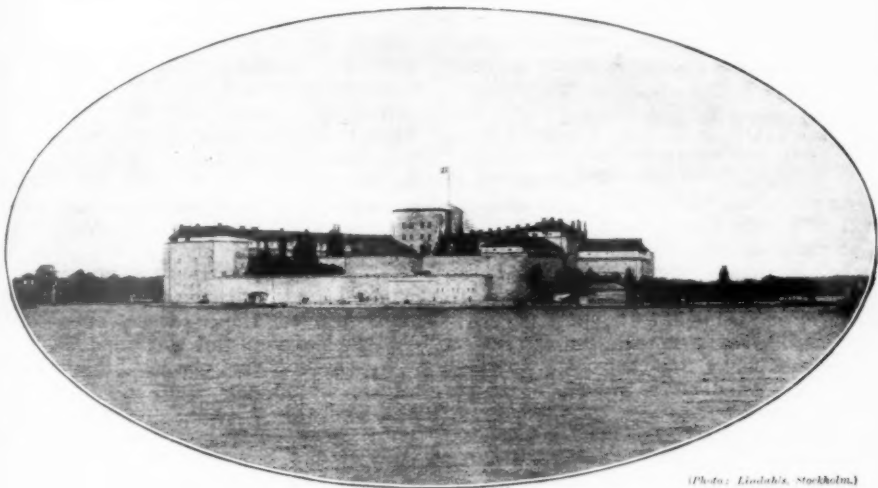
where seats had been arranged for the service.

There was no chapel proper, and so it was thought that this large room would do for the occasion; but the foul smell which filled the place on this warm and lovely day made me think that, if it was possible, the service would be infinitely preferable in the open air. I had had one bout of gaol fever—contracted either in Morocco dungeons or

the filthy dens which pass as prisons in Spain—and so, “dressed in a little brief authority,” I requested that the men might be brought out into the open air.

This was gladly acceded to, and the

of penitence on many a face, and the large audience in prison garb filling every inch of ground in the immediate circle. The closing of the service came all too soon for my curious congregation,



(Photo: Lindahl's, Stockholm.)

WAXHOLM PRISON.

men were drawn up, stiff and starched, as though on parade; another request I made was—“May they stand or sit on the rocks or grass as they liked?”

“Certainly, if you desire it.”

By this time I was on the best of terms with the members of my congregation, for they had been quick to recognise me as a man and a brother, rather than as a perfunctory paid official.

A small organ was wheeled out, and, surrounded by a few friends who had accompanied my wife and myself, I commenced the service.

Surely never was an impromptu open-air service more heartily enjoyed by prisoners than on this occasion. Surprise mingled with their enjoyment, they sat or reclined as they wished, and the whole proceedings were so informal that the prisoners seemed to listen with eyes as well as ears, and I think I preached all the better because I had such eager, happy listeners. 'Twas a lovely picture, the sun shining on the glorious sea that completely surrounded us, the many sails dotting the scene, the tears

whose brief holiday in the open air was finished. We left at 3.30, as I had to preach an hour later in the women's prison in Stockholm.

His Majesty King Oscar had graciously sent word to the director of that prison to meet me and to permit me to have access to all the prisoners; and I was delighted to know that the Queen has a home for discharged women where every chance is given to them to retrieve their character.

I had been informed that many of them were deeply penitent, and they certainly were in appearance unlike all other criminals I had seen. Most of them were young, with frank, open countenances, and whilst addressing them I happened to say: “I presume some of you can say you are resting in Christ for salvation.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” came from many in the congregation, and at the close some forty were dealt with, as eagerly seeking the salvation of God. After visiting the Queen's Home and holding another service, at which we were greatly cheered and interested, we left Sweden for

Finland, and were soon sailing over the lovely Baltic Sea.

The most pathetic service I remember conducting was at Tavastehus, in Finland. The Baroness Wrede, who has devoted all her life to prison visitation in Finland, had arranged a special service for women. There was a large audience and attentive hearers, and in simple, loving language we told of the love the Son of God had for sinners.

"Call them in, the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,
'T was for sinners Jesus came."

I was nearing the end of my address when I heard a sob, and saw a head drop, then another, and another, until nearly all heads were bowed and the sobbing stopped the preaching, and we had to close somewhat abruptly.

As they filed out at the close of service, and passed us by, on their way to their lonely cells once more, we shook hands with many of them.

In closing this series of curious services, let me tell of a scene in the City Prison, Toronto, Canada. I was appointed to preach at the Sunday morning service,

and was surprised to see so large an audience crowding the chapel, and noticed that a great many of the men were Irishmen, and wondered why they were not meeting in the Roman Catholic chapel; but the Governor said: "The priest said he had heard you were coming to this prison, and that, if you did, he would come to hear you preach, and that he would bring all his Roman Catholic prisoners also."

And sure enough he did. I found this liberal priest was awaiting me; we sang the hymn "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and I preached from the text "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." This good man's liberality reminded me of my preaching once in the fair in Dumfries in Scotland, and when I had finished, an Irishman, who had enjoyed the address, shouted out, "God bless you and the Pope."

In leaving the chapel I picked up a prison hymn-book and saw written on the fly-leaf:—"Mary Campbell, left Scotland July, 1880, arrived in Canada, August 2nd, once a mother's darling and a father's pet, but now a poor drunkard —but God'll save me yet."



PREACHING TO PRISONERS AT FORT WAXHOLM.

Somebody Else's Property.

A COMPLETE STORY.

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," "For the Sake of her Child," Etc.



HE'S a mean, spiteful sneak—she is; but I'll be even with her!" muttered Bobby Greville, with all the vindictiveness of masculine human nature at the age of ten. He and his grown-up sister, Dora, were staying at the fashionable watering-place Beachbourne, in charge of their maiden aunt, Miss Pole; and being accused by their landlady of ill-treating her cat, Bobby was greatly disgusted when Dora gave evidence for the prosecution. He was now smarting under a sentence of no pudding for a week, and no pocket-money for a month; and in a decidedly piratical and unchristian frame of mind was sauntering up the sunny High Street, ripe for mischief. Miss Pole had been suddenly summoned to London on business, and Dora was out shopping on her bicycle; which accounted for Bobby being left to his own devices.

Suddenly his mischievous blue eyes sparkled; for a little ahead of him in the crowded street rode his sister, a graceful girl of twenty, in a blue serge coat and skirt, and sailor-hat. He hung back warily, so that she should not see him; and when she dismounted at a confectioner's, a most delightful scheme of vengeance flashed into his juvenile mind. As soon as she was safely inside the shop, he leaped on her machine, and rode off as hard as he could go; chuckling at the thought of his sister's annoyance and dismay when she came out and found her bicycle gone, and herself at least a mile and a half from their apartments on the Parade, on a blazing morning. The machine was too big for him, and he wobbled prodigiously in attempting to reach the pedals with his straining toes; but the special Providence which is said to watch over children preserved him from serious mishap until he had nearly reached the end of the Parade. Just as he was wobbling out of the way of a big brewer's dray, a large *char-à-banc*, packed with shilling excursionists, suddenly dashed round the corner; and seeing himself thus placed between Scylla and Charybdis proved

too much for such a very young and inexperienced cyclist. It was a perfect miracle that he did not fall right under the dray in the wild course which he steered in his fright; but in the nick of time he managed to tumble off somehow, though in his flurry he released his hold of the bicycle. As if enjoying its freedom, it careered gaily down a slipway for boats which just there sloped down to the sea; and next minute was in process of being battered to pieces on the rocks by a fine brisk surf which was rolling in.

Hapless Bobby, his eyes nearly starting from his head with terror at the thought of the punishment he might expect for destroying his sister's beautiful new twenty-guinea machine, uttered one wild yell, and darted off like the wind, he knew not whither. His one idea was to escape somewhere, where his friends would never find him again; to get taken on board a ship as cabin-boy, or join a gipsy-van going about the country—anything rather than face the punishment he felt he deserved. He never stopped to consider what sorrow and anxiety his disappearance would cause to his people; he simply went.

Meanwhile Dora was making her purchases at the confectioner's, a little annoyed because the smart young damsel with a golden fringe, and an expensive orchid tucked into her bodice, suddenly became inattentive and wild in her arithmetic when a good-looking young man entered, accompanied by a girl so much like him that they were evidently brother and sister. Dora left them still in the shop when she went out, carrying her purchases in a neat little basket she was accustomed to sling on her handlebar. Finding, as she thought, her bicycle where she had left it, although a man's machine was now propped on the kerb beside it, she mounted and rode away.

It certainly was a curious coincidence that the bicycle belonging to Mabel Vernon, which Dora had unwittingly taken, should be of the same make as Dora's, the same size, likewise enamelled black, and altogether so closely resembling her own that Dora, who was in a hurry, and preoccupied about various matters, failed to instantly discover her mistake. Riding through the traffic of a fashionable watering-place in the height

of the season tended still further to distract her attention.

Presently Arthur and Mabel came out again, intending to ride away; but to their

"I see a young woman in a dark blue dress ride away from 'ere a few minutes ago," at last volunteered an errand-boy.

"What was she like? Tell me about her."



"Whose is this machine you're riding?"

intense dismay, though his bicycle was still standing by the kerb, hers was nowhere to be seen. The girl in the shop could offer no information, for her view of the street was impeded by the heaped dainties in the window. In her vexation, Mabel proceeded to denounce the supposed thief with great indignation, caring nothing who heard her; so that a little knot of idlers began to gather in front of the shop.

"Did anybody see who stole my sister's machine?" asked Arthur, appealing to the bystanders. "It can only just have gone, because we were not in the shop ten minutes."

"My beautiful new bicycle! If I find the thief, I'll prosecute him, sure enough!" cried Mabel; entirely refusing to be consoled by the young person with the orchid, who assured her that such a thing had never happened in all her experience before. People at Beachbourne were far too honest to steal; the bicycle must have been taken by some stranger.

The lad gave a fairly complete description of Dora; which a policeman—E 22—who had just strolled up in a dignified manner, entered in his notebook. A nursemaid with a perambulator, who had been looking at the shop windows, corroborated this testimony. The girl had a basket in her hand, she added, which she hung on the handle-bar before starting.

"Dark blue serge, a sailor hat, and a basket—that's the exact description of the girl who was in the shop just now," cried Mabel, turning to the golden-fringed assistant. "Do you know who she was?"

"No, madam, she was a stranger to me."

"Did she leave no address?"

"No, madam, she wanted the things at once, she said, and couldn't wait for me to send them—six tarts and a penny loaf. I've no idea who she is."

"That looks bad," observed Arthur, who until now had maintained a judicial reserve, although his astonishment at discovering that such a nice, modest-looking girl as

Dora was only a common bicycle-thief was very great. Truth to tell, he had been very favourably impressed by her appearance; and it was vexing to think that he had been taken in.

"Oh, she's the thief, without any doubt!" cried impulsive Mabel. "I only wish I knew where to look for her! Why don't you go after her, policeman, and try to find her?"

The man in blue closed his notebook with a snap. "That's just what I'm going to do, miss; and you two," turning to the nurse-maid and errand-boy, "must give me your addresses, and be ready to attend at the police station, to identify her when caught. You say you're staying at the Marine Hotel, sir. Very well, I hope I shall be able to report the recovery of the bicycle before night. I shall send particulars of the thief round to all our force at once by a mounted constable."

Everybody knows that the police have ways and means unknown to ordinary mortals; otherwise it seemed to Arthur that to look for a girl in such an ordinary dress as blue serge and a sailor-hat, riding a bicycle just like any other bicycle, in a crowded health-resort, would be like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay. The crowd melted away, and after despatching Mabel in a cab to the hotel, Arthur followed on his machine; still greatly puzzled to understand how a girl with such honest grey eyes, and the speech and manners of a lady, could descend to vulgar, barefaced theft.

Unconscious Dora, still unaware that she was riding somebody else's bicycle, did two or three more errands, which resulted in the loss of a good deal of time at the various shops; and at length started for home at a brisk pace. As she rode along the Parade, which, as usual, was crowded with traffic, a policeman, catching sight of her, advanced, and with a wave of his hand motioned her to stop.

"Whose is this machine you're ridin'?" he asked grimly, as he laid a detaining grasp on the handle-bar. It was no other than our old friend E 22.

"Why, mine, of course!" answered Dora, gazing at him in astonishment, as she unwillingly dismounted.

"Had it long?" he drily asked.

"Since Easter. My aunt gave it to me." And then, her attention being for the first time fully concentrated on the machine, poor Dora stopped with a horrified gasp. By some trifling differences in the gear-case, and other parts, as well as by the monogram "M. C. V.," painted on the hind wheel-guard, she perceived that it was not her own cycle after all.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, horror-stricken. "I see it isn't mine—I must have made a mistake!"

"So I should think," said the policeman with grim pleasantry, grasping her arm. "A young lady staying at the Marine Hotel has just had a valuable bicycle stolen by a female exactly answering your description—'fair complexion, grey eyes, blue serge skirt, sailor-hat with a black ribbon,' he went on, reading from his notebook. "The machine is a Climax, black, with white handles, and the initials 'M. C. V.' on it. You'll just come with me to the police station at once."

Already a crowd was beginning to assemble, attracted by that instinctive prevision of trouble in the air which is so inexplicable. Poor Dora, frightened, puzzled, and feeling terribly lonely, had much ado to refrain from tears.

"Indeed I'm not a thief," she pleaded. "I only took the bicycle by mistake for my own. I'm Miss Greville, of Winston Manor, and I'm staying here in Carlton Gardens with my aunt, Miss Pole, sister of General Pole——"

"Come, I don't want to hear no more about your Generals," said E 22 contemptuously. He had not been long in the force, and was burning to add lustre to his name by an important capture, such as he believed this to be. He was not a physiognomist, and being convinced that Dora was only a particularly artful specimen of the genus swindler, he was determined not to believe anything she said.

The Marine Hotel happened to be nearly opposite the spot where Dora's progress had been arrested; and the gathering of the crowd brought several of the guests to the windows. Amongst others, it attracted the attention of Arthur Vernon and his sister, who were sitting on basket-chairs in the verandah. "I may as well go and see what's amiss; but you'd better stay here, Mab, for it wouldn't be pleasant for you to be mixed up in a street row."

She received the suggestion with the scorn of the modern girl who declines to be kept in cotton-wool in a handbox any longer, and followed him on to the Parade. The first sight of flushed, frightened Dora confronting the policeman brought Arthur's heart into his mouth with a sudden throb of pity; but it acted quite differently on Mabel, who exclaimed: "There she is!—the brazen thief who stole my cycle! I am glad she's caught!"

To her amazement, her brother turned upon her rebukingly. "Hush! You'd better mind what you say, or you may be sued for libel! We don't know the facts of the case

yet, and you must leave me to deal with them."

He spoke with all the assurance of a man and a barrister not unfamiliar with briefs.

"What can there be to say, when there's my machine as plain as possible?" was Mabel's hurried whisper; but without reply he turned to E 22. "Have you recovered my sister's cycle?"

"Do you identify it, miss?" asked the myrmidon of the law, addressing Mabel with a complacent air.

She looked it all over, and answered that she did. "Very well then, young woman, that's enough, and you'll just come with me to the station; and you'll prosecute, of course, sir, though the case is as clear as daylight."

Poor Dora, at her wits' end, looked

despairingly round at the ring of strange faces, in search of anything like sympathy or help; and unexpectedly reading a quite surprising amount of both in Arthur's handsome features, seized his hand imploringly, stranger though he was. "It's all a mistake," she gasped. "I only took the bicycle by mistake, as my own is a Climax too. I'm a lady, not a thief, and I'm staying with my aunt, Miss Pole, in Carlton Gardens! Oh, do help me! do help me!"

"I will," said Arthur briefly; and put on a very good imitation of the manner of the judge in whose court he was chiefly accustomed to attend. "Not so fast, policeman. I'm a barrister from the Middle Temple, and I can't consent to infringe the law in this manner. Every accused person is assumed to be innocent until proved guilty.

This young lady says this is all a mistake, and has given us her address, and a reference. Have you tried to verify her statements?"

"I can do that afterwards, sir. She's got the bicycle, and that's the main thing."

"But it is no crime, in law, to make a mistake; and she has a right to have her statements investigated. She says she also owns a Climax bicycle, and only took my sister's by mistake. Carlton Gardens is quite close, and I should advise you to make inquiries there at once."

"Arthur, you must have taken leave of your senses!" said Mabel in an indignant undertone. "How can you defend a thief?"

"Well, sir, you may be clever in the law, but you've no right to interfere with me, and you know the penalty for hindering the police in the execution of their dooty."

"I know this much," calmly responded Arthur: "if you arrest this young lady, and she is proved innocent,



Brought home by a stalwart coastguardsman—p. 330.

you will not only get into hot water with your superiors, for over zeal, but Beachbourne itself will acquire an unpleasant reputation for annoying visitors, which will certainly have a bad effect on its prosperity."

He could not have used a more convincing argument; for the town, which made all its money out of strangers, naturally enjoined the police to make everything as pleasant as possible for visitors, to induce them to come again.

"But the property of the visitors must be protected, sir," argued E 22.

"Quite so. But that is no reason why accused persons should be denied a hearing. I refuse to prosecute in this case, and I'm sure my sister will not do so, until you make inquiries at Carlton Gardens. If you find this lady has given a false address and reference, I promise I will do everything I can to bring her to justice. But if she has stated what is true, I will, if she will allow me, act as her legal adviser until she is restored to her friends."

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" cried Dora, looking up at him with eyes swimming in grateful tears. "My aunt has gone to London, and I know nobody here, and it is so dreadful to be all alone!"

"Very well then, I propose that we instantly take a cab to Carlton Gardens. You, policeman, shall go on the box, and I will accompany this young lady inside——"

"Then I shall go too!" cried Mabel sharply; adding *sotto voce*: "Men are such idiots where a pretty face is concerned!"

"Well, sir, this is all 'ighly irregular," complained poor outnatched E 22. "But Carlton Gardens is on our way to the police station, so we can call there first, if you like."

He beckoned to a four-wheeler, and Mabel, having handed over her recovered cycle to the hotel porter, who was an interested spectator, took her seat inside, opposite Dora, with an expression of face plainly denoting that she considered herself in very dubious company. Arthur seated himself beside his sister, and E 22, after an expressive glance at Dora's wrists, as if he positively yearned to handcuff them, remarked in closing the door—

"You're aware, sir, no doubt, what the penalty is for aiding and abetting the escape of a person accused of felony?"

"My good man, I've forgotten more law than ever you learnt," airily answered the young barrister; and rather crestfallen, the policeman seated himself beside the driver. The crowd, which from the first had manifestly been not unfriendly to Dora, raised a cheer as they drove away.

The instant they stopped, E 22 officiously

descended to open the door. All doubt as to Dora being known at the address given was dispelled by the apparition of the stout landlady, who came forward exclaiming—

"Oh, Miss Greville, I'm glad to see you back, for it's past your lunch time, and I can't think what's come to your little brother. He's been out since eleven, and it's very funny that he hasn't come back."

Dora, who began to feel rather faint after all the excitement of the morning, laid her hand on the door-post to steady herself. "Surely he can't have lost his way, Mrs. Penn?"

"Goodness only knows, with these mischievous boys! But what's all this about, miss?" gazing in astonishment at the policeman.

"A slight mistake has occurred—that's all," answered Miss Greville, as she led the way in a dignified manner to the handsome sitting-room occupied by her aunt. The family photographs and nicknacks lying about, as well as the letters she produced from Miss Pole's writing-case, written by well-known Society people, completely established her *bona-fides* in Arthur's eyes; but E 22 insisted on telegraphing to General Pole and several other people mentioned by Dora, and whilst awaiting the answers, discreetly withdrew to the hall.

Presently the reply telegrams arrived, including one from General Pole saying he could not quite understand why he had been referred to, but was coming down with his sister that evening from London to see his niece, who he trusted had been put to no annoyance. E 22 looked intensely sheepish, and Arthur impulsively clasped Dora by the hand, exclaiming: "Allow me to apologise most warmly, Miss Greville, for all the trouble and vexation this must have caused you!"

Mabel also shook hands, turning crimson as she did so; after which she made a hasty exit from the room. But Arthur stayed behind to say earnestly: "If I can be of any assistance to you about your little brother, Miss Greville, I shall be delighted. If you'll allow me, I'll come round again this evening, just to ascertain if he's come back all right."

E 22 once more whipped out his notebook. "I can give a description of him at the police station, if you like, miss," he said deferentially. Arthur had given him half-a-sovereign, and his views on many points had materially changed since entering the house. Dora, however, still clung to the belief that the truant would turn up of his own accord, though he had not returned when Arthur, true to his promise, called in the evening.

He was introduced to Miss Pole and the

General, who were becoming thoroughly alarmed, and were glad of his practical suggestions. He went round to give a full description of the boy to the police; and, unwilling to leave his new-found friends in their anxiety, shared the vigil which they kept that night. Until Bobby was found, none of his relatives could think of trying to sleep.

It was 3 a.m. before the limpest, most deplorable wreck of a boy ever seen, was brought home by a stalwart Coastguardsman; who had found him, miles from Beachbourne, in the very act of trying to launch a rowing-boat in the absence of the fisherman who owned it, intending to make his way across to France. Between his fatigue, his fright at the terrible danger the Coastguard informed him he had been rescued from, and his remorse for the destruction of Dora's bicycle, he was in such an abject state of mind that nobody had the heart

to very severely reproach him; and it was some days before he was himself again.

Greatly humiliated by the egregious mistake she had made in so hastily and unjustly accusing Dora of theft, Mabel Vernon felt constrained to offer her a most humble apology. It was a salutary lesson for the somewhat self-confident girl. How much humiliation, regret, and sorrow we all might save ourselves if we could only learn to refrain from the too-hasty judgments to which poor humanity is, alas, so prone!

The acquaintance so strangely inaugurated between Dora and Arthur soon ripened into love. It is noteworthy that the first gift made by the young barrister to his betrothed was a beautiful bicycle to replace that one now reposing somewhere at the bottom of the English Channel, the appropriation of which by a mischievous boy was destined to have such far-reaching consequences.

The Anchor of the Soul.

A NEW HYMN TUNE.

Words by JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE (1688-1758).

Translated by JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791).

mf Con moto moderato.

Music by E. BURRITT LANE, Mus. B. Dunelm, F.T.C.L.

(Organist of the King's Weigh-house Congregational Church, London.)

1. Now I have found the ground where-in Sure my soul's an-chor may re-main;

The wounds of Je-sus, for my sin Be-fore the world's foun-da-tion slain;

Whose mer-cy shall un-sha-ken stay, When heav'n and earth are fled a-way. A-men.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER.



RUINS OF CAPERNAUM

(Photo - Douglas)

CALLS TO DISCIPLESHIP.

By the Rev. Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., Edinburgh.



NOTHING more directly drives home the conviction of Christ's supremacy than the unhesitating manner in which He called men to Himself as their eternal satisfaction. Coming to found a Kingdom, He was required, in the first place, to attract subjects. This He did; He assumed the leading place, and it was yielded to Him. "Follow Me" was His first and last word. He Himself followed never—always led; took counsel with no one, asked advice of no one, but steadily pursued His own part, and bade men follow Him. He was absolute. Men were required to leave all else and trust in Him. Confronted with a world in presence of whose vice and cruelty and selfishness all others stand appalled, Jesus presented Himself as able to destroy the works of Satan and win men to Himself. He looked at men in the most undone conditions, recognised their depravity and distance from God, and yet invited them to lean upon Him, to abandon all other stays and helpers and trust in Him as able perfectly to deliver and satisfy

them. Strange, indeed, that such claims should be advanced; in some aspects, stranger still that they should have been admitted. For, in point of fact, by thus calling men to Himself, Christ did found a society which has ever since continued in the world, and is likely to outlast it—a kingdom which has never felt the touch of revolution, never sought to dethrone its King, or proposed to become a republic.

Considering, then, the extraordinary simplicity of Christ's method of founding this universal empire by merely inviting men to become His friends and fellow-workers, one would fain know what was the nature of the call He published, what did it invite men to; what conditions were attached to its acceptance, and so forth.

First, then, it may be asked, to what did Christ call men? "To be His disciples" is perhaps the answer which will most readily be given. Those who lived with Him, and went from place to place as His companions, called Him "Master"—that is, Teacher. And this title He accepted as at least representing one aspect of His relation to them. "Ye call Me Teacher, and ye do well, for such I am." One Who spoke with so much authority, and Who so felicitously

lodged in the mind the living seed of new thoughts and a new life, could not fail to be recognised as a teacher. Those who followed Him were therefore considered His "disciples"—men who were undergoing a course of instruction. He put into their hands no manual or text-book, but kept them with Him, that they might read His character and be fashioned in His likeness. And this is one of the permanent elements in His work. At the least, men must be His disciples, from Him learning to know God, and to value what is the highest in human character. And they must acquire this knowledge, as the first disciples did, by maintaining themselves in His company, by attending to His words, and by entering into His mind.

But bare discipleship is not enough. His call invites to more than a seat in His school. It is possible to learn from Christ as we learn from Plato or Butler; but it is not to such discipleship Christ calls us. To adopt His views of life is a good beginning, but there have always been those who went no further, and of whom it has to be written, "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." That to which Christ calls is a discipleship that includes a permanent participation in His fellowship and lot. In short, it is to a personal connection that Christ invites, a connection which is adequately represented only by such emblems as the Vine and its branches, the Head and the members. He calls us to Himself, not to the remembrance and imitation of Him, nor merely to a kind of fellowship in the fulfilment of the purposes to which He devoted His life, but to participation with a living Person in His life and in His will. It is this which forms the main attraction in His call. Certainly it is much to be summoned hopefully to take Him as our example and ideal; it is much to be introduced by His teaching into a region where the air is pure and the vision of things spiritual unobscured by earthliness; it is much to be permitted to labour for the same ends and in the same cause as He; but that which forms the supreme attraction in His call and bids us see that here we find our goal, is the invitation to unite ourselves personally with Him, to believe that He now lives and cares for us, and that by His Divine

Spirit He even lives within us. It is the personal element in our religion that is its life. If Christ is dead, or if He can communicate nothing vital to us now, His call is emptied of that which constitutes its strength.

At first, no doubt, His disciples only unconsciously followed Him because of the attraction of His personality. They even went so far as to ask Him what they would have for following Him. And He, instead of resenting the question and indignantly denouncing their stupid greed, with excellent self-mastery promised them thrones and honours and rewards. This was one of the trials of our Lord. He knew that even the twelve followed from mixed motives. They owned Him fit to be a King. His bearing suggested the Messianic throne. Through all His unassuming gentleness they perceived inalienable majesty, an easy supremacy in all companies and scenes. This is the Person born to rule for us, they felt; our joy and life would be to be under Him and near Him. They had an honest attachment to Him, deeper than they knew. But, with it all, they had room in their hearts for earthly ambition. In talking with one another it was of place and power in the new Kingdom they spoke, and they followed Him partly because they expected that their King would reward His intimates with substantial favours. It was not only Judas who followed to satisfy his unholy ambition. The best of them, James and John, sought places at the right hand and left of the throne.

Did our Lord, then, deceive these men by allowing them to expect what He knew they would not receive? To answer, we have but to consider whether they would have received a better reward than that which they have actually received, had they occupied the thrones of Archelaus or of Antipas; whether it is better to rule a province for a few years, to have power to tax and legislate for one's countrymen in matters civil and material, or to influence, as the Apostles have done, countless generations in the deepest human concerns and with the most beneficial results. Deceived in a sense they were, but for their endless profit. "Dig deep over all my ground," said the dying father to his sons, "and you will find much gold."

They found no pots of gold such as they looked for; but their land, permanently improved by the digging, enriched them abundantly. All through life we are led on by hopes that seldom find literal fulfilment, but leave us possessed of some better thing than we counted on. The student misses the prize he has wrought for day and night, but there remains the richer and more permanent gain of the mastery of some branch of knowledge, and of having schooled himself to toil. The lad enlists in the army, allured by the glitter of military equipments, the colours, the music, the pomp of war; these all in his first campaign turn into rags and hunger and blood; but does he feel himself deceived, or does he not perceive that his boyish hopes led him to a service of his country and an experience of life far more satisfying to his mature spirit than the paltry vanities which first attracted him? So was it with the first disciples. They were attracted to Christ's fellowship by hopes that were never realised, but in that fellowship they learned to know Christ, and to find in His friendship their true rest and supreme satisfaction. There were those, no doubt, who, like Judas, found it impossible to transfer their hopes, and deeply resented their disappointment. It seemed to them that they had been cruelly deceived. "Many of them," as the author of "Ecce Homo" says, "would hear with bitter disappointment, and some with furious hatred, exhortations to humility, to contentment with a lowly place, from the lips of Him Whom they had expected to make their fortunes. In this way the interested and mercenary would fall off from Him." But the true-hearted men found their affections engaged, and could not forsake Him Whom they recognised as their Friend and King. Through their intercourse with Him their life had been made new, their hopes and ambitions lifted to higher things, so that when they heard Him disclaim the offered throne they were still content to share His lot. "To whom can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

It is not always by one figure our Lord represents that to which He calls men. Sometimes it is to *work* men are summoned, as in the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Sometimes it

is a feast that is employed to symbolise it, as in Luke xiv. 16-24. The former figure illustrates the unhappiness of an unserviceable life, the sure disappointment of those who serve from selfish motives and in a bargaining spirit, and the happiness of those whose miscarriage in the actual work of life has taught them to welcome the offer of work for God, and generously to commit themselves and their service to His justice. The representation of the call as an invitation to a feast seems intended to illustrate at least two elements in it. In the first place, it says to us, Here is lavish expenditure to furnish adequate provision for human needs. The craving human heart, the wide, many-sided human nature, will find satisfaction here. The abundance, the security, the happy intercourse, the good feeling between host and guest—all that marks out such occasions as times of freedom from anxiety and of complete social gratification—is to be found in that to which Christ invites. As He Himself covered the imminent shame of the host at the wedding in Cana, when it was plain the wine was to run short, so He secures that in the feast to which He invites there shall be no lack. To be conscious that it belongs to God as our host to furnish us with entertainment, to make us feel at home even in His great presence, to see that we are free from care, this surely gives us more than a glimpse of the great goodness laid up in store for them that listen to His call.

But our Lord's comparison of His call to an invitation to a feast also reminds us of our absolute dependence on Him for entrance to the only happy human life. We are rather apt to think of all the blessing Christ brings as lying within our reach, waiting our acceptance. So in a sense it is, but admission to a feast is only by invitation. A strong desire may be felt to be present at some entertainment; you may have urgent reason for wishing to be present; your prospects may seem to depend upon your being there; but, unless you are invited, you cannot go. The idea of going unasked is not once to be thought of; your presence or absence depends entirely on the will of the host. If he does not desire your company, that decides the matter. If no place is set

apart for you and no provision made for you, what can you do to mend matters? So it is with the call of Christ. It must proceed from Him. If He has made no provision for our enjoyment, and issues no invitation to us to partake of it, we are helpless. Fellowship with Him, and all the joy that comes of it, is not a thing we can carry by assault; we must wait for it as we wait for fine weather, helpless to produce it.

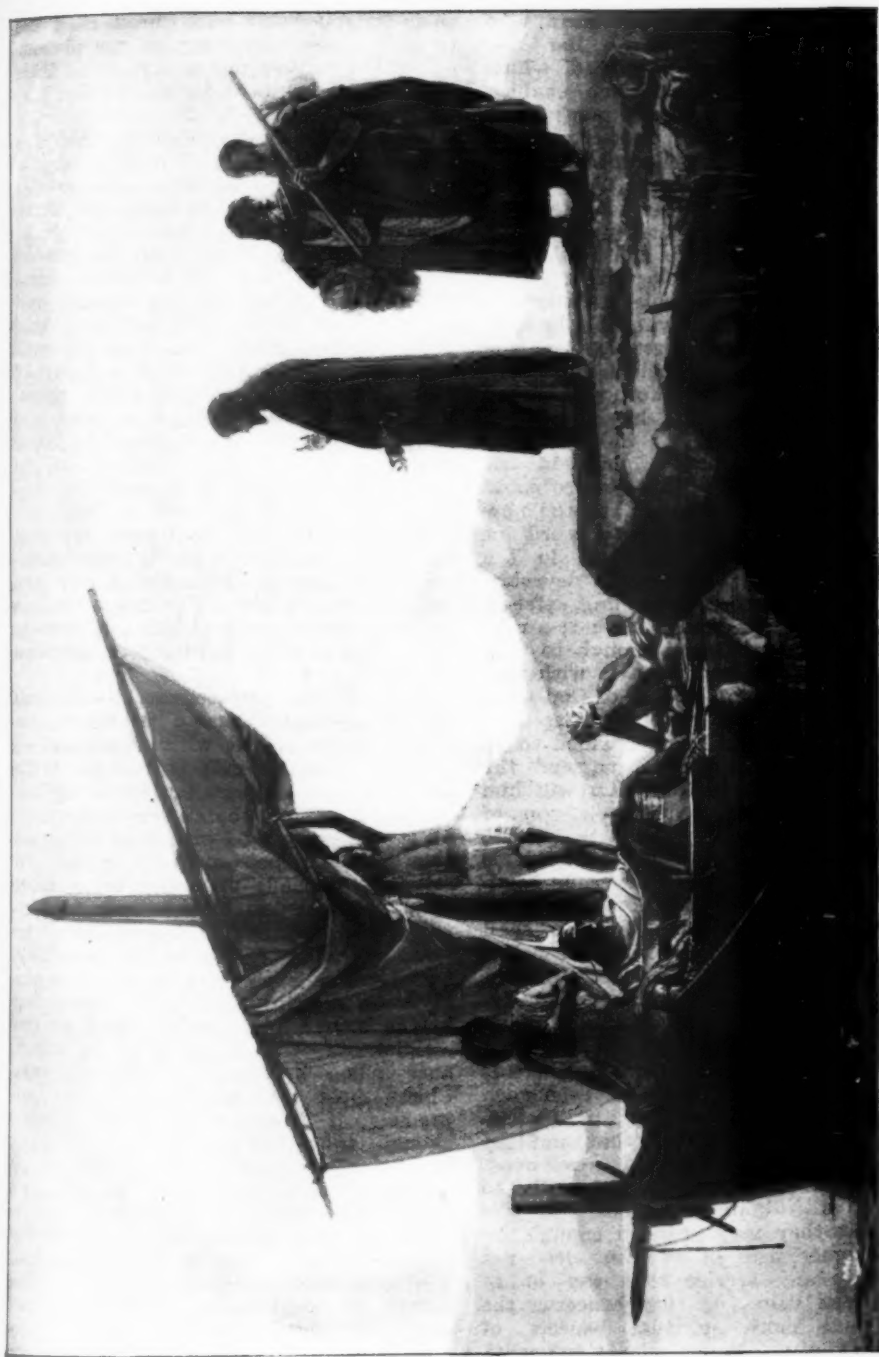
It therefore concerns us to inquire *how* and to whom Christ gives this call. From the Gospels we learn that His method was various. In general, it may be said that He intimated to men His accessibility and desire to be trusted as their Saviour, not only by express utterances to that effect, but also by the graciousness of His constant demeanour, by the self-revelation which He made in His miracles of His willingness to be at men's service, and especially by His death. He not only said that He had come as a physician and that He called sinners to Himself; He not only stood in public places and cried, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," but He, in His daily converse with men, put Himself at their disposal, invited sinners to find renewal of hope in His company, and by His deeds of mercy gave the most emphatic invitation to all sick, sad, and sinful persons to come unto Him. During the brief months of His ministry many misconceptions of His purpose were, no doubt, in vogue, but no one who knew anything of Him at all could doubt that He wished to make Himself accessible to all.

His purpose was universal, and the proclamation which men have felt to be most characteristic of Him is "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." In His own ministry there was, indeed, a limitation. He refused to go beyond the bounds of Palestine. He was sent, He declared, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. But by this restriction His work gained in intensity whatever it lost in extension. It was the compression of the spring in preparation for its rebound; the confinement of the driving power that gave it elasticity sufficient for the work required. The Jews were the prepared race, and among them were found those who could at once appreciate the deliverance Christ

wrought, the Kingdom He founded. It has been truly said: "He best served the Gentiles by leaving them out of His reckoning for the time. He wished to teach their teachers, and His words would have been lost to the after-generations unless He had spoken to a people schooled by the history of centuries to understand them. In the end the Gentiles gained by what seemed at the outset a harsh and narrow policy, and the paradox stands revealed as a truism that Christ makes His mission worldwide by limiting the range of His personal action."

The instinct of sinful and sorrowful men soon recognised in Him the universal Saviour, and perceived that the sense of need was the true invitation to Him. Necessarily, therefore, the call was given like seed sown broadcast, like a net cast into the sea. But in His own ministry He was not content with allowing men to draw their own conclusions from His public utterances. He formed a personal connection with individuals. And His manner of doing so is instructive. It is various and adapted to the differing conditions of those whom He called. This is especially apparent in the account given us by St. John of the manner in which He formed a friendship with His first five followers.

Two of these He invited to His own lodging, and, during the free conversation that ensued, they became convinced of His dignity, and were prepared to throw in their lot with Him. Here conviction was produced by that knowledge of Him which any of us still may have—a knowledge, indeed, no longer emphasised and made directly individual by question and answer, by actual vision of His expression and touch of His hand; but widened vastly by all that has since accumulated from further utterances of His and the influence He has exerted on the world, and lifted into a spiritual region from which impressions of sense are excluded and inner perception and affinities hold sway. Record of that conversation we have none. The significant feature of the incident is the readiness Jesus showed to make Himself accessible to inquirers. There is no aloofness in this great Figure, no supercilious disdain of men of the lower orders, but the kingly spirit of sympathy with all, and of readiness to apply to all His own resources.



From the Picture by E. ARMITAGE, R.A.

THE CALLING OF JAMES AND JOHN.

(By the kind permission of the Committee of the
Museum Art Gallery, Sheffield.)

Of His interview with the next who was brought to Him, Simon Bar-jona, we have some record—a record which reveals the penetration which enabled the Lord to enter into each man's inner life, and adapt Himself to each. Simon was a hasty, bluntly outspoken man; true, generous, affectionate, but quick to resent injury, and far too ready to speak and to act on the spur of the moment. Often had his hot-headedness brought him into trouble and annoyed his friends. None felt this more keenly than himself; so that when his brother Andrew burst into his presence with the eager cry, "We have found the Messiah!" his first thought, no doubt, was one of delighted surprise, but his second of despair. How could so ill-balanced a character as his find a place in the Messiah's kingdom? What service could so unstable a person render to the new enterprise? Some passionate word or action would be a firebrand in the young and small community, devastating, bringing discord, wrangling, offence, trouble of various kinds. No, no; a man like him might be good enough to haul nets and sell fish and wrangle with tax-collectors, but the Kingdom of God must be formed of men of another stamp.

Yet he let himself be persuaded to go and see the discovered King, and the first words he hears from Him win him for ever. "'Thou art Simon, son of Jona'; I know all that this name covers, and how Capernaum smiles when it is uttered; I know the troubles your hastiness has incurred, and how you wish you were another man; but you shall be another man. 'Thou shalt be called Cephas—a rock'; a man no longer moved with every gust of passion, but steady, staunch, and settled, on whom others may build." Thus Jesus won Peter by giving him the assurance that there is a place in His Kingdom for even such characters as his, and that, by association with the King, all that unfitted him for service would be removed. Through Simon Peter, Christ calls to Himself all diffident persons, all who feel that they may be good enough for the rougher uses of life, but need not aspire to any service that can be of permanent value, or that concerns the finer and more spiritual aspects of human affairs. To all who think with shame of the faults and vices that unfit

them for fellowship with Christ, He offers to give a new character as conspicuous for its helpfulness and soundness as their past temper has been for mischief.

It is necessary to observe that the call to discipleship has terms or conditions attached to it. These terms are most definitely stated in Luke xiv. 25-33, where we read that "there went great multitudes with Him; and He turned and said unto them, If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple," and other words to the same effect. Elsewhere He says: "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God"—let that be your first and predominant object. And in the parables of the pearl and the treasure hid in the field, it is still the same truth He impresses upon us, that allegiance to Him must be undivided. We must have no purposes of our own which are not also His; no affections which are stronger and can on occasion overbear and make light of our devotion to Him.

This absolute devotedness to Himself He demands not as an arbitrary exaction which might with advantage be lessened: He demands it because without it our attachment to Him is useless. To be of service, the anchor-chain must be strong enough to withstand all strain that can be put upon it. And our salvation depends upon our being more firmly attached to Christ than to anything that may pull in a contrary direction. Morality ceases to be morality, and becomes expediency or convenience, if it be not in the highest place but in the second place only. And so our allegiance to Christ ceases to be allegiance when it ceases to be supreme. Christ must demand to be loved supremely, if this love is to be strong enough to purify all other affections, and to deliver us from the power of all counteracting influences. It is not enough that we pass judgment on His claim and pronounce Him to be worthy of all homage, service, and devotion. We must also so esteem and love Him as to be constantly, uniformly, and powerfully drawn to obey Him. It is our likings and dislikings that save or destroy us, not the knowledge we possess

or the judgments we pronounce. It is our actual leanings and likings that manifest what we in our inmost selves are, what our real affinities are; and it is our likings which determine how we shall act in critical passages of our life, and in hours of temptation. And Christ demands that we shall love Him supremely, because this love purifies us from all earthliness, and contains in itself the surest guide and the strongest motive.

Therefore the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field: the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field. Or it is like the pearl of great price, which the wise merchant in search of goodly pearls will secure, though in order to buy it he must sell all that he possesses. Here the condition attached to the call is the same—the forsaking of all, that it may be responded to. But the reasonableness, nay, the inevitableness of doing so, is made prominent in the parables. The agriculturist and the merchant sell all they possess not reluctantly, but eagerly, greedily, knowing that they are far more than repaid by what they gain. That is to say, he who estimates Christ at His true value, thinks no sacrifice too great to make in order to secure His fellowship. There is no price too great to pay for this which in itself includes all good. There is nothing that the reasonable man will allow to stand in the way of his winning this prize.

It will be noticed that it is not a bargain that Christ makes with those whom He calls: "If you will abandon all else, I will be yours." Were it a bargain, many would quickly close with it. If, by the relinquishment of earthly possessions, we could thereby become sure owners of life and happiness eternal, who would not make the purchase? To sell all they have would be an easy process to the majority of men, and, were eternity to be purchased thus, surely there are few indeed who would not most gladly pay the price. But, of course, it is no such bargain our Lord means. What He means is, that those who know Him and understand what association with Him implies, will, of their own initiative, frown upon everything that threatens to prevent their respond-

ing to His call. The one necessity of their life seems to be a perfected fellowship with Him. Whatever it be that hinders this, they feel constrained to overcome. Nothing must rob them of this crown of life. It may be good, bad, or indifferent, but, if it threatens to sever them from Christ, it must be abandoned.

The concrete instance in which this principle receives its most vivid exemplification is the call of the rich young ruler. In him we see what comes of lowering Christ's own terms.

Here was a man who had sincere respect for Christ, and much willingness to obey Him. He went so far as to make a public acknowledgment of the reverence in which he held Him, and he sought His advice with the intention of following it. But he found he could not make the sacrifice demanded, and went away in sorrow and in self-contempt. Why did he fail? Why could he not follow the advice he had asked, and which he knew to be wise and kindly? He could not, because, with all his esteem for this Teacher, he had not such a love for Him as made severance from Him the worst of losses; he had not *such* reverence for Him as made it impossible to disobey Him. He could not forsake all for Christ's sake, and so he lost both Christ and his possessions. For, going back to them conscious that for them he had sacrificed his future, his conscience, and his self-respect, he could no longer find any happiness in them. They became a continual reproach to him, a reminder of his radical weakness of character. He hated his wealth, yet could not part with it. And because he put Christ second he lost Him altogether. At the critical moment of his life, it was not Christ's will that turned the scale, but his worldly interests. No man was ever more distinctly called. In Christ's dealing with him, His compassion and tender sympathy were so apparent that those who witnessed the scene knew and marked that Jesus loved him. And yet, though His love would fain have retained him, it could not overmaster the ruler's deliberate preference for earthly possession.

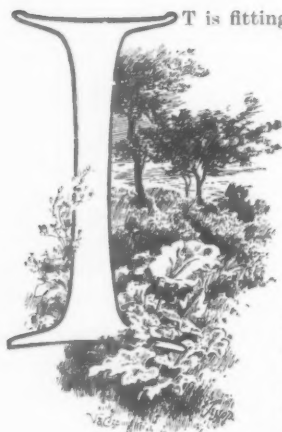
[END OF PART I.]

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for his own contribution only.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

FEBRUARY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



IT is fitting for the Christian man to remember that the glory of God is the first note of English song. "For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory-King of Hosts." So begins the sacred poem of Cædmon. His day is February 11th, his period the seventh century. According to the historian Bede, the Abbess Hilda found amongst the people dwelling on the convent lands at Whitby an old brother "of secular habit until mature age," who "had never learnt any poem." When, at feasts, each of the company would sing in turn, Cædmon would, as he saw the harp drawing near him, rise from the table and seek his home. The story goes that on one such occasion, when he had gone to "the stables of the beasts," that night under his care, he fell asleep. Then "one stood by him, saluting him, and calling him by name. 'Cædmon,' he said, 'sing me something.' 'I cannot sing,' he said; 'for I have come out hitherto from this feast because I could not sing.' Again he who spoke with him said, 'But you shall sing to me.' 'What,' he said, 'ought I to sing?' And he answered, 'Sing the origin of creatures.'" And Cædmon sang. On waking from sleep, he remembered the lines he had made, and added others to them.

In the morning he went to the steward of town-lands and told of the gift he had discovered. He was carried before Hilda, the Abbess, who put him to some reasonable tests. Satisfied that the soul of a poet had suddenly been awakened in the man, she urged him to put off the secular habit and become a monk. He entered the monastery, was instructed in sacred history, and "turned [it] into sweetest verse." The work attributed to Cædmon is undoubtedly of great merit, and is of the period to which Cædmon belonged. There is nothing inherently improbable in the story that Bede, writing not so long after the reputed incidents, tells. But it is not unreasonable that the example of Cædmon should have drawn out other poems of a similar kind, produced in the same atmosphere of spiritual fervour as that in which the genius of Cædmon suddenly burst into song. In any case, these poems consecrate early English song, and are amongst the first contributions to a department of English literature which contains some of the finest products of the literary genius of our people.

The month of February is one of peculiar interest in the constitutional history of England. From February 4th to February 12th, 1688-89, the Lords and Commons in convention debated the instrument by which the throne, left vacant by James II., was filled by William and Mary, and by which certain fundamental principles of the Constitution, long imperilled under the Stuarts, were clearly and finally reaffirmed. Great as the importance of the document is, it was not long in making. In truth, everybody knew the things the nation wanted; the mad policy of James had left them clear enough. Framed by the Commons, the Declaration of Rights was adopted with a few alterations by the Lords. On February 13th, in the Banqueting House, Whitehall, the two Houses met William and Mary.

Halifax, as spokesman, announced that the Convention or Parliament which had been summoned to deal with the situation had drawn up a Resolution which he asked their Highnesses to hear. The Declaration was thereupon read by the Clerk of the House of Lords, and Halifax, in accordance with it, invited William and Mary to occupy the throne. William, in a few words, announced that they accepted the trust; his audience raised a shout of applause, which was caught up and repeated by the waiting thousands outside. Presently Lords and Commons came out, and, in their presence at the great gate of Whitehall, Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed William and Mary to be King and Queen of England. The Revolution thus peacefully consummated marked the beginning of Parliamentary government in England as we now understand it. The monarch had hitherto been the directing and decisive power in framing the policy of the nation; the Declaration of Rights shows us the final transfer of that power to Parliament. It will be remembered, too, that the same instrument secures the Protestant succession to the throne.

February 16th, 1739, is a day of some interest to the student of foreign missions. So

received a royal commission to take possession of lands unoccupied by Christian peoples, he placed amongst the objects of his expedition "the honour of God and compassion for the poor infidels led captive by the Devil." The Puritan exiles in America felt their responsibility. The Virginia Company under its charter provided for the preaching of the Gospel amongst the savages around its colony. The Council of Foreign Plantations, formed by Charles II., had amongst its aims the propagation of the Gospel. As early as 1604, Dean Prideaux had a plan for the conversion of India, which led to recognition of the religious duty of the East India Company. By this time the Society for Promoting Christianity had been established, and in 1701 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel obtained its charter. But, with all this, the work was moving slowly, and something like an epoch is marked by one of Bishop Butler's sermons. It was delivered before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at the church of St. Mary-le-Bow on Friday, February 16th, 1738-39. The Bishop took for his text St. Matthew xxiv. 14: "And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations." Although the earlier parts of the sermon are upon lines which a missionary preacher of to-day would hardly follow, the rest anticipates, in a very striking way, many of the arguments still urged from pulpit and platform. For the Bishop pointed out that the Divine Kingdom is ordained to be a witness; that the purposes of Providence are carried on by the preaching of the Gospel to those who reject as well as to those who receive it; that it is God's ordinance that man be instructed by man; that the Gospel received entails the obligation to make it known to others; and that no man has a right to be called a Christian who does not do something towards discharging this trust. The Bishop then shows that this duty implies work for our colonists, their slaves, and the aborigines. The Bishop evidently felt that the duty towards the slave would with difficulty be recognised. It seems odd to us now that a Bishop should need to write of the slaves: "Despicable as they may appear in our eyes, they are the creatures of God, and of the race of mankind, for whom Christ died"—but the times needed these reminders. He proceeds then to show that all "navigation and commerce" should be consecrated to the service of religion; that great good comes even from the bare establishment of Christianity in any place; that Christian men of all views should combine in the discharge of the common duty; that irreligion and superstition are serious hindrances to it; that the work has a reflex action for good in making the Gospel



THE STORY OF CAIN AND ABEL.

(From the *Coxsman MS.*, circa 1000 A.D., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.)

far, the Christianity of our nation had done little for the heathen world, little even for our own people scattered in the colonies. We were slowly awakening to our duty in this matter. When, in 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert

more and more of a witness at home; that all too little is done; but that, "if the Gospel had its proper influence upon the Christian world in general, as it is the centre of trade and seat of learning, a very few ages, in all probability, would settle Christianity in every country, without miraculous assistance." The eighteenth century has often been condemned for the lack of spiritual vitality; we do well sometimes to remember the spiritual worth and the spiritual prescience of some who lived in its earlier as well as its later decades.

February 22nd, 1732, is a day held in much estimation in the United States, for then was born George Washington, the Father of the Republic. The growing solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon race makes the fame of Washington our common possession on both sides of the Atlantic. He came, indeed, of an English stock, his grandfather having emigrated in 1657. He had intended to enter the British Navy, but was dissuaded by his mother, and began a civil career. But he early drifted into military employment, for which his qualifications were of a convincing character. The fame of Washington rests, however, on a broader basis than military success. He was in the highest sense a patriot. Although



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(After a Painting by Stuart.)

he died a century ago on December 14th last, he still remains one of those heroic figures which occupy the foreground of American history, and teach a young nation that patriotism is not a virtue which needs for its birth or growth the long associations of accumulated centuries, or the stimulus of a far-reaching history crowded with noble examples.

Canada, too, has a memory associated with this month. On February 10th, 1763, was signed the Treaty of Paris, under which the possession of Canada was confirmed to Great Britain. Wolfe's victory on the Heights of

Abraham opened the way for a settlement, which, in effect, made England the greatest colonial Power in the world. It left in Canada two distinct races, combining French and English under one dominion, and preparing them for a union which has since proved itself equal to the display of a loyalty as deep and as enthusiastic as any that the daughter-nations of the mother-land have shown.

"To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about,
Is nothing so bad when you've cover to 'and, and leave an' likin' to shout;
But to stand an' be still to the *Birkenhead* drill,"

is, Mr. Rudyard Kipling informs us in one of his "*Barrack-Room Ballads*," quite another thing. But, as he proceeds—

"They done it, the Jollies—'Er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too!
Their work was done when it 'adn't begun; they was younger nor me an' you;
Their choice it was plain between drownin' in 'eaps an' bein' mopped by the screw,
So they stood an' was still to the *Birkenhead* drill, soldier an' sailor too!"

The tragedy of the *Birkenhead*, in its way as glorious a memory as any deed done by the British soldier, fell on February 26th, 1852. The *Birkenhead* was an iron transport carrying drafts from various regiments, and having in all, when she left home, 638 souls on board. She had sailed from Cork and, having touched at Capetown, had been ordered on to Algoa Bay. It was a quarter to two on the morning of the 26th when the ship suddenly drove on to a submerged rock. Captain Salmond at once made dispositions for saving his passengers, and the soldiers were told off to various duties in perfect order. Unhappily, the captain then backed his ship off the rock, and she at once began to go to pieces. The women and children were got into the only available boats, and word was passed that all who could swim should try to save themselves. Colonel Seton, of the 74th Highlanders, urged the men on no account to make for the boats containing the women and children; and of all the throng presently precipitated into the sea, not one attempted to do so. The official report of the wreck says: "Colonel Seton issued his commands with as much coolness and presence of mind as if he had been on parade. Everyone did as he was directed. All received their orders, and had them carried out—as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom. There was only this difference: that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion." When the *Birkenhead* struck, she had 631 persons on board. Of these 440 were lost, but not one woman or child was in that number.

WEAK-BACKED THOMAS.

A Story of Chapel Life. By Harry Davies.



SHORT, spare, loosely built little man, with thin and irresolute legs that seemed to waver and bend inward as he walked; a little man with a halting style of speech and a curious inconsequence and self-effacement of manner; a little man of singularly colourless appearance, with his light blue eyes, his thin hair running into weak, anemic-looking curls behind his

ears, and his straggling beard of pale flaxen hue growing sparsely about his face. Such was Weak-backed Thomas.

If Thomas gave vent to an opinion with which he found, from your tone of voice or expression of face, that you did not agree, he would hastily say, "I mean *in a way*, you see. *In a way*, like." And he would keep backing down in his views by qualifying them with his pet phrase until he found out that he had meant to say exactly what you thought, *in a way*, and that your opinions corresponded to the minutest particular with his own. Whereupon he would go off quite delighted.

Weak-backed Thomas sat in the very last seat, in the corner, under the gallery of the little country chapel; and even that was typical of him. For he was always in a back seat throughout his whole life, whether in chapel, or in his own home, or in his work. There was a curious lack in him which rendered it impossible for him to make himself felt, as other men did. It was seemingly an absolute want of force, of colour, of moral conviction, or the power to sustain it. In everything he did and said, and even in his very appearance, there was a peculiar insipidity and ineffectiveness which stamped him as lamentably and irretrievably wanting in stamina.

One of the surest signs of his weakness of back was his intense desire to please and conciliate. He would always seek to say the thing that was acceptable rather than the thing that he felt. His acquiescence in any opinion you might like to express was almost irritating in its readiness and unnecessary profuseness. He had a tiresome way of

coming to a standstill after you had made a most trivial observation, assuming an air of profound conviction, and saying: "Yes, that's quite right, that is. You are quite right about it." In short, you could never walk or talk with Thomas without being "quite right" on any subject under the sun. If you changed your mind, Thomas changed his, too, with an air of being deeply impressed by the force of your reason for so doing. If you reserved your judgment, Thomas also reserved his—with his head on one side, as though in admiring commendation of your acumen and foresight.

Thomas was a hopeless individual in any chapel controversy or dispute. He was always of the same opinion as the last speaker, and, in consequence, the despair of both parties. In the course of the great faction struggle, by which our little community was torn and shaken to its very foundations when the question of the proposed re-seating of the chapel was being fought out, Thomas veered so hopelessly from one party to the other that his position at last became a matter of bewilderment, not only to himself, but to everyone else. He had no settled convictions on the subject, and was always of the same views as the man with whom he had held the most recent conversation. He had a way of appropriating any phrase or argument which he had heard uttered by someone else, and of going about repeating it as his own until he met a person who combated it. Then he would look doubtful and apologetic, and change his views.

One summer evening Thomas walked homeward from the weekly prayer-meeting with William Bloss, an ardent adherent of the younger and radical party, whose members were agitating for the general modernising of the little chapel. William Bloss was full of vigorous argument anent the vexed question all the way home, and Thomas, who, a few hours before, had been siding with Aaron Lees, of the opposite party, was quite won over to the revolutionists by the force of William's reasoning.

"This is jes' the p'int," said William Bloss, gesticulating with his forefinger as he spoke. "Be we goin' to have new seats or bain't we?"

"Yes, that's quite right, that is," replied Weak-backed Thomas, immensely impressed by this lucid statement of the position.

"Well, that's jes' the startin' p'int," said

William Bloss, well pleased with himself. "Now we comes to the argyments for an' against. You mus' look at the matter all roun', you know, Thomas," said William

against," said William Bloss. Here he paused with the air of a man who is going to deliver a pulverising blow at the enemy, and a sarcastic smile played about his mouth. "As

far as I can see," he said triumphantly, "there *ain't* no argyment against—except one, and that is as they want things to remain as they be. *There's* an argyment for you, Thomas! Ef I couldn' find a better argyment than that, I'd go an' hide my head for very shame."

"There now!" exclaimed Weak-backed Thomas in enthusiastic approval. "That's the way to talk, that is, William. That's quite right, that is."

And for the next few days Thomas went about repeating William Bloss's arguments as though they were his own, and had just occurred to him for the first time.

"It 'ud be better all round to have new seats," he said to everyone. "Better all round! Better in comfort, better in appearance, and more after the fashun. There ain't no argyment agenst it as I can see, excep' as they want things to remain as

they be—an' that's a poor argyment, that is!"

In the course of his parrot-like repetitions of this speech, Thomas at last found an irascible antagonist in the person of Griffith Gaunt, a sturdy member of the older and conservative party.

"*What?*" exclaimed Griffith, in a voice like that of a bull. He pursed his lower lip out in wrathful contempt, the great veins on his forehead swelled, his face grew red with choleric rage.

"*What?*" he roared again, and thumped his big stick on the road.

"I—I mean *in a way*," said the miserable Thomas hastily, "a—a—in a way, like!"



"You don' know what you do mean."

Bloss, who prided himself on his logical turn of mind.

"Yes, that's quite right, that is," said Thomas, so struck by this forcible reasoning that he came to a standstill in the lane, and gazed at William Bloss in ardent admiration.

"Well, the argyment for is as it 'ud be better all roun'," William Bloss went on, still punctuating his remarks with his forefinger. "Better all roun'. That's it. Better in comfort, better in appearance, and more after the fashun."

"Yes, that's quite right, that is," said Thomas.

"Well, now we comes to the argyments

"*In a way!*" echoed the angry Griffith, mimicking Thomas's piping voice with supreme disgust. "You mean in a way, do you? You don't know what you do mean, and that's the truth about it. Comfort! Appearance! Fashun! Is all your heads gone wrong at once? They wants bumping together, I should think, to put 'em right agen! Is it comfort and appearance and fashun you comes to the means of grace for? Is that what the House of God is for?"

Griffith looked so threatening as he alternately thumped his stick, and mimicked Thomas in falsetto voice, and roared in thundering tones, that Thomas hastily stepped back.

"*In a way,*" he faltered in feeble tones, casting a pleading look at Griffith.

"Drat it, man!" shouted Griffith. "Don't say that agen, or I shall be led to bang you on the head with my stick! What d'ye mean by '*in a way*'? Answer me. Is it comfort and fashun you expects to find in the House of God? Did the disciples talk about comfort and fashun? Did St. Paul talk about 'em? Did the men as fought and died for our freedom of religion talk about 'em? Answer me that!"

Griffith was roaring again and brandishing his stick recklessly, and Thomas, hurriedly taking another step backward, utterly collapsed.

"A—a—you are quite right—that is quite right, that is—you are quite right," he said, with pitiful eagerness to conciliate. "A—a—I meant *in a*—I meant a—a—as *that is what they are saying*, see? Yes, I meant as *that is what they are saying!*"

Two big drops of perspiration rolled down Thomas's agitated face as he floundered desperately upon this happy explanation, and he felt an unspeakable sense of relief at having rounded such an awkward corner.

"Yes, I meant as *that is what they are saying*," he repeated for the third time, wiping the perspiration off his face with his red pocket-handkerchief.

Griffith gave him one look of indescribable contempt, turned on his heel with a loud snort, and went off without another word, his very hat, as he pressed it down irascibly on his head, being indicative of scornful wrath.

Weak-backed Thomas drew a long breath and mopped his face with his handkerchief profusely as he watched Griffith's broad back disappear round the turn of the lane.

"Yes, that's quite right, that is!" he said to himself with conviction, after his agitation had subsided, and the next day found him repeating Griffith's arguments, although, he it said, with due caution and discrimination, learned of bitter experience. On this occasion

he selected Aaron Lees, whom he well knew to be of Griffith's party.

"They talks about fashun and comfort," he said. "Did the disciples talk about fashun and comfort? Did St. Paul talk about 'em? Did the men as fought and died for our freedom of religion talk about 'em? That's what I should like to know!"

"Bravo!" said Aaron Lees, with genuine pleasure. "Bravo, Thomas! Them's good argyments, them is! Rare good argyments! I consider you've got 'em fair in a corner with them argyments, Thomas!"

Whereupon Thomas went off, delighted as a child. It never occurred to his simple nature that he was doing a dishonest thing by posing, as it were, in borrowed plumes. It was purest happiness to him to earn approval by his remarks, and when he repeated the phrases and opinions of others he almost persuaded himself that they were also his own.

A few nights afterwards, in the course of a heated discussion, Griffith Gaunt stood up and made a fiery speech, re-stating his arguments verbatim with sledge-hammer impetuosity. As he sat down, having created a palpable effect, Aaron Lees dug him under the arm with his thumb, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"I know who you got those argyments from, Griffith," he said in an undertone, "an' very good argyments they be; but it strikes me you might have acknowledged 'em as bein' Thomas Lunkin's!"

"*What!*" exclaimed Griffith in a loud voice, which caused everyone to turn round in surprise, and even made John Haggins pause in the opening sentence of his speech.

"Sh-sh!" put in the dismayed Aaron hurriedly.

Griffith by a great effort restrained himself, but his wrath only gathered intensity by being repressed, and he almost went off with an explosion on two or three occasions. He plunged back into the corner of the seat with such angry force that the woodwork creaked in shrill complaint, and throughout the whole of the evening his fingers were moving convulsively and his big boots tapping the floor without intermission. It was well for Weak-backed Thomas, when the meeting was over and explanations ensued, that he had gone off with a group of members whose way homeward lay in the same direction as his own.

Even then Thomas was perfectly unconscious of having committed any act of duplicity. On the contrary, he felt an unspeakable sense of elation. When Griffith spoke with such telling effect, he actually regarded the arguments advanced with the pride of part-ownership and authorship, and his eyes glistened with pleasure and gratification as

Griffith sat down. Throughout the evening his chest swelled with a sense of success and achievement, and he could not sit still in his seat for the jubilant delight which possessed him.

Where the western stretches ran into rougher and bolder outline of hill and valley, three miles distant from the gentle, undulating country in whose midst stood the little chapel, Thomas lived his uneventful life, even from the day he was born until the time when he was carried forth on his last journey along the familiar lanes. His cottage stood on the side of the hill, with its garden stretching down before it. Round the little homestead ran a rough mortarless wall, built by Thomas's father, and repaired at sundry intervals, during more recent years, by Thomas himself. From the doorway one looked across a veritable panorama of waving country, stretching, by gentle rise and fall, to the far horizon—a restful picture of white roads, and quiet farms, and red-tiled cottages, mingling amidst meadow and wood and hedgerow. Inside the homely little kitchen the furniture remained exactly the same as it had done during the lifetime of Thomas's parents. The old slow-ticking eight-day clock; the huge dresser with its rows of quaint crockery; the round table of white wood; the copper warming-pan above the broad mantelshelf; they were all placed exactly where they had been when Thomas was a child in pinafores.

Weakness, irretrievable weakness, was the keynote of Thomas's character. He had no opinions, no independence, no moral courage, no force or stamina whatever. To what extent his insipidity of character was due to constitutional causes it is impossible to say, but one could never come into contact with him without feeling that his blood was void of any colour or strength or richness. There was nothing in his attitude, his voice, or his walk that suggested the least trace of manliness. And yet there were qualities in his personality which one could not but admire. They were all under the surface, and you had to get to know Thomas before you guessed their existence. Even then one could never quite decide whether they sprang from weakness or from some unsuspected source of strength which lay hidden in a remote corner of his being. For instance, he had a wonderful fund of patience. Continuous trouble and worry dogged his footsteps for some five-and-twenty years, yet he was never known to speak an angry or complaining word. Where other men, with far greater depth in their character, would have stormed and fumed oftentimes, Thomas bore in silence. It came with a strange sense of anomaly and

contradiction to discover in such a weak man a store of quiet endurance such as one naturally associates with minds of exceptional strength. There is, we all know, a patience of the weak, which, when analysed, resolves itself into nothing more than listless apathy, springing from the sheer inability or disinclination to act, from inertia consequent upon mental weariness, from the utter lack of deep feeling. But this was not the kind of spurious patience which Weak-backed Thomas possessed. He was capable of intense suffering. On that point there is not the shadow of doubt. His feelings might be shallow to the mentality of another man, but to him they were deep. All things are relative to the mental vision and receptiveness in one's own personality. The shallow stream is shallow to the deep river, even when the rain-floods come and swell it, but to itself it is deep beyond recognition, and its bosom is a swirling eddy of unrest and agitation. Thomas could suffer keenly according to his own standard, and his patience must therefore be classed with the patience of a strong man. If evidence were wanted as to the intensity of his emotions, it was often seen in the effect which a moving passage in a sermon, or a pathetic incident in life, always had upon him. When the minister was at his best, and spoke with that simple, touching eloquence which always marked his most inspired moments, you might see Thomas leaning forward with parted lips, drinking in every word, and fidgeting in his seat meanwhile, in his endeavour to keep back the tears that would stream down his face. You may say that it was weak emotionalism; and so doubtless it was; but not to Thomas. To him it was real intensity of feeling.

It was the same in his daily life. He had a capacity for feeling things, and a quiet patience in bearing them, which seemed absolutely paradoxical in such a man. Had his nature been a strong one, these qualities would have made him a happier individual. But his utter weakness made them a veritable whip for his back. It was his weakness that allowed his sharp-tempered wife to take the upper hand in their daily affairs, and ere long to henpeck him unmercifully. It was his weakness that permitted his children, one by one, to grow beyond his control, and to flout his authority. In these circumstances, his long-suffering patience and his capacity for feeling became curses to him instead of blessings, and he had been better without them. His feebleness of character at home was doubtless due to that yielding sweetness of disposition which led him to agree with everyone in turn, and to shrink from the unpleasantness of differing from others on the smallest question. His wife and children

found out his weakness, and trampled upon it ruthlessly. Instead of honouring him for his good qualities—his kindness, his affectionate disposition, and his amiability of character—they took advantage of the lack that was in him. They knew that if they said "We will do this," he would smile and answer "Yes"; that if they said "We will not do that," he would smile and answer "No." Presently they said neither the one thing nor the other, but acted in all the affairs of life without consulting him, and Thomas became a cypher in his home, as he was in the affairs of the church.

Thomas's wife was a hard-natured woman, who, in the hands of a stronger man, might have made a good helpmeet. In the hands of Thomas she became a shrew. Her children were all like her in disposition, and, with her example ever before them, grew up to disregard their father openly, to look upon him with feelings perilously nigh to scorn and contempt. Yet Thomas never spoke a word of complaint either to his household or to the outside world. He bore with his wife for twenty years, and when she died he wept like a child. It was typical of him

that he had never once resented her exasperating ways. And when she died he wept, while her children and his stood dry-eyed around the corpse. They were hard-natured, as she had been. They could not understand his emotion. Oftentimes, after they had seen the tears streaming down his face in chapel under the effect of some exceptionally touching passage in the minister's sermon, they had said to each other, "Well, of all the sillies as ever lived the biggest is father! He was cryin' agen in chapel to-night. An' what *was* there to cry about?" Nor could they understand him any better now. It was to be! She was out of her misery. Had they not been expecting it for months? And so they stood dry-eyed while he wept. To him there was a terrible pathos in the fact that she would never speak again.

Jim, the eldest child, a boorish, unmannerly, self-willed lad, who had always been the spoiled pet of his mother, had already "gone off for a soldier" two years before her death. She had begged and prayed of him not to go, but she had taught him too well the hardness and unresponsiveness of her own nature, and he paid her in her own



"I've been a bad daughter to you, father," she said.—p. 346.

coin. It was little he remembered of the years of blind and foolish adulation she had lavished on him, and when it suited him he went off. He had written from time to time—to his mother. After her death he ceased to write at all. His father was nothing to him.

Tom, the second child, married six months after his mother's death. Innately selfish, like the others, he had contributed but the merest pittance out of his earnings towards his own support, so that when he married he had a tolerable sum laid by. He had practically allowed his father to maintain him and to struggle with continual difficulties in the task, but did not deign to inform him of his matrimonial intentions until the wedding-day had been fixed, nor ever once visited him after settling in his own home.

Sarah, the youngest child and the only daughter, an ill-tempered, rebellious, sharp-tongued girl, who "took after" her mother in all things, led Thomas a sad life until she left him to marry John Lomas, one of the worst blackguards in the country-side. When her father, summoning superhuman courage, ventured to remonstrate with her on her choice, she assailed him with a torrent of insolent abuse, so that he went up into the solitude of the hillside and there wept his sorrow to the stars. Sarah took her own path, and Thomas was left alone.

Four years passed by. Thomas, still living alone in his hillside cottage, came to chapel as usual, sitting in his back seat under the gallery, and taking a shadowy part in the affairs of the church in the same feeble, apologetic way as of old. He was just as self-effacing as ever, just as yieldingly anxious to agree with everyone, just as flaccid and weak-backed and undecided. But no one ever spoke a sharp word to him now—not even old Griffith Gaunt—for they all truly pitied him.

Not a single murmur of complaint against his children ever passed his lips during the years that he lived alone; but his hair grew white in the meantime, and it was borne in upon everyone that he was very desolate, very miserable, very lonely at heart. Yet only the minister knew how desolate and how lonely, and he never failed to go and see him twice a week and sit with him for an hour at a time. Not that the minister could derive much satisfaction from the visit, for Thomas's sole powers of conversation, as of old, lay in replying, "Yes, that's quite right, that is! Yes, that's quite right." It was simply a labour of love, simply the call of duty that

led the minister, twice a week, to that cottage on the hillside.

In the meantime, Sarah was finding out for the first time in her life what trouble was. We may snap our fingers at the world as much as we will, but sooner or later the world takes hold of us, and kicks us, and teaches us better manners. Sarah's husband filled the rôle of the world in her case, and kicked her at his own sweet will—kicked her brutally, kicked her frequently, and, as a pleasant accompaniment to this diversion, systematically half-starved her, until she had neither health nor spirit left. And one fine morning he went off altogether, leaving three young children dependent upon her, and this cheery message scrawled on a dirty piece of paper: "i am off to foren parts it's no gude for u to try to finde me cos i'm goin' rite away. Do the best u can for urseself, u'll never see me again."

When the minister, hearing the news, went to see Sarah, he found her and her children in hunger for bread to eat.

"Come, Sarah," he said. "Come with me to your father. He will not refuse to prove a friend to you."

Sarah shook her head sadly. "He would never have me now," she said. "I've treated him shameful. God knows I've been punished for it, but—no, I could never go to him now."

"Come with me," said the minister quietly.

And it was thus that Sarah returned to her home, one of the children led by the minister, the other clinging to her threadbare gown, the third in her arms. She was thin and wan-looking. She had lost all her youth and freshness, and was woefully unlike the Sarah who had gone away. Yet her face was sweeter to look upon, for suffering had chastened it, and all the old hardness and selfishness had gone.

Thomas broke down when he saw them—broke down utterly; and Sarah wept with him.

"I've been a bad daughter to you, father," she said. "An' I don't deserve help, but we are starving for food."

"Are you comin' back to live with me?" asked Thomas, half-timidly, half-wonderingly, a great light of happiness in his eyes.

"I had hardly dared to hope as you'd be so good as to let us come," said Sarah; "but if you'll have us, father, you'll find me grateful all my days."

"Yes, that's quite right, that is; yes, you are quite right," said Weak-backed Thomas brokenly.

CHRIST TO THE HILL- AND CAVE-DWELLERS.

By the Author of "Women Doctors in Heathen Lands."



(From Photo: supplied by the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.)

SOME OF THE CAVE-DWELLERS.



SMALL brown finger traces from right to left the beautiful but intricate characters of a Tamil geography book. The liquid black eyes open wider. "The thoughts of youth are

long, long thoughts." What a wide, wide world the mind of a young Hindu scholar is called upon to compass! Her native town of Ootacamund is 7,500 feet above the sea, therefore well calculated to be a post of observation. Her book, which all good Indian schoolgirls under British direction are required to study, tells her that living amid the Blue Mountains which stretch to cloudland, or on the Wynaad tableland, are "five principal hill tribes: The Todas, a

pastoral, and the Badagas, an agricultural people, found on the summit of the hills around Ootacamund and Coonor and the neighbourhood; the Kotas, who live round Kotagiri; the Kurumbers of the Wynaad, a tableland on the western slopes of the Nilgiri hills; the Irulas, who inhabit the eastern slopes."

So far so good. But what of the Naikars in their rock caves? Or the Kurichers, and others known and unknown to enterprising travellers? A Hindu schoolgirl has much to learn about the descendants of the "giants and monkeys" whom her immigrant forefathers gloried in driving towards the far south or into mountain fastnesses. The English themselves are nearer akin to her in race than the 50,000 children of ancient possessors of the country.

A wave of civilisation is advancing upon the aboriginal tribes. Some few, like the industrious Badagas, bid fair to rise on its crest; many are more likely to be swept away, leaving only a vague memory behind. They have no literature, and can tell little of their own history. The best known are the Todas, a remnant of a people formerly numerous. They feed their cattle and plant their *munds*, or collections of huts, on the grassy slopes of the Nilgiris nearest to Ootacamund, the seat of British Government. When questioned as to their origin they reply, "We came from nowhere; we have always been here." They declare themselves to be the lords of the hills, and until recently other tribes acknowledged the claim, and cultivated the land as their serfs. Any work but tending the sacred buffaloes is beneath their dignity.

To lounge about in a graceful attitude, with an embroidered cloth draped over their shoulders, suits the Todas' disposition as well as their fine statuesque figures. The general effect of the

aquiline features, magnificent heads of hair, and picturesque dwellings attracts the gaze of English visitors, and those living in most accessible *munds* often become beggars. Their cry of "*Eendm, eendm*" ("Give, give") resounds when a white face appears, and the hands of old and young are stretched out for alms. Unhappily, too, there is a constant temptation to spend the English money in the English strong drink, and many have become demoralised. But in the more remote *munds* the Todas appear to greater advantage. They have been long known to antiquarians, and in former years the Basle Mission laboured zealously among them. Two zenana missionaries were, so far as it is known, the first women to bring them in their own tongue the knowledge of the Gospel.

Miss Wallinger, a white-haired lady, went to India as an honorary missionary under the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and spent the last nine years of her life in the Nilgiris. With her younger fellow-workers, she

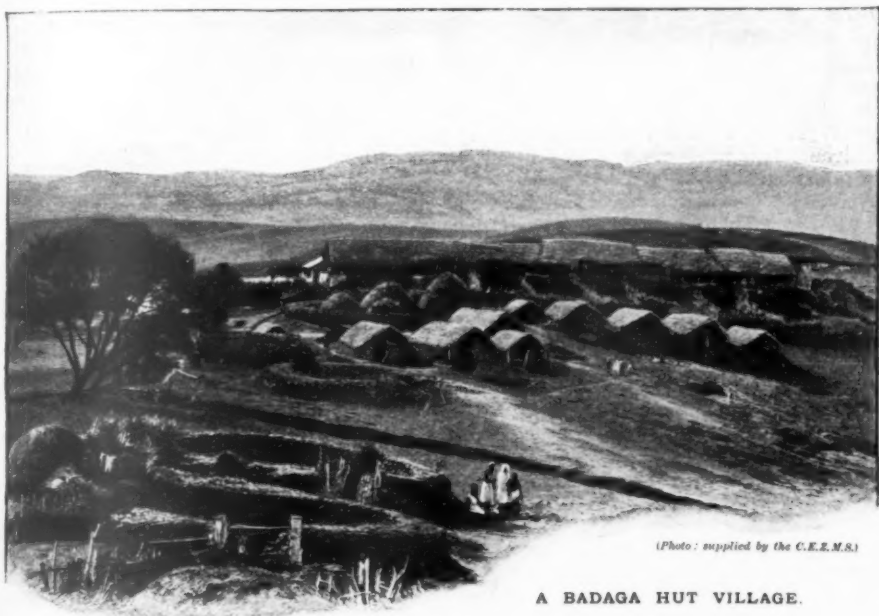


(From Photo: supplied by C.E.Z.M.S.)

A GROUP OF TODA HILL FOLK.

called on the Toda ladies, and after a time the Englishwomen had the honour of being invited not to walk in—that was an impossibility—but to crawl in. A *Toda mund* is a collection of from three

body is burnt and the ashes carefully preserved, his friends and neighbours meet to celebrate the Dry Funeral. The Kotas and Kurumbers are invited to make music, and they join the Badagas



(Photo: supplied by the C.E.Z.M.S.)

A BADAGA HUT VILLAGE.

to seven huts. Beneath a roof of thatch reaching to the ground, a flat, semi-circular face of boarding presents a respectable appearance. Near the ground is an aperture about three feet square, serving as door, window, and chimney. Within, neatness as a rule prevails. One hut of the *mund* is generally devoted to religious purposes, though the Toda's creed is vague and elementary. His priest is the *palal*, or sacred milkman; his only prayer, so far as is known, "May all be well." He points to the west, and says that beyond the mountains, where the sun sets in glory, is the gate of Anmur, and his spirit will fly there after death. When night falls he points to the Milky Way and explains that it is formed of the departed good Todas and their gigantic herds of buffaloes. His great festivals are the Green and the Dry Funerals. A year after the Green Funeral, when a Toda's

in feasting on forty or fifty buffaloes sacrificed for the occasion. Sounds of weeping and lamentation mingle with the rejoicing. The tears of the women flow because the buffaloes are beaten to death; and cries to the deceased, such as "Why did you leave us so soon? Are your buffaloes thriving?" mournfully rend the air. Echo only finds an answer.

The celebration is over. The guests disperse, and the Todas return to their calm routine of lordly leisure; the women to bow their corkscrew curls over the blue cotton embroidery that they lavish on their lords' drapery. As it is the custom to have only one wife to a clan, a woman's deft and tattooed hands can find plenty of domestic employment, but circumstances may alter the social arrangements. To the Todas' indignation, Government has forbidden them to despatch their surplus infant

girls, so that women are likely to be more numerous.

The Todas' friends would save them from dying out or becoming a remnant of demoralised beggars, by bringing the power of Christianity amongst them. Miss Wallinger lived to see a path worn by Toda feet, and stretching like a white thread over the green slopes to a school. She started two amongst them. Less than a month before her death, she met the Rev. A. H. Lash, C.M.S., in the Wynaad, and examined the school children. Her presents, her gentle words, and encouraging smile of sympathy have never been forgotten. The independent people who would walk for miles to meet her, and on her appearance would make the hills ring with a wild, stentorian shout, a Toda equivalent for a British cheer, could hardly have guessed that her health was then failing. With the greatest cheerfulness she accepted as her only sleeping place a couple of forms in a deserted store. Since her death her colleague, Miss Ling, has reduced the Toda tongue to writing, and translated for them St. Mark's Gospel. By the kindness of the British and Foreign Bible Society, this translation is now circulated amongst them. The Church Missionary Society placed the Nilgiri and Wynaad mission under the charge of the Rev. A. H. Lash in 1893.

In his opinion other hill tribes are far more hopeful than the Todas. It is useful to learn what the various races say of each other. The Badagas have a good deal of proverbial philosophy. One of their Martin Tupper's says: "Borrow from a Kota, and you will grow poor. Borrow from a Toda, and he will hate you. Borrow from a Kurumber, and he will kill you." The Badagas ought to know their neighbours. They are amongst the shrewdest, the most numerous, and the most prosperous of the hut-dwellers in the country. Though in 1851 they were only 15,000 strong, they now number 30,000. There are few things that Badagas cannot do. They grow potatoes, wheat, barley, and other grain. They purchase land with their earnings, and strenuously resist temptations to sell it. They take contracts with Government for road-making. They conduct themselves well, and are, in fact, an example to the rest. At one thing

a Badaga generally stops short: he cannot sacrifice caste. The story is current of one who was driven by hunger to share a low caste man's meal. He was then goaded by his wounded conscience to confess his sin to a priest. The priest saw no door of mercy to escape the extreme penalty of death for such an offence, and ordered him to drown himself.

It would not be easy to distinguish the eighteen degrees of caste or rank from the uniform and tidy appearance of the huts. It is difficult to reconcile the conscientious severity regarding caste with the laxity in worship. "I can worship anything, for everything is good," is a Badaga's broad and simple creed. His idols are numbered by the hundred, and many are borrowed from the Hindus. Siva, the third divinity of the Hindu triad, is the principal. To many others, and to widows who have killed themselves on the death of their husbands, gaily painted temples of various sizes and shrines with lighted lamps are dedicated. Amongst their objects of worship, shown to the Rev. A. H. Lash, was a rusty knife which had belonged to a man who had thrown himself over one of the grand waterfalls of the country. In their religious enthusiasm the Badagas once raised a temple to Jesus Christ, but they took it down again on the outbreak of an epidemic. When in doubt, they consult the oracle. The priest stands behind the shrine, the suppliant waits before, and a shower of flowers on the right indicates "Yes," and on the left, "No."

Their funeral ceremonies show their sense of the need of a sacrifice, confession of sins, and of a God who can forgive. Priest and laity chant together a hymn with a chorus. Suppose that the deceased's name is Remya:

"Remya is dead;
Here is a bassava (holy calf)
Born of the cow."

The poem continues in "linked sweetness long drawn out." In conclusion, the congregation confess that Remya may have committed 1,300 sins, and all join in the solemn chorus,

"Let them go to bassava's feet."

A vague and general confession is not

imagination, an encouraging verse is sung :

"The chambers of death shall be opened ;
The sea shall draw near ;
The thread bridge shall remain firm ;
The dragon's mouth shall be closed ;
The door of hell shall be shut ;
The mansions of heaven shall be thrown open.
He may go safely though the path be thorny,
The silver pillar shall be near ;
He shall approach the golden wall ;
The burning pillar shall be cold."

In contrast to the funeral rites, the marriage ceremony is peculiarly simple. The chosen bride comes to the bridegroom's house, she prostrates herself before him, and he places his foot on her head with the gracious benediction, "Live, live. Go and fetch me some water." That is all ; her duties have begun.

The dreams, the proverbs, and the allegorical lore of these people, who have preserved their own traditions, absorbed the Hindu mythology, modified their customs by circumstances, and, in fact, moved with the times, might fill many pages. The hut-dwellers are, however, a mine



(From Photo, supplied by the Rev. A. H. Lath.)

A KURUMBER AND A LITTLE KURICHER

(The first to be baptised.)

considered sufficient. The priest enters into details.

"He has caused a quarrel amongst brethren."

Chorus: "It is a sin"

So they proceed to acknowledge the sinfulness not only of such faults as causeless anger, envy, and spite, but of actions that might be considered blameless: turning his back on the sun, for instance, drawing milk from the holy cow, or killing a frog or a lizard. At length, when the vicarious confession of Remya's many sins has apparently exhausted all



(Photo: supplied by the C. S. E. M. S.)

KANARESE MEN.

of interest. They will not turn out unworthy of expenditure of trouble like the gold mines of the Wynaad, now deserted and memorials of disappointed



(Photo supplied by the C.E.Z.M.S.)

KANARESE WOMEN.

hope. The Irulas, for example, live in a hollow where fever and malaria bid the foreigner beat a hasty retreat. But some young and ardent men of the American Baptist Mission went amongst them, and conversions and baptisms have been the result.

Our illustration at the head of the preceding page represents the first Kurumber and the first Kuricher, so far as is known, to be baptised. The Kurumbers are the most numerous of all the hill tribes, and have the character on tea and coffee estates of being fairly energetic and dependable. The rest of the tribes regard them as skilled in witchcraft. The Badagas require a Kurumber to drive the first ploughshare through their land, and also to receive their first fruits. It is politic to propitiate men who can blight the crops

and inflict disease on the cattle. The Kurumber whose photograph is given, in obedience to a dream threw up a good appointment on a tea estate in order to seek instruction in Christianity. He bore a high character, and it was clear that he could gain no worldly advantage by becoming a Christian. He is now being trained to go as a missionary to his own people.

The curly-haired little Kuricher belongs to a very interesting people. They are fairer and better-looking than the Kurumbers, and are noted for truthfulness, honesty, and morality, also for great regard for the sanctity of caste and very little for the sanctity of human life. One of their number entered a hospital, taking his little motherless girl with him. When he discovered that his sickness was beyond cure, he begged that a Christian missionary might be summoned to baptise him. Mr. Lash hastened to the hospital, but Death had arrived before him. The man, however, left a request that his child might be brought up as a Christian. She is now in Miss Ling's school at Ootacamund.

Picturesque as these many wild men may be, and wrapped in the poetical mystery of "over the hills and far away," near acquaintance reveals the revolting realities of heathenism amongst them. In 1895 five men of the Mooper tribe were charged with the murder of one of their caste-men. The evidence disclosed a system of putting men to death by slow torture. The victim had been murdered by a process locally known as "odi"; but this word in other parts of Malabar indicates sorcery. The Moplahs of the south indulge largely in witchcraft and those of the Ernad are believed to possess very wonderful powers over the supernatural. Superstition is so largely prevalent, even on the coast, where contact with civilisation is calculated to dispel dense ignorance, that the business of performing "odi" is a thriving one. It is sad when it rivals the useful calling of fishing. Methods of propitiating the good genii or invoking the evil are said to date from the time of Parasu Rama, who fished up Malabar from the sea.

Farther north of this coast is a district called Kanara, which gives its name to a widely spoken language. German

missionaries have for long had stations in this district, and missionaries of the Wesleyan and Baptist societies have learnt the language, and work amongst the scattered Kanarese dwellers in South India. The Rev. F. K. Lawrence, of the London Missionary Society, has an interesting mission in the Kannada country, and his work extends to the Kanarese of the Wynaad. His translation of a native lullaby indicates the sentiments instilled from the cradle.

"Hush, hush, my child, go fast asleep,
The bogie's on the tree;
He's killed a hundred little boys
And wants to come for thee."

The impression is hardly soothing. But the fear of malignant demons pursues many of these people to the grave. Very little comparatively has been done amongst them. Some are

from their ancestors, runaway slaves who escaped from their masters to the jungle and married hillwomen. A few Chinamen, who are attracted by work on tea plantations, have married native women and have embraced Christianity. In the area of 1,332 square miles of the Wynaad the Christians number at least between 300 and 400, and a still larger number of children attend mission schools.

In one of their miserable villages, the alarming apparition of two white women, Miss Ling and a companion of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, struck them with terror. A Kurumber assured the frightened Paniyars that the missionaries would do them no harm, but rather sought their good. The missionaries at last turned away, feeling that they had seen the lowest specimens of humanity, and entered one of the



A PLEASANT SPOT.
(In the Wynaad.)

(From Photo supplied by the C.E.M.S.)

only known by name to missionaries: others have almost lost their distinctive character by contact with the various immigrants. The Paniyars inherit their woolly hair and negro cast of countenance

neat villages of the *chetties*, or land-owners and slave masters. Beneath the cocoanut trees that shaded a courtyard they noticed their Kurumber friend, who had followed them to hear more. When



(From Photo: supplied by the C.E.Z.M.S.)

CHETTIES FROM THE WYNAAD.

they left he ran after them to ask the Name that they had spoken, and went off repeating "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ."

That name has equal power for all these hillmen—whether the Todas, the lords of the Nilgiris, or the Paniyars, the slaves; the Kotas, the moneylenders; or for the Kurumbers, the wizards; for the aborigines or the foreigners.

This country, so rich and lovely, is practically sunk in heathenism. Yet the people are approachable and responsive. "Tell me, and then I shall know," a Toda repeated again and again, when his English friend, Miss Wallinger, paused in her first attempts to teach him of Jesus Christ, the Great Healer of the soul, to Whom he attributed his recovery from sickness.

About twenty years ago gold was discovered in the Wynaad. A capital of upwards of £2,000,000 was subscribed to mining companies, and the work of crushing the quartz and extracting the gold started with great activity. All ended in disappointment, and the shareholders lost every penny of their money. The deserted villages, ruined bungalows, and rusting machinery told the tale of failure.

They offer a faint reflection of the humanity in this rich and lovely country that has fallen short of its ideal and intention, and is wearing or rusting out for want of proper use and occupation.



(From Photo: supplied by the C.E.Z.M.S.)

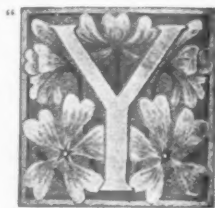
A GROUP OF WEST COAST FISHERMEN.



By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOOD-BYE!"



YOU are going away—immediately? You are going to desert Wulfe—and me—at a moment's notice?"

Thorold had not anticipated this. The pleading, reproachful eyes, the pathetic tone, very nearly proved his

undoing. It was fortunate that the telegram to his Grace of Forthshire had been despatched.

He looked down from his superior height at the little lady of the manor, and tried to steady his voice to answer her.

"Don't call it by so harsh a name as desertion, Miss Hurst. It will give Wulfe something to do. He ought to be managing his own affairs, and helping you with yours."

"That has nothing to do with it. I will never forgive Lady Dallinger. I thought she was my friend."

"You know she is one of the truest friends you have; and it is not her doing that I go so soon. The Duke writes that his secretary's health has been failing rapidly of late; and, yesterday, the poor fellow collapsed altogether. Having accepted the post, how could I refuse to hasten to the aid of his Grace in such an untoward emergency?"

"You had no right to accept the post without consulting—us." She had very nearly said "me," but stopped herself just in time, following up her imperious little speech with a blush which stole all the dignity from her face for a moment, leaving her, instead, a beautiful picture of maidenly confusion.

The knowledge had only just come to her of her absolute dependence on Thorold Leighton—on his word, on his advice, on his strength, moral, mental, and physical. He represented to her all the qualities she found lacking in Wulfe—qualities she had not missed in her lover until now that she was brought face to face with the consciousness that there would be only Wulfe to depend on in future instead of Thorold.

Something in that blush and in the swiftly withdrawn eyes stirred Thorold's pulses with a sudden sense of happiness as wild as it was brief. Almost before he felt it, pain—a sharper pain than any he had known yet—swept it away with the prompt reminder that this girl was his cousin's promised wife.

To cover her confusion and his own, he began to talk quickly, and at random.

"Marjory and Lois go to Lady Dallinger to-morrow morning. You knew she had offered them a home? She has been exceedingly kind. They are delighted at the thought of living with her, though, of course, they are sorry to leave Estens. Marjory is very proud to think that she will be deputy-housekeeper at Cedar Lodge. She is a very clever housekeeper for her age. And Lois is to consider herself Lady Dallinger's companion. They will still take lessons in music and painting, and anything else they fancy or have time for. And I shall not be far away—if I should be wanted at all by anyone."

Hildred had recovered herself by the time the jerky little sentences were uttered. She wore her accustomed expression of slight hauteur as she took up the ball of conversation once more and rolled it back to him with these words:

"I don't see why you should be wanted, Mr. Leighton. Your sisters will be all right with Lady Dallinger; and Wulfe should be

quite competent to manage his own affairs. It would be a thousand pities for you to throw away such an excellent chance of advancement. The Duke of Forthshire's secretary may safely aspire to great things. Have you any liking for politics or diplomacy?"

"The latter—perhaps—a little. I am glad you think I have done right, Miss Hurst. I must say good-bye now; there are heaps of things to be seen to, and a lot of business matters to be gone into with Wulfe."

"Yes, of course."

The eyes he loved gazed at him out of a very white face as he took her hand and held it an instant.

"I shall come for your wedding. I don't suppose I shall be able to get away before."

"No, I suppose not," was all she said.

"Good-bye," he said, slowly turning to the door.

"Good-bye," she echoed.

If he had only looked back and seen the look in her eyes at that moment!

But he went straight ahead, knowing it to be his duty; and, as he went, he tried hard to believe he had been mistaken in fancying for an instant that he was more to his queen than he had dared to hope—or wished to hope.

"I'm a conceited idiot!" he muttered savagely as he ran downstairs.

While, in the room he had just left, Hildred Hurst stood with her hand pressed across her eyes, saying to herself, "I shall miss him! Oh, how I shall miss him! Have I made a mistake, by any chance? If so, nobody must suspect it. Did he—see—any-



Hildred stood with her hand pressed across her eyes.

She drew her fingers away, and stood as though waiting for him to go.

He had had to steel himself against the mute temptation of that white face and those wistful eyes—from which all the pride had vanished again—by speaking of her coming marriage to his cousin.

thing—that he had to remind me of my marriage-day being so near? I will fix a date when Wulfe comes by-and-by. Is *this* why I have been so reluctant to do so? Can it be possible that I am false to my plighted troth? If I die with the pain of it, Wulfe shall never guess that he is less

to me than I had thought. If I have made a mistake I must pay the penalty—and I alone. Wulfe shall not suffer."

Footsteps approached, Dagmar Errol's voice was heard without, gaily singing. She had been for a walk, and had met Wulfe. They had walked together for over an hour; and she had returned in the best of spirits.

The lady of the manor sat down hastily, caught up a book, and, wrapping herself closely in her capacious mantle of pride, prepared to face her little world with the first falsehood she had ever tried to act.

"All alone, Hildred? Where is Aunt Amy?"

"Calling at the Vicarage. Have you enjoyed your walk?"

"So, so. The fresh air has revived me a little." She trusted to chance to conceal the fact of Wulfe having been with her; it had been tacitly understood that neither should mention having met. "Had any visitors?"

"Only Thorold Leighton." The book was lowered and Hildred's eyes rested steadily on Dagmar's as she continued: "He is going away to-morrow—for good. I call it exceedingly tiresome of him. What Wulfe will do I cannot imagine! He cannot get into the way of things at a moment's notice. It is not fair to him."

"I don't believe she cares for Thorold Leighton, after all! Well, it's no affair of mine. I shall take Wulfe from her if I get a chance." Dagmar had heard about Thorold's impending departure during her walk; but she pretended it was news to her, and asked question after question until Hildred felt tortured almost beyond endurance, though she forced herself to sit still and discuss the subject in all its bearings. Then Mrs. Blenheim returned, and she had to go through it all again, until, unable to bear any more, she escaped to her room and fought her rebellious heart in solitude.

She felt it as a relief when a note was handed her from Wulfe saying he should be unable to put in an appearance at dinner that evening, as arranged, on account of having to "go into things a bit with that rascally Thorold."

Dagmar was disappointed and disgusted; he had said that his cousin's going should not alter his plans for the evening; he would bring Thorold to the manor and talk business on the way home later in the evening.

The morning's post brought an invitation for the three ladies to dine at Cedar Lodge that day in order to celebrate the installation of Lady Dallinger's deputy-housekeeper and companion, to say nothing of the Republic, who was to be asked to shift his quarters, and to set up his standard at the Lodge. Captain Estens would also be present if he proved equal to the exertion of returning from

town—whither he proposed accompanying Thorold—in time for dinner.

"You would like to go?" inquired Hildred, handing her ladyship's note to Mrs. Blenheim.

"Yes, dear; certainly." The good woman took it for granted her young hostess would wish to accept the invitation.

"Very well, then. Shall you come, Dagmar?" For it was never certain what Miss Errol's intention might be.

"I think so. I should mope to death, left here all alone."

They went early—Hildred, in remorseful eagerness to meet the man to whom her heart had proved false; and Dagmar, in eagerness, the reverse of remorseful, to meet the same man, whom she hoped to tempt to be false.

Mrs. Blenheim was the only really placid one of the trio; nothing had occurred to ruffle the calm waters of her soul.

Lois was somewhat subdued at having lost Thorold, and Marjory was more silent even than usual from the same cause. The Republic sat upright on a corner of his old red cushion, and purred his loud content at the sunshine which bathed his sleek coat. True to his name, he made himself at home anywhere at shortest notice.

Wulfe exerted himself for once and turned up with the soup. His conscience generally troubled him a little—when too late—concerning his numerous flirtations. Dagmar need not have thought that she alone was responsible for his guilty avoidance of her glance. It was not of his unacknowledged walk with her on the previous day that he was thinking so much, as of a recent prolonged *tête-à-tête* with a girl little less attractive than herself, one of his many London friends, who was detained in town during the hot weather against her will. Captain Estens had called to inquire for an invalid member of the family. His motive was blameless enough. But he remained for the purpose of passing a pleasant hour with his charming lady friend, and this implied a certain amount of flirtation which bordered on disloyalty to his betrothed.

Wishing to atone by increased devotion he took the vacant chair at her side, with a tender pressure of her fingers and a loving glance, which had the effect of increasing a thousand-fold her own sense of guilt.

"How truly he loves me!" said Hildred to herself. "If he only guessed what a traitress I feel! But he shall never, never know!"

She set herself to be so unusually sweet to him that his vanity was flattered, and he fell a-wondering at his folly in occasionally preferring the attractiveness of other girls to the queen-like fascination of his little lady of the manor.

When fully under the spell of Hildred's sweetness, his eyes met Dagmar's for one brief moment. Miss Errol was looking sulky—her somewhat full lips helping to accentuate her sulkiness, which by no means improved her appearance. Bad temper seldom does improve one's appearance.

Hildred was seldom out of temper. Her constant amiability had nothing insipid about it; it was simply the outcome of a contented spirit. Had Dagmar Errol been petted and made much of all her life—to say nothing of being heiress to a fine estate—probably she would have cultivated a spirit of contentment.

But, until Mrs. Blenheim took her in hand, Dagmar had had no petting at all. She could hardly remember her mother, and the uncle with whom she had lived—her father's brother—did not welcome the charge, so placed her, when she was little more than a baby, at a showy school, where accomplishments and deportment were considered more than anything else. The mischief was done before Aunt Amy had the girl to live at the manor. Nobody had tried to make Dagmar conscientious and self-respecting, and when the hour of temptation to be neither assailed her she fell an easy prey to the results of her superficial training.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAGMAR TURNS VIXEN.

AFTER Thorold's abrupt departure, Wulfe set to work with a will to prove himself capable of doing without him; and, for a week or two, he enjoyed the change. But he soon began to think regretfully of his old easy-going life; of the almost daily runs up to town; of the various little flirtations which had made the hours pass so pleasantly, which had not been spent in the congenial atmosphere of his club.

He began to consider whether marriage would not provide an excuse for engaging a bailiff to look after the property. A long honeymoon was talked of—by himself; Hildred acted chiefly the part of listener—a lengthy cruise in southern waters to help them through the winter. Anybody could manage things at home during the winter; there was no shooting to speak of in the neighbourhood, and little or no hunting—really nothing to make it worth their while to hurry back.

This condition of mind on the part of her accepted future lord and master led up to the request Hildred had anticipated of late with dread—viz. that she would name an early day for their wedding.

"Your things must be nearly ready by now," said Wulfe, with masculine contempt for the said "things."

"The lawyers will be some time over the settlements," suggested Hildred, longing for a reprieve.

"I don't see the good or need of settlements in our case. You keep the manor and I keep Estens; it's simple enough, in all conscience. In case of my death, you have Estens for your life-time; afterwards, except under certain circumstances, it goes to Thorold—and it will be a rattling good thing for the property if he ever comes into it. I'll undertake to hurry up the lawyers, Hildred—yours and mine. Just say how soon you can be ready, there's a dear girl, and let us be off. We may expect the weather to break up in a few weeks, and then we shall be bored to death. There will be absolutely nothing to do."

"Why don't you go in for golf?"

"Means too much walking, and besides, you don't play. Shall we say this day month?"

"Wulfe, I couldn't possibly be ready."

"Why not? October will be here in a few days; better get married before it is over. November is a dull, dismal sort of month—it won't show up your pretty frocks."

"I don't care about having my frocks shown up—particularly."

"What's the good of getting them then? I always thought half the pleasure of being married—from a feminine point of view—lies in the excuse offered for extravagant indulgence in toilets of all descriptions."

"Foolish fellow!"

"I believe I am right, though. Come, dear, fix a day—a nice early day—the first of November at latest."

He passed his arm caressingly round her shoulders, and raised her face so that he could look into her eyes. His own were dark with tenderness; it was one of the easiest things in the world for him to look tender when he had a pretty face close to him; and he was really feeling very fond of Hildred at that moment. She looked so very charming with her colour coming and going, and her long lashes sweeping her cheeks. He kissed her lips lingeringly, murmuring words of endearment, which fell like lead on her shrinking ears.

"Promise it shall be on the first, Hildred."

"The first of December, then; I cannot really be ready before. It is not as if we were nobodies. Great things will be expected of us—of me, more especially. You must see that, Wulfe."

"Well, I suppose you are right, and I must try to be content. The first of December let it be, then. I'll run up to town to-morrow and see those lawyer fellows, and order my

outfit." He kissed her again with more warmth, and she tried to appear happy, instead of looking as she felt—hunted, almost to the death, by a cruel and relentless fate.

The *fiat* had gone forth; her word was pledged beyond recall, and in next to no time the news had spread far and wide.

Presents began to pour in—magnificent presents, such as the rich are sure to receive; and each one seemed to Hildred to be an additional rivet in the chain which bound her a hopeless prisoner for life.

And each of those swiftly arriving wedding gifts added to the envious discontent and grievous disappointment which was turning life into an increasing sorrow for Dagmar Errol. It was nothing to her that the person mostly to blame for her unhappiness was undoubtedly herself; it was not in her to acknowledge that fact, though she had wilfully, and with her eyes open, encouraged attentions from a man whom she had known to be engaged within a week of first meeting him. She had allowed her heart to pass into his possession without pausing to think of the disloyalty to her hostess, and without a struggle for the maintenance of her own self-respect.

And yet she blamed fate for her misery when she was told that the day was fixed for Wulfe's marriage to Hildred Hurst. Life at the manor became daily more and more unbearable; but she lacked the necessary strength of mind to go away. She began to look so ill that more than once her aunt advised her to go away somewhere on a visit—there were some friends of Mrs. Blenheim's to whom she could have gone—and pick up a bit before the wedding. But Dagmar could not tear herself from the neighbourhood. Wulfe was too really busy now to carry on what had seemed to him his harmless little flirtation with her; he was looking out for a trustworthy man to leave in charge at Estens, and he had numerous interviews with lawyers, and with his tailor—for, unnecessary as he had considered "feminine fripperies" as an adjunct to matrimony, masculine preparations of a similar sort seemed absolutely indispensable in view of the tremendous function now so near at hand.

The quiet wedding which Hildred would so greatly have preferred was out of the question. Her position—and Wulfe's—demanded that she should bow to the expectations of the county. So that scarcely an hour passed without bringing to Dagmar Errol some reminder of the coming marriage of the man she loved to another woman. The only thing that enabled her to live through those days, without her secret becoming public property, was an unworthy hope, buried deep in her heart, but always throbbing with life, that

something might yet occur to prevent the marriage.

If only Thorold Leighton were at hand to have his jealousy aroused by the sight of those hateful preparations, he might be led to betray his love for Hildred, and she might respond before it was too late.

As though in answer to this wild hope Thorold did come down for a day, most of which he spent at the manor, having followed Wulfe thither on not finding him at Estens. Mrs. Blenheim invited him to lunch before Hildred came on the scene. The good lady was so accustomed to giving invitations to which she felt sure Hildred could take no exception that she gave this one as a matter of course.

For once Thorold Leighton proved false to his own training. Common sense seconded honour in a mental prompting to say "No"; he could so easily have pleaded pressure of time. But he weakly told himself that it would be the last occasion on which he would see Hildred before she became his cousin's wife. For he had run down to announce his speedy departure from England. The Duke of Forthshire had undertaken a diplomatic mission to the Russian Court which would occupy several weeks. His absence might possibly be prolonged into the new year. His secretary was to go with him.

To tell the truth, Thorold had snatched at the chance of escape from the dreaded prospect of acting as his cousin's best man. He had not been able to avoid promising to "stand by" Wulfe in the hour of his ordeal, and he had often wondered if his strength would prove sufficient to carry him through.

Dagmar's rising hope was quickly shattered when she witnessed his quiet meeting with Hildred, and when she heard that he was on the eve of departure from England for an indefinite period. Giving way to her disappointment she absented herself as soon as lunch was over and started for a long walk which did her no good, because she dwelt all the time on her "ill-luck," bestowing on herself a vast amount of most unmerited sympathy, which only increased her sense of injury at the way things were going.

It was with no intention of meeting her that Wulfe Estens sallied forth after an hour's chat with Thorold, leaving him and Hildred to entertain each other. He spoke merely of having a cigar on the terrace, or Thorold would certainly have gone with him; for Mrs. Blenheim had absented herself on the plea of having letters to write.

But, having smoked his cigar, Captain Estens caught sight of Dagmar's tall form crossing a distant field. He knew her walk too well to be mistaken. Telling himself that he had rather neglected "poor Dagmar" of

late, he went to meet her, quite unprepared for the reception he met with.

The miserable girl had nursed her supposed wrongs until they became too strong for her; and when Wulfe came up with his fascinating smile and tender eyes, she flashed out upon him before he had time to utter a word.

"No, thank you, Captain Estens. I am in no mood to feel grateful for your odds and ends of attentions. Just because your cousin is here to take your place for an hour in Miss Hurst's drawing-room, you think to amuse yourself by playing at making love to me! I have had enough of it—and of you; and prefer my own company for once."

Transfixed with astonishment, Wulfe stood and stared after her as she walked swiftly towards the house, fighting a threatened attack of hysteria, which conquered her directly she reached her room.

His lips pursed themselves for a whistle which never came off, though he stood there fully a moment before his limbs recovered their power of action sufficiently to carry him slowly in the direction taken by Dagmar.

CHAPTER XV.

DAGMAR PASSES THE NIGHT AT CEDAR LODGE.

THOROLD LEIGHTON made the most of that bitter-sweet quarter of an hour after his cousin left the terrace, and he knew that he had Hildred all to himself. He wanted her to have a pleasant memory of their last meeting, and he exerted himself to that end until the moments, which might have been laden only with pain for her, remained instead one of her happiest memories. Avoiding altogether the subject of her approaching marriage, Thorold, with unusual egotism, talked only of himself and his future prospects. He took her into his confidence concerning his new-born ambition to enter the realms of diplomacy; at least, if it was not exactly newly born, this was the first occasion on which he had spoken of it to anyone.

Hildred entered into his private affairs with a sympathetic comprehension which he found very sweet, yet which only increased his sense of loss by showing him so plainly what he had missed.

When Wulfe rejoined them after his astonishing rebuff from Dagmar, both felt that something pleasant had come to an end.

Hildred repressed a sigh as she came back to a consciousness of the life before her, and Thorold rose to go, saying he had promised to dine at Cedar Lodge. He wondered, as their hands met in a farewell clasp, where

and when he would meet her dear self again, and under what circumstances. If he could only—for two seconds—have drawn aside the veil which hid what the future held for both! Would he have done so had the power been his? It is doubtful.

Dagmar did not appear at dinner that evening; she sent a message to say her head ached and she wished to be by herself.

Mrs. Blenheim went up to her in some uneasiness, but Dagmar refused to open her door.

"I only want to be left alone," was all she would say.

Directly after breakfast next morning—having vouchsafed no explanation of her conduct of the previous evening, beyond saying, in reply to her aunt's inquiry, that her head was better—Dagmar set off to walk to Cedar Lodge.

The hush of the preceding day was a thing of the past. During the night a fitful, moaning wind had sprung up, and the poor, pretty leaves were blown down in hundreds. A few big drops of rain fell as Dagmar turned into the Lodge gate, and the few drops had developed into a heavy downpour by the time she reached the shelter of the portico.

She shook the rain off her serge walking-skirt before she rang the bell and inquired for Marjory. Marjory Leighton was just the one person in her little world who had a calming effect on her at this time.

She was taken to the room Lady Dallinger had said she should make her den, but which was now given over to the Leighton girls for their own use.

As the servant opened the door to announce Miss Errol, Lois threw down her pen, exclaiming:

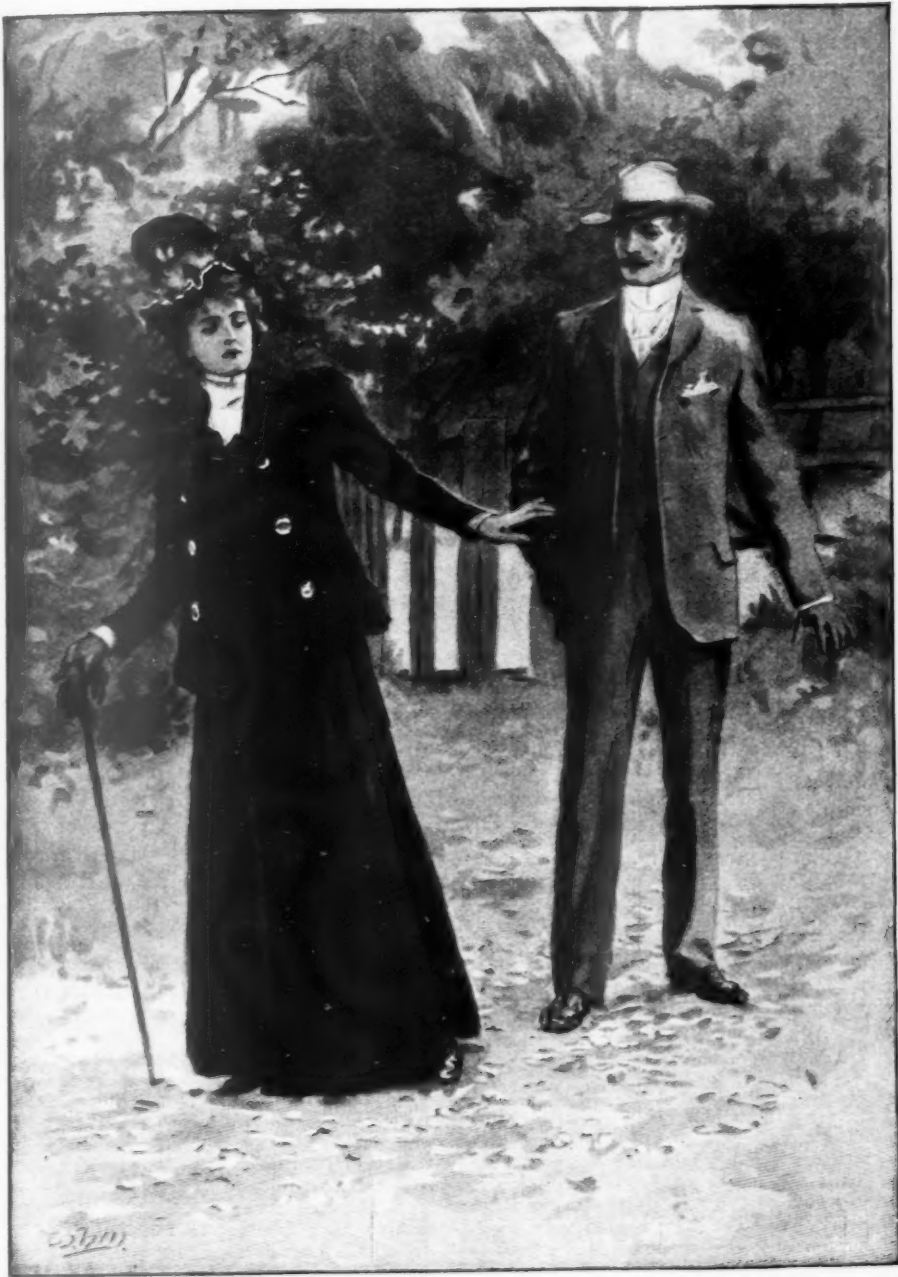
"The end at last! Marjory, 'Love's Conquest' is finished. Who comes here? Dagmar? The very person I am in the mood for."

"Don't be too glad to see me. I only came because I was in too bad a temper to stay at home any longer. I mean to take a situation as mother's help or something. Doing nothing does not agree with me."

"Mother's hindrance would be nearer the mark," said Lois. "Why, you'd have to make beds, and wash dishes, and mind the children, and weed the garden, and heaps of things you never did in your life."

"How do you know?"

"I've studied the newspapers in the interests of my art. I have a mother's help in a story I am writing now. She has to do all that, and more, in exchange for bread and lodging. I know it's true to life, for I read a whole column of advertisements to make sure of my facts. Now, my dear Rep, you may just get down and stretch yourself; I want to stretch, too!"



"I have had enough of it—and of you."

It was doubtful which did it the more luxuriously, herself or the cat, who had been asleep in her lap for the last two hours.

"Any news?" asked Marjory, looking up from her sewing. Marjory got through an enormous amount of solid sewing in the course of a week. She amused herself in her leisure hours by making children's garments for sale at the numerous bazaars to which she was for ever being asked to contribute.

"No, none," said Dagmar curtly. "Why don't you use a machine instead of wasting your time by sewing every stitch?"

"Lois doesn't like the clicking while she is writing, and I can think better when I don't go so fast."

"Mr. Leighton gone, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. He left last night."

"Won't you miss him awfully?"

"Yes; but not as much as if we had not got used to his being away."

Dagmar stared out of the window at the big cedar. Its branches were heavy with rain by this time, and were being wildly tossed by the ever-rising wind.

"Nice weather, isn't it? This is not altogether the most cheerful room in the house, I should say. That branch tapping against the window would worry me, if I were Lois, much more than the clicking of a machine."

"If you were Lois," asserted she of that name, "you would love that grand old cedar far too much to think of finding fault with anything it chose to do. That cedar is a particular friend of the Republic's and mine; isn't it, Rep?"

"No accounting for taste. What story is that you have just finished?"

"The one containing too much matter of local interest to be left about. Berenice de Favart and Bertrand Vavasour must dwell henceforth in my locked-up drawer. Good-bye, my dears, we have had many pleasant hours together, haven't we? But in you go, all the same. And now that is off my mind, I will put the finishing touches to 'Storm Driven.' That really is for publication if I can get some nice editor to take it. Go on talking, you two, don't mind me. I want to write a couple of pages of dramatic ending, and then that is also finished, and I shall be free to start something else."

Lois began to scribble busily; but the others were too considerate to talk. Marjory went on with her sewing, and Dagmar began toying with the bunch of keys dangling from the key-hole of the "lock-up" drawer in the old *escritoire*. The key turned very easily, and presently it slipped out, and she held the whole bunch in her hand.

She was wishing she could read the MS. Lois had always guarded so carefully. Would

any of her own keys fit that lock? There could be no harm in reading a mere story, if she could get hold of it; it was not like a letter.

But the key was unlike any she possessed. So the next thing was that she fell to planning a means for making Lois leave the drawer unlocked. Before she had thought of how this might be accomplished, she amused herself by trying the other drawers. They were all unlocked, and no key on the bunch would lock them.

"Is there only this one drawer that can be locked?" she asked, as a thought occurred to her.

Marjory nodded, briefly replying:

"Only that one."

"And much good that is," said Dagmar to herself, with a smile.

There were five drawers in all—three long and two small. The only one that could be locked was the top long one, so that anyone could easily get at the contents by merely removing the small drawers. Apparently this had not occurred to Lois, or perhaps she reckoned on having no dishonourable person amongst her friends.

When she triumphantly announced that "Storm Driven" was ready for the first obliging publisher who might come that way in search of suitable MSS., Dagmar made another effort to get hold of "Love's Conquest" by fair means. She had asked more than once to see it, but the young authoress always refused, declaring she had written it wholly and solely for her own private edification, and that nobody, not even Marjory, had heard or read a word of the revised version of the story.

"Lois, did you put in what I told you—into 'Love's Conquest,' I mean?"

"Yes."

"You might let me see that part."

"Well, that's only fair. But you must promise you won't read a line further than I tell you to."

"All right. Of course I won't."

Lois unlocked the drawer and took out her cherished MS., tenderly turning the leaves until she found what she wanted. Dagmar read slowly the chapter indicated, and wished something might happen to take the lynx-eyed Lois from the room for five minutes or so while she could dip into other portions of the story.

But the fates were not propitious. The MS. had to be given up according to promise, and Dagmar found no alternative left her but to have recourse to foul means in order to obtain her desire. She made no attempt to restrain her curiosity—under which lay hidden a secret hope that some way would occur to her of contriving for Hildred Hurst

to read that particular story without anyone suspecting that she—Dagmar—had had anything to do with it.

The rain had come to stay, apparently. Lady Dallinger told Dagmar she had better remain for lunch, which was exactly what Dagmar had hoped to do. And when, later in the afternoon, the wind rose higher and higher, and went on rising until it blew a small hurricane, Dagmar very readily consented to a groom being despatched to the manor to say she was going to pass the night at Cedar Lodge.

CHAPTER XVI.

"LOVE'S CONQUEST."

CAPTAIN ESTENS had gone up to town early that morning to see the last of his cousin, and the weather prevented his return that day; at least, he chose to consider it sufficient excuse for not hurrying back.

Thorold had reminded him of something he had put off doing from day to day out of sheer distaste for the task. He had promised Hildred he would leave the Army. Having his promise, she had taken it for granted he would do so, and it had not occurred to her to question him subsequently concerning the matter. She had thought it advisable that he should become a civilian; he would have duties sufficient and to spare without military ones being thrown in to weigh down the scale.

Thorold had agreed with her, and he, knowing his cousin better than she did, had spoken of it more than once before he became Lord Forthshire's secretary. The answer had always been the same.

"I've not forgotten, old man; but there's no particular hurry for a week or two. My leave is not up until the first week in January."

When in the train, and on the point of departure for St. Petersburg, Thorold suddenly thought of it again.

Putting his head out of the window as the guard signalled the engine-driver to start, he asked:

"Have you sent in your papers yet, Wulfe?"

"No, by Jove! I'm glad you reminded me! It really is time I began to think about it. I will—"

That was all Thorold heard; the train bore him away with his heart full of wonder that any wish of Hildred's should be so long disregarded by the man who professed to love her.

Wulfe went straight to his club, and, in discussing the probability of further fighting

in Burmah, found an excuse to put off his unwelcome task yet another hour or two. Then the rain began and continued, suggesting the advisability of remaining at the club until it stopped.

Captain Estens joined a kindred spirit at lunch, and before it was over a man, noted for always being the first to know things, came lounging up with an assured air.

"Rather interfere with your marriage, Estens, if you go to Rangoon, won't it?"

"What do you mean?" asked Wulfe.

"You don't mean to say you have not heard that No. 42 Battery of Field Artillery has marching orders for Burmah? You are tremendously envied, I can tell you."

Wulfe stared at him.

"Is this a joke, Rivers?"

"Not a bit of it, my son. But perhaps you have already left the Service, so it doesn't threaten your nuptial arrangements with disturbance."

"No, I have not—that is, I have—if I could only feel sure that you are stating a fact."

Colonel Rivers raised his eyebrows, and beckoned a waiter.

"A hansom for Captain Estens! Go to the War Office, little boy, and learn that I speak truth!"

As in a dream, Wulfe entered the cab and was driven to the War Office through the pelting rain, which he scarcely noticed now.

The news was true enough. The 42nd was to have a chance of distinguishing itself.

He drove to his chambers in Piccadilly, and found what he expected—an order to rejoin his regiment at once.

What was he to do? Resign when there was just a possibility of his battery going into action? It was hard lines, even with Hildred Hurst for compensation.

Could he summon sufficient courage to suggest a postponement of the marriage?

He considered the matter very carefully for the best part of an hour, but he was as far from arriving at any satisfactory conclusion at the end of the hour as at the beginning.

The only decision he arrived at was that he must have time to think it over. Therefore, he remained in town for the night, in doubt whether the following night would find him at Estens or on his way to Malta.

Never had his profession looked so enticing as now, when he might be on the point of leaving it for ever. He wished he knew if Hildred really cared about getting married just yet. It had taken him some time to persuade her to fix a date. Perhaps she was in no hurry, and would prefer a longer spell of freedom. At any rate, she must decide whether or not he was to go to Rangoon.

While he was eating his breakfast next

morning and devouring *The Times*, he caught sight of the name of Anderson amongst the marriages. It brought to his mind a request of Lady Dallinger's that he would look up Ernest Anderson, and explain why the MS. of which she had spoken had not been sent for publication, as arranged.

Her ladyship was a poor hand at writing letters, and she was not fond of going up to town oftener than she could help; so she had

Wulfe figured as Berenice and Bertrand—had been about an unusually long time; but just as Marjory was hoping Lois would conclude "Storm Driven" (the MS. selected for publication), she took it into her provoking little head to destroy and re-write the latter half of "Love's Conquest"; and it was only by dint of much coaxing that Marjory got her to tackle the other story one day, and even then she left it incomplete—nor would



"If I had only known——"

allowed the weeks to pass in silence while she and Marjory—whom she had made her *confidante* concerning the pleasure in store for Lois—did their best to make the tiresome girl finish the story they had decided showed most promise of all yet written. Only a few pages—the concluding chapter, to be exact—was missing; but Lois was an erratic worker. Instead of going ahead with and finishing one thing at a time, she would have three or four stories on hand, and go from one to another as the fit seized her, and not unfrequently consign a half-written MS. to the flames, and then re-write it before doing anything else.

"Love's Conquest"—in which Hildred and

she touch it again until "Love's Conquest" was written down to "Finis."

It was out of the question that the book could be handed her for a birthday present; but Lady Dallinger had set her heart on its being published, so it was useless for Mr. Anderson to indulge in a hope that she had changed her mind concerning it. He had been living in a fool's paradise for weeks; but he was soon to feel it tumbling about his ears.

For all Wulfe's dilatoriness concerning the fulfilment of that one promise of his to Hildred, he had the character of being a man of his word. Having remembered that he had told Lady Dallinger he would look up

Anderson and tell him to expect the MS. at an early date, he lost no time in doing so. Directly he had finished breakfast, he drove to Quarterly & Co.'s publishing offices.

He was informed that Mr. Anderson was out, but he was expected back at any moment.

Captain Estens said he would wait; and he was shown up to Mr. Anderson's room.

Wulfe was always more or less restless when there were no easy chairs at hand. He soon began to roam about the little room, examining the bookshelves, and staring out of window.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Wulfe's eyes presently wandered to the piles of MSS. nearly covering the small table. Some of them had the title-page uppermost, and he amused himself by studying these.

"Hello!" The ejaculation was loudly audible. He had come across some familiar handwriting on one of those title-pages. To his unfeigned astonishment, he saw, clearly inscribed in bold characters:

"LOVE'S CONQUEST.

BY LOIS LEIGHTON."

"She is never thinking of printing this, surely. Marjory must have got hold of the wrong story. It's lucky I came, as it happens. I'm quite certain there must be a mistake somewhere."

He sat down again, with the MS. in his hand, thinking he had a perfect right to read it as he figured so largely in its pages. Besides, had not Lois read out bits of it to him? He was ignorant of her refusal to permit even Marjory to see the story since her alteration of the latter half, so he dipped into it with an easy conscience, opening it at random, and smiling amusedly as his eyes fell on one well-remembered sentence:

"Stretching his arms before him on the table, he bowed his head on them, and indulged in bitter reverie for fully ten minutes without moving."

That was after a quarrel with Berenice—a quarrel she had quickly brought to an end, as he remembered the story. Now, however, he read differently. When Berenice entered the room, she did not steal up to Bertrand and dispel his anguish with a tender caress—not a bit of it! She stood and upbraided him for having flirted with Ethelfreda, whom Wulfe easily recognised to mean Dagmar Errol.

Turning back a few pages to see what other alterations Lois had made, he found a vivid description of the thunderstorm, which, in the story, was made to cast a gloom over the betrothal scene by the ill-omened fate of the opal ring.

"How in the world did she hear of it! Lady Dallinger can never have talked of it after promising Hildred not to say a word? And how could Lois think of publishing—oh! I'm positive she would *not* think of it. But how unlike Marjory not to be more careful. It must be her fault that this story has been sent instead of some other. Thank goodness I happened to come here this morning. I hope Anderson hasn't had time to read any of it."

With renewed interest he turned to the closing chapters to see how it all ended.

By degrees the mingled amusement and vexation in his eyes turned to wonder and suspense as he read of Bertrand being supplanted in his betrothed's affections by Frithiof Engelhart—"old Thorold, of course," muttered Wulfe uneasily—and how Bertrand consoled himself by proposing to Ethelfreda.

"Lois doesn't know what a virago Dagmar is, or she would have given me a better fate. But I wonder—is there anything in it? Is this why Thorold was in such a hurry to leave Estens? Has he loved her all along, and have I been standing between him and happiness all this time? Yet she has seemed to care for me—certainly she has never shown any jealousy if I did flirt a bit with Dagmar; but I put that down to pride, and to the knowledge that I really preferred her sweet self. Who could help loving her? I wish I knew the rights of it."

Never had Hildred seemed more desirable than at this moment, when there faced him a dim possibility of having to do without her. The manor estate and her great wealth were forgotten just then; it was the girl herself—his queenly Hildred—who filled his thoughts.

He so far followed the example of Bertrand Vavasour as to indulge in a reverie which, if not exactly bitter, could not by any stretch of imagination be called sweet; and this reverie so far exceeded Bertrand's as to last for twice ten minutes, at the expiration of which the door opened and Ernest Anderson came rushing in.

"I am awfully sorry, Estens. They tell me you've been here an hour or more. If I had only known——"

"Don't apologise. You won't feel so sorry when I tell you that I have spared you wading through this"—tapping "*Love's Conquest.*" "They have sent the wrong story by mistake. My cousin did not write this for publication. I am going down by the next train, and I'll take it with me. Good morning."

"Thank goodness!" Anderson rubbed his hands gleefully when he had closed the door on his visitor. "Perhaps I shall get out of it, after all."

[END OF CHAPTER SIXTEEN.]

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

FEBRUARY 18TH.—Jesus at Jacob's Well.

Passage for reading.—*St. John iv. 1-26.*



- POINTS. 1. Earthly water satisfies only for a time; heavenly water satisfies for eternity.
2. True worship must be spiritual worship.
3. Christ is known in His words as well as works.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Lady of Fashion. A young lady in the highest ranks of society was the only child of rich and intellectual parents. They gave her in abundance every bodily and mental pleasure. She was taught to love the world and to make the most

of it. She lived for time, and neglected eternity. But the hour of sickness came. She had a fearful illness. Her beauty all departed; her power to enjoy life was gone; all her parents' hopes for her worldly success fled. The minister of the parish came to visit her. He spoke of death and eternity, and urged her to repentance and to seek the Lord. She had never had such words spoken to her before, and she trembled. In her dying hour she called for some of her fine clothes. When they were brought, she looked up to her mother and said, "These have ruined me. You taught me to be gay and to enjoy the vanities of life, but you never taught me of God and the next life. You never taught me to pray, and now it is too late. Mother, you have ruined me." She died a few minutes afterwards.

A Dream of Worship. "It was Sunday morning. The bells calling to worship had just stopped. I was lying on a sofa at home recovering from grave sickness. Presently I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in the house of God. The minister was in his desk and the people were in their seats, but there was no voice to be heard. All was hushed in silence. After a short pause, however, the voice of a child was heard saying, 'Our Father which art in Heaven, Thy will be done.' I seemed to know instinctively what it all meant. The only voice heard was that of a true worshipper. For the time the thoughts of all the rest had wandered. The child alone was for the moment worshipping in spirit and in truth, and her prayer alone that instant penetrated to Heaven."

No Preaching Good without Christ in it. A young clergyman of promising abilities was once appointed to preach before a certain King of England, and in the presence of a Bishop. The young

man, in the Bishop's opinion, acquitted himself very well. Afterwards, in a conversation with the King, the Bishop ventured to ask his Sovereign's opinion. "Does not your Majesty," he said, "think that the young man who preached this morning is likely to become a very efficient preacher?" To which the King bluntly replied: "It might have been a good sermon if it had had more of Christ in it—His words, His teaching, His example. I consider no sermon good that almost entirely leaves out Christ."

FEBRUARY 25TH.—Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

Passage for reading.—*St. Luke iv. 14-30.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ begins His ministry at His own home.
2. Christ the Healer and Consoler.
3. Christ despised and rejected of men.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Begin at Home. A man once resolved to seek and find the beautiful. He thought of the mountains of Switzerland, and the beautiful plains of Italy, and the forests of America, and other wonders of the world; but before his plans were settled a voice seemed to say to him, "Begin at home." Yes, the beautiful is always with us. You can make the place where God has put you beautiful. If it be but an attic in a poor house, or a fireside, or a bench in a workshop, or a seat in school, or a place in your mother's heart—make it beautiful. And the sadder and the darker the place is, be the more eager to make it beautiful. Love which loves others unselfishly is the great beautifier.

Work for God. This must begin at home. It is good when men offer themselves as missionaries of the Gospel and go into distant lands with the message of salvation, but it is a better thing to begin with helping some brother or sister to do what is right, or teaching some ignorant children near at hand to fear God. It is not the number of miles we go that God looks at. It is rather the doing the work He sets us, wherever we are, earnestly, cheerfully, diligently.

Christ the Friend of the Poor. A clergyman was called in to visit a poor man who was dangerously ill. He found him in a very humble home. In answer to inquiries, the man said, "Sir, I am very near the grave, but my religion is the same as that of Job: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' I was born in sin, and lived for many years in evil ways, but God had mercy on me and brought me to Himself. He brought me out of the horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock, and that

rock is Christ Jesus." "Have you never any doubt?" "Yes, sir. When I think of my past sinful life, it sometimes seems impossible that I can ever be forgiven: but then a voice seems to whisper, 'He is able to save to the uttermost,' and so I just trust His Word and the doubts flee away." He was asked if he wanted anything, and answered, "I have learned to be contented with my lot." He died a few days afterwards in perfect peace, trusting in the Saviour.

Christ Rejected. A man was dying in a strange land. There were a few Christian friends about him. He was just able to speak, and these were his last words: "The whole of my life seems to lie open before me. Every action I have done, every sin I have committed, seems to stare me right in the face. I have heard many sermons, I have said with my lips many prayers; but I have never given myself to the Lord Jesus, and now it is too late." His friends talked with him and prayed with him, and pointed him to Jesus, the all-merciful Saviour, but he said: "It is all over now, all over! I have rejected Christ all my life, and there is no salvation for me." He ceased speaking. They prayed again, but his eyes soon closed in death. His spirit returned to the God Who made him, against Whom he had sinned all his life, and Whom he had rejected over and over again.

MARCH 4TH.—Jesus Healing in Capernaum.

Passage for reading.—*St. Mark i. 21-39.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ's power over unclean spirits.
2. Works of mercy lawful on the Sabbath.
3. Holiest persons need to pray constantly.

ILLUSTRATIONS. A Changed Life. A missionary in India baptised a soldier who had been a noted prize-fighter in England, a very powerful man who could with one blow knock a strong man down, and was the terror of many in the regiment. He feared not God, nor regarded men. One day, to use his own phrase, he "sauntered" into the little missionary church, where he heard God's Word and was alarmed. He came again. The power of Christ healed him, and he became a new man. The change in him was very marked. The lion became a lamb. Two months afterwards, in the messroom, some of those who used to be afraid of him began to ridicule him. One of them said, "I'll put him to the test whether he is a Christian or not"; and, taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it over him. The rest looked on in silence, expecting an outburst of anger and blows; but he calmly turned round and said, "This is what I must expect; if I become a Christian, I must suffer persecution." His comrades were amazed, and saw what the grace of God could do to change an evil nature.

The Sabbath. How much may we not do in the way of works of mercy on the Lord's day! I knew a lad who was taken ill at the age of eight, and for eight years afterwards was never free from suffering. He could never play as other boys play, and only in very fine weather could leave the house in a bath-chair. His boy friends always made a point of coming to cheer his Sundays. They would come and sit by his bed and tell him of their games and doings; they would bring him a few flowers or a book to read; they would sing to him and with him,

and in every possible way cheer his painful life. And his gentleness and patience and sympathy made him very dear to them, as they were to him; so there was work for God done on both sides on these Sunday afternoons, and when the sick boy died after eight years' suffering his life and example had done much to help his strong and healthy friends to love and serve God.

Much Prayer. Martin Luther once said, "I have so much to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it without three hours' prayer." Many would have said, "I can only afford time for three minutes' prayer." Luther knew that the more he had to do the longer he ought to pray. "Praying and provender hinder no man's journey."

MARCH 11TH.—The Paralytic Healed.

Passage for reading.—*St. Mark ii. 1-17.*

- POINTS. 1. The blessing of bringing others to Christ.
2. Forgiveness of sin follows repentance and faith.
3. Christ can heal both soul and body (*Ps. ciii. 3*).
4. Christ calls sinners, not the self-righteous.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Example a Power. A young girl was asked whose preaching it was that had brought her to Christ. "It wasn't anyone's preaching," she said; "it was Aunt Mary's *practising*."

Bringing Others to Christ. A mission was being held in a seamen's chapel. Workers went out night after night to draw sailors in to hear the Word of God. A gentleman went up to a weather-beaten sailor lounging at the door of a boarding-house, and invited him to come into the mission. "No," said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman mildly replied, "You look as if you had seen hard days. Have you a mother?" The sailor raised his head and looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, but made no answer. The gentleman, however, continued: "Suppose your mother were here now, what advice would she give you?" The tears rushed for a moment into the sailor's eyes. He tried in vain to conceal them; but, hastily brushing them away with the back of his rough hand, he said, with a voice almost choked with emotion, "I'll go to the meeting." And so he did, and went again night after night and received a blessing.

God's Forgiveness. If a branch be sawn off from a tree now budding in the garden, an ugly scar will be made, but the scar will soon be covered by the fresh growth. In a few years there will be no mark at all to show that an amputation had been made. Thus trees know how to overgrow and hide their injuries. And God says He forgives in the same way. He will never again make mention of sins which He has forgiven, for they are blotted out and entirely done away.

Religion Cares for Body as well as Soul. A physician at Bath once discovered a clergyman there of whom he was told that he was both sick and poor and had a large family. He at once gave a friend £50, asking him to deliver it to the poor man in the most delicate manner and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will go to him to-morrow morning." "You will oblige me, sir," he replied, "by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

A LITTLE BOY'S WORLD.

A Complete Story. By Fergus Mackenzie.



AUNT MARY and his mother agreed that Freddy was petted and spoiled; and everybody was of their way of thinking except Freddy. As not uncommonly happens, the greater number was wrong, but the greater number carried the vote. So it was the fixed and unalterable judgment that the child needed to be checked.

He was a loving little soul who got the full enjoyment out of life only when he had others to share in his joy, and the more the merrier. His mother came first, then Aunt Mary, then his father, and after him Mops, and the rest of the world, including two kittens, and the terrier—of the same age as his young master, but grown grey and venerable, while Freddy was still a child.

He had found his mother and Aunt Mary trying, while his father was impossible. The trouble was this: spring was at hand; the softest radiance of green had stolen with silent step over the pastures, while rare pink-tipped daisies had opened their eyes by hundreds on the lea. A kindly spirit, too, had filled the air after winter's storms, and his soul cried out for the breezes, the gracious blue of the sky, the gauze of mist thrown negligently over the bosom of the beech wood panting for the coming spring.

He wished to wander over the grass and gather lapfuls of daisies, to climb the mossgrown wall and enter the mysterious depths of the woods, where the birds could be heard singing while lost to sight among the boughs; he wanted to watch the beech unsheath her wrinkled leaves, and gaze on the helpless sprays, pink like doves' feet; and, above all, to halloo, and listen and wonder as the unutterable depths of the forest gave back his cry.

Now Freddy's mother had not discovered the great things of life, although she had lived so long, and when he told her of the enchanted castles, the beautiful ladies, and the dragons of the beech wood, she said: "Nonsense, Freddy. Who told you these silly stories?"

His mother was baking scones, for which he had a very healthy appetite; but scones and bodily hunger gave way before spring and the hunger of the soul.

"It is not nonsense, mother. I saw them when we were in the wood," he protested, vexed with his mother for the interest she had in scones and her lack of interest in fairies. She did not listen to him, and how could he convince her of her loss?

"I think you might come out now, mother; and you know we could do more scones when we came home if we haven't plenty; but I'm sure we have enough, for I know I shan't want any," he pleaded.

The thing was unheard of; to leave her fire at eleven o'clock in the forenoon! She would lose her reputation for housewifery straight away. So she answered:

"Don't bother, Freddy."

"You could do these things at night, when I'm in bed," he remonstrated. The daisies were blowing and the birds singing while he, a hopeless suitor, stuck close by his mother's apron wasting golden moments.

"When father is home! Then I must talk to him."

"Oh, he doesn't need talking to; he is old enough to take care of himself. But if you



He formed a speaking-trumpet of both hands.—p. 372.

don't mind, I can sit up and talk to him."

His proposition was not entertained with the spirit with which it was offered, and after one or two more rebuffs she said:

"Run across to Aunt Mary; I am too busy to be troubled with you just now."

He was silent, lingered near as if resolving to venture again, and when his mother was not observing he closed the door silently behind him. So everybody said Freddy was spoiled because they were too much taken up with their own follies to have a moment to bestow on his great things.

He sat down at Aunt Mary's fireside and sighed, a sign that he and his mother had had a difference.

"How is mother, Freddy?" she asked.

"Mother's just terrible busy;" and he sighed again.

"Do you not help her?"

"Mother can't think me much good. If I had been a girl—like Mops!"

"Would you like to be a girl?"

He shook his head; he was too depressed to speak, and he had a great contempt for the weaker sex at the girl stage.

"I think," he said, with another sigh and a desperate attempt at cheerfulness, "I would like to show you something good if you have time."

"Will it take long?"

"It is up in the wood."

"But I am busy, Freddy."

"You could do it at night. You see, mother must speak to father at night, and you do not need to speak to anybody."

Aunt Mary was not so grateful for this freedom as Freddy supposed, but she was ready to indulge the child; so she doffed her apron, put on a hat, and walked across the daisied lea, while Freddy walked demurely by her side, the passive recipient of the gracious things of spring.

"Isn't that wind beautiful, Aunt Mary? I felt it like that last year, the first time I came to see you."

"Poor little Fred!" the woman said. In these days he had been ill, and they thought he was to be taken from them; but the spring, which made the buds burst and swelled the birds' throats with song sent returning strength to the fragile form, and his first outing had been to Aunt Mary's, where he sat by the door, wrapped up in a plaid, and whispered:

"Isn't it all very beautiful, Aunt Mary? It is very beautiful."

And the tears had risen to Aunt Mary's eyes as she answered:

"And all very good, Freddy; all very good!" She was thinking of God's goodness in leaving this tender blossom a little longer

in its earthly Eden; for Freddy was more to them than they knew.

He gathered handfuls of daisies, which he presented with all the chivalry of a knight of fairyland; he called Aunt Mary to observe the softness of sky and cloud, and the shimmer of green that had crept like a mist through the beeches since morning, and he helped her over the moss-grown wall and the ditch into his world of wonders, the great wood.

"Now, Aunt Mary," he cried proudly, "I shall lead you along my beautiful halls with their pictures, and you shall be a princess. These tree-trunks are marble columns, and the branches are for a roof, with the blue shining beyond. This is my arm-chair, Aunt Mary, covered with leopard skins, on which you can sit. It is only a stone, all green with moss, so it won't spoil, and you do not need to fear sitting down. This is a fairy-ring, and down this long avenue Beauty and the Beast come when the moon shines; and behind these whins there is a great ogre's house. But you do not need to be frightened, because he sleeps all day, and I am here to protect you."

"This is indeed a wonderful palace, Freddy; when did the wood grow into this?"

"Oh, I got it all in my fairy book, and it is all so true. Hearken, Aunt Mary!"

The child stood in an attitude of absorbed interest, and burst into an exclamation of delight.

"Did you hear it, Aunt Mary? It is the song of the fairies."

Aunt Mary heard a chaffinch answer its neighbour in the depth of the wood, and beneath the rich, full note, a multitudinous "peeping" of little birds; and Aunt Mary thought of that other dreamer and builder of fairy worlds who heard sweeter sounds than fall upon the outward ear. She repeated:

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!"

His cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkled with excitement as he turned to his friend.

"These are the fairies singing, Aunt Mary. But hearken again." He formed a speaking-trumpet of both hands and shouted "Halloo!" Deep into the wood the sound travelled, and returned to them a mellowed, sweetened, glorified "Halloo—oo—oo—oo—oo," till it faded into immeasurable silence, when they felt that something had gone out, and their souls ached. "There are the fairies," he said, and the tears stood in his eyes.

The way homeward was one of silence, for neither cared to mar the charm of the day by speech; and Aunt Mary had come to the

conclusion she had done wisely in accompanying the child on his pilgrimage through God's great things, and allowing herself to see them through his eyes. Was not Thoreau a sort of a big boy, only much stupider than Freddy? and yet Aunt Mary had spent many an evening over "Walden," but never such a glorious hour as in the beech wood with a little child.

When they were seated at Aunt Mary's fireside, she broached a subject to Freddy which was welcome to neither. It was that of church-going. Could he have had his way, Freddy would

Nobody had thought it necessary to explain that the penny he got from his mother each Sabbath morning was to be given away, and he honestly regarded it as a bribe for church attendance. The big heap of coppers at the church door he looked upon as a thoughtful provision for Monday's investment in candy; and for six weeks he had succeeded in securing sometimes a penny and never less than a



"I want to be good, but I can't."

have been an habitual Sabbath-breaker; but Aunt Mary had taken him in hand. For six Sabbaths his behaviour had been worthy of all praise, but last time his conduct was disgraceful, and Aunt Mary must speak out.

"Why were you so restless last Sabbath, Freddy?"

"It wasn't fair," Freddy answered, pouting.

"What wasn't fair?"

"I hadn't time to get my penny."

Aunt Mary remembered now she had to drag the child away from the collection plate, as from his fumbling at it he looked uncommonly like helping himself to a new sixpence glittering among the brown coppers.

In truth, his idea was to get, not give,

halfpenny, besides retaining the coin he was supposed each Sabbath morning to give. Yet with all these inducements Freddy was far from being an enthusiastic church-goer.

"What do you mean, child?"

"Well, when we came out the plate was empty, and I didn't get a single penny."

"But you don't take out pennies, child," Aunt Mary exclaimed, horrified.

"Oh, yes," Freddy answered, emphasising his speech with a vigorous nod. "I wanted to get you sixpence, but you pulled me away."

"Freddy! What did you do with your halfpenny?"

"Kept it in my pocket, Aunt Mary. There's lots of pennies always for everybody."

"But you *put in* your pennies, Freddy—you don't take them out."

He pondered the matter, and things were anything but as they seemed. It was bad enough to have to sit still in a church after getting a penny at the door; but to *give* one and sit still too was intolerable.

"I'll never, never, never go to church any more, Aunt Mary!" he exclaimed.

That evening he took his father into his confidence regarding Aunt Mary's views of Christian liberality, for which he expressed the heartiest contempt, and set forth his own practice in opposition; when, greatly to his surprise, his father took up a more ridiculous attitude than even Aunt Mary.

Being of an impatient temperament, Freddy's father jumped to the most foolish of conclusions; and through not taking pains to see the situation as it appeared in his child's eyes, he did the boy a grievous wrong. Instead of a childish misconception, he saw in the act a case of sacrilege; and he was outrageously angry.

"You little blackguard! where is the money?" he shouted; and, white with terror, the child produced a box containing tenpence halfpenny, the accumulation of six weeks' church-going.

The father emptied the coppers into his palm, shut the lid with a snap, and handed the empty box to the child, whose fury blazed up. Stamping his foot, he defied his father, and ended with an outburst of tears, while the father ordered him off to bed, and threatened him with terrible things.

"I don't care, I don't care!" the rebel shouted. "I don't love you a bit. I love mother and Aunt Mary only; and I will not give away my very own money which I took out myself to give to Santa Claus. I'll tell Santa not to bring you anything—"

"Freddy, stop crying and hold your tongue," his mother said severely. *She* was against him, too!

"My young gentleman, you need a whipping; you are quite spoiled; everybody spoils you," his father added, while Freddy leaned his head on his mother's knee and sobbed:

"Santa Claus was to bring beautiful things to you all, and he can't do it now, for poor Santa must get some money; but I do love my dada, I do love my dada."

"Freddy, stop crying and go to bed; you will hurt yourself," his mother said gently; and the child lifted a tear-stained face convulsed with sobs to be kissed; and there were three sore hearts in that room.

A little later his mother went to see that he had got into bed, and to hear him repeat his evening prayer.

"Freddy," she said gravely, "you have been very naughty to-day."

"And I meant to be *so* good," he sobbed.

A soul in calm *says* its prayers; in storm it *prays*. That night Freddy prayed, and something within him scanned every word he uttered.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me:
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light."

This was all right, but the next verse was more than questionable.

"All this day Thy hand has led me."

When he remembered some of the proceedings this brought him to a pause; but swallowing a sob he proceeded:

"And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer."

"Let my sins be all forgiven—"

The poor little sinner broke down outright, and could go no farther, and when his mother had comforted him she said to her husband, "You might go to Freddy; he wants you."

"All right," the father said, throwing down his paper with great good will; "he's not a bad little chap. Well, old man, are you off to sleep?"

"Dada."

"Yes." The father stooped down and the child, putting his arms about his neck, drew him close to his breast.

"Will you whip me, dada?" Fred's lip trembled.

"No, no, Freddy; you'll be a good little chap, won't you?"

"But, dada, I can't;" and Freddy burst into a violent fit of weeping. "A little black beast gets into me, and won't let me be good. I want to be good, and I try, but I can't; the black beast won't let me; and if you would whip it out of me I would not be naughty any more."

"The beast's away now, Freddy; and when it comes back I'll whip it away."

"And I do love my dada."

"Yes, little man, I know."

"And it was the black beast in me that said I didn't love you."

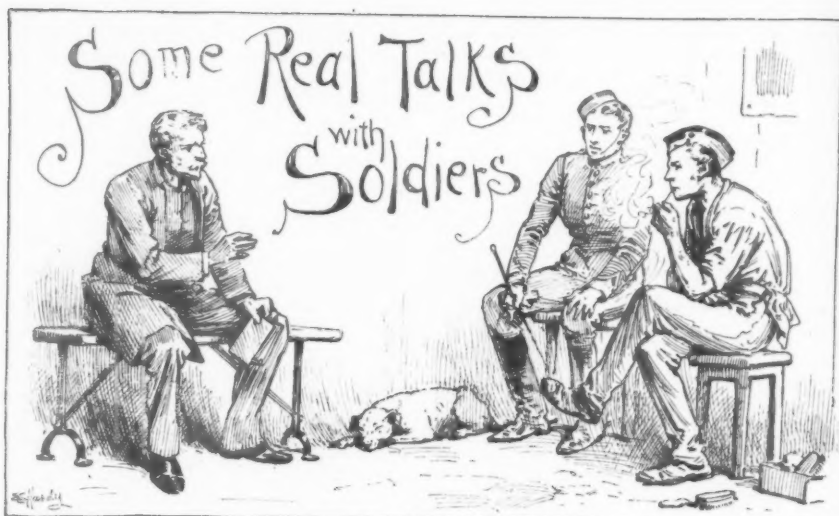
"I know, Freddy. There's a black beast in me, too, but it is a big one; and who is to whip it out of me?"

"Poor dada!"

"Go to sleep, Fred," and his father kissed him.

That night, whether by accident or design, the father and mother read the evening portion: "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not that I do." And when they took their last glimpse of the child in his crib there were still signs of the recent storm, while the father, kissing the fair brow, whispered:

"The evil which I would not that I do."



By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, Author of
 "How to be Happy though Married," Etc.



THE old 93rd Highlanders was a regular Highland parish. It had its own minister, and two sergeants acted as elders. Once, during the Indian Mutiny, the rebels chased the minister. He had no revolver, nor even a stick; so he ran towards his own regiment, shouting—"Ninety-third, help! These men are *impertinent* to me!"

There may not be clanship equal to this between Church of England chaplains, of whom the writer is one, and their flocks, and the fact that we are attached to garrisons and not to regiments hinders *esprit de corps*. Still, even as things are, and with short service continually changing the men, there are many regiments which I know well enough to run to if enemies were "*impertinent*" to me. Certainly, when I visit my military flock in their folds—that is to say, barrack rooms—on winter evenings, they are very polite. They make a place for me on

one of the forms, where they sit facing, as becomes soldiers, a very hot fire.

As there are men of all religions, and of none, in a barrack room, it is not the place to talk what may be called technical religion. Besides, if one would not do this during a call at the officers' mess, why should he do it when visiting the men? The time for preaching is at the parade services, and the more we chaplains get to know our men and the better acquainted they become with us out of church, the more effective will be our ministrations to them in church and in the military hospital.

When soldiers find that you do not desire to preach to them continually, and that you take a sympathetic interest in their lives, they become very communicative. Though chaplains are officers, they are also ministers of the Gospel, and as such are spoken to more unreservedly than are those who are nothing but officers. Nor is it more than the truth to say that we chaplains have far more opportunities in camp and barracks, especially in the former, of getting into touch with the young men committed to our charge than have civilian clergymen.

In our army there are literally all sorts and conditions of men. A soldier assured me the other day that no one enlisted except those who had got into trouble, or who were too lazy to work; but, whatever was the case

formerly, this is no longer true. We get the good, as well as the bad and the indifferent. Soldiers come from all classes, and have been everything and nothing, and their experiences are, consequently, very interesting. I only hope that they obtain half as much instruction and entertainment from my conversation as I do from theirs.

Very often the popularity or unpopularity of the army is the topic of our conversation. A great many profess not to like it because there are "too many masters in it." When I remark that the army does not differ in this respect from any big business or railway company, and that it has many advantages peculiar to itself, the grumblers generally come to the conclusion that soldiering is not half a bad sort of life after all. Indeed, one Tommy Atkins went so far the other day as to say that discipline is the finest thing in the army. "I am a man," he observed, "who must go to the right or to the wrong"—a not uncommon experience—"and I like to be told, from day to day, or from hour to hour, the right thing to do; it keeps me straight."

Sensible men discover that discipline is far more a friend than an enemy to them, and that when the commanding officer of a regiment is a fool, the bad put their work upon the good, and make the regiment uncomfortable in many ways. A strict officer is not disliked so long as he is fair, while one who is slack and easy-going in order to become popular misses his aim and only gains contempt. Do we not all feel that it is best to be pulled up sharply when starting on a wrong road? It seems to Tommy that he is, as it were, defrauded when he deserves a good "telling off," and he does not get one. He speaks of punishment being due to him; as, for example—"I am indebted ten days C.B. (confinement to barracks) for so-and-so." "If I get my rights, I'll have a court martial over this."

There is nothing which soldiers more despise than weakness in those who are placed over them. When I was stationed at Bermuda, a regiment was commanded by a colonel of the "old woman" kind, who, thanks to Lord Wolseley, are now becoming scarce. This man was so good-natured that he was good for nothing except lecturing the men. Three bad characters were brought before him in the orderly room on consecutive days, and each of them threw something at the head of the regiment. For doing so, one was sentenced by court martial to seven years' penal servitude, and the other two to five. Before the prisoners left for England, where they were to do their punishment, I went to see them, and asked them why they committed the crime. The three men, whom I saw separately, answered in almost the same

words. They could not stand, they said, that fool of a colonel crying and coming the old father over them. Why did he not give the punishment owing to them, and hold his jaw?

At the same time, a commanding officer who has studied human nature will occasionally make a brilliant hit when he gives a man what is called a "chance." The following illustrative case was told to me by the colonel who tried the experiment. One day, when out for a walk, he met a man of his regiment who was only too well known to him on account of his frequent appearances in the orderly room. My friend stopped him, and said—

"You're a fine man, six feet three in height, and yet don't you think that you are making a precious ass of yourself with thirty-six 'drunks' in your defaulter's sheet? Suppose, now, that I were to put a lance-corporal's stripe on your arm to-morrow; how would it be?"

The man was so surprised and delighted that he took the total abstinence pledge, and never drank any more intoxicating liquor. Four years afterwards he married, and the colonel attended the marriage feast. The bridegroom took his commanding officer aside and said to him, as he pointed to the different kinds of liquor that were on the table—"You see all that, sir. Well, I have not tasted a drop, even to-day, and won't, for if I did I must get drunk."

After this, the general commanding the station asked for a sergeant to be recommended for a post of confidence. My friend sent in the name of the man whom he had saved, and who had become a sergeant. An indignant letter was returned by the general, asking what could be meant by recommending a man who had thirty-six entries for drunkenness in his defaulter's sheet. The colonel went and told him the story; and the general said—"I never heard anything so remarkable in my life."

Talking of drinking, a soldier once said to me—"People may pretend what they like, but it is in my opinion that everyone drinks as much as he can get." "Well," I answered, "what about the Duke of Westminster? He has an income of a thousand pounds a day, and yet is a teetotaler." The man thought for some time, and then replied with considerable feeling—"Then, sir, he must be mad."

Those who believe in drinking have the most marvellous tales of cholera coming into a barrack room in India and seizing upon two or three unfortunate teetotalers. The first day I visited a military hospital, after being stationed at Malta, a big artilleryman, finding that I was a new-comer, kindly cautioned me by relating his own experience. "But, above all, sir," he said, "don't be taking

up with this here teetotalism; it is sure to give you the fever. Now, look at me; I'm a man who always took my pot, and for the first two years I was in Malta I drank ten pints of beer every day. Then I thought that, as I was soon leaving the service, it was about time for me to put by a little bit of money, and I went on the dead, as we say. The very next day I got the fever, and if I get over it I'll watch giving up my ten pints a day." Not a word about the ten pints which really caused the fever.

Mentioning this reply to a young officer, he told me what another bibulous gunner had said to his commanding officer that morning, on being asked if he had any excuse to give for being drunk. "You see, sir, I had been stationed at Fort D—" (a remote little fort where beer could not be obtained), "and when I came into headquarters and tasted the beer, I own I did a few quarts!"

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that drunkenness prevails more in the army than it does amongst the same number of civilians of the same rank. Rather the reverse is the case, owing to discipline and for other reasons. A civilian can go into the privacy of his house and drink heavily; but anything wrong a soldier does is rendered conspicuous by his uniform. Soldiers, as a class, hate humbug and hypocrisy, and so afraid are they of pretending to be better than they are that they often go the other extreme and pretend to be worse than they are.

The following is a case where there was no pretence either in one direction or the other. The man told the truth with cynical indifference to me in Gosport Military Prison, where he had been sent from the Soudan War of 1884. Asked by me how he came to commit his crime, which was striking a sergeant, he answered quite coolly—

"I was in one battle, and found it very disagreeable; so when we were going to have another I struck the sergeant, in order that I might be made a prisoner and get out of it."

Seeing my look of disgust, the man, who was intelligent and well educated, said—

"Ah! I know what you are going to say—that I am a coward, and not worthy to be called an Englishman. This I admit; but I cannot help it, for I was born a coward, and always have been one. The only reason I came into the army was because I was out of work and on the verge of starvation."

I gladly acknowledge that such "soldiers" are very exceptional in our army, there being only enough of them to prove that uniform does not make a soldier any more than a cowl makes a monk. Indeed, the lessons of patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice which may be

learned from the commonest of common soldiers is surprising. They take their full share of the Englishman's privilege of grumbling, or, as they call it, "easing the chest" or "grouching," but they will go anywhere and do anything. In his way, Thomas Atkins is a very philosophical being. He often complains to me of this or that grievance in his lot, but he generally finishes up by saying, "Well, it's all in the seven, and we must put up with it." What he means by "it's all in the seven" is that it is all in the seven years for which he engaged to be a soldier. Tommy says, "I can stick it; it's all in the seven," when other people would say, "I can put up with it; it's all in the day's work."

Probably the self-respect and smart bearing which are inculcated upon soldiers help them to be patient and more contented than they seem. This self-respect, however, sometimes degenerates into almost feminine vanity. Certainly a large number of soldiers enlist simply for the sake of "the clothes." Not long since, a soldier complained to me about the cruelty of his commanding officer, who was trying to prevent the men of his regiment from wearing a little curl of hair on each side of their foreheads. "I would rather," he said, most solemnly, "lose an arm than have my front hair cut short."

The number of soldiers who could truthfully be called religious may not be a large one but they compare not unfavourably with civilians of the same class. Being young and healthy, they are not disposed to think of the problems of life; and they have peculiar temptations, arising from the fact that they are taken away early from home influences, are nearly all unmarried, have a considerable amount of pocket-money, and a good deal of idle time on their hands.

When, however, soldiers do give their hearts to the great Captain Jesus Christ, they are amongst the strongest and most consistent of His followers. They are braced up by the many temptations to which they are exposed, and they must be in earnest, for humbug and hypocritical profession could not conceal themselves from the somewhat fierce criticisms of a barrack room.

And I think that I never spoke to one of these religious soldiers without his attributing his first inclination towards the right way to good home influences. Even when they have fallen below their own wishes, they think back regretfully upon the opportunities they have lost. I remember one poor fellow, to whom I talked in the punishment cells at Devonport, saying to me when I suggested the advisability of his turning over a new leaf—"Yes, sir; I know that I ought to be good, for my mother is cook to General Booth!"

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

"AT THE FRONT."



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

DR. C. F. HARFORD-BATTERSBY.

THE events of the past few months have brought home to us all the great debt of gratitude which is due to the heroic men, in both services, who have upheld the honour of our country in the protracted struggle with the Transvaal. It is all too early to make anything like an approximate estimate of the number of temperance men engaged in the campaign; but it is safe to say that, thanks to the labours of Miss Agnes Weston in the Navy and the Hon. Conrad Dillon in the Army, at no time in the history of our country has there been a larger number of abstainers in both services. The Volunteers also contain a considerable sprinkling of temperance men; and in good time we shall no doubt receive the testimonies of the officers as to the work done by temperance men in action. The historic watchword handed on in the days of the Indian Mutiny—"Call up Havelock's saints; they may always be depended upon"—and the familiar incident of the example set by the abstainers in the Red River Expedition, in which Wolseley made his mark, will no doubt be matched by equally effective illustrations furnished by the temperance men in the present campaign. Everyone knows the personal interest which Lord Roberts has taken in the executive work of the Army Temperance Association, and those of us who have "stayed at home" should see to it that the temperance work of the Army and Navy alike is adequately supported at this important stage in its history.

A MEDICAL WORKER.

Charles F. Harford-Battersby, M.A., M.D., is known to a wide circle for the deep and active interest which he has taken in missionary work. He is a member of a well-known Evangelical family, and a son of the late Canon Harford-Battersby, of Keswick, who was one of the earliest abstaining clergymen in this country. Dr. Harford-Battersby is a graduate

of Cambridge, and after leaving the University volunteered for missionary work under the Church Missionary Society in East Africa. Upon his return his active energies soon found a new outlet, and he established, at West Ham, Livingstone College, which has for its object the practical training of workers for the mission field. Dr. Harford-Battersby's views on total abstinence have only been intensified by his experiences among the heathen, and his telling letters to *The Times* upon the drink traffic in Africa caused no small sensation. He is the author of a very touching memoir of Pilkington of Uganda, which bids fair to become a standard work in missionary literature.

THE NATIVE RACES AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

One of the most appalling results of the liquor traffic is the demoralisation of the heathen. Side by side with the attempt to Christianise and civilise the degraded races, England, France, Germany, and other enlightened nations have poured into the opened-up countries a flood of intoxicants, so that the missionary has often been baffled in his



(Photo: Brown, Barnes and Bell, Baker Street, W.)

MR. A. W. BODGER.

endeavours to improve the heathen, by the commercial greed of his own countrymen. Some fifteen years or so ago a determined effort was made to grapple with this crying evil. A body was called into being under the title of the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee. The various missionary and leading national temperance organisations appointed representatives to serve on this United Committee, the President being, from the first until his lamented death a few weeks ago, the late

Duke of Westminster, the Chairman the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Secretary Mr. A. W. Bodger. With a very small income, the Committee has managed to accomplish an excellent amount of work. Besides influencing the public through the Press and in Parliament, the Committee has succeeded in enlisting the active co-operation of the King of the Belgians. Much of its work never reaches the public eye at all, as, owing to the nature of the commercial transactions involved, and the stringency of the law of libel, a considerable amount of tact is necessary. The measure of the success already obtained, however, amply justifies the formation of this unique temperance body, which assuredly deserves and should receive the encouragement of every person professing an interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

The claims of the London Temperance Hospital have more than once been urged in our columns. The Board of Management has been most happy in selecting as a successor to Miss Orme (the recently retired Lady Superintendent) Miss Dorothy Lucas. Her qualifications are of the highest order. She received her early training in Leeds General Infirmary, and then passed on to Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, where she was Sister in Charge of the Men's Surgical Ward and Theatre Sister. This has been followed by five years' work as Home Sister of the Temperance Hospital, from which she proceeded to the onerous office to which she has been called. To Miss Lucas's practical experience is added an intense interest in temperance work generally, and, although her duties of necessity leave her little time for outside work, Miss Lucas is now and again to be heard on the temperance platform with great

effect. The constantly reiterated argument that alcohol is necessary for the health's sake is completely shattered by the solid wall of evidence steadily built up day by day at the Temperance Hospital.

COMING EVENTS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has promised to preside at a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, in Fulham Deanery, on February 15th. On February 26th the Bishop of London will speak for the Church of England Temperance Society in Exeter Hall, and on March 26th the Bishop of Stepney will render a similar service at Marylebone. The Lambeth Palace Meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society will be held on April 24th, and Temperance Sunday for London Diocese has been fixed for May 6th. The annual meeting of the National Temperance League will be held in Exeter Hall on April 30th, and that of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union in the same place on May 10th; the Autumnal Conference of the Union will be held in Manchester in September.

The demonstrations in the London parks will take place on Saturday, June 2nd.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Amid the many "ups and downs" of temperance work in London, the old Fitzroy Teetotal Association, founded so far back as October 8, 1830, has steadily pursued the even tenour of its way until the present day. The old-fashioned methods (so often despised by those who have never put them to a practical test) are still maintained in full vigour by the active band of workers connected with the Fitzroy Hall, Little Portland Street, W. The signing of the teetotal pledge, an unceasing distribution of temperance literature, regular weekly meetings indoors, an open-air



(Photo: Lafayette, Ltd.)

MISS LUCAS, THE RECENTLY APPOINTED MATRON OF THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

crusade in the summer months, a Band of Hope for the young folk, and periodical experience meetings for the elders are, in brief, the main features of the work. The



FITZROY TEMPERANCE HALL, LITTLE PORTLAND STREET, W.

Fitzroy Hall, of which we give an illustration, was secured by the Association so far back as 1845; it was enlarged in 1865, and thoroughly renovated in 1897. It is safe to say that nearly every one of the recognised early leaders of the Temperance Reformation in this country have in their turn spoken from the Fitzroy platform. Livesey, Teare, Whittaker, Dunlop, Lees, Raper, Burns, Maguire, Campbell, McCree, Murphy, Rae, T. A. Smith, F. Smith, Cruikshank, Cassell, Edmunds, Paxton Hood, and many others may be named in this connection. The Association has been singularly fortunate in keeping in touch with its membership, and upon several occasions those who have migrated to distant colonies have retained an interest in this old Society, and paid tribute to the helpful teaching which has always characterised its work. The roll of membership shows whole families to the third, and even fourth, generation; and so an annual meeting partakes to some extent of a large happy family gathering rather than a demonstration of the general public. The present

President of the Association is Mr. J. P. Draper, one of a worthy band of brothers who have been among the most strenuous and faithful of the Fitzroy workers. Mr. J. P. Draper was elected Hon. Secretary in 1840, and discharged the duties of this office with conspicuous zeal until 1897, when he was appointed President. His interest in the work is still as keen as ever, and his memory is a perfect storehouse of temperance history, particularly in relation to the work in London. He is the author of one or two little books issued privately for the friends of the Fitzroy Association, and he occupied a seat on the Committees of the National Temperance League and United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for many years. The roll-book of the Fitzroy Teetotal Association abundantly testifies that the pledge is one of the readiest, surest, and cheapest ways of helping a man to help himself. In the making of good citizens there are few societies which have done greater service to the metropolis than the old Fitzroy.



(Photo: The London Photographic Company, Regent Street, W.)

MR. J. P. DRAPER.

(Fifty-seven years Hon. Secretary of the Fitzroy Teetotal Association.)

SHORT TO ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Marcus Dods, D.D.

(See page 331.)

WHEN, in 1880, Marcus Dods was elected to the Chair of New Testament Exegesis in the New College, Edinburgh, his reputation for scholarship had been already established by his able editing of Augustine's works and of Lange's "Life of Christ"; but work of a more popular nature commended him to a wider public. His sketches from the Book of Judges, "Israel's Iron Age," and from Genesis, "Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph," revealed, on the writer's part, an eye for the picturesque, fine discrimination of character, and rare insight into spiritual things. His "Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ"—four lectures on natural and revealed

religion—evinced a true appreciation of spiritual principles; while his little volume on "The Prayer that Teaches to Pray" showed a lofty devotion combined with outstanding intellectual endowments. To these gifts was added a marked freshness and lucidity of exposition. No wonder that many demands were made on his pen. To the Household Library of Exposition he contributed, in two series, "The Parables of Our Lord"—a masterly statement of the teaching of Jesus; and to "The Theological Educator" an "Introduction to the New Testament," characterised by exact scholarship and great power of clear and condensed statement. In the Expositor's Bible series, he has several volumes—a commentary on Genesis, which has met with wide popularity; another on the Gospel of St. John, in two volumes, valuable for its warm and powerful exposition of great spiritual principles; and a third on 1 Corinthians, in which the reader is charmed with the candour, the sagacity, and the clear leading in the perplexing problems of the time. In the latest enterprise of that versatile editor, Dr. Nicoll, the Expositors' Greek Testament, Dr. Dods again found a congenial task in the Fourth Gospel; and once more his work has won the warm commendation of scholars. For many years Dr. Dods has been associated with a like-minded man, Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, as joint-editor of a series of Handbooks for Bible Classes, to which he has contributed volumes on Genesis and the Post-Exilic Prophets. Yet this list does not exhaust his contributions to literature and theology. It is good to have among us men who, by reason of their insight, courage, and reverence, can give a currency to the weightiest matters equal in extent to that of the popular novel of the hour. Such a man we have in Dr. Marcus Dods.

A Quiver Hero.

THE latest addition to our Roll of Heroes is William Lilly, the Southend pier-head keeper, who, on the night of September 11th last, left his sick bed on hearing cries for help, and, instantly lowering a boat, was instrumental in saving the lives of two members of a yachting party, whose vessel had been blown against the pier and capsized. Mr. Lilly's plucky action is specially commendable, in that he incurred grave danger to



(Photo: A. Ayton, Edinburgh.)

THE REV. PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS, D.D.



(See p. 340.)

THE WRECK OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

his life in thus exposing himself at a time of serious illness. On receiving particulars of the case from the Mayor of Southend, accompanied by a statement from the medical man attending Mr. Lilly, we had no hesitation in awarding the brave rescuer the Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund, which has since been publicly presented to him by the Mayor.

Consistency and Courage Respected.

IN Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the hillmen in Upper Scinde, a detachment of troops was separated from the main body, and found themselves in a valley, where the cliffs on either side bristled with the rifles of the enemy. They numbered twelve only, with a sergeant in command. A signal was made for them to return, but, mistaking it for an order to charge, they did so with a ringing cheer. Up they went until they reached the summit of the cliff they were scaling. There they fought and fell, every one of them. The enemy stripped them, and threw their gashed corpses down the precipice, and when the rest of the army came up they found that each of them had a piece of red thread tied round his wrist. That was a badge of honour which the foe gave to all who fought valiantly to the death against them. In the same way, if religious people are brave and consistent, those who at first sneer and laugh at them will come in the end to respect them.

For Young and Old.

THOSE of our readers who were attracted by Katharine Tynan's serial story, "Pledged," which recently appeared in our pages, will doubtless be pleased to hear that it can now be obtained in a separate and more permanent form, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. having just issued it as a book, under the title "She Walks in Beauty." It would serve as an excellent presentation volume, as would also Helen Shipton's brightly written and carefully planned story, "The Touchstone," which reaches us from Messrs. Isbister.—Mr. Richard Kearton's work as a naturalist, and particularly as an ornithologist, is so well known that his latest volume on "Our Rarer British Breeding Birds" (Cassell) is sure of a hearty reception, especially as—like its predecessors—it shows ample traces of unsparing efforts to obtain the fullest and most reliable information of the haunts and habits of the interesting little creatures it deals with, and is, moreover, accompanied by a number of valuable photographs from life by Mr. C. Kearton.—Letts' Diaries Company have done our clerical friends a real service in the preparation of their excellent "Clerical Tablet Diary," of which we have recently received a copy of the edition for the current year. Although it is specially prepared for clerical purposes, this diary is equally serviceable for general use.—"What the Flowers Did" (Horace Marshall) is the title of a dainty little booklet by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in which he sets forth, in his own inimitable style, a number of instances of the wonderful influence of flowers upon the dwellers in the slums.—We have also before us at the present moment four biographies, to which we should have liked to devote more than the passing word our limited

space allows. "Church Work in British Columbia" (Longmans) is the title given to the memoir of the late Dr. A. W. Sillitoe, first Bishop of New Westminster, the story of whose faithful life-work in that remote diocese reads at times more like a romance than as actual fact. The same publishers are responsible for "The Journals and Papers of Chauncy Maples, D.D., late Bishop of Likoma, Lake Nyasa." The late Bishop Maples was not only an earnest missionary, but also an intrepid traveller and explorer, as a perusal of this interesting and fascinating volume proves. The other two biographies reach us from Messrs. Isbister, and represent the life-stories of two such eminent men in their own respective spheres as Bishop John Selwyn and Dr. William F. Moulton. Bishop Selwyn's missionary labours in Melanesia, and his later work as Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, are fully treated in Mr. F. D. How's excellent memoir. The Rev. Dr. W. F. Moulton, whose life has been fully and faithfully sketched in this volume, was widely known as an eminent Biblical scholar, as a member of the New Testament Revision Committee, and also as the highly successful Principal of the Leys School, Cambridge.

The Christian Flag.

ONE of the newest religious movements in the United States is that which has recently organised the Christian Flag Extension Society. Mr. Charles C. Overton, a Sunday school superintendent of Coney Island, is at the head of it. Mr. Overton's idea is that Christians all the world over, irrespective of nationality or denomination, should have one flag, under which they could, if occasion arose, march in a body. The idea occurred to him one "Children's Day," when the children's special service was held in Brighton Chapel, Coney Island. At that time, each child was furnished with a small American flag, to be waved as they marched, singing a national hymn. A few days later, Mr. Overton noticed, in a parade of liquor dealers, each publican also carried a small American flag exactly like those he had given his Sunday-school scholars. In deciding to originate a Christian flag, Mr. Overton declared that he did not mean to be unpatriotic, but he felt that the "Stars and Stripes" was too far reaching. "Nothing awakens such enthusiasm as a flag," said Mr. Overton. "One cannot conceive of an army without its colours, and there is certainly no reason why the Army of the Lord should go bannerless." The colours of the Christian flag are the same as those of the flags of England and the United States—red, white, and blue. The flag is white, with a corner space of blue, and a red cross in the centre of the blue. Miss Fanny J. Crosby, the veteran American hymn writer, has dedicated a hymn, called "The Christian Flag," to the movement, the first verse of which is:—

"The Christian Flag! God bless it!
Now throw it to the breeze,
And may it wave triumphant
O'er land and distant seas,
Till all the wide creation
Upon its fold shall gaze,
And all the world united,
Our loving Saviour praise."

Copies of this hymn have been sent to many band-masters all over the world, requesting them to arrange the music as a march, and a number of favourable replies have been received. The captains of several excursion steamers in the Bay of New York and in other American waters, have ordered the Christian flag, with the promise of floating it over their vessels when carrying Sunday school and other religious excursions.

The Late Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.

On the 21st of December last the Master's call came for one of His greatly gifted and true-hearted servants—Philip Bennett Power. For over thirty years his name has been a gratefully familiar one with the readers of this magazine, and the present announcement cannot but create in our large circle a sense of loss almost as strongly personal as that felt by the Editor at this departure of one of his oldest and kindest friends. Mr. Power's life-story is too long and too full for any passing note of this description. But there is one feature of his completed career which may fittingly be referred to here—that of cheerful resignation to the will of God when suddenly called upon by nervous breakdown and loss of voice, while yet in the early prime of manhood, to give up his cherished and highly successful vocation in the active ministry of the Church. This was the work he loved above all things, and in having to say farewell to the large congregation he had in a few years gathered around him at Christ Church, Worthing, the wrench was equally great for pastor and for flock. There remained to him but one instrument by which he might still do public service for his Master—his pen—which he used faithfully and effectually to the day of his death. And who knows but that the affliction referred to was thus ordained to convey the Lord's message to a far wider audience than any that could be gathered together in the largest building in the world? For Mr. Power's works have sold, and are still selling, by hundreds of thousands. There are those amongst us who well remember what a new era in religious tract literature was inaugurated when "The Oiled Feather," "The Talking Fire-irons," and "The Man on the Slant," and other booklets of the same kind, appeared on the scene and took people's fancies and their hearts by storm. Many of the most popular of these sketches, including "The Man on the Slant," were written for *THE QUIVER*; and scarcely a volume of this magazine for the past thirty years has appeared without one or more highly valued contributions from his pen. A clear and keen sense of the fitness of things never forsook him. The many sermons he wrote for this magazine never

degenerated, as some modern sermons do, into a mere bundle of epigrams or solemn witticisms, but were always full of pith and point. He reserved for his stories and character sketches that rare fund of humour which bubbled over in every sentence, at the same time consecrating it to the highest ends. His wit was always bright, mostly



(Photo: J. E. Magall and Co., Piccadilly, W.)

THE LATE REV. P. B. POWER.

kind, seldom caustic, never venomous, and thus it always made for the Master's cause. And then there was the contrasting gift of pathos, which brought tears over the wrinkles which laughter had made. Such a combination of two rare gifts could not fail to win their way to the hearts of the multitude. One more such story our dear friend has written which has not yet seen the light, one upon which he was engaged up to within a few hours of his life's close—a commission for *THE QUIVER*. After his death it was found upon his study table, finished. This, his last work, we hope to give to our readers before long; and for them, as for ourselves, it will doubtless possess special value, and a very pathetic interest, as the final effort of a man whose dying hours, like his whole life, were dedicated to the Master's service.

Service in Suffering.

"I WOULD rather preach and suffer than be silent and strong. Our day is short enough, and I begin to grudge every moment that is not spent in the cause of the Kingdom." Thus wrote Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, only a couple of days before his death, to one of the office bearers in his church, and in those words are to be found the key to the character unfolded by the Rev. J. S. Drummond in the "Memoir" of his former fellow-student, published by Messrs. Cassell. It is barely twelve years since Charles Berry's name became suddenly famous in Evangelical circles on both sides of the Atlantic, but those were years of strenuous service, cheerfully rendered at a heavy cost of suffering, which can only now be guessed. The photogravure portrait which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Drummond's volume is a pleasing accompaniment to his sympathetic sketch of his popular colleague's career.

"He Died."

EVEN a very small portion of the Bible, and one that has often been passed over carelessly, will, in the end, sometimes arrest the sinner. A worldly and sinful man strolled into church and heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read. There it is said of several persons who lived very long that they died. Enos lived nine hundred and five years, "and he died"; Seth, nine hundred and twelve, "and he died"; Methuselah, nine hundred and sixty-nine, "and he died." The frequent repetition of the words "he died," notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so deeply with the thought of death and eternity that he became a changed man.

A Thatched Church.

IN the remote parish of Markby, in Lincolnshire, stands a little thatched church, probably the only one existing in Great Britain. At one time it fell

into sad disrepair, the visitor seeing a hole in the side wall and also the bare pegs and woodwork in the roof where the thatch had fallen off. Since then, however, the Vicar, the Rev Arthur Smyth, informs us, the church has been entirely re-thatched, while there is also a new iron church. The thatched church is used for marriage ceremonies and funeral services. It is situated about four miles from Sutton-on-Sea, in a small parish in the South Lindsey division, and a dozen or so miles east of Louth. The population numbers about two hundred. But together with Markby (St. Peter's) are the parishes of Hannah (St. Andrew's) and Hagnaby. The thatched church will accommodate about sixty persons, and that at Hannah about a hundred. It stands here with its trees about it in the sunny silence and in the winter storm—a monument, no doubt, of far-away days when pious Lincolnshire folk, finding reeds and straw readier to their hand than slates, employed the thatch, then probably in vogue in the countryside, to roof their house of God.

Some New Books.

WE have before us this month a number of recently published works by various authors, of much practical value to all earnest-minded followers of the Master. Foremost amongst them is Dr. Alexander McLaren's "Leaves from the Tree of Life" (Isbister), a series of brief and pithy sermonettes on various selected texts, and Archdeacon Madden's volume of outspoken yet sympathetic addresses to men and women, to which he gives the pregnant title, "Tombs or Temples."—From Messrs. Morgan and Scott we have received a collection of suggestive discourses on "Calls to Christ," by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, who is also responsible for "A Book of Family Worship" (Hodder and Stoughton), containing carefully selected passages of Scripture and prayers for every day in the year. Such a work as this should do much to encourage the revival of family worship.

Professor T. K. Cheyne has issued through Messrs. Isbister an exhaustive treatise on "The Christian Use of the Psalms," which is apparently addressed primarily to the leaders of the Anglican Church. We do not necessarily identify ourselves with some of the views expressed by the author, but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that all preachers, teachers, and Bible students may find much of interest and profit in Professor Cheyne's lucid interpretation of those Psalms which he specially deals with.—From Messrs. Blackwood and Sons comes, in a very dainty dress, an exceptionally interesting "calendar of devotion" in the form of a volume of "Prayers from the Poets," containing three hundred and sixty-five selections—one for every day in the year. The editors of this valuable



(Photo: Blighton, Derby.)

A THATCHED CHURCH.
(At Markby, near Sutton-on-Sea.)

little work are Messrs. Laurie Magnus and Cecil Headlam, who are to be congratulated on the representative character and careful selection of its contents.—We have also received two collections of addresses by the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, entitled respectively "Christ in the Old Testament" and "Glorious Themes for Saints and Sinners" (Passmore and Alabaster, the latter being issued in particularly large type, for the benefit of the aged and afflicted; a number of practical handbooks, forming part of the new series on useful arts and handicrafts now being issued by Messrs. Daborn and Ward, and which include such subjects as "Wood Carving," "Designing and Drawing," "Dyes, Stains, Inks," etc.; a volume of Sunday evening readings for the year, by E. M. Dewhurst, entitled "The King and His Servants" (Elliot Stock); and also copies of the new editions for 1900 of "Who's Who," and "The Englishwoman's Year-Book" (A. and C. Black), both of which should find a place upon the reference shelf of every library.

Treasures from an Unknown Giver.

A box of treasures lay unopened whilst a generation slipped away. Then the hands that had filled and closed it sank to rest for ever, and its contents had to be reverently examined. Antiquated toys and toy-books, a paint-box, and engravings coloured in red, blue, and green, a half-written copy, and a small outfit—the collection told of the pursuits of a young life suddenly interrupted. To disturb the touch of motherly tenderness seemed like sacrilege, and the first impulse was to seal up once more the relics and their flood of associations. But these treasures had made their little owner happy; was it better for them to lie idle and be lost in decay, or to wear out in the service of other children whose lives were clouded with pain and poverty? Wistful faces that brightened with expectation at the entrance of visitors in the ophthalmic ward of a children's hospital rose to mind, and the recollection prevailed. The nurse had remarked that toys were fewer here than elsewhere. Story-books were almost useless; and, as ophthalmia was infectious, whatever the children played with must be destroyed. The legatees of the box of treasures paid a second visit to the ophthalmic ward. Again they saw dim eyes turn in expectation as they entered, but several patients were too happily absorbed to be dull. A box had come, the nurse said, from an unknown giver. It was a blessing—full of

substantial, old-fashioned things such as had once been her own delight. These treasures were found again. They were rescued from the moth.



TREASURES FROM AN UNKNOWN GIVER.

rust, and corruption to which the most sacred things are subject when laid up on earth.

A Beggars' Museum.

WE regret that, by an oversight, we omitted to state that the photographs which accompanied the article on "A Beggars' Museum" in our last number were specially taken by the author, Mr. Reginald H. Cocks, by the kind permission of the London Mendicity Society.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from November 25th, 1899, up to and including December 30th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month. For acknowledgment of donations to our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund see page 384.

For "The Quiver" *Waifs' Fund*: J. McE., 2s.; J. F., 2s. 6d.; A Glasgow Mother (115th donation), 1s.; J. J. E., Govan (145th donation), 5s.; N. L. E., 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Travers, 10s.; Colin B. Ellison, 5s.; M. S. C., 2s.

For "The Quiver" *Lifeboat Fund*: A Reader, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, £1 10s.; F. F. G., 10s.; A Brighton Reader, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Devonian, 4s. 6d.; Colin B. Ellison, 15s.; J. S., Hampstead Road, £1; Omnerwood, £1; Ranceby, 5s. The following amounts were sent direct: A. P., 2s. 6d.; M. A. J. C., 10s.; A. W. C., 4s.; Xmas, 5s.

For *The St. Giles' Christian Mission*: A Thank Offering, 4s.; Gilford, 2s.

For *The Ragged School Union Robin Dinners*: A. Bishop, 3s. 6d.

THE QUIVER

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

SECOND LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

Amount previously acknow- ledged	£ s. d.	Brought forward..	£ s. d.	Brought forward..	£ s. d.
Per Arthur Griffiths ..	0 6 0	Per T. H. Cheseman ..	112 2 5	Per Nellie Reid ..	137 11 2
Per Percy Hill ..	0 1 6	Per Isabella Knight ..	0 5 6	A Friend ..	1 15 0
Per G. Howroyd ..	0 1 0	Per G. Howroyd ..	1 1 0	Per Millie Williamson ..	0 2 6
Sylvia Gifford ..	0 5 0	Per D. Howroyd and D. P. Medlock ..	1 6 0	M. E. ..	0 0 7
H. L. P. ..	0 2 0	Anon., Willesden ..	0 2 6	Per Ethel L. Malin ..	0 8 6
Two Sisters in Stirling ..	1 6 4	J. L. ..	1 0 0	Per W. M. Sparshatt ..	1 1 0
Per H. Digham ..	1 0 0	Per C. J. Pashley ..	0 12 0	Per A. Lacon ..	4 9 3
Per F. W. Johnson ..	1 1 0	E. F. G. ..	0 10 0	L. W. ..	0 5 0
Per H. Pitts and Employes.	0 8 9	Per Annie Dickinson ..	3 0 0	Q. E. F. ..	0 5 0
Per C. B. ..	0 7 0	B. Chadburn ..	1 10 0	Per Three Little Sisters ..	1 4 0
Per A. W. Rose ..	0 12 0	Per C. E. Freeland ..	0 3 9	Per E. N. Hay ..	1 5 2
Per W. J. Benwell ..	0 10 0	R. E. ..	0 5 0	R. B. ..	0 2 0
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Per C. C. Sherwell ..	2 10 0	Per E. F. M. ..	1 0 0	Per M. A. Wilson ..	0 10 0
Emily Gearey ..	2 2 0	Per Irene Nailer ..	2 0 0	Per V. & E. Stephens ..	1 1 6
Per C. Prest and L. Baird ..	6 2 6	Anon., Burford ..	0 1 6	Per Mrs. Blair ..	0 10 0
E. Quilter ..	0 10 0	Per C. D. R. ..	0 7 0	Per Mabel Crabb ..	1 15 6
Mrs. Morrison ..	1 11 6	Chigwell Row Congrega- tional Sunday-school ..	0 10 6	Per Lucy A. Garner ..	0 8 2
Per H. Reed & L. C. Russell	0 10 0	Per R. Kenward ..	0 6 0	Per Elsie West ..	0 5 6
J. F. ..	0 10 0	Per Annie Ford ..	0 6 0	Per Ada Pretty ..	0 3 6
Per Thomas Tooke ..	1 18 0	Per G. & F. E. Holledge ..	0 10 6	Hugh Petley ..	0 10 0
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Per Elita Gassiot ..	0 8 6	B. & L. Hermon Hodge ..	0 3 6	Per T. T. Aikman ..	0 10 6
Per A. W. Axtell ..	0 5 0	Per Daisy Rainbow ..	0 5 6	Per Winifred M. M. Harle ..	0 14 0
Per Edwin Collitt ..	0 5 5	Per Ada I. H. Blakey ..	0 5 0	Per H. L. Whitehurst ..	0 7 0
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Per F. G. Gurney ..	1 4 0	J. W. Hughes ..	0 6 0	Per Mabel E. Hopkins ..	0 7 0
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Per L. McKean ..	0 3 0	J. J. Whitehead ..	0 10 6	Three-penny - pieces from Christmas Pudding ..	0 1 3
H. E. P. ..	0 11 6	Per Mary Burbridge ..	0 11 6	Per S. E. Long, Hendingley ..	1 10 0
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Per R. Perry ..		Mrs. Spokes ..		Anon. ..	0 1 0
Per S. G. James, jun ..					
A. Stephens ..					
	£112 2 5		£137 11 2		£161 6 4

All amounts of £1 and upwards will be separately acknowledged through the post. If such acknowledgment of smaller amounts is desired, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed. A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All donations, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and marked, on left hand top corner of envelope, "Widows' and Orphans' Fund." Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application. *The need is still pressing, and is likely to increase.*

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

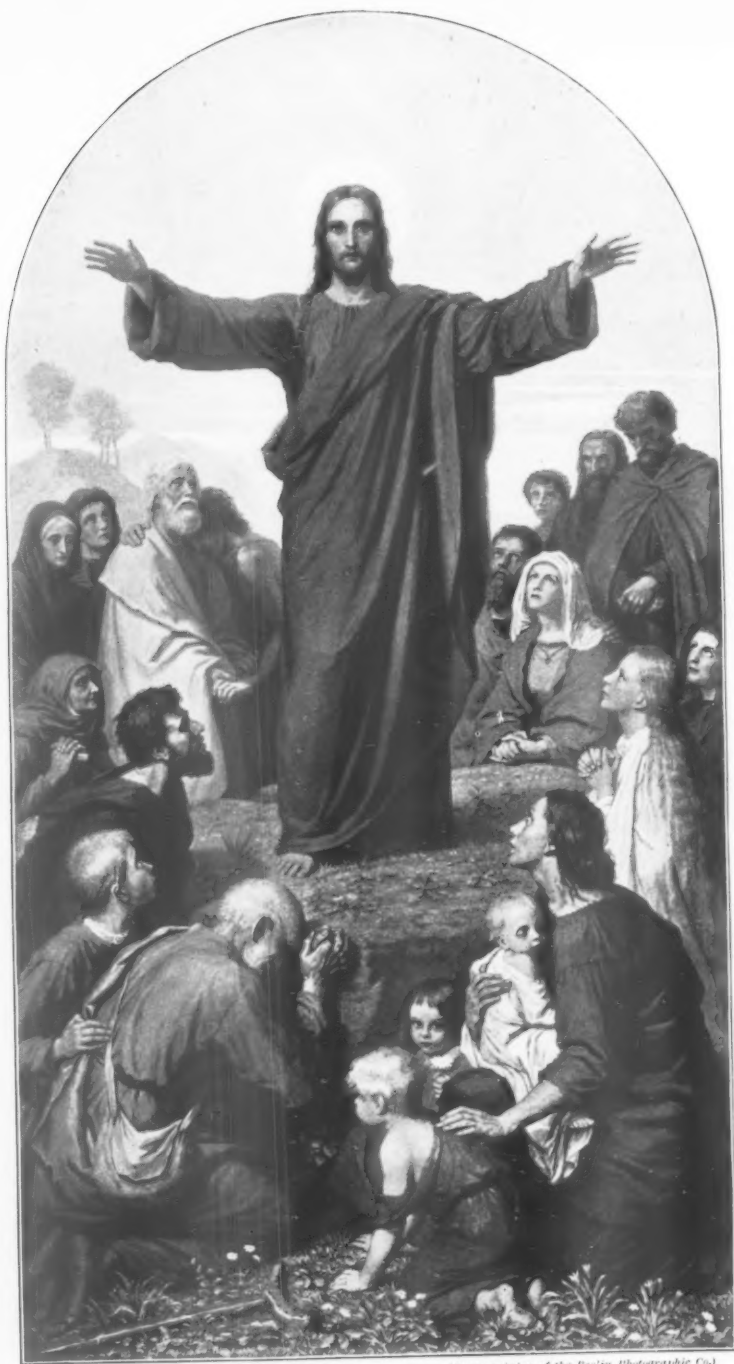
QUESTIONS.

37. In what way was the patriarch Abram associated with Sychar?
38. In speaking to the Samaritan woman, what did Jesus promise?
39. When the Samaritan woman had realised that Jesus was a prophet, what question did she seek to have solved?
40. What great principle did our Lord set forth in His reply to the Samaritan woman? Quote passage.
41. To whom did our Lord first make known that He was the Messiah?
42. Quote passage which shows that Jesus was a regular attendant at the synagogue while He lived at Nazareth.
43. Why was Jesus rejected by His own countrymen at Nazareth?
44. What testimony did the unclean spirit give in the synagogue at Capernaum to our Lord's Divinity?
45. At whose house in Capernaum did most of our Lord's miracles of healing take place?
46. In what way does our Lord shew us that we all have need of prayer?
47. When Jesus had healed the man sick of the palsy, how did He manifest His divine power to the scribes?
48. What passage did our Lord quote in reply to the Jews' question, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 288.

25. We are told that St. John the Baptist commenced his ministry in the fifteenth year of Tiberius Caesar, Emperor of Rome (St. Luke iii. 1, 2).
26. The necessity of repentance (St. Luke iii. 3-8).
27. Change of life in the putting on of the new man and the getting rid of besetting sins (Eph. iv. 21-28).
28. Having put on the armour of Christ, we should fight with the "sword of the Spirit," the Word of God (Eph. vi. 17).
29. Three kinds, which St. John calls "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life" (1 St. John ii. 16).
30. When Satan was about to tempt St. Peter, our blessed Lord said, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," and we are told "He ever liveth to make intercession for us" (St. Luke xxii. 31, 32; Heb. vii. 25).
31. "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thy brethren like unto me." (St. John i. 45; Deut. xviii. 15; Acts vii. 37).
32. The knowledge which Jesus showed of Nathanael's inner life (St. John i. 48, 49).
33. Zacchæus the publican, who had climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus (St. Luke xix. 5).
34. Upon the testimony of our Lord's miracles (St. John iii. 2).
35. St. John iii. 5.
36. 2 Cor. v. 17.





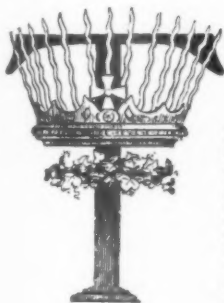
By A. Dietrich.

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THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.



By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, Author of
 "How to be Happy though Married," Etc.



THE German soldier is supplied with a small devotional book containing prayers for the different circumstances in which the exigencies of the service may place him. The compilers of the Church of England Prayer Book have been almost equally considerate to our sailors, for they gave "a

prayer to be said before a fight at sea," "prayers to be used in storms," and "short prayers for single persons, that cannot meet to join in prayer with others, by reason of the fight or storm."

There was a "single person" in our Navy who did not require to have a prayer made for him. This was England's darling hero, Lord Nelson. In spite of faults, he was a religious man, and the following prayer was composed and said by him on his knees before his last fight, the battle of Trafalgar, began:—

"May the great God Whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious

victory, and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him Who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of this prayer, as it was written in Nelson's journal, and one of his officers, Lieutenant Pascoe, going into his cabin shortly before the action commenced, found the great sailor upon his knees. But there are few warriors, either by sea or land, who can compose such a prayer as this; and, as the Prayer Book has made no provision for soldiers, some of them have from time to time offered up curious prayers. If even a bishop has been known to pray less spiritually than he ought, what can be expected of private Thomas Atkins when going into action?

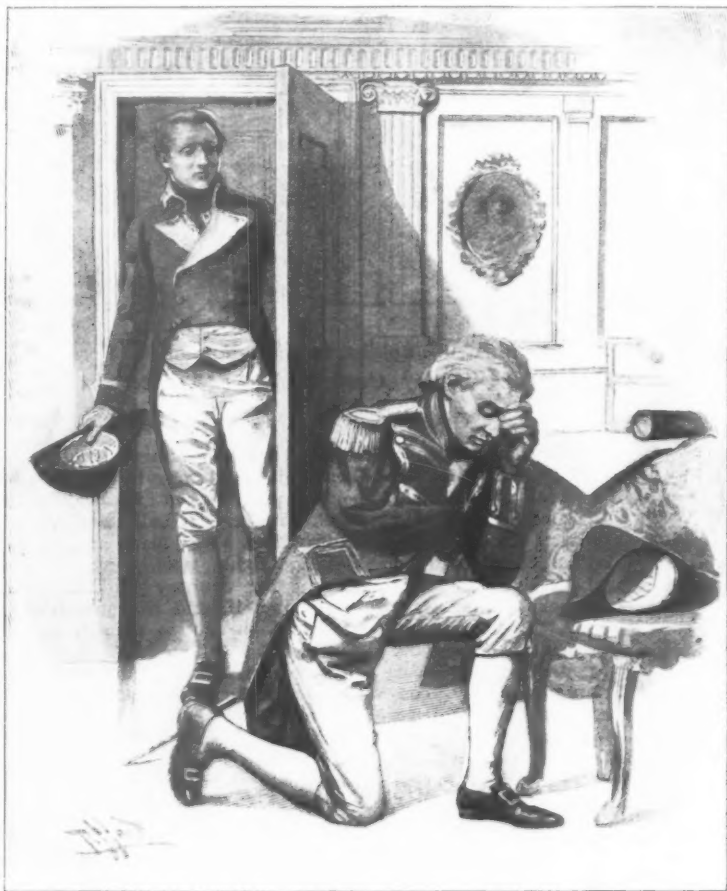
Bishop Leslie, "the fighting bishop," before a battle in Ireland, prayed: "O God, for our unworthiness we are not fit to claim Thy help, but if we are bad, our enemies are

worse; and if Thou seest not meet to help us, we pray Thee help them not, but stand Thou neuter this day, and leave it to the arm of flesh."

Old Destaner's prayer before Kisseldorf was even more expressive. Doffing his cap, he said: "Oh, Herr Got, help me yet this once; let me not be dishonoured in my old age! Or, if Thou wilt not help me, don't help the scoundrels, but let us try it ourselves."

Compare with this the supplication which

if Thou wilt sit on yonder hill, Thou shalt not be ashamed of Thy children." Cromwell's faith in prayer and his soldier's Bible are well known, but there was one of his followers who was not blessed with faith. He, poor man, is said to have thus prayed before an engagement: "Oh, God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This curious petition shows pathetically how weak man craves the care of the Almighty, even when he is ignorant of Him and doubts at times His existence.



Lieutenant Pascoe found the great sailor upon his knees.—p. 385.

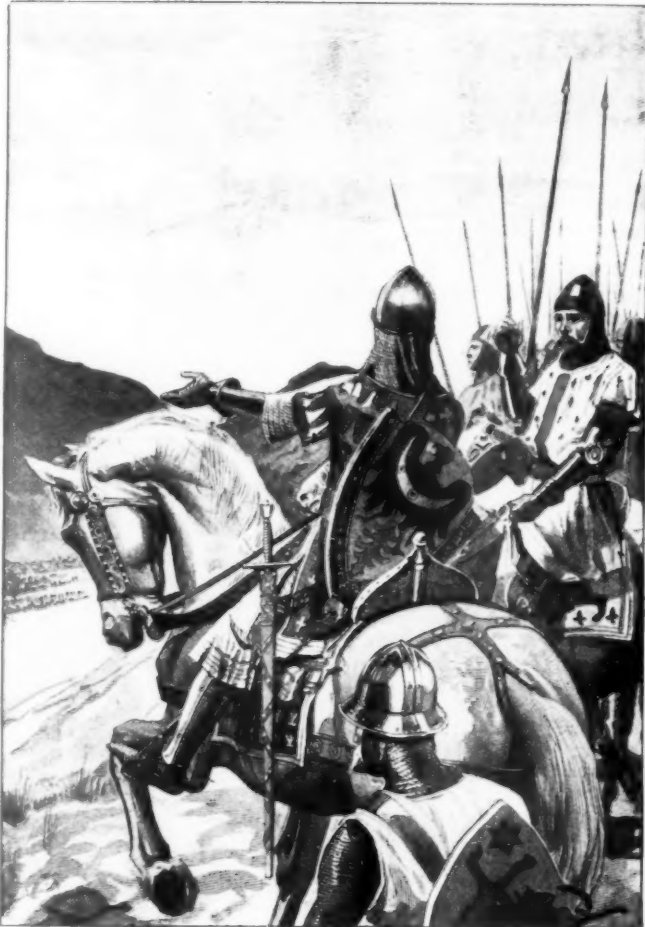
an officer offered before one of the battles for Hungarian independence in 1849: "I will not ask Thee, Lord, to help us, and I know Thou wilt not help the Austrians; but

Very different was the prayer which Sir Jacob Astley offered up before the battle of Edgehill (1642): "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I shall be very busy this day, and if I

forget Thee, forget not Thou me." Here is a model supplication for those who in an age of hurry and worry are very busy in the battle of life.

Even in the reign of Charles II. the

parish, with its own minister, and two sergeants acting as elders. Holy Communion was taken before engagements, and the plate used is now kept in the sergeants' mess, as a relic of those days. When King Edward



"See, they kneel; the rebels are asking pardon."

articles of war prescribed that daily prayers should be read to soldiers, and in Marlborough's wars the chaplains were said by the authorities to have done good service by praying for and with their military flocks.

Some Scotch regiments have been "powerfully prayerful," and this explains to a large extent their terrible efficiency in battle. The old 93rd Highlanders was a regular Highland

observed the Scots kneeling before the fight at Bannockburn, he exclaimed: "See, they kneel; the rebels are asking pardon." D'Umpheville replied, "Yes, but it is to the King of Kings." Oh! that it might be said of us in our warfare against evil passions and desires, what was said of a celebrated Cameronian regiment: "They prayed as they fought, and fought as they prayed;

they might be slain, never conquered; they were ready, whenever their duty or their religion called them, with undaunted spirit and great vivacity of mind, to endure hardships, attempt great enterprises, despise dangers, and bravely rush to death or victory!"

It is, perhaps, not what we should expect, that men, whose business in life is battle, and who give orders that cause the death of thousands, should be religious, but so it is. What would Cromwell, Havelock, Gordon, Stonewall Jackson, Moltke, only to mention names that occur to everyone—what would these men have been without religion? It was at Havelock's Bible readings and prayer meetings that his "saints," as they were sneeringly called, learned to be ready for duty when others were incapacitated through drink. Like Cromwell's "Ironsides," they were strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

It is related of Lord Clyde that on one occasion he asked his officers to pick him the bravest men from his small army before Delhi, to form the forlorn hope in a desperate attack. It was on a Sunday evening. "There is a prayer meeting going on now," they said, "in the camp. If you go there, you will find all the bravest men." On one occasion an aide-de-camp blundered in upon Washington while he knelt in prayer. The Father of his Country rose and rebuked the young man by throwing the scabbard of his sword at his head. If a man in Washington's position was interrupted in his prayers, and found the interruption troublesome, what must it be for a private soldier to pray before battle, in a tent full of noisy, jeering companions, or sitting at a camp fire! To do so requires as much courage as gaining the Victoria Cross in the subsequent action, but it is sometimes done.

To prevent interruption like that which annoyed Washington, General Gordon used to hang a handkerchief outside his tent when engaged in prayer. When this signal was displayed, no one ventured to bring business, which they might have thought more important, to his notice.

The great American general, Stonewall Jackson, was a devout man before, but the Civil War made him still more devout. His negro servant said that he always knew when there was going to be a battle, because his master got up so many times in the night to pray. When Jackson was riding to battle, though he spoke not a word, his lips were observed to be moving in prayer. And the religion which made the leader as unmoved in action as a stone wall, pervaded the army under his command. Those who passed through their encampments saw here and

there soldiers kneeling round their camp fires, and heard their simple but fervent prayers.

It is only right that prayers should be offered before battle to Him Who alone fighteth for us, and that we should give thanks for victory afterwards; but in practice it is seldom possible to do so. Even the commanders-in-chief of the opposing armies do not always know when they are going to fight. They come upon each other like thieves in the night, and after a battle the enemy has to be pursued, the wounded picked up, and the dead buried. In exceptional cases, however, it is known when a battle is imminent, or even unavoidable, and then prayers may be offered up. This was the case the night before the battle of the Alma River. Then the senior chaplain to the forces had a celebration of Holy Communion in his tent, and to several who communicated it was indeed a "last supper."

When Lord Kitchener, in 1898, took Khartoum, and the British and Egyptian flags had been hoisted over the ruins of Gordon's palace, a memorial service was held which was most impressive to those who had been with the army that tried in vain to rescue Gordon in 1885. It began appropriately with the hymn "A few more years shall roll." Thirteen years had passed, and the loving hearts of his countrymen were beating at last on the hallowed spot of his martyrdom. Then the Church of England chaplain to the forces read the Lord's Prayer, which was followed by the Fifteenth Psalm, read by the Presbyterian chaplain. This short Psalm exactly described Gordon, and he was recalled to the memory of many present who knew him as they heard its words. Gordon was not allowed to dwell long at Khartoum, but was called upon to enter into God's holy hill on which stands the Jerusalem which is above, which is free, and with no slave trade in it. And why? Because he had led an uncorrupt life, and done the thing which was right, and spoken the truth from his heart. He had used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour. He was lowly in his own eyes, and had made much of them that feared the Lord. Three branches of the Christian Church, represented at Khartoum, united in honouring the memory of the unsectarian Charles George Gordon.

A short time since there was another memorial service held in the square of Cork barracks, by desire of the 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifles, "to honour our comrades of the 1st Battalion who fell at Glencoe, South Africa." The band played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the two chaplains of the garrison read the final portion of the burial office. The colonel gave the order "Royal salute," and the band played "God save the Queen." So ended this little service, in

memory of a gallant company of men, who, with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Leicester Regiment, behaved so bravely at Glencoe.

In the Seven Years' War the Prussian troops, under Frederick the Great, on the morning of the battle of Leuthen, December

An officer of the King asked if he wished the soldiers to be silenced. "No," replied Frederick; "with such men, God will surely give me to-day the victory." He was not disappointed; the Prussians fought bravely, and in three hours the greatly outnumbering



Those who passed saw soldiers kneeling round their camp fires.

5th, 1757, sang this verse of Heerman's hymn.
"O God, Thou faithful God":

"And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command,
My calling here fulfilling;
And do it when I ought,
With all my strength, and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success."

forces of the Austrians were defeated, when the King is said to have exclaimed, "My God, what a power religion is!" Nor is this power unappreciated by the rulers of the army of modern Germany. Chaplains are maintained, and military churches provided, in which parade services are held and, amongst Protestants, the Holy Communion celebrated two or three times a year. Before these rare

celebrations the chaplains talk very earnestly to the men about the special temptations of their lives, and one chaplain whom we met lately at Berlin told us that out of sixteen hundred men in his spiritual charge, as many as a thousand or even more communicated.

When, in Germany, one officer's guard re-

Tel-el-Kebir, was heard in the field hospital praying, in the words of the hymn—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

A comrade, who knew that he had been careless about these things, asked him where he had learned the words. The wounded lad



"I do not think it is as bad as that with me."

lieves another, they perform certain evolutions, and then present arms to each other. This done, at a word of command the men bow their heads, put their hands to their helmets and, at least, pretend to pray that God would guard the guard. At sundown, I believe, the soldiers engage in a sort of official evening prayer. These forms may not be worth much in themselves, but they remind the soldiers of things that are of value. Certainly Bismarck attributed the steadiness of German soldiers in action and their regard for duty to a deep-seated belief in God.

The following little prayer, we are told, was frequently used by Moltke, who, as everybody knows, was one of the greatest generals of modern times: "Lord, teach us to think that we must die, that we may be wise."

Bread cast upon the waters at parade services has come again, after many days, or when it has been most wanted. A soldier, who was mortally wounded in the battle of

replied: "They used to sing them at the parade service at Portsmouth." Soldiers who pray at all, do so when, after battle, they are brought to the field hospital, more than anywhere else; but with them, as with others, the pernicious notion that religion is only required in the hour of death prevails largely.

On one occasion, a man, whom I asked in hospital if I should read or pray for him, answered: "No, thank you, sir, I do not think it is as bad as that with me." I told the man that I had learned from the doctors that he was not very hard hit, and that I had thought he might have liked to thank God for bringing him through safely. "If," I continued, "you were going to die immediately, reading and praying would do you little good; but now that you are going to live, they might be of use in helping you to put the life that has been spared to a good account." The man seemed astonished at this view of religion, for

he had only thought of it as a graceful accompaniment of the act of dying.

It is a trial to a religious soldier to have to live his life in a crowd. He can seldom be alone, or get away from his comrades. One time, however, he has which is very favourable to prayer and meditation, and that is when he is on sentry. As he paces up and down on a beautiful moon-lit night in a tropical country, where the stars shine out more brightly than in the denser atmosphere of his native land, even a thoughtless man, looking every few nights on those shining worlds, would surely sometimes ask himself the whence and the whither of his life.

And if ever solemn thoughts would come into his mind, if ever he would think of his sins and of his need of a Saviour, surely it would be when he knew that a great battle was imminent, and that this might be the last sentry-go he would do on earth. Then the bravest Thomas Atkins would say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and commit himself to a faithful Creator. Soldiers may be apparently careless about religion in the time of peace, although with many of them this is only apparent; but when the day of

battle comes, almost all of them think of God as a very present help.

"Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
The trampling of the surge."

The art, if we may so speak, of making prayers for public worship seems almost lost. Compare the supplications which are now put forth by authority with those of former times, and you will find a great want in them by comparison. After a successful campaign a form of general thanksgiving is usually issued. There is a tendency to introduce politics into some of these, and an Old Testament way of gloating over the destruction of enemies. Before reading one of these official offerings that were authorised at the conclusion of a Soudan campaign, I asked the soldiers at church parade to remember in their prayers the Soudanese wounded as well as ours, and the sorrow felt by the relatives of their killed as well as the bereavements of our people. A sergeant who spoke to me about this afterwards said: "Those people, sir, don't mind being killed; they like it," and he really seemed to believe his words.



A SINGLE PRIMROSE.

I.

WE found by chance a thicket of tall pines
Deep in a dale
That caught the Spring, and ran in sunny lines
Between the hill and vale.

II.

Desolate, old, unblossoming it lay—
A thing apart;
Like some great sorrow hidden deep away
In a sweet, innocent heart.

III.

For all without was sunshine, and the song
Of thrush and wren,
And breakings out of dewy buds along
The green-gold of the glen.

IV.

But in its silent depths was not a sound,
Nor any light;
Only a stillness, awful and profound,
And a weird gloom of night.

V.

There, too, beneath a gnarled root, strange to tell,
Grew all bereaven
A single primrose: one white sunbeam fell
Beside it out of heaven.

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.



By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "Colina's Island," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

SIR COLIN HEARS THE TRUTH.



On one noticed anything particular in Tormaid's manner when he returned to the Castle. He was usually taciturn and rather gloomy, and did not frequent the drawing room, and his avoidance of his mother was so

usual that no one regarded it as anything new when he seemed to shrink at the sound of her voice, and appeared scarcely able to find an answer on the rare occasions when she spoke to him. But what *was* new was his avoidance of his brother and of Elsa! He retired to his room early on the night in which the woman from Australia told him the story of his birth, and when Colin ran

along the passage for one of his nightly chats he found the door locked.

"Anything wrong, old man?" he demanded through the keyhole. "Won't you let me in for a chat and a smoke?"

Something different in Tormaid's voice struck his ear when he was answered: "Not to-night, Colin, I am too tired to-night!"

And next morning it seemed to Colin that his brother avoided his glance. He went off by himself to the muir, and even Elsa could scarcely get a word out of him. "I can't think what is the matter with Tormaid to-day," she said to her lover. "Is he ill, Colin?" He looked at me so strangely, and he seems so sad and white!"

"I have been puzzling over Tormaid myself," Colin said. "I must get hold of him at lunch-time, and get at the root of the mystery."

He was thinking in his kind heart, later, that he must try to find out if anything he could do would give Tormaid pleasure. He must write him a cheque, find out if his brother would like a new horse or a new gun.

Lady Strathdorrnan told them that day

at lunch that they must spare Elsa for the afternoon, as the ladies were going to pay a call near Salen; so the Baronet took his gun himself, and went off to the muir alone. After he had gone, and when the carriage came round, Elsa and her mother waiting for it in the hall in their daintiest attire, their hostess sent a message by Märi that her headache was so bad that she begged they would kindly go and call without her—they would make her excuses. So mother and daughter set off alone, her ladyship regarding them from behind the lace curtains of her bedroom window. When Märi returned, she drank a cup of strong tea, and then bade the woman give her her bonnet and cloak. Märi obeyed with a sudden look of surprise, but she said nothing; though she looked more surprised still when she saw that her mistress, instead of turning down the avenue towards the high road, was taking a cut through the park which only led, she knew, towards the muir. "I wonder where she is going to?" the old woman said to herself. "My lady has not been like herself for days, and she always keeps asking me 'if anyone has been here.' What is it, I wonder? She has never seemed to trouble at all about anything that happened in the past before; why should she be troubled now? If it ever came out, Donall would kill me, I think!" And then she went back to her work, shaking her head rather dismally.

Her ladyship was walking through the path in the heather now, with a kind of feverish haste. She had looked to the right and left when she left the park, as if afraid of detection, but there seemed to be no one on all the wide muir, whose "sullen purple" stretched to right and left in gloomy silence. "I believe there will be rain later," she muttered to herself. "I must get in without being seen. But I had to see this woman: she has not come up to the Castle, and I am not so sure that that is a good sign!"

She walked rather more quickly than was usual to her, and she was out of breath when at last she reached the cottage where they had taken refuge on the day of the birthday party. She knocked sharply with her gold-topped parasol; but she gave a quick start when she saw that it was the woman from Australia who answered her summons, and

who stood waiting with imperturbability for her question.

"I wanted to see you," Lady Strathdorrnan said at last, moistening her white lips. "Can you come out on the muir? There is a seat up there on yonder boulder; we might be overheard in the cottage."

"And you don't wish to be overheard, do you?" the woman said with a kind of mockery in her voice. "I understand, and I will come up to the rock and hear what you have to say."

She spoke with her wonted colonial independence, but there was a subtle tone of scorn and of power in her voice which her ladyship detected at once, and which whitened her face still more.

Lady Strathdorrnan's lips were set when she turned to the woman, once they had reached the shelter of the rock, and her eyes flashed passionately. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she cried, "How dare you seem to threaten me?"

"You must have a guilty conscience, my lady," Sheila said coolly, "if you saw a threat in anything that I said. But I may say that it is not my habit to threaten; I only act."

"I need not pretend to misunderstand you; of course, I know perfectly well that you think you have a power over me," the other said. "But when I explain, I am sure that you will see reason. I might take another tone with you, and it may be as well to remind you that your word alone would never be taken against mine and against Märi's; but I will not take that tone. You shall have what money you will, and you must see for yourself that no injustice was done. My younger son has everything that he could wish; he could never marry; he is ailing and delicate, and in any case his brother would come to the title in time."

"You say that your elder son has everything that he could wish?" the woman said scornfully. "Well, I suppose one falsehood more or less is nothing to you. I have made inquiries, and you have not acted as carefully as you might have done. The whole county knows that you dislike your son Tormaid, and that he has nothing but a pittance on which to live. It is said that you would drive him from the Castle, only that Sir Colin would not permit you."

Lady Strathdorrnan's face grew crimson with anger as she heard, and she clasped her hands in impotent fury; she was not a clever woman, and she had made the mistake of imagining that money could do everything in this world—that it could buy everyone. "It is a lie!" she said fiercely. "And, what is more, if Tormaid knew the truth, I believe that he would be the first to say that I was right, and that he was not fit to take the place of the heir."

"Would he, indeed?" Sheila said. "Well, in all probability you will very soon hear his opinion upon the matter."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I told Mr. Tormaid the whole story."

"What story?"

"So you *will* have it, will you?" Sheila said, as if exasperated. "Well, so you shall."

Neither noticed, in her excitement, that the tall figure of a man had come up behind them in the heather, and Sir Colin heard every word that followed, as he stood as if rooted to the ground with amazement. "I told him," Sheila said, "that he was born two hours before his brother, and that you nearly died of shame and grief when you saw his misshapen little body. I told him that I saw your strange look after the second baby's birth, and I told him that it puzzled me for years. But I heard nothing from Mull; and I never understood the whole wicked plot till I saw you all in the cottage that day, and heard them call your tall and handsome son 'Sir Colin.' I made inquiries then, and the whole thing was plain to me—the whole deception."

There was no indignant denial, as Colin expected—there was only a kind of cry. "What could I do?" Lady Strathdorrnan sobbed. "He was not fit to be the elder son—you must see that yourself. The people adore Colin; he is the best landlord in all the Western Islands."

"Mother!"

He had come round the knoll, and both women started back as they looked up and saw him. The tears dried on Lady Strathdorrnan's face, and her hands fell at her side. She knew that it was all over as she looked into the horrified misery of her son's face; the punishment of her sin struck her, then and

there, when she saw that he seemed to shrink back from her outstretched hands.

"I did it all for you, Colin," she said in a kind of whisper. "I did it all for you."

They had forgotten the woman from Australia; and she moved away down the path, and left them to themselves, neither noticing that she had gone.

"Tormaid was your son, too; he ought to have appealed doubly to your love and pity by reason of his affliction. All his life, it seems to me, you have been unjust to him. Heaven will require you to answer for that, mother, as much as it will require you to answer for your robbery of his birthright."

"Colin!" she gasped then, "what will you do?"

"I shall tell Tormaid all; he shall have his rights," the Baronet said doggedly. "That is a very small part of it, mother; I should not have cared, in a way, for the loss of rank or wealth. Only the injustice of what you had done would have appealed to me, and I know only too well that Tormaid will help me to begin the world afresh: it is not that, but this means giving up Elsa. I have seen, from the first, that Mrs. Howard is a woman of the world; she told me very plainly, when I proposed for Elsa, that she would never have given her daughter to me if I had not been a rich man. I don't wish to reproach you, mother. You say you sinned for me, and it is not I, but Tormaid, who has the right to reproach you; and yet—you have driven a sword through my heart, too."

He turned away then, with bent head, and walked down to the road which skirted the sea. He had not asked how she would get home, he had not touched her hand—and Colin was always the most careful and considerate of sons. Lady Strathdorrnan stood where he had left her, with clenched fingers and rigid features. Everything seemed to rush over her; she had dug a pit into which she had herself fallen. Tormaid, whom she had disliked and ill-treated, would be the master of the Castle, and he would surely be revenged upon her.

How long she stood there thinking of these things she did not know; but she was roused by feeling the raindrops on her hand, and she made her way down to the path, and home through the



By G. Spangenberg.

LUTHER'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE COTTA FAMILY

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.)
(See p. 475.)

muir, seeing and hearing nothing, unconscious of the elements.

Elsa was seated in the study, after her return from their calls, deep in one of the last books from Mudie's, when she saw Colin pass the window, and she looked up and kissed her hand to him. He waved his in return; but something strange in his expression struck the girl, and she ran to meet him in the hall, and drew him into the study. "I have been watching for you, Colin. Lady Jardine was out, so mother and I drove straight home again. Have you had good sport?"

He had put his gun carefully away, and now sat down beside her in the window seat, laying his hand upon hers with a strangely sad and loving look. "Elsa, do you remember our saying that we were the happiest people in the world, and that it was not a sad world at all?"

"Why, yes, Colin; and I think so still—don't you?"

"I don't know, Elsa," he said. "I was the happiest man in the world; but supposing something had happened which might make your mother say she would not give you to me, what then?"

Elsa had grown paler. She drew a kind of frightened breath. "Nothing could happen to make mother say that," she whispered. "She has agreed to our marriage. What do you mean?"

"Your mother agreed to our marriage when she thought I was a rich man, when she thought I was Sir Colin Strathdorrان of Strathdorrان Castle. But if I had been plain Colin Strathdorrان, with only about one hundred pounds a year that I could call my own, she would not have listened to me for a moment, Elsa; and you know that, my darling!"

Yes, she did know it, and Elsa's eyes widened. "But, Colin, what has happened?"

He told her the story briefly, whispering in her ear; and, as she heard, Elsa felt that the world had indeed changed. She could see clearly that a dark bit of road lay before herself and her lover.

Yet her first impulse was to comfort him, and she turned and put both hands on his shoulders, gazing up in his face with sweet eyes of love. "It is a

hard and bitter blow, Colin," she said. "But I want you to understand one thing: this can rob you of your lands and your title, but it can never rob you of *me*!"

"Elsa! But your mother?"

"I know that my mother will be very angry, and I know that she will very probably wish to break off the engagement; but you must see, Colin, that in this instance she cannot possibly expect me to obey her. However long I must wait, I shall wait for you!"

He gave a great breath of relief as he clasped her tightly in his arms and rained his kisses upon her face. "You put new strength in me, Elsa," he cried. "I feel a man again, and I can face it all. After all, it was Tormaid who was bitterly wronged, and Tormaid who has to forgive."

He did not mention his mother again in their future talk, and neither did Elsa. Both felt as if the subject were too painful for discussion. "I don't wish you to tell your mother yet, Elsa," he said last of all, as the gong sounded through the house. "I must see Tormaid first, and we must discuss what is best to be done. We must try to spare my mother as much as possible. Of course, he must take his place at once—his right place—but I am sure that Tormaid will try to spare her all he can. I wonder if he has come back?"

When they went out into the hall, they asked Donall; and the old man said that Mr. Tormaid had come in about six, and had gone to his room. He had said that he did not care to dine, and they were to go on without him. Lady Strathdorrان, too, sent excuses, saying that her headache was still too bad to admit of her joining the party at dinner; so Colin took his usual seat, with a strange sense of being an interloper in his own house. He tried his best, however, to make the meal that followed as lively as one as possible. No one noticed anything wrong, and Elsa seconded her lover's efforts. Mrs. Howard had been asked to take the foot of the table; she felt in her proper place, and was smiling with more than her usual amiability. It seemed dreadful to Elsa to think of the blow which must descend upon her mother, and she could not help glancing at her now and then, as if almost wondering that she seemed so unconscious.

Colin could not leave the party till bed-time, but then he ran up to his brother's room and knocked again. "I want to come in, Tormaid; I want to speak to you."

"What is it?"

"I cannot speak here. It is something important."

"I have a headache, Colin; a bad headache. I want to go to sleep." Colin waited a moment, as if puzzled; then spoke low through the keyhole. "Is that true, Tormaid, or are you trying to avoid me? I want to tell you that you need not. You are hesitating because you have something to break to me, and you are afraid to do it. We have always been good friends, old man, and we are going to be good friends to the very last. Don't be afraid that anything you can tell me will spoil the bond between us. I know all, Tormaid, and everything shall be made straight at once."

There was a blank silence after that; and then Tormaid opened the door, and Colin could see that his brother's face was white, and that his hands were trembling.

"Who told you?" he got out in a gasping whisper.

"I overheard my mother and that woman from Australia talking; so, you see, you have not the disagreeable duty before you, old man, of breaking the news to me. Shake hands, Tormaid, and let me be the first to congratulate you. This isn't going to come between you and me, is it?"

He had got hold of Tormaid's hand in his, and he wrung it in a tight clasp, Tormaid staring at him almost wonderingly. The iron band seemed to burst from his heart as he looked up into Colin's blue eyes, and saw there only generous affection. Tears rushed unbidden to his own dark orbs, and he sat down heavily on the couch, speaking huskily, and looking away to the dim outline of the mountains in the summer night. "There never was a fellow like you, Colin," he said. "But don't be too quick. You and I have got to discuss this thing. And you haven't told anyone else, have you?"

"I have told Elsa."

"Elsa!"

Tormaid started, and his face took a strange, new expression. Elsa! And what had Elsa said?

CHAPTER VI.

THE WAY OUT OF IT.

THINGS seemed much as usual next morning when Donall sounded the gong for breakfast. Lady Strathdorrnan was never an early riser, and neither was Mrs. Howard, thus very often it happened that Elsa was commissioned to pour out the coffee and tea. It did not surprise anyone, therefore, when the old butler brought the girl the message as usual, and Elsa sat behind the big silver urn, in the place which it was supposed she would one day rightly occupy. Colin took his usual seat, and it was almost wonderful to Elsa to see how little change there was in his expression. It is not many men who can receive the news of the loss of title and fortune so calmly; but perhaps Colin Strathdorrnan was wise enough to know that there are greater and better things in this world than rank and wealth.

He saw after the necessities of his guests with his usual pleasant courtliness, and it was difficult for Elsa to secure a *tête-à-tête* with him at all. Various tenants came up on certain business, and it was with a strange feeling that Colin arranged about some necessary repairs, just as if he were master, as of old. He dared not do otherwise at present, for Tormaid had absolutely forbidden him to make anything known till he should, as he expressed it, have "thought the matter out."

Lady Strathdorrnan had kept her room all day, and she would not see either of her sons. She said she could see no one, her head was so bad; and perhaps it was rather a relief that, in this first strained tension of hearts and nerves, they should not meet.

After lunch, however, and while Colin was still busy in the study, Elsa had taken her hat and gone into the garden summer-house. She, too, felt as if she wanted to think things out. They had told her that she must not speak yet to Mrs. Howard; and she could not help pondering as to how her mother would take the news, and what she would say.

She was thinking of how it would feel to be back in the little London house, back in the ever-present struggle to live

as if they had four times their income, back in the ceaseless rush and whirl. Back without Colin!

She gave a heavy sigh as she concluded; and then a shadow fell across

Tormaid sat down opposite her, and looked across the little rustic table. Elsa wore a white muslin gown — she looked very sweet and girlish; there was a little posy of mignonette at her



"This isn't going to come between you and me, is it?"

the sunshine, and she looked up, to see Tormaid standing in the doorway, gazing at her with steadfast, dark eyes.

"Come in, Tormaid," the girl said, with her usual gentle friendliness: "come and sit down beside me. I have been sitting here thinking. We have a good deal to think about at present, have we not?"

waistband, and the crushed perfume seemed to fill the summer-house. Her white hat, with its pale green chiffon sash, lay on the bench. Tormaid's artist eyes wandered over all these details, and his heart was full of love and longing. He wanted to know what the girl's frame of mind was, he wanted to hear

her express it in words; though he told himself that he seemed to know, in his heart's heart, exactly what she would say.

"Colin told me you had heard the Australian woman's story," he said at last. "But you must remember we have not proved it yet."

"I don't think there is any necessity for that, Tormaid," Elsa answered. "As far as I understand, your mother does not deny it. You have been very deeply wronged, Tormaid; but it is like you to show no bitterness or resentment. Everyone would not take the truth like that."

A sudden light flashed into his dark eyes—a look of happiness and surprise—and then Elsa resumed. "You must not think of us in the matter at all; remember that. You must only think of yourself. Colin is very brave, and I am sure he is clever; you will help him to get something to do, and when you have taken your rightful place you will let us come to the Castle very often."

He gave a little sound which was a half-laugh, a half-cry. "Let you come to the Castle? Oh, Elsa, Elsa!" And then he turned to her suddenly, and a new expression came into his face. "But what about your mother?" he said. "What will she say?"

"I will tell you the truth, Tormaid; my mother will be very angry. With me, I mean."

"Why should she be angry with you?"

"When I tell her what I intend to do."

"And what do you intend to do, Elsa?"

A bee was droning heavily through the flower-scented air, and it was swaying in lazy circles over the girl's softly ruffled hair as Elsa answered, her blue eyes fixed calmly and resolutely upon his.

"I shall tell my mother that our engagement remains exactly as it was, and that I shall wait for Colin."

"But if it is a long wait?"

He did not look at her then, but seemed to follow the swaying movements of the bee. "Work is very hard to get, Elsa, or rather paying work is very hard to get. People will tell you that this little island is over-populated, and that a man may wait years before he can get a post which would bring in even daily

bread. Colin was never trained to work. And if I started him with money, and sent him to the colonies, your mother would never hear of your going out to rough it as a colonial's wife, would she?"

The words fell heavily upon Elsa's ear, for, after all, she was but a girl, with little knowledge of the battle of life. She drew a kind of sharp breath, and Tormaid looked at her keenly. "Your mother will understand the difficulty more clearly than you do, Elsa," Tormaid's voice said. "And she will understand how very hard it is for lovers to be parted. It might be years before Colin could send for you, and years would sweep between you like a dark, cold cloud. A parting like that, when people are at the other end of the world, is almost like death. In spite of their love, they grow strangers to each other; when they meet, it is like two strangers meeting. I have heard of cases where people have been engaged for years and years, and how, at last, slowly all the love has died, and they could not grieve even for its death."

The colour had ebbed from Elsa's cheeks; she was looking at him in a kind of horrified silence. She felt as if the sunshine was being robbed of its glory, the summer day of its fragrance. Were these things true? He was chilling her heart with every word. Tormaid watched her relentlessly. "Well," he said at last, "will you face all this?"

She sat with her hands clenched in her lap, staring at him as if fascinated; and then Colin's face flashed before her, and she drew her breath and the colour flooded back into her cheeks. She gave a little low laugh, and she turned upon him as if throwing off some burden. "Tormaid, Tormaid, you quite frightened me!" she said. "I felt as if you were chilling my heart, as if the dark cloud you spoke of were already creeping between Colin and me. But I am not afraid of the years, and I am not afraid of change. Change will not touch Colin or me; we love each other too dearly. And, even if a little strangeness were to come with the long years, I know that in that first moment when Colin's hand clasped mine it would all melt away, as the clouds melt before the sun."

He heard every word, and a white, cold change came over his face. Then he rose without a word, and, after looking

at her long and fixedly, walked away down the gravel path. It was a strange, sad look, and haunted her vaguely.

"I wonder of what he was thinking?" Elsa said to herself. "I feel as if he had been trying to weigh me in the balance!"

Colin had gone out after his visitors had left, and he thought he would just have time for a stroll round the loch before dusk. He had not seen Tormaid since last night, and he was anxious to find his brother, to know what decision he had come to. When he reached the margin of the loch, and stood for a moment looking down at the fringe of chocolate-coloured and golden-brown seaweed which covered the rocks, he suddenly saw Tormaid speaking to an old boatman who was doing something to the sail in his boat. In the old days the Strathdorrans had been very fond of boating. There was always an element of adventure and of danger in these inland lochs; for they were surrounded by majestic mountains, down the corries of which sudden gusts and squalls of wind were wont to dart with lightning speed. No unskilled boatman was safe to venture thereon at any time. Colin waved to his brother, and then made his way rapidly to the edge of the loch. "I was going for a sail with Ian," Tormaid said. "I shall see you to-night, Colin."

"Let me come, too," his brother said, and Colin stepped into the boat, even as the old man was about to push off from the shore. Ian spoke little else besides Gaelic, and the brothers could converse before him almost as freely as if he had been a foreigner.

"I have been speaking to Elsa," Tormaid began abruptly at last, bringing his eyes back from the lovely light in the western sky to his brother's face. "I was trying to frighten her, Colin. I was drawing a lurid picture of what time and change might effect, when you were a poor man struggling to find work, and she was left behind in London with her mother."

"And what did Elsa say?"

"I will tell you that later on," Tormaid said. "I want to ask you first if the thought of the future is all quite bright to *you*? It is all very well now, Colin, when you are full of resentment at the injustice practised upon me; but as time goes on, and as things accom-

modate themselves to the new conditions—as everything will—don't you see that things will be very hard on you? And then, how do you know, after all, that Mrs. Howard will not succeed? She is determined that Elsa shall marry well. Are you quite sure that Elsa will remain firm? What if you worked and waited, and one day the usual blotted letter came to tell you that fate, and her mother, had been too strong for the girl?"

"Tormaid, Tormaid"—and Colin shook his head half-smilingly—"you don't know what love is, lad, or you would not talk like that. I can trust Elsa, and Elsa can trust me; that is all."

That was all! There was another long breath, and Colin did not know that the soul beside him was taking his words as a last fiat. The brothers' eyes were far away, their thoughts were far away; and then, suddenly and sharply, Ian called out, in Gaelic, some directions to Tormaid about the sail. In a moment, it seemed, the water was leaping in waves about them, and a fierce blast was sweeping over its face.

Whether Tormaid did not hear the instructions at once, or did not obey them as quickly as he ought, will never be known; but in a moment the boat was overturned and carried away. All three men went under, and alas! the brothers could not swim. Ian caught hold of first one and then the other, and he supported them bravely, while all three shouted. They could not see, for the leaping waves, if they had been heard from the shore, and the Highlander realised at last, with a kind of groan, that the task of supporting both was more than he could do. He turned his face on Tormaid's, grimly. "I can't do it, Mr. Tormaid," he said in Gaelic, in a kind of whisper in the young man's ear. "I could hold out with *you*, but we'll all three go down—like this."

Tormaid heard and understood. He knew that, with a word to Colin, his brother would let go; and he, Tormaid, was the lighter—it would be easier to save him. But he never hesitated, and Colin, baffling with the waves, in an effort not to weaken the brave boatman by his whole weight, did not know of what they talked.

It is said that in the moment of drowning our lives flash before us, panoramic,

fateful. Did Tormaid, in that last moment, see before him Elsa's happy face? Did he think of what it would be to her if he, and not Colin, came home—alone?

Ian told only one person, later, how a strange smile crossed the white face, as, to his horror and dismay, Tormaid *let go!*

"I shall try to swim, myself," he said in Gaelic. "Save Sir Colin."

He was gone in a moment. Ian could see him struggle for a little longer. Colin, baffling the waves and holding as lightly as he could to the boatman's brawny arm, was aware of nothing. And then, across the water, a lusty shout—in the distance a faint cry—the last vision of a white, quiet face! Colin saw it too, and cried despairingly to Ian that his brother had drifted—they must save Tormaid!

But when the rescuers reached the struggling figures there were only two to save, and Ian's strength was fast giving out. Of Tormaid there was nothing to be seen. He had struggled bravely as long as he could; but the few strokes which represented all his swimming powers grew slow and feeble, and at last the waters sucked him down. He had saved Colin, and Elsa would not break her heart. It was his last conscious thought.

They told, later, all over the island how, after the rescuers in the boat had pulled in the drowning men, Sir Colin cried wildly that they must search for his brother—that he could not return without him! How, on the shore, when that was reached, he paced like one distraught.

Ian had confessed his words—he had told Mr. Tormaid he could not save them both. He confessed grimly he had meant Tormaid to tell his brother—had meant that the heavier man should go, *or be let go!* And Tormaid had slackened hold—had whispered "Save Sir Colin."

"Oh, my brother!" Colin moaned, haggard and dry-eyed. "He died to save me, and—I never knew! Tormaid! Tormaid!"

White and stricken still, he walked up the avenue to the Castle.

No one had heard of the accident, and only Donall saw him pass through the hall with his dripping clothes and his white, haggard face.

"Sir Colin!" the old man cried, "you

have been in the water!" And then, as he saw his master's look, his face blanched. "Where is Mr. Tormaid?—or is it the young lady? Your face has the look of death. Sir Colin, is it the young lady?"

Colin stood still, and he put his hand sorrowfully on the old man's arm. "It is my brother, Donall," he said. "It is Tormaid; he sank to save me, because Ian could not save us both."

"Someone must tell my lady."

They had remembered her then, both of them, for there was a sudden stir and whispering in the hall; the news had come already. Colin went directly to Lady Strathdorrnan's door, and knocked sharply. He was admitted by Märi, who started back, white and trembling, when she saw his dripping clothes. Lady Strathdorrnan was resting on a sofa; but she sat up, and then shrieked as she recognised him. "Colin, what has happened? You have been in the water, but, thank God, you are safe!"

She only asked for him!

"I am safe; but you do not ask for—someone else."

He spoke sternly and relentlessly. "This is the last injustice that you will ever do your elder son in this world; he has passed beyond your injustice. He was one of the noblest men who ever lived. He deliberately let go to save me, so that I might remain in the place which you stole for me. He might have been saved if I had known; but he died for me!" He had broken off with a bitter moan.

She heard with a kind of choking cry, hiding her face in her hands. And then Colin, as if he could not bear to look upon her any more, turned and left the room.

Tormaid Strathdorrnan's body was found at last, and brought back to the Castle. It was buried with all honour, and every crofter and tenant on the estate followed in the mournful procession which wound round by the path beside the sea, the pipers wailing at their head. The old minister was waiting in the beautiful little graveyard on the hill-side, and, after he had read the words of hope above the dead man's grave, he walked back with Colin to the Castle. The Baronet could not, for his mother's sake, tell him all the story; but the

minister saw that grief too deep for words lay heavy upon Colin's heart.

"Your brother's was a character of unusual strength and nobility," he said; "I always saw that. But I think life was always something of a burden to him, Sir Colin—he had much to fight

no words. *"Do not think of him as far away; think of him as rejoicing in your life. . . . Think of him as rejoicing in a new life of his own. Nothing earthly tinges that."* Colin was thinking of the old man's words, and they brought him sweetest comfort. They came to him



"Sir Colin!" the old man cried, "you have been in the water!"

against, much to bear; now he has laid that all down. Do not think of him as far away; think of him as rejoicing in your life, as he will rejoice. Think of him as rejoicing in a new life of his own. Nothing earthly tinges *that*. Good-bye!"

He had brought more comfort than he knew, and the deepest shadow lifted from Colin Strathdorrnan's face as he entered the Castle and saw Elsa waiting for him in her black frock on the steps. Hand in hand, they went back to the study, and they sat down very silently in that perfect sympathy which knows

again, as they were to come to him very often, in the hour when he stood, on his wedding day, in the London church, knowing and seeing nothing except that Elsa's hand was in his, and that it was the hand of his wife. It was a strange coincidence that, as they left the church, his eyes should wander up to a stained window, under which, in a scroll of royal purple and gold, were these words: "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

[THE END.]

OUR MISSIONARIES AND THE BOER WAR.

By F. M. Holmes.



(Photo: W. E. van der Merwe.)

NATIVE MISSION SCHOOL, BETHANY, TRANSVAAL.

HOW fare the missionaries during the South African War? Perhaps the public hardly realise that missionaries have been affected. Surely they work in heathen lands, it might be said; and the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Cape Colony cannot be called heathen. Why should British missionaries be there?

Nevertheless, many agents of British Societies were stationed in the districts overrun by the war. There are many coloured natives as well as white folk in those regions, and missionaries would seek to minister to the Kaffirs as well as to others. The Boers themselves, according to missionary testimony, would do little or nothing to evangelise the coloured natives around them, regarding, indeed, all such efforts with sovereign contempt. Further, the expansion of the Empire has given rise to colonial missions in addition to missions to the heathen.

Thus the "Venerable Society"—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—had no fewer than one hundred and sixty men in South Africa at the outbreak of the war, among them being ten in the Transvaal and

twenty-one in Natal. The Wesleyan Society had stations reaching from Capetown nearly up to the Zambesi, many of them under the South African Conference, and largely covering the Transvaal. When the war broke out the Society had twenty-six men in that State alone. The Congregationalists, represented by their Colonial Missionary Society, which largely assists and works through the South African Congregational Unions, had also a large number of stations, several of them being at places such as Elandsburg, Colenso, and others, the names of which have become world-famous through the war. The London Missionary Society has for years been busy in South Africa, but its operations, when war was declared, were somewhat remote from the area of the strife, the nearest being in Matabeleland and Bechuanaland; while Presbyterian Churches in Scotland had also numerous mission stations. The Baptists are represented by the Baptist Union of South Africa; while the South African General Mission, of which the Rev. Andrew Murray, of Wellington, Cape Colony, is President, has thirteen stations, including missions at Johannesburg, Majuba, and St. Lucia Bay, Zululand, among

other places. The Colonial Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, and also the Congregational Colonial Society, organised special Emergency Funds to meet the claims of their churches and ministers in South Africa.

This brief glance shows how deeply affected several of the British Missionary Societies must be by the war, and indicates how numerous were the agents they were supporting or assisting in the region of the conflict.

But when the war broke out, a curtain of night, as it were, fell upon the missionaries. No news came from them. Letters from the Transvaal and other places were lost or delayed, or possibly were suppressed by the Boers. Then gradually some news began to filter through the post or cable to the headquarters at home. On the whole, the news showed that British missionaries had been nearly all expelled from the Transvaal. Out of the twenty-six Wesleyans, only eight were allowed to remain; they would look after the mission property and do such work as they were able. In a similar manner several of the men belonging to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, including the Bishop of Pretoria, were expelled. The Anglican clergy were, according to the news received by the Society, regarded as representing "the Queen's Church," and therefore as "specially obnoxious" and "dangerous." The Bishop desired to remain at any cost, even though he were shot. He was told, however, that he would not be executed, but that he might be handcuffed and sent out of the territory in a coal truck with convicts.

From other sources the Society learned that Canons Farmer, Fisher, and Sidwell, with the Rev. R. H. Bellamy, had been expelled, though apparently some of the clergy in the remoter towns were allowed to remain. The Boers have a State Church of their own, known as the United Dutch Reformed Church, and there are other Dutch Churches; but we cannot pretend to say whether religious, racial, or political reasons operated in the complex mind of Mr. Kruger to cause these wholesale expulsions; perhaps something of all three.

Only one of the Congregational missionaries was allowed to remain. The Rev. Frank C. Rollin, who was quite a newcomer, having only gone out in May, 1880, was permitted to stay. He was pastor at Braamfontein, Johannesburg, and the reason for his "permit" was probably the fact that he had a number of Boers in his congregation. When war was declared, the Congregationalists had five ministers in Johannesburg alone and twelve churches or mission stations; a short time afterwards Mr. Rollin was the only minister representing their Colonial Society in the Transvaal. The Rev. F. J.

Ecclestone, who in 1880 had gone as an agent of the Society to Johannesburg, was in the centre of a disaffected district at Burgersdorp, over the border.

The Congregational ministers expelled from Johannesburg went to Durban, and one of them, the Rev. J. Beveridge Thompson, became Secretary of the Transvaal Refugees Committee. There was an evangelist also labouring among the coloured people in Pretoria, but no tidings came from him for months.

From these facts, which have slowly drifted to England, it is clear that something like a wholesale expulsion of the British missionaries from the Transvaal has taken place. In the Orange Free State some of the English clergy were apparently allowed to remain, though communications from them were necessarily very scanty in the earlier period of the war.

How, then, did the exiled missionaries occupy their time? We get a picture—which is, no doubt, fairly illustrative of the whole—in a letter from the Rev. George Lowe, a Wesleyan missionary superintending the district around Johannesburg. Mr. Lowe had taken refuge in Durban, and he wrote on November 10th to the Rev. Marshall



THE REV. F. C. ROLLIN, B.A.

(The only Congregational Minister now in Johannesburg.)

Hartley, at the Mission House in London. Duties, he said, in connection with the Relief Committee pretty well filled up his time. To the distribution of relief a section for postal work had been added, for persons were unable to get the letters sent to the Transvaal by way of Capetown and re-addressed to Durban. The Postmaster-General at Capetown required the new addresses to be sent by a responsible committee, so

Mr. Lowe and his friends took a room and secured the assistance of voluntary workers, and in a comparatively few hours had a register of about four hundred names and addresses for transmission to Capetown.

An inquiry department for lost relatives was also established, with something like an employment agency for refugees. The great need of the inquiry department was illustrated by the following instance:—A man and his wife left Johannesburg by the same train, the women being placed in covered carriages, while the men had to be content with open coal trucks. At one of the Free State sidings some of the coal trucks were shunted, and consequently the husband and wife were separated, and at the time of writing had not discovered one another. In a similar manner a lad had been separated from his parents; and Mr. Lowe speaks of his great joy in being able to do something for the help of the thousands who so suddenly found themselves in circumstances of unprecedented difficulty. The local Corporation showed every consideration, and provided means for the Committee to work.

Much anxiety was felt about some of the native Christians who had gone to the northern districts of the Old Colony and Natal. Mr. Lowe had heard nothing of them since they parted in the Transvaal. The men whose homes were there had remained, but nothing reliable had been heard from them. Those who were at Durban were, said Mr. Lowe, all well, and were diligently engaged in one or other of the departments of the Relief Committee. Rents, of course, were very dear, and nothing under £17 10s. a month for a furnished house could be heard of, so Mr. Lowe remained in the cheapest boarding house he could find, and although not so comfortable for the children as could be desired, yet it had the great advantage of cleanliness. Prices were on the increase in almost every detail.

Unpleasant though the condition of the refugee missionaries must have been, it was preferable to the fate that might have overtaken the Rev. R. B. Douglas, a Free Church Presbyterian minister of Jeppestown, Johannesburg. He was "commandeered" to fight in the Boer service and ordered to the front in three hours! Instead of obeying, he took train to the Cape Colony. The daughter of Mr. W. W. Turnbull, of Clifton, is the wife of one of Mr. Douglas's elders, and the lady wrote to her father from Capetown telling him of the circumstance, and saying that Mr. Douglas had preached at Capetown on Sunday, October 20th. During his journey to the Cape he had a narrow escape. At one station he thought of changing to another compartment of the train, with a friend who accompanied him, but he

finally decided not to do so. It was well they did not, for shortly afterwards an accident happened, and the carriage which they thought of entering was smashed. It appears from the lady's letter that Mr. Douglas began work at Wynberg, and he was also appointed additional Army Chaplain to the British Field Hospital at Wynberg. He resolved to remain in South Africa, hoping to resume his ministry at Johannesburg at the earliest possible moment.

The Gordon Medical Mission, Natal, which has twenty-two stations belonging to the Free Church of Scotland and under the care of Dr. Dalzell, was visited on November 6th by a party of forty armed Boers, who, however, behaved civilly and took nothing; moreover, the commandant offered to give the mission party a written order that the station was not to be touched. Later, Dr. Dalzell was sent for by the Boers to attend their wounded in camp. He found the medical stores of the mission at Pomeroy available, and returned safely in the evening to the relief of the natives.

Speaking generally, there seems little doubt but that the missionaries in Natal and Cape Colony have found much work in ministering to the sick and wounded and the refugees; while the War Office has appointed some as chaplains to the troops. Thus the Rev. T. H. Wainman, Wesleyan, of Fordsburg, Johannesburg, who belonged to the British Conference, and the Rev. W. C. Burgess, of the Orange Free State, who belonged to the South African Conference, were appointed as two additional Wesleyan chaplains; and the Rev. A. A. J. Andrews, Secretary of the Natal Congregational Union, was at Ladysmith during the siege as Chaplain of the Natal Mounted Rifles.

Elsewhere there is no doubt but that ministers and missionaries would aid the efforts of the British authorities in preventing the natives from attacking the Boers. In Basutoland, where the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had eight men, and in Zululand, where the same Society had four men, the officials know that they had assisted in this respect. And when the Queen's Proclamation was read setting forth that the war was for white men only, an old Zulu chief said: "Oh, yes; but you know when a cow is in trouble the calf always follows."

The answer was characteristic, and sufficiently shows how great were the sympathies of the natives with the British. The reason for this fact is not difficult to understand, for the Boers have systematically ill-treated the natives, regarding them, indeed, as little better than horses. But in Kaffaria the Bishop of St. John's speaks the Kaffir language fluently, and thirteen of the thirty-five clergy in the diocese are Kaffirs. In the Swaziland district the



Wesleyans had a mission, and many stations in the northern and eastern sections of South Africa were under the superintendence of the Rev. George H. Eva, who was placed at Ermelo; while the Congregationalists had also missions in Zululand, Griqua, and South-East Africa. Several of the missionaries in this extensive South-East district belonged to the American Congregational Board of Foreign Missions. It is only reasonable to suppose that all missionaries in South Africa remaining at their posts exercised their influence to restrain the natives from plunging into the war. But during the continuation of hostilities the usual mission work is being greatly hindered, and at some stations is entirely stopped. With congregations scattered, and missionaries fugitive, nothing can be done.

In Natal the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had work proceeding at twenty-four stations before the war broke out, including Durban, Maritzburg, Ladysmith, Weenan, Colenso, Dundee, and Newcastle. At some of these stations mission work might conceivably be proceeding, but not at others. St. Alban's College, an institution for training native catechists and clergy, was situated at Maritzburg; and work was not perhaps entirely stopped here. At Fort Napier the Society had assisted in building a church, where the troops probably had the first claim to accommodation. In the Ladysmith district a new mission to natives was commenced in 1892, and had extended to the Izimbulwane Hills, Blue Bank, Colenso, Estcourt, and several other places. At Dundee a permanent church had been erected by the Society's aid, and it was there, apparently, that the lonely service was held when General Symons was buried.

Durban, again, is the great centre for the Society's work among the 50,000 Indian coolies in Natal. There is a medical department in connection with this work, which has brought the missionaries into touch with all conditions of Indians. The general superintendent is the Rev. Dr. Booth, who gave up his physician's practice in order to undertake the work, and the Society regarded the enterprise as full of hope.

Looking west, we find Kimberley—on the borders of the Orange Free State and Cape Colony—another great centre for the Society's mission to the natives, the superintendent being the Rev. G. Mitchell. The "Diamond City" is also the centre for the Society's work among the white people in Griqualand West. When Archdeacon Gaul—who is now Bishop of Mashonaland—was incumbent, extensions were made from here to Mafeking and Vryburg.

In short, the English Episcopal Church has nine bishoprics in South Africa, all of them founded and endowed by the Society. All of

these dioceses must have been greatly disturbed by the war. Nearly all have been the scenes of actual conflict. Mission districts such as those of Ladysmith, Dundee, Estcourt, and Mafeking have become sad household words as the scenes of deadly strife. In the Bloemfontein diocese, the Bishop—Dr. Hicks—died on the day war was declared, and the Synod could not be called together during hostilities. Yet, reviewing the year as a whole, the Society notes decided progress in Mashonaland and Kaffraria and among the natives in the Transvaal, Basutoland, Natal, and Lorenzo Marques, which is included in the bishopric of Lebombo.

As a rule, the Boers before the war seem to have treated the English clergy well, for the latter never interfered with politics. The Boers were very hospitable to the clergy. When travelling over the veldt, the clergyman or missionary would put up at a farm, and the owner never charged anything for shelter or food.

In a similar manner the Congregationalists, as well as the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Wesleyans, were before the war carrying on extensive work among the coloured people. At Johannesburg the Rev. Charles Phillips was minister of a native church seating a thousand persons and having several branch churches. Most of the members suffered greatly from restrictions imposed by the Transvaal Government. Mr. Phillips and his family escaped to Cape Colony, and thence, owing to a breakdown in health, he proceeded to England, where he has rendered important deputational service for the Colonial Missionary Society. At Pretoria, again, the Rev. J. D. Orr had been for some time conducting evangelistic services among the coloured people. Away to the east the Rev. John Pugh was in charge of work among Zulus at Table Mountain Reserve. This mission, it is feared, has been greatly hindered by the war. Mr. Pugh had built and enlarged his own dwelling, had to tend the sick, superintend the ploughing of the ground, supervise the schools, visit distant kraals and settle disputes. He had two evangelists to assist him, and had been entreated to open schools beyond the Reserve.

Flying across to the west, work among the coloured people had been commenced at Mafeking and a site secured for a church, while at Vryburg the Colonial Missionary Society had assisted in building a church, and had sent out two ministers, who were labouring there. But the war must have seriously diminished, and in some instances stopped, local contributions, while the church buildings in many districts would be greatly injured or destroyed. To meet these heavy losses—which will, no doubt, be felt by all Societies—the Colonial Society energetically raised an Emergency Fund.

Concerning the future, the missionaries may, no doubt, find much to do in the work of conciliation and the promotion of good feeling. Whatever may be the issues, and whatever the final settlement, there will undoubtedly be room for the part of peacemaker.

But there is something more. The complaint of the Societies against the Boers—

speaking broadly—is concerning the treatment of the natives. It is believed that, in spite of all drawbacks and hindrances, the war will open up new spheres of missionary labour, especially among the coloured people. And if the Societies obtain but a fair field and no ill favour, they hope to step forward with renewed strength to the work that lies before them.



MISSION WORK IN NATAL.

(Photo: B. W. Currey, Durban.)

(Preaching to the Zulus.)

THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

By the Rev. Henry Biddell, M.A.

O LORD OF HOSTS, Whose arm of old
Hath helped us in the fight;
Before Whose path the thunder rolled,
Whose feet were shod with light,

Our help is in Thy Name alone—
None other aid we need
As low before Thy awful throne
For grace and help we plead.

O let Thy presence be with those
Who for this country fight:
If sudden death their eyelids close,
Give them eternal light.

The widow and the fatherless,
And all who suffer loss,
According to Thy promise bless
With comfort of Thy Cross.

O Lord, stir up Thy people's will,
Each other's woes to bear:
So make them one, and stronger still
To suffer and to dare.

Soon let Thy banners be unfurled,
Give victory and peace;
And grant that o'er a righteous world
Wars may for ever cease.



A Complete Story. By Mrs. Herbert Martin.



PLEASE, m'm, 'ere's an old body to speak with you about the washing."

So spoke my housemaid as I was up to my neck in work settling into our new vicarage at Hinton.

"Show her in, Bessie. What's her name?"

"Mrs. Darby, m'm."

And in walked a dear old woman, as if she had stepped out of a picture, dropping an old-fashioned curtsy at the door—a relic of that past when people actually believed in bearing themselves lowly! Crisp, curly white hair framed a withered, rosy-brown face, criss-crossed with fine wrinkles, and a clean, white cotton sunbonnet framed the hair; bright, keen, humorous black eyes, not dimmed yet by poverty and age, peered at me, and the nut-cracker chin and sharp little beak of a nose made her look something like a bird of unknown species. A decent stuff gown, huge clean apron, and a little crossed red plaid shawl clothed the small bent frame.

"Please, m'm," a voice to suit the whole personality began in the broad accent of the county, "I've made s' bowld to come and ask you for your washin', if so be as you hain't promised it to none else."

"My washing? No, I haven't promised it, but—do you want to do it yourself?"

"Ay, mum. I were a rare good washer in my day. I've g'ien it over the last few 'ears, but I 'nows how to do't—none better, though I says it as shouldn't."

"But are you strong enough? You—you're pretty old, aren't you?"

"Well, not *young*, mum; but not so much over my seventy, and 'ale and 'earty, thank the Lord. If my master wur able to work at his bit o' ground as 'e wur, I'd not need to trouble you; but he've been laid up ahl winter wi' rheumatics and browntiturs—turrible baad he be'd—so that brought we a bit shart, and I thart as I'd tek up the washin' for a bit, for I'm strong and willin'. I beant one o' the new sart, I beant—them as likes to set goshipping and see other fowks do their work. I'm used to *doin'*, I be. And theer's many as I used to wash for as'll tell you as Betsy Darby can turn out fine things, lace, and summat, and babby's gowndses—you've got a babby they tells ma—as nice as if they were new. Good soap and water and elber grease, and a bit o' thinkin'; none o' your nasty powders and new-fangled ways."

She paused breathless, and her bright old eyes dwelt a little imploringly on mine.

"Well, I'll come and see you. I'll think of it, Mrs. Darby. I'll not promise anyone else."

She dropped another curtsy. "Thank you,

mum. I beant afeared if you axes about ma. There's many o' the neighbours as'll gi' ma a good name. Well known I be in Hinton parish. Ah! my married life I've lived 'ere, nigh fifty 'ear, and brought childer up. My son, mum, 'as a nice shop to Pensham—a grocer and general shop like, and he helps we—in course, you mustn't think to blame he for our bein' a bit shart like just now, with my old man's illness, doctor's bills, and sich like—my son's good enow, but he've a long family and his wife—well, you knows the sayin', mum: 'My son's my son till he gets he a wife.' A masterful wumman 'er be, and close-fisted; but I s'pose as he's content, so we mun be. And my darter died in Lon'on—a turrible way off. I've niver been to Lon'on, not me! I'd feel lost like in a big place like that 'un. And another son he's with his regiment in Egypt; a lance-corporal he be—Jarge his name be; and a corporal's wages beant much; but he's a feckshonate lad. Well, mum, you be busy, and I'll not detain you; so wishin' you good-marnin' and my respects."

I made inquiries about Mrs. Darby, and everyone told the same tale; a cleaner, harder-working, more respectable old woman could not be; only, since her son had a good business in a neighbouring town, she ought not to have to take in washing to keep her old husband and herself, after a long life of toil. But the grocer, all told me, was very mean, and his wife was meaner; he only cared to spend on his house and children, "who were as fine as quality," so my informant said, and his wife, who wore a silk gown and "jewellery" on Sundays, and looked down on her husband's parents. However, it was evident Mrs. Darby *did* need the washing, so I went to tell her she could have it.

I christened the old couple Darby and Joan, of course, though, unfortunately, she was called Betsy. They lived in a white thatched cottage—their own—in a wide green field from which a piece of garden ground had been fenced in and cultivated. It was a kind of feudal arrangement. A former Squire, to whom Darby had been servant, had granted him the land; the man had built his own cottage nearly all himself. The oak beams and furniture had been made from wood grown on the estate. Most of his humble belongings had been the gift of the old Squire, who had slept forty years with his ancestors in the green God's acre, a stone's throw almost from the cottage. As the old woman was a picture, so was the cottage interior, and the husband himself. The green light, filtered through trees and over the rich, thick grass of spring, fell on the broad, solid, bent figure of the old man like a garbled and ancient tree, as he sat in his oak elbow

chair in the ingle-nook, and glanced on a row of bright pewter plates and some blue delft on the oaken dresser. A clean pink print frill hung from the high shelf over the fireplace, and the shelf itself was adorned with those quaint spotted dogs, shepherd and shepherdess, one often sees in cottages; also with bright brass candlesticks and glass vases, filled with "quaker" grass.

Darby was the most silent, grave, sturdy old fellow in the world; handsome, too, with the sort of yeoman aristocracy which 'has died out with the last trace of feudalism, with large, rough-hewn features, close-locked, patient lips, plentiful white hair, and steady, observant blue eyes—the eyes of one used to looking long into the face of Nature, and reflecting her quiet, leisurely secret processes. Crippled as he was with rheumatism, he would raise himself, his great knotty hands on each arm of the chair, out of respect to me, with a deep-toned "Good-marnin', mum," as his old "missis" introduced me briskly: "Tew parson's wife, father."

She was volubly grateful for the washing, and showed me, with pride, her back kitchen and copper, and the beautiful drying ground the great sweep of the tree-strewn meadow made.

"I'll not overcharge you," she said eagerly. "I beant one o' that sart—it's scandalious what some of 'em charges—and they does it any'ow at that."

She was as good as her word; her charges were so low that I often had, out of shame, to put on a shilling or so; and the linen, brought home by a "mischieful" boy whom she scolded, yet petted, was exquisitely white and sweet and beautifully got up, though my husband grumbled a little at not having his collars stiff enough. "Eh," she said when I told her. "The master be petticular! They do wants their shirts nothin' but boards, and it wears out the linen shameful; but I'll do my best, my dear, for he's a nice gen'leman, for all that."

She soon slipped from "mum" to "my dear"; she was such an affectionate, simple old soul, so warmly grateful for small favours, and with the true, delicate, lady feeling of wanting to make returns. When her hens laid particularly well, she would bring up a little basket of clean, coffee-brown eggs, which I dared not offer to pay for, or a bunch of clove carnations, since I "happened to fancy 'em," or some honeysuckle and cluster roses from under the thatch. I grew to love my dear old Joan, so vivacious, cheery, loving, quaint. She had her violent dislikes, her ignorances and prejudices, of course; get her on these, and she would wax vehement. It did not take much to set her off on her son's wife, though she would sometimes apologise.

for not being able to "abear" her, and she never said or let anyone say a word against her son. "He was a dear, good lad when he was little." This was her summing up if she was drawn into a little criticism. "And if he wornt jist as lovin' like as Jarge, 't wasn't his fault. Natures be different."

She had her chronic enemy in an old Mrs. Jinks, who had a cross, grumbling, ill-natured "begrudgeful" temper, and always looked out to see if Mrs. Darby got presents when she did not. Yet, when Mrs. Jinks was ill and in bitter pain, dear old Betsy trotted off to poultice her, at the end of a long day's work, and stayed hours ministering to her.

It was always a pleasure to call and sit in the cool, quiet cottage, with the door open on to the level field, chatting with "Darby and Joan." She did nine-tenths of the talking; her "tongue was hung loose," her husband told her, with quiet sarcasm; and she was most entertaining company with her quaint phraseology, her old-world tales and curious folklore. Everything was *he* with her—a pudding, a flannel petticoat, a clothes-horse—and her speech had all the old country flavour which modern poor people begin to despise. The old man, slow of speech, reticent, gruff as he was, was interesting in quite another way. He took as much pains to *conceal* his deep, strong feelings as Betsy did to express hers. Till one knew him, he seemed grim and unfeeling, but when once one had penetrated that silent soul of his, one respected its deep, narrow intensity, and understood the passionate devotion of the old wife to her "master."

In August I went with my husband and baby to the sea, and was, of course, obliged to leave my dear old Betsy without her weekly wage. I wanted to give her a present, but the mere hint, the idea of a gift of money, incensed and revolted the proud, independent old folks. No, they should get on all right; perhaps someone else might give her washing; their son sent them groceries; there was fruit to come in, they could sell that. But I thought the pretty, wrinkled, rosy old face looked a little anxious and wistful when I said good-bye. Darby was still unable to get to regular work, and, though I did not know it then, she was beginning with a bad place on her leg, caused by much standing and "very coarse" veins, which made the washtub almost a rack to her.

When we had been away six weeks the papers were full of the Khartoum business, and, as I knew the Darbys' son was in it, I looked for his name. Sure enough, he was "severely wounded" in the gallant rush of the Lanciers. The dear old people, if they knew (and I feared the grocer son would keep them posted) would be in agonies of fear for "Jarge," their "dear lad" of thirty-five,

They would have their compensating triumph—he had saved the life of his colonel; his conduct was especially praised; he was promoted, and recommended for the Victoria Cross. But *that* would not console them if he died!

When we got back to Hinton, as soon as I had settled down at home, I went to the cottage in the field to look up my old couple. The front room was bare, cold, and empty, and a chill unusual to the place, which I had never seen without its cheerful fire, seemed to strike from the clean stones. The front door stood open as usual, and I thought I saw old Darby in the distance stooping over his garden. But where was Joan? I went on into the back place, and found her. She was perched on a high wooden stool doing fine washing *sitting*, a thing she had never done before. She raised her white head sharply as I clicked the door, and I saw such an altered, pinched, woeful old face—years older it looked since I left, with an expression of pain on it, and with the withered rosy apple colour blanced.

"Why, Mrs. Darby, dear Mrs. Darby! What's the matter with you?"

And the poor, impulsive, loving soul, with a cry, half-welcome, half-grief, tottered to meet me, and literally fell into my arms with a pitiful burst of sobs and tears. I half-carried her into the front room, lighted the fire, put on the kettle for her one luxury—a cup of tea—and when her tears had relieved her heart a little, and she was warned, she told me all her griefs. They had thickened on the heads of the loving old pair. Her leg had got so bad she could no longer stand at the washtub, so only did what little she could manage sitting as I saw her. He had hobbled out to work to try to make up what she lacked, and had scorned to complain, though his "rheumatics was arful bad." Their grocer son had been "let in" by a bankrupt, and she "wouldn't take nothing no more from he, since his wife carried on." Yes, they *had* "been a bit shart," but they "was old folkses, and could do with a drop of tay and bit o' bread; but mebbe it did make we a bit wake-like. But we couldn't abide no charity doin's. We'd allus held our heads above that; and no parish pay—a lot better clem nor that, my dear. But if *you'd* been home I might mebbe have asked you for a bit of a loan."

But the worst was not poverty, nor illness, nor pain. It had been reported to them that their lad, their Jarge, was dead of his wound—they'd not had a line from him; he must be dead. "And I loved him so, my dear." She broke down again, and her sobs shook my heart and made me cry too. "He wor allus my pet. Richard used to blame me; I

couldn't sim to help it nohow. Jarge wor such a lovin'-earted lad—rash and extera-ver-gant; ay, he wor that. But nowt too good for his old mammy. I tries to say—I tries to say the Lord's will be done, but it's 'ard,

sipped her tea, and tried to smile and thank me as I toasted a bit of dried-up loaf, which was all there was in the cupboard. Would I call her "old man" in to take a sup? He would potter about the garden trying to work,



It was "Jarge" himself!—p. 414.

my dear—it's 'ard. I feels as if I'd die so 'appy if I could just feel him kiss ma and say 'Mammy dear' once more!"

It comforted her to tell me, and I believe my crying with her was a sort of consolation. She dried her eyes; they were dim old eyes now the brightness had departed from them;

but he couldn't do much, and he "werritted" so about her. "You'd think, mebbe, to hear him talk so gruff, that he didn't keer so much for ma, but he do, my dear, he do. He says one night as we was old sweet'earts still."

I went outside to look for him, and started as I saw a man's long, lean figure, on crutches,

slowly making its way over the grass towards the cottage gate. One glance at the uniform under the black military greatcoat, the worn, brown, fallow face, the bright black eyes, and the expression of the man, told me who it was—"Jarge" himself! The sergeant son—the hero—alive—returned—though a wreck. I gave a cry of delight, and went eagerly to meet him, without any ceremonious introduction whatever.

"Oh, you're George—you're Sergeant Darby—oh, how glad I am! They were afraid you were dead—"

"Not dead," the man said in an extraordinarily deep bass voice, with a little agitated laugh, "but pretty nigh—next door to it, mum. I've been in 'ospital four weeks—invalided home—pensioned off. How are the old folks?"

"Pretty well—no, not very well; but *now*—oh, they'll be all right *now*; go in to your mother—in there. I'll run and tell your father."

I saw him limp in, I heard Betsy's shriek, and hastened to fetch the father and help him to his door—breathless, and gasping with the overpowering joy of the relief—and then I left them to exhaust their first transport—dear old people, who had gone so deep into despair. I ran home as joyful as if George had come home to me, belonging to me—thank-ing God who had given them this gleam of evening sunshine before the shadows fell.

Next day I went to see them, and Betsy poured out her ecstasy to me, while Sergeant George, in the armchair opposite, laughed and blushed, and growled to her now and then to "draw it mild." But she could not; her joy and glory were too strong for any reserve. She must have her boast out. It seemed George had indeed returned "with blushing honours thick upon him," bearing his sheaves with him. He had gone back, wounded, into the thick of the Dervish spears—"them Dervies" Betsy called them—and, catching up his wounded colonel, had carried him out, then dropped himself from loss of blood. He had got his Victoria Cross, and, besides his pension, the colonel had settled £100 a year on him for life—he was a rich man, and a grateful.

"And, my dear, he's that silly and extera-vergant you can't believe; he've been ordering in such a heap o' things as we didn't raly want; and I'm not to do no washin' no more, but lay on a sofy if I've a mind, and have a gell to wait on ma, if you please. And he've sent to Mr. Lynn's for a silk gownd for ma, and the father's to have a new black cloth suit for church, and a bit o' roast meat in the oven, and pounds o' best tea and groceries—so foolish like, and we not used to no such feastin's; but he wull have his way—he allus

was a standy, masterful lad, and that silly about his mammy—"

"Now you shut up, old lady, we've had enough jaw," the invadided and bashful sergeant interposed. He turned to me apologetically. "You'll excuse the old mother, ma'am, she don't know when to stop when she gets talkin' about me. I hadn't the least notion they was so bad off, or I'd have sent to 'em before; but I didn't know they hadn't heard I was out o' danger, and I thought I'd surprise them with my news."

"And you did, my lad," his mother broke out again, between tears and smiles. "Jest as things seemed lowest, bless the Lord! I oughter had trusted Him better, that I ought, for He never did leave me in the worst hole yet. When I see'd the lad come in, on crutches, like that, I thought my old 'eart would bust, I jest did, to see 'im 'issself, arter I'd gi'en up 'oping—but lame and 'urt like that, poor lad! I give one scritch, and I knowed no more till I felt 'im a-kissin' ma—jest as I'd been achin' to feel 'im—and a cablin' ma 'mammy' as if the 'ears had rowled back, and he wor a little bit of a chap a settin' by my knee—I was like to die of the joy of it."

"But you didn't die, mammy," the soldier said with rough fondness. "You'll live to be a hundred yet—see if you don't."

"I'm fain to live, dear," she said tenderly, "till you've a wife to look arter you, then I'd love to hold a babby o' yourn on my lap; then I 'ope as the dear Lord'll take me and my old man togeth'er."

He shook his head. "I don't want a wife, mammy. Richard's a warning to me. I don't like his missis nor his kids neither, overmuch. And you're good enough for me."

She looked as proud and pleased as a girl praised by her lover. I know her jealous fondness longed to keep him all her own, yet she bravely struggled to declare he must marry—she couldn't be spared to look after him always.

"He's sech a lad for 'is mammy!" she said. "You must please excuse 'im bein' so foolish like; you see the master and me allus spoilt 'im; he wor our youngest, and a lovin' lad; but 'e'll marry, for all that, when he gets 'is strength agin, and I'll live to kiss a little 'un as 'as got his face; I 'oodn't be so selfish as to want to keep 'im ahl to myself. Wife or no wife, I'm not afeared as Jarge won't keer for his old daddy and mammy till they have the quilt o' daisies over 'em."

And I saw in George's eyes that the trust would be justified, and that, whatever happens, Darby and Joan are secure of a tender hand to hold theirs at the threshold of the closed door, which they will enter without fear, in humble faith.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER.



NAZARETH.

(Photo: Boudha.)

CALLS TO DISCIPLESHIP.

By the Rev. Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., Edinburgh.

PART II.



HOW is the call responded to? The first obvious result of the call is that it sifts and separates men. The herald of Christ had given the people this characteristic sign by which they might recognise Him when He appeared: He would have a fan in His hand, and in passing through among men would blow away the chaff and separate it from the solid grain. It was no miscellaneous, indiscriminating crowd our Lord desired to see following Him: following, indeed, one another rather than Him, led by curiosity, or by entirely misleading expectations. He knew that the gifts He had to bestow were only desired by the minority, that the Beatitudes He pronounced could only excite a sneer. Again and again, therefore, He sifted and scattered such crowds by bidding them count the cost of following Him, by plainly telling them that He would not satisfy their worldly cravings and ambitions. It is remarkable that the first words of His which are recorded in the

fourth Gospel are, "What seek ye?" It is as if, standing on the verge of the world and about to make Himself known to men, He bade them look inwards and recognise what were their actual desires, that they might thus know whether they would find satisfaction in Him or not. For so it is always: He is the touchstone of the human heart. Inevitably and infallibly by contact with Him each man is found to be good or evil. By bringing among us perfect goodness and by making it possible to us, He necessarily judges us. By our glad acceptance of Him as our ideal and Saviour we express the craving for good that is in us; by turning from Him and from that life which our conscience cannot but approve, we choose our lot among the abandoned and manifest that we will be evil. It is thus that His call reveals itself as living and penetrating with resistless might to soul and spirit, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. As critics pronounce judgment on themselves by their estimate of each new appearance in the world of literature, so does each of us show what he actually is by his acceptance or

refusal of Christ. This is the winnowing fan to whose action we are exposed, and which unerringly sifts the chaff from the wheat. It is the perfect instrument for separating those who desire goodness from those who have no such desire. Goodness incarnate actually achieved in human life, and made possible to us—this is our touchstone. To have the gates of the Kingdom thrown open to us, the way to God made obvious, and His righteousness accessible—this it is which reveals whether these are our chief desires, or whether, in presence of these greatest attainments made possible to us, our hearts are excited to no active longing.

Necessarily Jesus Himself thought much of His own rejection, and on more than one occasion He explained what it was that caused men to reject Him. He shows us what it is that constitutes *receptiveness*. The very cities in which most of His miracles had been wrought scorned His claims; and in sadly withdrawing from them He turned for solace to the Father with the striking exclamation: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." There is here no resentment, only a clear perception of things as they actually are. The boundless popularity He at first enjoyed did not intoxicate or blind Him, the ebb of this tide did not leave Him disconsolate and hopeless of His cause. He does not, like Elijah, run away from His work because its result is so small; nor does He join with Jonah in chiding God for sending Him on a disappointing mission. He recognises that He is sent to the world with a message of infinite gladness, but that this world is made up of individuals each of whom has his own fixed ideas, prejudices, and predilections which bar out this message. The very men who might have been expected, from their education and position, to appreciate Christ's mission at once and aid Him in it, are, in fact, found to have their own notions of the manner in which God should interpose, and have besides their own reputation for wisdom to maintain, and cannot submit to be taught by an untaught person.

Jesus therefore turns to the "babes," to those who have no preconceptions,

The child listens to you and takes in what you tell him, because his mind is as yet empty. The information you give him is not challenged and extruded by any previous occupant. The "babe" is receptive, not critical. It does not pretend to know. The distinction between the critical and receptive is prolonged into adult life. Give two men the same book to read: the one will tell you all its faults, and angrily denounce the opinions it advocates in opposition to his own; the other has unconsciously eliminated the mistakes, and has thirstily drunk in all the real value and substance of the book. There are men who soon cease to grow because they look at every new idea with a mind made up, with a closed education that knows all that is needed already; there are other minds that hunger and are ever on the alert for the discovery of fresh truth. If, then, we are to appreciate Christ and His message, we must approach Him with an unprejudiced mind. We must leave behind us our fixed ideas as to the manner in which God may most suitably reveal Himself, as to the demands that should be made on us, and the life that should be enjoined. Going to Him with minds made up about many things of which He speaks, even if we seem to accept Him, we really refuse much that He brings with Him and deceive ourselves.

If, then, we ask what it is that constitutes susceptibility to Christ's call, the first answer we get is, that it is the receptiveness which characterises those who have no preconceived ideas of what Christ must be, and who are not already so filled with worldly ideals and thoughts of life that they cannot offer their hearts as a *tabula rasa* to Christ, and let Him write on it what He pleases. But there is not only this negative absence of preconceptions; there must also be a positive side to this susceptibility, a sense of want which consciously or unconsciously craves relief. This is spoken of as "a hunger for righteousness," "a thirst for God." It is to this appetite Christ appeals with confidence. Where there is conscious need of spiritual help, a real craving for nearness to God in holiness of life, Christ is ever sure of a reception. This appetite greedily accepts Him.

It is significant that our Lord gives to appetite this determining place. Yet,

after all, is not appetite a stronger force than reason? It is more constant, more effective, and exists where reason is not. A great part of the world's work has therefore been entrusted to appetite. The child seeks nourishment and accepts it while as yet it has no reason. The very foundation-stone, therefore, of human existence is laid in appetite. Reason has its uses, but it cannot take the place of appetite. Appetite can be justified to reason, but is not itself reason. It is not unreasonable, but unreasoning. The craving for God and righteousness Christ likens to an appetite, and the point of the designation consists in this, that these cravings which we call appetites guide men to their gratification wholly irrespective of what is to result from their attainment. To the appetite the gratification is an end in itself. So, with Christ, righteousness is an end in itself—not the means of attaining something better. There is nothing better. We are called to be righteous, not that we may escape the punishment of sin, not that we may enjoy prosperity, not that we may win the favour of God, but simply that we may be righteous. To be righteous is the health, the life, of the soul. Christ seeks to shift our view from the consequences of righteousness to the thing itself. He wishes us to understand that man's blessedness consists not in what righteousness brings him, but in that condition of soul which is righteous. Therefore He speaks of a "hunger" for righteousness because appetite does not consider consequences, but seeks directly and solely, without ulterior object, that which gratifies it. Wherever this hunger is, it finds its gratification in Christ. He knows that this hunger exists largely, though often latently, in the human heart—latently because men, until they know Christ, see no hope of its being gratified, and therefore disguise and repress it.

Similarly, if we look through the Sermon on the Mount, with a view to discover who they are who listened to Christ's call, or how we may attain the righteousness there described, the only answer we can find is: We can attain it by loving it. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Yes, of course. You cannot put your heart into what you do not really value. If

the boy's treasure is in a country life, or in the navy, it is in vain you tell him to put his heart into office work. They that value righteousness will give their heart to its pursuit; they that esteem the world of greater consequence will heartily cultivate the world. This natural, inevitable order of things is explained in the remarkable words: "The lamp of the body is the eye; if, therefore, thine eye be sound, thy whole body is full of light; but if thine eye be diseased, thy whole body shall be dark." That is illustration; then follows the teaching which it illustrates: "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness!" In other words, a man has in his body an organ which suffices to give him all the light he needs in the physical world; so has he an organ by which he can receive all the light he requires upon the spiritual world. If a man's eyes are sound, the whole body is full of light; that is to say, there is no bodily function that needs any more light than that which the eye conveys. The hand, in the finest operations, needs no more light than the eye receives; the foot of the cragsman or the sailor needs no more light to guide it than the light of the eye. On the other hand, if the eye be unsound, no other organ can do its work, and supply the body with light. Where there is no eye, no amount of light will bring sight, or make anything visible; it is no use pulling up the last inch of blind, or bringing the strongest illuminating power close to the man. So, says Jesus, we have an inner organ fitted to receive and utilise the whole light we require for our moral guidance. If this organ is sound, we shall see things as they are; if it be unsound, perfect spiritual beauty may stand before us, but we cannot admire it. It is by this faculty we discern between the blessedness of mammon and the blessedness of fellowship with God; between the attractiveness of the earthly and the heavenly treasure, between the successful merchant or man of fashion and Jesus Christ. It is by the help of this inner organ that men make their choices and determine their destiny. If this organ is dull by familiarity with sin, if our power of seeing things as they really are has been weakened by love of sensual pleasure, by esteem of worldly advantage, then

it is in vain that the beauty of holiness shines for us from the person of Christ.

If, then, the attractiveness of righteousness is not felt, how can we respond to the call of Christ? If Christ's offers can only be accepted by those who appreciate them, and if there has died out of us all power to desire what He offers, it will certainly not avail to profess to accept Him. What, then, is to be done? As Christ said to the disciples, perplexed by a similar difficulty, "What is impossible with man is possible to God." God, by His dealings in providence with a man, can produce a sense of want, a perception of the hollowness of worldly gain, a hunger for something worthier than wealth or position or comfort. The prodigal saw no charm in his father's house till he had spent his all: then he perceived what home and father meant. Life taught him.

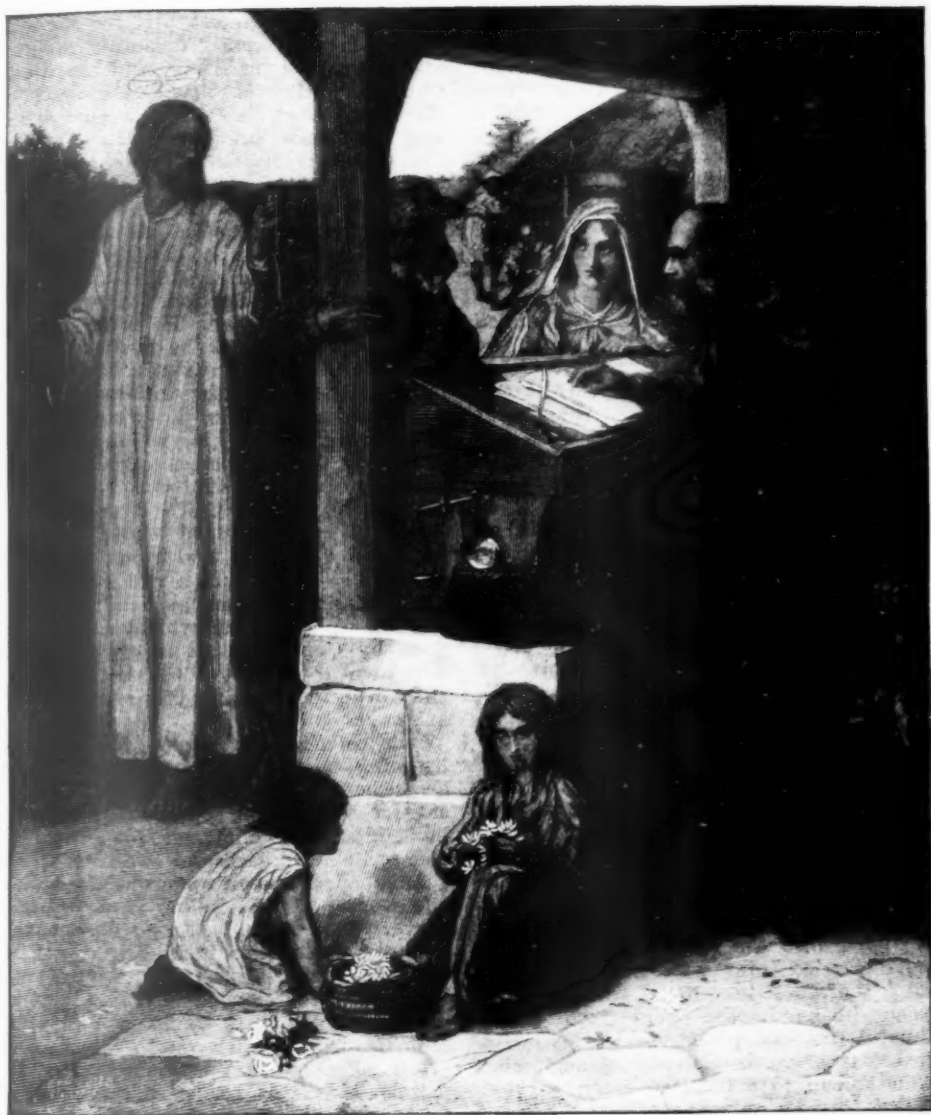
Naturally the recorded life of our Lord abounds in specimens of the various manners in which men treated His call. There were those who bluntly dismissed it: some who approved it, and yet could not bestir themselves to act upon it; some who in appearance accepted it, and yet remained the thralls of the world; some who heartily and thankfully responded and followed Christ, some with an eagerness that bespoke want of consideration, others in a half-hearted manner that showed a lack of clear apprehension of the urgency and consequence of the call. There is nothing more pathetic in our Lord's experience than His lament over Jerusalem as He left it, a rejected Saviour. Not once nor twice, but "how often," had He laid before its people His claims, His offers, His message. For their sakes He had endured the contradiction of sinners. He had gone back to their streets and courts knowing that He might be stoned, and that certainly He would be scorned or treated as a lunatic, but still drawn by His compassion to make one more appeal, still finding it impossible to believe that men should be so blind.

In some respects, more pitiable than blunt and decided refusal is professed willingness to accept, but with no corresponding action. The sentimentalists who shake a pious head and lift sanctimonious hands over the joys of the Kingdom, and can picture vividly the blessedness of salvation, but cannot rouse

themselves to live righteously and truly follow Christ, are described for us in the parable of the guestless feast. The host had found it easy enough to secure acceptances and promises. Oh, yes! nothing would give the invited greater pleasure—who could not see the honour of being asked to enter into fellowship with the highest, and enjoy an entertainment furnished by a love that had laid itself out to please, and had infinite resource to draw upon? But when all was ready, preparation made at enormous sacrifice, at a cost so great that it could never be repeated, not a single guest stood by his promise, but found anything—business, pleasure, anything—more attractive. No excuse was too idle to put off this invitation, nothing so trivial, nothing so contemptible, as not successfully to compete with the attraction of such a feast.

Sentimentalism is inherent in human nature. We have always with us those who are sensitive to the beauty of things spiritual, who admire purity, and appreciate all that links us to what is highest, and who recognise in Christ and the future to which He invites, all that is most reasonable and full of promise; and yet, when opportunity arises in their life for becoming somewhat like Christ, or when His call bids them sacrifice inclination, and cross natural desire, and so attain to His fellowship, they dismiss such appeals as unseasonable, and not to be listened to. When we think of the Kingdom of God as a future state in which all shall be assembled as to a family gathering in the quiet and cool of evening, it is easy to express desire to be present there. Who does not feel some desire to see, face to face, the real person of the Lord, and have leisure to scan the features of this Host to Whom he is so intimately linked? Who does not desire to exchange thoughts with Him, and so to learn how personal and searching is the interest the Lord has taken in him? But if these desires do not find expression in present fellowship with Christ in the conduct of our life and in the hearty submission of our spirit to His moulding will, then we must be content to number ourselves among sentimentalists—a class for which the consistent, honest man cherishes a hearty contempt that is not altogether unjust.

Next to those apparently pious but



THE CALLING OF ST. MATTHEW.

(By Clement O. Skillbeck.)

really worldly persons who profess acceptance while really they reject Christ's call, come those who plead some reason for delay. There are always persons who sincerely mean to follow Christ, but find it in present circumstances, as they declare, impossible. Their business is of a kind or so conducted that they cannot introduce into it the truth, the self-sacrifice, the unworldliness, which they recognise as characteristic of the spirit of Christ. They do not disguise from themselves that they are called to Christ's service, nor do they intend to decline this call, but it has so suddenly made itself heard that they find it inconvenient as suddenly to listen. The type of this class is the man who replied to Christ's summons, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Could any request be more reasonable? Could anything be more obvious than that delay is justified? But Christ does not think so. His answer is, "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God."

What is it that justifies our Lord's answer? First, no doubt, it was justified by the character of the man to whom it was addressed. Our Lord knew him before He said to him "Follow me," and He knew him to be a man easily moved—probably a man who, with considerable faculty, was yet of a soft disposition, and apt to make too much of the comforts of family life. An opportunity had arisen for breaking away from these ties to indolent love of reputable ease, but this opportunity must promptly be used or it will be turned into an occasion for more firmly binding him and permanently preventing him from doing the work for Christ he is capable of accomplishing. Our Lord snatches the man back from plunging into the current which would have carried him past his life's work and therefore his life's reward. The good husband, the kind father, the dutiful son, the placid, innocuous home-lover, is often in danger of neglecting Christ's call to a more strenuous service.

But Christ's answer states also a great principle. "Let the dead bury their dead." The dead will not be left unburied, but a Christian is too valuable to spend on such work. There is much of the world's work that will go on irrespective of Christianity. Those who may be called "dead," as not possessing

that new type of life which Christ has brought into the world, will do the world's needful work. But there are also works to be done for the world, and these the greatest, and for the sake of which the world exists; for these, Christians are needed. And to use a Christian who is fitted for specially Christian work in those works which will be done all the same by non-Christians is waste of good material. The manager of a business does not use his most experienced hand to do what the youngest apprentice can do equally well. The captain of a ship does not send his first officer, skilled in all the mysteries of navigation, to wash the decks or splice ropes. He is needed for the exceptional work he is fitted to do. And the Christian must ask himself, not only what part of the ordinary work of the world he can do, but whether there is no work calling him which none but a Christian will or can accomplish. Such calls can only be interpreted by the man's self: and they arise from the conscientious consideration that there are in the world these two kinds of things to be done—those which will be done by non-Christian persons as readily as by Christians, and those which will only be done by Christians. It is by measuring our own capacities with the needs of the world, that calls to this or that work arise.

But as there are some too slow in listening to the call of Christ, so there are others who are precipitate. Alongside of the dutiful son who asked that he might first bury his father stands the scribe who, without waiting to be summoned, burst in upon our Lord with the words, "I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." On so ardent and so rare a declaration it must have pained our Lord to throw cold water. He numbered too few men of education among His followers to make it easy for Him to dispense with one "scribe." And never refusing the allegiance of any, He merely bids this scribe, accustomed to the sheltered life of a student, to count the cost of following One Who was more driven and homeless than the foxes, more constantly on the move than the birds of the air. Our Lord saw that this ardent person had not taken into account the hardships of the Christian life. It is this want of forecasting the

actual consequences of following Christ that has lowered the whole level of Christian society. Men have thought it an easy thing to follow Christ, and, having made profession of discipleship and finding it very difficult, they, with more or less consciousness of failure, live on the easier levels. They have often joined societies in which only their names are wanted and an annual subscription, and they join the Church of Christ with as little careful anticipation of what is involved and as little idea that any radical alteration in their thoughts and ways is necessary.

Happily we have several instances of devout, intelligent, and persistent response to the call of Christ—especially we have the splendid and animating example of Matthew, who has been justly named "the pattern of obedience to divine vocations, the model of prompt submission to holy inspirations, the teacher and the example of correspondence to grace, who left all for God—self, and the world, and wealth—at God's one word, without question, without reserve, without delay, to be for ever in the Church the Doctor, the Prophet, and the Patron, the comfort, and the justification of those who follow heavenly calls in the world's despite; and who give themselves in love, as he gave himself, without limit

or condition as creatures, to their Creator."

There is no element in human life so pregnant with tragedy as the power of the human will to resist the appeal of Christ. It is possible to be within reach of perfect good and not to see it. It is possible to see it and not desire it, or so desire it as to secure it. We would need to be treated like sheep and be driven to our pasture; we are treated as men, and so we miss our way and lose our life. For Christ will not over-persuade any man. For the success of His appeal He depends upon the conviction of the individual. He seeks only those followers in whose own mind there has grown up the conviction that He is all He claims to be, and is worthy of all obedience. We must for ourselves reach our own conclusions about Him; it is in ourselves faith must spring up in response to what He seems to us to be.

Our treatment of the call of Christ, then, is the central determining act in our history, as the fact of such a call is its redeeming factor. Nothing lifts human life to its true level but this call. It is this which glorifies and gladdens our sad, defeated, stained existence.

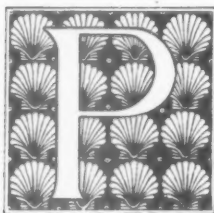
EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.





Story the Fifth: THE UNDER-MASTER'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.



PATTIE WINDERMERE, the pretty bride of an under-master in the Collegiate School, stood outside her front door, gazing along the road which led to Twychester.

A few minutes' walk distant lay the large meadow which bounded the Abbey Precincts towards the east. Pattie, as she faced westward, could see the Canons' residences beyond the meadow; and between the residences she had a glimpse of the Abbey tower, also of tall elms in the Abbey yard. In rear of the house before which she stood was another meadow, and beyond it flowed the river, winding hitherward from the College boys' playground. A few minutes farther to the eastward along this road lived the Kerrs, on a small hill overhanging the river.

Pattie wore one of her daintiest trousseau gowns, a superlative combination of white linen and embroidery, donned for the purpose of a round of calls with her husband. Like most men, Llewellyn did not love making calls; but he had undertaken for once to get off the Saturday afternoon cricket, and to be her companion.

The Bishop was in Twychester. Pattie was socially in debt to Mrs. Healey and to Mrs. Winfrith, not to speak of lesser mortals in "The Precincts"; and she had set her heart on clearing off these debts under Llewellyn's protection.

He had vanished directly after lunch, to "attend to a little business," promising to be back as nearly as possible at three o'clock. Pattie was waiting for him. She had on her prettiest hat and a pair of spotless gloves. The general turn-out was charming.

"A quarter past three," Pattie, with a slight motion of her wrist, could see the face of a tiny jewelled watch set in a gold bracelet, one of the numerous wedding presents given her three or four months earlier.

"Exactly a quarter past. And he promised to be back at three!" The delicate pear-shaped face had begun to cloud over. Pattie went to the gate and examined the full length of road visible. No signs of an approaching husband. In the field across the road a cow stared solemnly at Pattie, with the air of one who knew a good deal more than she chose to say. Pattie sighed.

"I do wish Llewellyn would keep to his word. It's too bad to disappoint me like this. Anyhow, I don't mean to start without him. If he is trying to get off the calls, he shan't succeed. He *ought* to go to the Bishop's. It's only paying proper respect. And he knows how I hate that sort of call alone."

Pattie turned half-round, and scanned the creeper-clad house with troubled eyes.

"It's a dear little place—one of the prettiest small houses anywhere; but I sometimes do wish—almost—that Llewellyn would get work to do somewhere else. I should be sorry to go, in some ways, only—to get away from *her*. What a relief!"

She walked slowly round the diminutive front lawn.

"Of course, I know what he is after. It's Dicta again—always Dicta. If we could get out of reach of Dicta, I should be as happy as the day is long. There wouldn't be a thing that I could want to have different. It does seem so odd that, when everything else is perfectly delightful, *one* person should ruin it all!"

Pattie sighed audibly, after the manner of a spoilt child.

"Just that one person! And the perpetual worry of it all! Dicta here, Dicta there. If one wants to do anything, 'I'll see what Dicta says.' If any sort of puzzle comes up, 'I'll ask Dicta.' It is positively silly. I shall tell Llewellyn so some day—I know I shall. It gets beyond bearing. I really think he is demented about Dicta. Everybody says she is so good, but good people can be awfully disagreeable. If she were bad, I shouldn't mind her interfering ways so much, because then one would expect her to be unpleasant."

Pattie was flushing.

"She does plague me so. Always something to propose or to find fault with, when she and I meet. And that manner of hers—as if she were so desperately superior to everybody else! If one could laugh at her for it—but she's the sort of person that can't be laughed at. She's too solemnly superior. She hasn't the dimmest notion of a joke, unless she makes it herself. Besides, Llewellyn would be awfully vexed. Well, he'll have to be vexed some day. I can't stand much more of this sort of thing. It's extraordinary what makes him so fond of her. Certainly, *I'm* not."

Pattie had pulled off her delicate gloves in protest at her husband's non-appearance. She snapped a dead rose indignantly from its stem and flung it away.

"If he waits much longer, I won't go at all. I declare I won't. It's absurd. He might just as well have gone to Dicta later on. The calls are *much* more important."

A thrush hopped past, with a glint at Pattie out of his bright eyes. Then a worm claimed the thrush's attention. Being half below ground, it could not be extracted without vigorous pulling. The thrush set to work with a will, sending sharp little glances from side to side between the tugs, in quest of possible enemies. A shower had made the lawn moist and soft.

Still no Llewellyn. Pattie walked indoors, tossed her gloves upon a side-table, sat down, and opened a book. She would watch for her faithless husband no longer. Not she!

The book conveyed no particular ideas to her mind, though she remained for ten minutes motionless, staring at the open page.

Somebody opened the door, and Pattie

lifted long lashes with dignified indifference. Llewellyn had to be made aware of his iniquitous conduct. She would not run to meet him after her usual habit. He did not deserve that she should.

"Why, it's Theodora!" Pattie's face changed as the Senior Canon's wife came in—a handsome woman of dark complexion and good carriage.

"How do you do, Pattie?" Mrs. Hardy stooped to kiss the soft cheek. "Quite well? I am on my way to the Kerrs, and I thought I would spare you five minutes. Just going out?"

"Not yet. Oh, sit down. Only five minutes?"

"I'm due soon. And Mac is outside. He promises to be the embodiment of virtue, but five minutes will be a long enough test."

"Why isn't he at cricket?"

"Not quite well. Your husband there, I suppose?"

"No. He's going to pay calls with me. Said he'd be back at three—and it is nearly half-past!" Pattie pouted.

"Something unlooked-for has hindered him."

"I think a man ought to keep his word, whatever happens. It's nothing unlooked-for. It's Dicta Browne. She's always to be looked for."

"She has been a good friend to him and to you."

"I hate to be under obligations to her."

Mrs. Hardy was silent.

"If you just knew Dicta! The Dictatorial, I call her. If you knew half I have to put up with!"

"I would rather not know. Tell me something else."

"And you call yourself my friend!" reproachfully.

"Of course I do. It is because I am your friend that I will not let you say things which you will be sorry for by-and-by. Come, be brave, and look on the bright side of life. Your life has so many bright sides. If your husband could neglect a sister to whom he owes so much, I am sure you would not admire him for it. Be sensible, dear."

"But if you would listen one minute——"

"Not to-day. If you still wish to tell me, say, a month or six weeks hence, then you shall say what you like, and I will hear patiently. Not just now, while you are vexed. Things of that kind are often best not said. You would regret your openness afterwards. Now I have something to tell you. My husband and I are going into the country."

Pattie was silent.

"He is overworked, and I want him to have a thorough rest. John declines to go far, so I am hunting for a small house within a radius of ten or twelve miles. You

must come and see us when we are settled in. I hope to be there a good two months."

Pattie's face was turned away.

"Come, Pattie, Pattie."

"If you won't hear what I want to tell you, I'd better say nothing."

"My dear, don't be like a child."

"I'm not. You're treating me like one."

Mrs. Hardy dropped that question.

"After all, what do a few calls matter? Another day will do as well."

"The Bishop and Mrs. Healey will be gone before next Wednesday. Besides, I shouldn't care if anything else had kept him—if it wasn't that he had gone to see Dicta. He's always and for ever going. I never have any peace because of her. And if it wasn't for Dicta——" A pause. "If it wasn't for Dicta, I shouldn't have a single thing in life to complain of."

"Is she your one and only trial? My dear, be thankful. Most people can name a dozen trials. If you had not Miss Browne, you would have something else—perhaps something much worse."

"Nothing could be worse."

"Ah, don't say that. You know so little of life. Think—if your husband's love failed——"

Pattie's face was still turned sullenly away.

"We can't expect to have nothing in life that we mind. Life isn't meant to be perfectly smooth and easy. If it were, how could we be taught and disciplined? And this is such a little matter! At one time I was afraid that Miss Browne would live on in the house with you both—and excellent as she is, that might have been a difficult programme to carry out."

"Llewellyn wanted it. She wouldn't."

"How wise of her!"

Pattie jerked an impatient shoulder.

"Everybody praises Dicta. If only they knew what she really is! I hate excellent people."

"I think she acted *most* kindly and wisely, and most generously, too. Not all elderly sisters would have done as she did."

"I think she'd have been wiser and kinder if she had gone farther off. She chose the very nearest house she possibly could. We can't get into Twychester the short way without going by her very door. I'm sick of the sight of that door. And she'd be wiser, too, if she didn't meddle and give her opinion about every single thing that comes up. She always sides against me."

"She won't—if you side with your husband."

"I'm not his slave. I've got my own opinions, of course. It's easy for you, with a husband who lets you do whatever in the world you like——"

"How do you know he does that, Pattie?"

"——But for me it's awfully difficult. You won't let me tell you, and you don't understand. Why, only yesterday she was lecturing me about Llewellyn's dinners. As if I don't know what to order in my own house, without *her* help!"

Mrs. Hardy stood up.

"Another day, Pattie. We won't discuss the question now. I have not time, and you are too warm. Wait till you can see both sides of the question. I daresay it is a little trying now and then; but you must not forget that Miss Browne's anxiety all comes from her love for your husband."

"It comes from her love of interfering," said Pattie.

CHAPTER II.

"SO this is coming home punctually at three o'clock, is it?"

"I said as near to three as possible."

"You said three o'clock—I know you did—and it's a quarter to four!"

"Well, I'm sorry. Couldn't be helped. I had a little business to see to. Plenty of time for our calls."

"Not for nearly all I wanted to get through. Everybody will be in, and we shan't get a quarter done."

"I'll take another half-holiday soon."

"That's no good. I wanted to do it to-day. Where have you been all this time?"

"Business, love." Llewellyn was learning to avoid the mention of his sister's name.

Pattie gave a disdainful turn to her pretty head.

"That's no answer."

"Well—I had to speak to Dicta."

"I thought so. It's always and for ever—Dicta!"

"I had not been near her for two whole days."

"And if you hadn't been for two whole weeks, what would it matter?"

"That's not likely. You know how she depends on seeing me often. Besides, I wanted to ask her a business question."

"I think a man ought to consult his own wife."

"My dear Pattie, you're the sweetest little puss imaginable. But what do you know of business? Now Dicta has a splendid business head—equal to a man's. In fact, not many men are equal to her. I'd rather take her advice any day than that of most men of my acquaintance."

"I see! She's to be the adviser and referee, and I'm to be the plaything."

"I'm sure no man could have a prettier plaything."

Llewellyn offered a kiss, which was rejected.

"I didn't marry you to be your plaything, I can tell you."

Pattie's mood thus far rather amused her husband. He was the youngest master in the Collegiate School—a handsome young fellow, with a fine, careless manner of holding himself. He laughed, pulled out a letter, and said jokingly:

"Read that, and give me your opinion. May as well have two counsellors."

"Is that what you have been consulting Dicta about?"

"Yes. Read it, Pattie."

"No good. You'll do whatever the estimable Dictatorial sees fit to order, of course."

"That's not the way to speak of Dicta."

Pattie tossed her head.

"But, come. It isn't worth being cross about. I'm open to conviction. If you give me better advice than Dicta's—I daresay I shall want to follow it."

He put the sheet into her hands, and Pattie's eyes travelled down a bewildering page. Llewellyn watched her with laughing eyes. Pattie looked up.

"You are making fun of me. I don't choose to be made fun of. You never make fun of Dicta."

Llewellyn composed his features. "Which way shall I act? You see there's a choice given me."

Pattie did not see, but she would not confess that the letter was as Greek to her. "I can't make out that word," she said, pointing with a slim forefinger.

"Consols."

"And—that?"

"Dividends."

"Oh, then you're going to invest some money." Pattie caught at the clue with commendable sharpness.

Llewellyn gave no further help.

"What does Dicta advise?"

"She recommends me to invest in the Railway—not in the Gas Company."

"Why?"

"Seemed best to her."

"Are all Railways better than Gas Companies?"

"No. It's a question of this particular Company."

"Which of the two would bring in most money?"

"The larger dividends? Gas."

"Then, of course, you ought to invest in the Gas."

Llewellyn laughed, and took the letter. "I shall know in future where to go for advice."

"You'll do as I say?"

"I'm afraid I can't—this time. I wrote

from Dicta's, and posted the letter, deciding on the Railway Company."

"You ought to have said so. You've just been playing with me. It's too bad."

She burst out crying.

"Pattie, what does it matter, so long as the money is rightly invested, and you have the benefit of it?"

"It matters that Dicta is put before me in every single thing. You never even told me that you had any money to invest."

"I didn't know you'd care. It's a question of re-investment. Dicta wasn't satisfied with the investment of part of what she gave us, and she advised me to inquire about it. So I had it sold out, and the question was where to put it next. After all, I should not have had any to invest but for Dicta, so don't you think she has a right to a voice in the question? I think you might call and give her your prettiest thanks for the trouble she has taken."

But Pattie ran crying out of the room. No calls could be paid that day in "The Precincts." A bride with reddened eyes and tear-marked cheeks was hardly an object to be displayed by an admiring husband.

"Bother it all!" muttered Llewellyn. "Never had this sort of fuss in the old days."

He was very devoted to Pattie; but, after the fashion of most men, he desired quietness in his home, and he detested small jars about nothing.

Llewellyn Windermere's courtship had been no lengthy affair. Five radiant weeks had seen the two engaged, and an early Easter had seen them married—to live happy ever after.

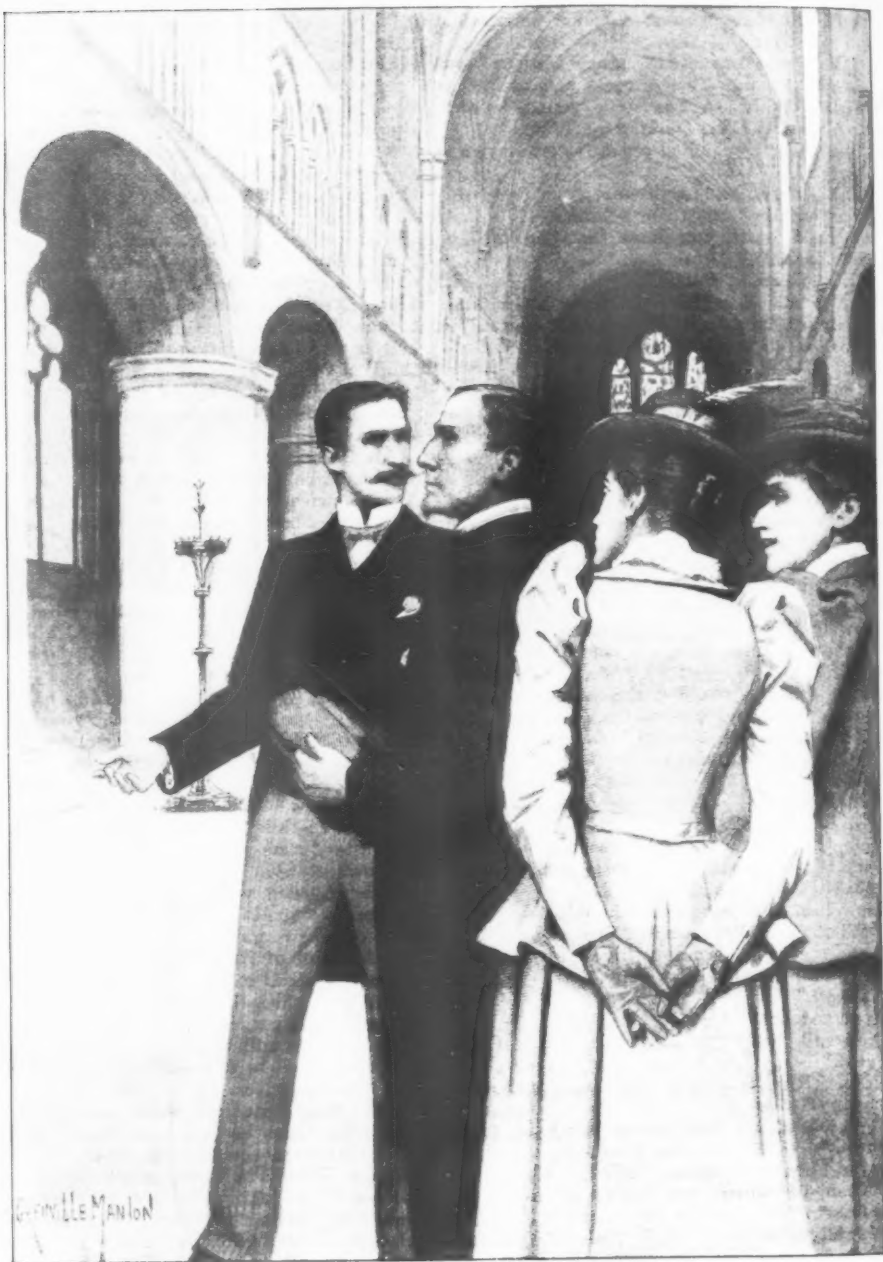
Would they? That was the question.

Somehow, this programme of "living happy ever after" was not thus far being carried out successfully.

Both of them were young; both had been somewhat "spoilt children"; both, up to the date of their union, had been the prime consideration of fond relatives; both had yet to learn what is meant by giving in.

Llewellyn had had the greater counter-acting influences, in the shape of school discipline and college life. Moreover, being a man, he was less disposed to fret and fight over minute trifles. It had not been to him a trifle that Benedicta would not remain in his home, since he had seen beforehand no difficulties connected with such a plan. Happily, Benedicta knew more of life, and insisted on taking her own way; and Llewellyn, finding the loss of her inevitable, submitted philosophically. He only made up his mind to do his utmost to atone to her for the change.

The first few weeks of married life, as of engaged life, were all serene. So long as the



"He's the man with that splendid voice," she whispered.—p. 428.

honeymoon lasted, Dicta did not come in the way; and even for a while after the return of the young pair to Twychester friction did not begin.

But soon Pattie began to mark with jealous eyes how many a time and oft her husband made his way to the little house, on the road to Twychester, in which Benedicta Browne had begun her solitary abiding. Llewellyn could seldom pass the door without looking in, if but for three words. He was accustomed to consult Benedicta upon every question that interested him, and he kept up the habit, partly for Dicta's sake, and quite as much for his own.

Benedicta did not come too often to her brother's house. She was sensible enough to avoid that mistake; but she did not avoid the mistake of letting it appear that she would have come oftener, could she have felt her presence welcome. The holding aloof was pointed, and thereby she gave umbrage to the young wife. When she did appear, she was sure to ask some question or to make some remark which might be construed into a suggestion that Pattie did not know how to care for Llewellyn's comforts.

Then again Pattie was offended. For Pattie, with all her prettiness and charm, had a temper. She was self-assertive, and quick to take offence where offence was not intended. And Benedicta was a woman without tact. Her one devotion was for this younger brother, to whom she had long acted the part of sister and mother and benefactress all in one. If Llewellyn were happy, she—like the heroine of a well-known American tale—"couldn't be miserable." But she was not convinced that her beloved Llewellyn was so happy as he deserved to be. It seemed to her that the young wife failed to put absolutely and entirely uppermost—as Benedicta had done—the young husband's happiness, but rather thought first of her own.

It did not occur to Benedicta that some small contradictions in his home-life might do no harm to Llewellyn in the long run. Her plan had ever been to make everything give way to the needs, the wishes, even the fancies, of her boy; and she expected the same line of action from Pattie. When Pattie failed to carry out these expectations, she did not hesitate to show that she reckoned Llewellyn ill-used.

This was not conducive to peace. Had Dicta been a person of delicate tact, as well as a person of excellent principles, she might have smoothed away difficulties; instead of which, she increased them.

Llewellyn fully meant to be a good husband, and he had no thought of neglecting his wife for his sister; but he knew how much they both owed to that sister, and he felt that

she deserved much from them. It was she who made it possible for him to marry. Not only had she handed over to him a goodly sum out of her own large legacy, but also she had promised him a quarterly portion of her income until he should have risen to a better position, and should be in receipt of larger earnings. Such generosity made him feel, more strongly than Pattie was able to realise, that he could hardly do too much for Benedicta in the way of small attentions and acts of kindness.

Had Pattie been willing to work with him, he would have needed to do less. Had Pattie welcomed Dicta to their house and paid more frequent visits to Dicta's house, Llewellyn's calls might have been less constant. But Pattie would do neither. Pattie wanted to be all and everything to her husband. She disliked to see him turn in at Dicta's gate; she disliked him to consult Dicta; she disliked the very mention of Dicta's name in conversation. The natural consequence of all this was—not that Llewellyn saw less of Benedicta, but that he avoided mentioning his plans to Pattie when they had to do with his sister.

And that was the first little rift in their happiness.

CHAPTER III.

AUGUST had come. The long summer vacation was in full swing. Twychester, like many a bigger place, was at this time of the year half-emptied of its well-to-do inhabitants.

Dean Winfrith, with wife and child, was in Switzerland. Canon Hardy, Theodora, and Mac had retreated to a quaint little furnished house deep in the country, within the stipulated radius of twelve miles, but more out of reach than many a town fifty miles distant. Of Canons, only the one in residence might be seen. One or two Minor Canons of course remained, hoping for a holiday later. Dr. Lauderdale with his family had escaped to the far north of Scotland. No gangs of supple schoolboys haunted the cloisters, or bathed in the river, or played cricket in the deserted College Close. A decorous stillness had settled down upon "The Precincts."

Not that Twychester could be called empty. Strangers came abundantly from other parts, and lodgings were full. A few of "The Precincts" houses were let furnished. Londoners and country cousins came alike to gaze at the old Abbey, to wander through the solemn aisles, to examine the exquisite stonework and the infinite variety of old oak carving.

Not a few kindly American kinsfolk wandered thither also from their country

beyond the water, where everything that has happened is a matter of the day before yesterday. They stood about in the silent Cloisters, and rambled among the grass-grown remnants of a once flourishing monastery, and cricked their necks to study flying buttresses, and listened with a wistful wonderment to the tale of centuries upon centuries which had gone by since those massive Norman columns had been reared. And it came home to them, more vividly than ever before, how they too had a living share in this story of the past, because of a common ancestry with those who owned the Abbey now.

Llewellyn was tackled one day by a little party of Americans who had been hunting vainly for a verger to "show them round." He was very good-natured, and he happened to have a bunch of keys lent to him for an hour by the head verger. Had they seen the crypt yet? If not, he could take them thither, pending the return of the verger.

"How very kind!" a pretty girl said, with less of a twang in her voice than he would have expected. She recognised that Llewellyn was not one of the regular officials. "Don't you remember?" she whispered to a second lady. "He's the man with that splendid voice." Then she set herself to be agreeable to him.

"Well, yes; it's very old," admitted Llewellyn, in response to a question. "The nave is early Norman. But the crypt is Saxon—part of a Saxon church in the days just before St. Augustine came. Of course you know St. Augustine didn't *begin* the English Church. There was a British Church here already when he made his appearance."

"And when did they establish it?" the pretty girl asked.

Llewellyn laughed slightly. "The Government itself wasn't established then," he said. "I'm talking of twelve hundred years ago, or more."

"Do tell! Twelve hundred years! That's plenty, anyway," she said in a tone of admiration.

He took them down the narrow stone stairs, into an ancient underground crypt, small and dark, with arched roof and uneven floor. He had to wait patiently while they questioned and wondered and conjectured. When they emerged, a verger had made his appearance, and Llewellyn handed over the sightseers to his care. He had caught sight of his wife in the south transept, and he went thither, having something especial to say to her.

Pattie looked far from happy. She objected greatly to being in Twychester at this time of the year. It was not easy for the principal tenor to be spared, just when the crowds of strangers were about. Llewellyn, at the

request of the Precentor, had consented to shorten his intended absence. Pattie was vexed, being sure that the Precentor would have yielded had Llewellyn stood firm, being sure also that the true reason for Llewellyn's easy compliance had been, as usual—Dicta.

When he joined her, she was walking through the south door, and outside she said: "I shouldn't have thought *you* need act showman to a lot of excursionists. I've been waiting for you ever so long, till I got tired. I suppose you can tell me now how soon we are to get away. You have seen Dr. Baynton?"

Llewellyn was silent.

"I do detest Twychester in August. So hot and dusty—and not a single person that I care for within miles."

"Not one single person, Pattie?"

"Oh, you, of course. But I mean—friends."

They crossed the Abbey Yard without again speaking. Llewellyn opened a little gate which led into the Precincts Road, close to the Bishop's house. Along this road they passed, by the Archdeacon's, General North's, and other large houses, till they arrived at the corner where stood the Museum, solid and square, the centre of a triangular patch of ground. Another small gate here—kept locked after dark, as were all "The Precincts" gates—admitted the two into a narrow path running between the Museum and the garden next to it. On leaving this path they had reached the Close Road, which skirted the backs of "The Precincts" gardens and wound away into the open country. Benedicta Browne lived on the Close Road, not far from the Museum; and Llewellyn and Pattie had their pretty little home in the same road, farther on, and within easy distance of the Kerrs; but the Kerrs in August were abroad.

"Well, how soon do we start?" demanded Pattie again. "I want to know before we get to Dicta's. Of course you'll go in?"

"I'm coming home with you. I've been there to-day."

Pattie refrained from showing pleasure.

"Pattie, should you mind if we didn't go away at all this summer?"

"What *can* you mean?"

"I don't know that it's necessary. We had such a nice time at Easter——"

"A miserable three weeks——"

"Miserable!"

"I don't mean in that way. But it was horridly cold. What makes you think of staying at home? Dicta, I suppose."

"Now, Pattie darling, be sensible. You ought to know that I wouldn't propose such a thing without good reason. Dicta isn't well."

"Of course, I knew!"

"I saw Dr. Barbour this morning. He hopes it is nothing serious, but he forbids travelling for her just now, and he wants her spirits kept up. He said the best thing for her would be to come to our house for two or three weeks. It would be a variety, and the drainage of her house could be looked to while she was away. I believe that is at the bottom of her weakness. I know you'll give her a kind welcome—for my sake."

Silence and an averted face were not promising.

"Now, Pattie!"

Pattie looked round indignantly.

"You'll have your own way, of course. You always do. It doesn't matter what I wish. Have Dicta by all means, if you choose. If I can't stand it, I can just go away."

Llewellyn almost laughed. The idea was absurd.

"But why should you mind? Dicta will not hinder you in anything that you want to do. And when we owe so much to her—"

"I'm perfectly sick of hearing about what we owe to Dicta."

"Pattie, you don't mean to say that you will not try to make her happy, if she comes?"

"When she comes, you mean. Of course, you've asked her already."

"I told her what I wished, and that I was going to ask you."

"Well, you have asked me. So that's settled. I hate the plan, and it's got to be. What more do you want?"

"I think I have a right to ask more."

No answer; and Llewellyn grew angry.

"Very well," and he stood still. "Since you refuse to meet my wishes, I shall take it into my own hands. I am going now to tell her that it is settled. And—if you do not see after her comforts, I must see after them myself. That's all I have to say. I think you might have behaved differently."

Pattie walked on alone, head high in air, and lips pouting.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a dull and wet evening. Mac, being tired, had fled early to bed; the Canon had departed for a night to a distant Vicarage; and Theodora counted on an undisturbed evening. Devoted wife though she was, she could appreciate the same.

She loved the loneliness of her present surroundings. This was "country" in the extreme sense. Theodora began to look upon the neighbourly "Precincts" of Twychester as but one degree removed from Mayfair.

Only eight o'clock, but so cloudily an even-

ing that she could not see to read in this dark little room. She had the lamp lighted, and the curtains drawn. Then she settled down contentedly with her book.

Before one chapter was finished, a sound made her raise her head. Not—wheels—surely! Nobody would dream of coming at this time of night. The village was a mile and a half away.

Theodora's eyes went back to the printed page, and she sighed comfortably. No fear of Twychester neighbours dropping in, just when least wanted. Theodora was not a gregarious animal.

But the door opened.

"Mrs. Windermere, ma'am."

Theodora stood up in amazement.

"Pattie!"

Pattie came hurriedly in, her nervous movements showing excitement. She was pale, and a red spot burnt in one cheek.

"I've come—come—to ask—" she began hysterically.

"One moment! That will do, Martha. You need not wait."

Martha vanished, and Pattie fell sobbing into Theodora's arms.

"I'm come—come—I'm come—"

"Don't be in too much haste. Sit down here and tell me quietly. What is the matter?"

"I—wanted to see you—to tell you—"

"My husband is away."

"Yes—I know—I heard. I don't want him. I wanted to see you alone. I'm in such trouble. I want your help. I can't stand it any longer." She wrung her hands. "I—I—I have run away from my husband."

Mrs. Hardy controlled herself. "Oh, indeed! Is that all?"

Pattie broke into a convulsive laugh. "Yes, that's all. Things have got past bearing. Dicta has been with us a whole fortnight. I'm sure it seems like six months. I can't stand it any longer. I can't—and I won't!"

"Have you told the cabman to wait?"

"I paid the man and sent him off. He put my bag down just inside the door. I thought you would let me stay here to-night."

"I am going to order a cup of coffee for you, the first thing."

Theodora rang the bell, and went into the passage, closing the door behind her. She gave the order for coffee, to be brought when next she should ring; then added, "About the cabman—"

"The cab's gone, ma'am."

"What a pity! I did not know that Mrs. Windermere meant to come here to-night, and it is too late to get the room in order for her. She will have to go home presently, and come another day. Yes, I see her bag is

here. Leave it where it is, and send Ben at once to the village for the fly. Tell him I want it as soon as possible."

Then Theodora returned, to find Pattie lying back in an easy-chair, looking as if agitation had pretty well done for her.

"Now tell me what it all means, Pattie."

Pattie sobbed a dry little sob.

"It means—I've left home. Llewellyn doesn't want me. He's got Dicta. That's all he cares for. I can't stand it any longer. And I'd nobody else to go to. Everybody is away. So I thought you would take me in for a night, and help me to get to my people—in Scotland. I've spent all my allowance. But if you would advance enough—of course my father would repay it. I wanted to tell you weeks ago, and you wouldn't let me. You said I must wait—and I have waited."

"You may say what you like now. Have it all out, my dear."

Pattie did "have it all out." She repeated herself much, as women are apt to do in such a case. Theodora, being a woman, understood, and did not look for well-arranged speech.

Pattie described her miseries at length. She told how Llewellyn always went to Dicta for advice, and not to her little self; how Dicta presumed on having helped them, and thought she had a right to interfere perpetually; how she herself was a person of no account in the household; how Dicta thought that Llewellyn ought always to have his way in everything; how she was utterly miserable, and couldn't endure the state of things any longer.

"And to-day—at lunch—the way Dicta went on! Llewellyn was late, and I didn't wait for him. Why should I? He ought to have been punctual. So she lectured me; and then she told me I was sulky. If I was, it was she who made me so," declared Pattie, with a childish throwing off of responsibility. "And then Llewellyn lectured me, too, for treating Dicta unkindly. And Dicta said she had better go home. She saw she wasn't wanted. And I said I had better go. They didn't think I meant it, but I did!—I did! I waited till dinner, and they hardly spoke a word to me. I daresay I was cross. Who wouldn't have been, in my place? After dinner I went upstairs, and I sent for a cab. I said I had to go and see a friend, and I shouldn't be back early. Llewellyn had an engagement, and Dicta went to bed directly after dinner. She said she was tired, and I knew what she meant me to understand. And I just packed a few things in my bag, and came off here. I carried the bag outside myself, so that nobody should see or suspect. Of course, my things will have to be sent after me."

Theodora heard it all patiently, not saying

much in response. She rang presently for coffee, and Pattie grew less hysterical after a refreshing cup. But she still went on pouring out her grievances with innumerable repetitions.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT'S that?" Pattie started and paled anew as wheels were heard, followed by a ring. "Not my husband!"

"Why not?"

"He wouldn't come. I left a letter for him. I told him I—didn't want ever to see him or Dicta again."

"Oh, you silly, silly child! Have you been going in for sensation novels lately?"

"I don't know what you mean. *Is* it Llewellyn? I don't want to see him. I—I'm frightened."

"It is not your husband. It is a fly for me, from the village."

"Why—are you going out?"

"Yes. And so are you."

"Going where?"—with startled eyes.

"You are going home."

Pattie cried out.

"No, no, no!—I meant to stay here. I thought you would let me stay. I can't go home. I won't!"

"Hush! they will hear you in the kitchen."

Mrs. Hardy went again to the door, and said, "Tell the man to wait, Martha. We are not quite ready yet. And get my hat and cloak down, please."

Then she seated herself by Pattie's side, taking firm hold of the nervous, cold hands.

"Pattie, I have heard all that you have to say, and now you must listen to me. You have been a very foolish child—how foolish you little know. For the sake of a few small worries, you have risked spoiling utterly your own life and your husband's. Think what this means. If you stay away *one* night, the thing must become known. Nobody imagines it now. Nobody need hear of it. But by to-morrow your action would be known to all Twychester. Think of the slur upon your husband! Think of the shame to yourself! Think of the trouble and disgrace to your family! I want to be your true friend, and to put a stop to the whole at once. I want to save you from yourself. I want to screen you, my dear, from the sad, terrible consequences of such a mad step. Pattie, you do love your husband. You know you do! You know you do!"

Pattie broke into violent sobbing.

"It isn't—it isn't—Llewellyn. It's Dicta."

"And you would punish your husband so cruelly for the fault of another—for what he

cannot help! Is that fair? Is it just? Does even Miss Browne deserve such treatment? She may not suit you in her ways. She may not be a lovable person. She may be something of a trial. But what then? We all have our trials, one way or another. And I think she has something to bear also. Remember, she loves her brother very dearly. You have been the cause—an innocent cause, yet still the cause—of her banishment from

"But does he? I can see no signs of neglect. I don't say that he has been all through altogether blameless; but I do think he has shown much patience—more than I should have expected from a man who has always had his own way. And now you are coming back to him—"

"I can't—I can't!" gasped Pattie. "He will have got my letter."

"We may be in time to stop that. If not,



He sat with the air of a crushed man.—p. 432.

his home. She has done much for you both, and you have shown no gratitude. She has lived entirely for him; and she cannot understand a wife not doing the same. If you ask me, Pattie, I cannot understand it either. There are two sides to the question, and you have seen only your own side hitherto. Try now to get a glimpse of the other side. Miss Browne is not a person who can make friends easily, and Mr. Windermere has been her one object in life. If you could see that, you would feel more kindly towards her. I am sure you would. If your husband could neglect his sister, after all that she has done for him and you, I, for one, would cease to respect him."

"He oughtn't to—neglect *me*!" wailed Pattie.

you must tell him you are sorry. Anyhow, you have to come. This folly shall not go on." She kissed Pattie's heated cheek. "You will make everybody round you wretched, if you don't learn to restrain your temper. There is Another, dear, Whom you have wronged, even more than your husband—Another, Whose pardon you must ask."

Pattie only wept helplessly. Theodora put on her hat, and slipped her arm through Pattie's. "Now, the sooner we start the better. No; no resistance! You *shall* go back to him. I utterly refuse to take you in for a single night. Remember, you have solemnly vowed yourself to him before God—for life. You cannot put that aside. This act of yours would be the ruin of his

happiness, as well as of your own. It might wreck his spiritual life as well. What if loss of faith in his wife should lead to loss of faith in his God? I, at least, will have no hand in any such evil. Come with me at once."

Theodora's stronger will gained the day, and Pattie went.

The long twelve miles' drive was taken for the most part in silence. Theodora's firm hand held Pattie's, and sometimes she spoke an encouraging word. Once, as Twychester lights glimmered in the distance, she put an arm round Pattie, and breathed a few words of prayer. Pattie cried anew, but felt the better for them.

Then they reached the garden gate, and Theodora stopped the fly. She would not drive inside.

"I can't—can't—" gasped Pattie.

"I will go in first and see him. Promise me to stay here quietly while I am there."

Pattie promised. She was subdued now.

"But—if he is angry—"

"You shall not see him angry."

The cabman stood waiting beside his horse. Theodora, tall and composed, went through the dripping rain to the front door.

"I want to see Mr. Windermere."

"He's in the study, ma'am. Mrs. Windermere ain't back yet."

"No, it's all right. I will go to the study. You can go downstairs."

The girl vanished, a trifle surprised, and Theodora opened the study door. She heard a smothered protest—"Don't come in!"—and disregarded it. Llewellyn failed to notice her noiseless entrance. He sat with the air of a crushed man, his face bowed down upon both hands, almost to the level of his knees. Theodora went close.

"I have brought Pattie back," she said.

He sprang to his feet, white with misery and wrath.

"Come back, has she? After making a fool of me!"

"I think she has made more of a fool of herself. But"—and a pause—"she is such a child. She has behaved like a child."

"Where is she?"

"You cannot see her yet. She is frightened at the thought of your anger."

"Pity she didn't think of that sooner. See here!" He thrust a sheet of paper into Theodora's hands. "Read it. Nice sort of letter for a man to have from his wife."

Theodora read slowly. Then she held the sheet over the lamp, and threw it, blazing, into the fender. He looked on gloomily. She turned to face him with an air of grave compassion.

"I know. It is hard for you," she said.

"Hard to bear patiently. But she does not see what it all means. She loves you, and

you love her. She is sorry now—broken down, and very unhappy. You will forgive—whole-heartedly and generously, as God forgives us. No after reproaches."

"Where is she?" he asked huskily.

"In the fly outside—waiting."

He was turning away, and Theodora detained him with a touch. "I promised that she should not see you angry."

"She shall not."

He went out into the dark alone, hardly knowing what he meant to do or to say. In the road was the fly; inside was a shrinking figure. The cabman would hear all that might be said.

"Come, Pattie, you are late getting home," he said in a clear, kind voice.

Pattie, in a dazed fashion, clung to his arm. He led her in; and, as they entered, Theodora, standing aside in the shade, slipped out, disappearing unseen, to get into the fly and to drive away.

Faster and faster Pattie clung to her husband—suddenly conscious how very, very dear he was to her, and what an awful blank it would have meant in her life, never again to have had that strong arm to hold her up. In the study, alone with him, she broke into a cry:

"How could I? Oh! how could I?"

"You won't do it again, Pattie?" he whispered.

"Oh, never, never!" she sobbed. "Does Dicta know?"

"No, darling. Thanks to Mrs. Hardy, nobody knows."

"Not even Dicta! Llewellyn, I'm sorry—I am really. I'll try to be good to her. Won't even Dicta know?"

Llewellyn's lips were on her forehead.

"Dicta is a very dear sister to me," he said in a low voice. "But—Pattie is my *wife*!"

Not for a whole month did Theodora go near the young couple. Then she and the Canon came home, and she paid an early call. Both husband and wife seemed radiantly content. Each, when alone with her, tried to falter forth a few words of gratitude for what she had done—for having saved them from lifelong unhappiness. To each she returned the same answer.

"That's all right. No need to speak of it again," she said, and promptly changed the subject.

But many a time Pattie thought of that past day, and shuddered to realise what the future years might have been to her and to Llewellyn, had she flown to a less wise counsellor.

As for Dicta Browne, it was astonishing how agreeable Pattie found her, when once willing to look at her virtues, instead of at her faults.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

MARCH

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

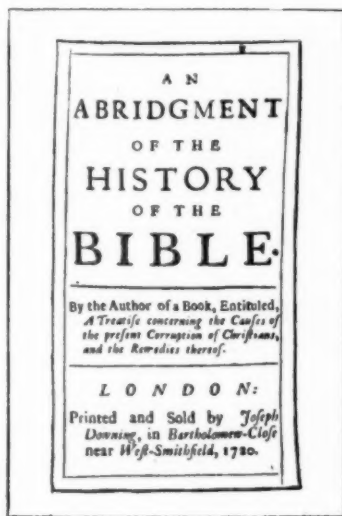


MARCH has its great constitutional anniversary. The union of England and Scotland under one monarch by the accession of King James I., on March 24th, 1603, prepared the way for the more vital union

of the two kingdoms in the year 1707. The unhappy Stuarts lost both thrones, but the kingdoms were united to the lasting benefit of the two peoples. It was better than the federation preferred by the Scots; better than the absorption of the northern kingdom which some in the south desired. The Scots had their way in regard to their Church, their laws, and their financial position. If they have gained much from union with the wealthier south, what has not England in return received?

In the early history of the American nation, which upholds with England the traditional freedom and progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are certain days in March which stand out with impressive distinctness. George Grenville, one of the most incapable of Prime Ministers in the eighteenth century, resolved that the American Colonies should be taxed. It was argued that England was the only country which did not lay this burden on its colonists, and that, as the Mother Country had just been spending large sums in defence of those Colonies, they should be willing to find their share. The colonists on their part did not object to pay, but they held the sound principle that representation and taxation should go together: they were not represented in the House of Commons, and they did not want to be taxed. Nevertheless, a Customs Act was passed on March 11th, 1764, and was followed on March 22nd, 1765, by the Stamp

Act—an endeavour to supplement revenue from Customs by obtaining an inland revenue as well. They did their work fatally well; but these events have long ago fallen into their places in the perspective of history. The folly of an incompetent Minister aided the birth of a new nation, but one which has not lost its touch with the old.



TITLE-PAGE OF S.P.C.K. TRACT PUBLISHED
IN 1720.

(See page 435.)

There is an ecclesiastical anniversary in the month of March which the English people as yet show no readiness to forget. On March 21st, 1556, Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was burned at the stake. It was

a boisterous and rainy day as the procession conveying the aged prisoner moved from the prison of Bocardo, at Oxford, to the University Church, St. Mary's. There Crammer,



THE DEATHBED OF WESLEY.

placed on a small platform, had to listen for two hours whilst the Provost of Eton enlarged upon his offences, intimated that the poorest wretch in the kingdom would not change places with him, and consoled him with the Saviour's promise to the dying thief on the Cross, together with liberal assurances that masses should be said for his soul. Finally, the Provost invited the congregation to hear Crammer's own story of his recantation. Crammer, from the temporary platform or pulpit opposite the preacher, accepted the invitation, and, having offered prayer, began to speak. But he had a little surprise in store for the authorities. The old man had now done with doubts, hesitations, recantations. He repudiated them all, adding, "And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall be first punished; therefore may I come to the fire, it shall be first burned." Astonishment and

anger possessed his hearers; the Archbishop was drawn with little ceremony from his platform, and hurried off to the stake. How he died there, holding that right hand in the flames, and repeating often the words, "Thou unworthy right hand!" all know. Crammer had his weaknesses, his faults; but he rendered great service to his Church and nation; nor was the end unworthy of an even stronger man.

On his eighty-sixth birthday John Wesley made the naïve confession, "I now find I grow old." Yet for some time his wonderful will and devotion triumphed over increasing physical infirmity. One by one his accustomed labours were resigned. On February 23rd, 1791, he preached at Leatherhead his last sermon, on the text "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." From that day he grew steadily weaker. On the 27th he was well enough to get up, and the aged saint repeated his brother's words:

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend!
And oh! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end."

On March 1st he was again able to get up, and again his thoughts found expression in familiar words:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath. . ."

During the night he was often heard to say, "I'll praise, I'll praise!" On the following morning, March 2nd, he passed quietly away. His death marks an epoch in the development of the vast and fruitful organisation associated with his name. He had commanded a degree of reverence and affection the traditions of which still linger on. The attitude of his people towards him has been, perhaps not unfairly, compared to that which members of the primitive Church may have observed towards one of the Apostles. John Wesley's death brought on a crisis in the history of Methodism. It raised, in an acute form, questions and difficulties which his own personal influence had hitherto sufficed to settle or keep in abeyance. Viewed from the standpoint of these latter days, the marvel is that those difficulties were so effectually overcome. Once it almost seemed as though Methodism might pass away with the great figure which had so long been the centre of its organisation. Yet to-day it is a world-wide spiritual power, declaring, whatever the Wesleys may have thought, that, as Dr. Rule put it, "the Wesleyan community is

distinctly, independently, and perfectly a Church."

Just as the younger generation may not fully understand the debt the nation owes to the leaders of the Evangelical Revival in the eighteenth century, so it may readily overlook the worth and influence of agencies at work before that Revival began. A superficial view of the eighteenth century sometimes leads the unwary to suppose that there was little of real Christian life and endeavour until that Revival began; but a very brief inquiry will show the falsity of their supposition. It may not be easy in these days of free education, cheap literature, and abundant zeal for social reform and religious enterprise, to estimate our debt to an agency like the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Its influence is still felt, wherever the Church of England is planted,

8th, 1688-9, when, probably as the Minutes suggest, "at y^e House of John Hook, Esq^r, Serg^t. at Law," the first meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was held. Its founders were moved by "the visible decay of Religion in this kingdom," together with "the monstrous increase of Deism, Prophaneness and Vice." They did not wait for the lead of persons in ecclesiastical authority, or for the promise of large means and many helpers. Quietly, patiently, prayerfully, they set themselves to do what they could, in the face of discouragement and difficulty. They did not labour in vain. Very soon their work began to develop on lines some of its founders may not at first have looked for. Their movement led to a keener appreciation of our duty towards the Colonies, and on March 13th, 1701, the Lower House of



THE PROVOST OF ETON PREACHING AT CRANMER.

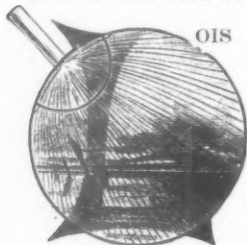
throughout the world; but, in proportion to the sum total of such endeavour, its services were still greater in the earlier years of its existence. Its origin was essentially religious and national; it came into being from the conviction of certain men that the condition of the nation called for the effort they united to make. Let us remember, therefore, March

Canterbury Convocation appointed a committee to "inquire into ways and means for promoting the Christian Religion in our Foreign Plantations." From the work of that committee came the establishment of the great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which is now preparing to keep its bicentenary.

By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT IS AN ILL WIND TURNS NONE TO GOOD."



LOIS was driving with Lady Dallinger when Wulfe reached Cedar Lodge with a brown paper parcel under his arm; but Marjory was at home, busily finishing some bit of stitching.

She smiled when she saw the parcel; it was so unlike Captain Estens to act as his own porter.

"A present for Hildred, Wulfe?"

"Not exactly. You may thank your stars I happened to look in on Anderson this morning, Marjory. How *you*—of all people—managed to be so careless I can't imagine! What story do you suppose you posted last night?"

"'Storm Driven,' of course. Why?"

Wulfe opened his parcel and produced "Love's Conquest." Marjory stared at it in amazement, and asked:

"Where did you find that?"

"On Anderson's table."

"Impossible! Lois locked it up yesterday. I saw her do it."

"Then somebody got at it afterwards."

"But, Wulfe, I packed it myself. I am

certain that the story posted last night to Mr. Anderson was 'Storm Driven.'"

"Well, all I can say is that it must have turned into 'Love's Conquest' on the way. I tell you I found this three hours ago on the table in Anderson's room. I promised Lady Dallinger I would look him up and explain the delay in sending the manuscript. He was out; and I got looking about me, or I might not have noticed it."

"Do you think he had read any of it?"

"I don't think he can have had time. Did you put in a note or anything with it?"

"Only a line to the effect that this was the story of which Lady Dallinger had spoken, and so on."

"Did you name it in your note? I was wondering if he would have noticed the different title."

"No, I never thought of mentioning any name."

"Then it's doubly lucky I saw it before it got into print. Hildred would have been terribly put out."

"Oh, Wulfe! have you read it?"

"Yes; have you?"

"No. Lois asked me not to. She said she felt bound to finish it, she so hates beginning a thing and not finishing it. But she always put it away very carefully after adding each chapter. She said the end came about quite in a different way from what she had first intended."

"How much of it had you seen?"

"I had not seen any; she read me bits here and there."

"Did you know she broke off the engagement between Hildred and myself?"

"Between Berenice and Bertrand, you mean." Something in his manner made Marjory a trifle uneasy. "That is why Lois looked away the story so carefully. She was afraid you or Hildred might see it."

"And what if we had? We should only have laughed. If Lois had stopped at that, it wouldn't have mattered." He began fidgeting with the leaves of the unlucky story.

"Marjory, you see as much as most folks of what goes on around you: do you think Thorold cares for her?"

The girl's heart sank; what could she say?

"Why do you ask that, Wulfe?"

"I am answered. And she?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"No, Wulfe, really I don't know."

"But you suspect—what?"

Marjory put down her sewing, and looked at him with sweet, sorrowful eyes.

"Don't ask me any more, Wulfe. I wish to goodness Lois had never written that story!"

"You need not wish that. We shall owe it a debt of gratitude if it prevents the spoiling of three lives. I should have found out, sooner or later, that my wife did not love me, and then—think of it! Only think of it! Thank Heaven I have learnt the truth in time!"

"You mean you will give her up?"

"What else can I do, in common fairness to us all? I love her too well to keep her to her word, unless she can assure me that her heart is all my own. But, oh! it's hard lines, Marjory."

His bonny look had vanished, and a drawn, haggard expression had taken its place. It was the first time in his life that Wulfe Estens was denied what he wanted; his easy-going, pleasure-loving nature had had no training for such an experience as this.

He went straight to the manor after leaving Marjory. No one who only knew him superficially would have believed him capable of facing trouble so unhesitatingly and so unshrinkingly.

When he entered the room where Hildred sat—fortunately alone—she looked at him in dismay. This white, resolute-looking man was a stranger to her; what had become of the careless, *insouciant* expression she knew so well?

"Wulfe! Have you had bad news?"

He had come all the way on foot, another novelty in his character, for he rarely walked when riding or driving was possible; and during his walk he had decided on a plan of campaign.

Taking her hands, he looked into her face with steady eyes.

"What will you say to me, Hildred? I promised you long ago to leave the Army; but I put off sending in my papers; and now it is too late."

"Too late—why?"

"We are ordered out to Burma, and there is a possibility of some fighting. What will be said of me if I leave the regiment at such a time?"

She drew a long breath—of palpable relief; then her eyes sank before his, for she feared she had betrayed herself.

"It's true then?" he asked gently—so gently—as though it were her heart and not his that was being lacerated.

"What is true?" she faltered, flushing crimson, and then going very white.

"Old Thorold is the lucky man, and not myself."

"Who says so?" Her pride was up in arms at having her supposed secret thus laid bare. She raised her eyes again—flashing now—but the mingled sorrow and tenderness she saw in his disarmed her at once. "Oh, Wulfe, forgive me—if you can! I had never meant that you should know. I would have tried to make you happy."

"But has it never occurred to you, dear, that it would be better for only one to suffer, instead of all three of us?"

"Three? But he—I don't know that he—cares—!" The confession was too terrible for so proud a girl to finish.

Wulfe smiled, in the midst of his pain, at this humility on the part of the haughty lady of the manor.

"I don't suppose he will ever speak of his love, Hildred. He is as proud as you are. You will have to take the initiative."

"Never! I would rather die. But you have not said if you forgive me, Wulfe."

"Have I not?" He stooped and kissed her. "Do you still need to ask if I forgive you? You should have told me the truth, Hildred."

She shook her head.

"I could not. I was too ashamed of my false heart."

"Not false. I doubt if you have ever really loved me; you are not the sort of girl to change. It is a mercy I found you out before it was too late."

"How did you find out? How was it?"

"You ask me that? After sighing with relief at hearing of my immediate departure from England!"

Her head drooped again.

"Must you really go, Wulfe? I hate to pain you so. Let things go on as before. I will be a good wife to you, dear. Don't go, Wulfe."

"My sweet queen! It is like your noble

heart to want to sacrifice yourself. Perhaps, if it were not for Thorold, I would take you at your word; but he must not be sacrificed too. No, Hildred, it is better that I should go; I want to go, in fact. I love my profession so well that I was very loth to leave it. There is one thing I am going to ask of you,



"We are ordered out."—p. 437.

and that is that you will keep an eye on Howitson—I have decided to engage him as my bailiff. I think he will prove trustworthy, but——"

"I will find out, Wulfe. I shall be so near; and I will visit frequently amongst your tenants. I shall like to have something to do for you."

"Thanks, dear. And don't break Thorold's heart, Hildred—to say nothing of your own. He will never ask you to marry him unless you give him every encouragement."

She stiffened a little.

"I shall certainly not throw myself at your cousin's head, Wulfe."

"It's a pity you are so proud—though it's just the one fault which keeps you human." He drew her into his arms. "This once,

Hildred, my only love. Heaven bless and keep you, dear! Farewell." His lips pressed hers; his eyes rested lingeringly for a moment on her face, and then he went—before she could say good-bye or utter a single word. She felt choking. No sooner had the door closed behind him than she broke into a perfect storm of weeping.

And Wulfe Estens had tears in his eyes as he strode away towards his own house, which seemed larger and more desolate than he had ever found it before.

"I'll just scribble a line to Marjory. Hildred must never know about that story, and Lois needn't know either. It would break her poor little heart to think she had unwittingly brought this about. I am thankful I have to be off at once. I couldn't stand seeing her—my sweet, unselfish darling. Well, I'm glad we found it out before it was too late; but it's the hardest knock I am ever likely to get. Facing those dusky rebels out in Burma will be child's play to it. If they put an end to me, so much the better. Thorold will come in for Estens, and then he'll find his tongue sufficiently to tell her—facts. I only hope their combined pride will not make shipwreck of their happiness before then. It would be hard lines if things went wrong after my giving her up on purpose to leave the way clear for him."

"Captain Estens!"

The manor pony-carriage had pulled up in front of him; he would have passed without noticing it or its occupant.

"Mrs. Blenheim! I beg your pardon: I was in a regular brown study."

"Is anything the matter? You look—unlike yourself."

Should he explain? Need he? He felt as though his wound would not stand any more handling just then, however gentle.

"Unlike myself, do I? I must look in the glass when I get back. What a wonder to see you alone. What has become of Miss Errol?"

"I am not quite sure. She passed the night at Cedar Lodge—the weather was responsible for that. I called there just now, after doing some shopping, intending to drive her back to the manor; but I was told she had gone up to town—alone, though she knows I disapprove of her going alone."

"Quite right, too; but I daresay she'll turn up all right. Good-bye, Mrs. Blenheim."

"Good-bye." She looked after him a moment, wondering at his manner—so utterly different from his usual cheerful nonchalance; then she went on, and heard what Hildred had to tell her, and her wonder came to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"SO GLOZED THE TEMPTER."

MR. ANDERSON had scarcely settled to work, after giving vent to his relief concerning Lois Leighton's unlucky story, before he was informed that a lady wished to speak to him for a moment.

"She won't give her name, sir; it's a young lady—a swell."

The boy had been evidently dazzled by the fair unknown.

"Show her up," was the command. "Miss Errol! This is an unexpected pleasure."

Dagmar had followed so closely on the office-boy's heels that she must have heard his description of her; but she did not seem amused. She had a worn look, as though she had passed a sleepless night.

"You are surprised to see me, Mr. Anderson. I hurried up instead of waiting to write. There has been a mistake—about a story. The mistake was mine. I posted the wrong manuscript last evening. This is the one I should have sent," producing a bulky package from under her cape. "Will you please let me have the other? It is Lois Leighton's story that I am speaking of."

Anderson nearly groined aloud; his "old man of the sea" had come back again to settle more firmly on his unlucky shoulders.

"I am sorry you should have taken so much trouble for nothing, Miss Errol. The other manuscript is probably half-way home by this time. Estens took it with him."

"Captain Estens!" Dagmar looked as though she were going to faint; her colour came and went, and her eyes dilated with absolute terror. "What was Captain Estens doing here? I mean, did he come on purpose to fetch the story?"

"He came about it, certainly. I was out, and he found the manuscript on my table, and discovered the wrong one had been sent. He said he was going back immediately, and would take it with him."

He began to feel a trifle uneasy at the expression of his visitor's face. She looked—well, he could not understand the look; it puzzled him.

"If I had only got here first!"

The low murmur reached his ears. What mischief had this plaguey story been the means of bringing about? He was conscious of a growing feeling of sympathy for his handsome visitor, whom he had greatly admired on the one or two occasions when he had chanced to meet her. He decided to ask for her confidence.

"Miss Errol, I am utterly ignorant of the ins and outs of this matter, but I can see there is something very much amiss. Will

you tell me what it is? I may be able to help you."

"You cannot help me. Nobody can help me. It is only that I would gladly have given every farthing I have rather than Captain Estens should have got hold of that story."

"But why?" Anderson was getting interested.

"I cannot tell you why. Oh, I am terribly punished! Surely I have not quite deserved this." She seemed to be talking to herself, the trouble in her face growing greater with each moment that passed. There was positive anguish in her blue eyes. Anderson had rather a weakness for blue eyes, and he felt he could not stand much more of this without doing something.

"Look here, Miss Errol, try to trust me. Tell me all about it. Two heads are better than one. I may be able to help you."

She shook her head.

"I simply could not tell you, Mr. Anderson—except this much." She raised her head with a sort of toss, flushing crimson, as she said hurriedly: "I have done something I would give worlds to undo—something I am ashamed of. But I repented almost directly it was done. Yet I am punished—oh, *horribly* punished! I dare not go back and face them after this; it's as bad as *that*! I knew the publication of that other story would give pain to—to lots of people; but I was savage—and—" She pulled herself up suddenly. "I had not meant to tell you. I would not have believed I could tell *anyone*. Only you were so kind—so—"

Anderson went over to her and took her hands in his.

"I am very glad you have told me so much. Really I can't see why you should trouble over it. It's awfully hard lines that you did not get here before Estens. Why didn't you send me a wire? I would have put the wretched manuscript in the fire before anyone should have seen it. What the dickens possessed that tiresome girl to write a thing that works like a moral bombshell? No one ought to be allowed to write stories until they have reached years of discretion. But come now, cheer up, Miss Errol. I am sure there is some way out of this, if we did but know. Let us put our heads together."

By means of a considerable amount of cross-questioning, he elicited the fact that if there was anybody who could come to the rescue, and prevent Estens talking of what had occurred, that person was Marjory Leighton.

"It is only a couple of hours since Estens was here, Miss Errol. He was going to Cedar Lodge. I'll just take the next train down, and see how things are working. It is just

possible he did not dip into the story at all. I want a little chat with Lady Dallinger—that shall be my excuse for going. I can get back before three, or thereabouts. Will you go down with me?"

"Oh, no! I told you I can never face them again. They will all know why I did it; they know more than I have told you."

In words, perhaps; but Anderson guessed at much that had not been put into words.

"But you can't knock about town all these hours, Miss Errol. Have you friends you could go to?"

She shook her head.

"Then I shall send you up to my mother. She will welcome heartily any friend of mine. Now I am not going to listen to objections. You have put yourself in my hands, and you must do as I wish. My mother will not mention your visit to anyone if I ask her not. I'll just scribble a note for you to give her; and a hansom will take you to her little place in half an hour. There is no time for me to go with you."

It was useless for Dagmar to rebel. Before she had made up her mind whether to give in or not, she found herself being driven northwards, with her thoughts for her only companions; and they were none too pleasant.

How she wished she could have lived the last four-and-twenty hours over again! She felt as though she must have been gradually growing mad for some time past, and that her insane act of yesterday had suddenly restored her to her senses.

What she had done was this.

After accepting Lady Dallinger's invitation to remain for the night at Cedar Lodge, she had taken advantage of the utter lack of ceremony pervading the household, to announce—when the others were comfortably settled for the afternoon according to their respective inclinations—that she was going into the library to write a letter. Lois had raised the "den" to the dignity of a "library" by having her really large store of books arranged on shelves Lady Dallinger had provided for the purpose.

Satisfied that she would not be interrupted for at least half an hour, Dagmar hastened to examine the old secretaire where Lois kept all her treasures. She had an uneasy suspicion that each drawer-hole might be completely covered in with wood, instead of owning an open floor which would provide easy access to the drawer below. And this proved to be the case, greatly to her chagrin. She was disappointed enough to have broken open, by force, the one drawer she so much desired to get at; but she had enough sense left not to do this.

While she was trying her own keys in the lock, one after the other, she suddenly discovered that the game was in her hands

without further trouble—Lois had omitted to turn the lock on her last visit to the secretaire. In a quiver of delight and anticipation, Dagmar possessed herself of the story she so much wished to read, and eagerly devoured the concluding chapters. Her imagination was fired when she found herself, as Ethelfreda Lynecourt, married to Bertrand Vavasour. She pictured herself as Wulfe Estens' wife, and felt sure it would come to pass, since a mere child like Lois had discovered their liking and suitability for each other. And she quite approved of Berenice giving herself to Frithiof Engelhart—a most suitable match in every way.

Returning the manuscript to the drawer, she hastily scribbled a letter to an old schoolfellow to give colour to the excuse she had made for coming to the library; then she rejoined the others, and, finding Lady Dallinger enjoying a nap, and the two girls occupied—Marjory with her sewing and Lois reading—she took a book and pretended to read, too, while in reality her brain was busy considering ways and means to bring "Love's Conquest" under the attention of the lady of the manor.

She was still making plans and discarding them as unfeasible when, after re-doing her abundant fair hair—the only thing she could do in the way of dressing for dinner—she slowly descended the stairs, wishing Wulfe was there to make the evening go faster and more pleasantly.

On the hall table was the letter-bag ready for the postman, who called for it every evening when he cleared the letter-box at the corner of Hangman's Lane.

A cup of coffee, or something equally acceptable, and a brief chat with his friend the housemaid, made it very well worth the man's while to do this.

Beside the bag lay a parcel, addressed in Marjory's handwriting to "Mr. Anderson, care of Messrs. Quarterly and Co., Publishers."

Dagmar's training had not left her above satisfying her curiosity by examining anything that came under her notice, whether intended for her eyes or not.

She studied the address on the parcel, wondering what Marjory could be sending to a publishing firm. Something very near the truth came to her as she remembered Lois saying that a story, finished that morning, was ready for a possible publisher. It would be just like Marjory to wish to give her sister pleasure by trying to place the story for her without her knowledge.

"If only I were sure, and I could change it!" Dagmar glanced at the clock and then out of window. She knew the postman was about due; perhaps at that very moment he was enjoying his coffee in the pretty housemaid's company.

But, no; there he was, just coming up the drive, and certainly not hurrying himself. Perhaps the hall clock was fast. Be that as it may, the letters would remain untouched for another quarter of an hour. Dagmar was sufficiently at home at Cedar Lodge to be tolerably acquainted with the general routine of things. Without any attempt at fighting down the temptation that assailed her, she caught up the parcel and flew with it to the library. It was not sealed in any way—only secured by string, which the eager fingers quickly unfastened.

A gasp of triumph escaped Dagmar when she found her surmise had been correct. There was the story, "Storm Driven," and a short note, written by Marjory and open to inspection, as she had not placed it in an envelope. No mention was made of any particular story. Dagmar satisfied herself of that.

To replace "Storm Driven" with "Love's Conquest" was the work of a few seconds only; in less than five minutes the parcel was tied up again, looking exactly as before. One more minute sufficed to return it to the hall table, and then came a wild rush upstairs to the room where Miss Errol was to sleep that night. A hiding-place was quickly found for "Storm Driven," and Dagmar was free to pause and recover her breath and usual air of composure before once more descending the stairs.

The letters and parcel were still visible, but as she passed through the hall, Watkins—who did duty as butler when he was not required to be coachman—appeared and carried them all off.

Dagmar gave another gasp as she entered the empty drawing room. Was she glad or sorry she had done it? Glad—so she told herself—very glad. But she passed a miserable evening and a worse night, repenting long before daylight with a penitence which, if not altogether free from remorse, was yet a healthier state of mind than she had known for many a long week. While she dressed in the morning she resolved to atone so far for the wrong she had done as to take the first train to town after breakfast, and replace "Love's Conquest" with the abducted "Storm Driven," feeling tolerably sure that Anderson would not have opened it, and more than sure of being able to make the exchange by explaining that it had been a mistake of her own, following this up by a request that he would not mention her visit, or Marjory Leighton would perhaps regret having taken her into her confidence.

Instead of which, Wolfe Estens had got there before her, and had carried off the now hateful story, and discovery was imminent, and her return to the manor had become

impossible, and she was, without exception, the most miserable girl in all the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

"HOW COULD I DO IT?"

LADY DALLINGER and Lois were still absent when Anderson was admitted to Marjory's presence.

She was looking thoughtful—almost sad—her fingers twisting into all shapes a scrap of paper they held; a note, from the look of it.

"I am lucky to find you alone, Miss Leighton. You are the very person I wished to see. There has been a slight mistake about the story Lady Dallinger wants—"

"Oh, please not to say a word about it, Mr. Anderson—to anyone but me, I mean! I wish you could forget the mistake was ever made. Could you—possibly?"

"Willingly; only there is something to be said first. Do you mind telling me how many people know of it besides Estens and ourselves?"

"Nobody else—nobody must ever know!"

"You are forgetting the person who is responsible for the mistake, Miss Leighton."

"You are unkind to remind me of it. It was I who tied up that unlucky parcel."

Here was loyalty to her friend with a vengeance! Anderson longed to pat her on the back and call her a little brick. The admiration he felt showed in his eyes as he replied:

"You are very generous. Miss Errol may count herself fortunate to have you for her friend."

"Miss Errol?" Marjory flushed a little in mingled surprise and relief. "What has Miss Errol to do with it?"

"Everything—a fact of which you are as well aware as I am." Smiling at her pretty confusion, he gave her a full, true, and particular account of Dagmar's visit and of her heartfelt shame on finding her intended atonement had come too late.

"Poor Dagmar! She has been very unhappy: it is not fair to think hardly of her. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you things you may possibly guess at for yourself. But I don't feel that I can speak of them now. Besides, I am expecting Lady Dallinger and my sister every moment. She—Lois—of all people must never know what her story has brought about; it would make her terribly unhappy."

Anderson rose.

"I don't want to meet Lady Dallinger this morning; I must catch the next train up, if possible. When you feel disposed to trust

me with your confidence, Miss Leighton, I shall be ready and delighted to listen."

"Meanwhile," said Marjory, holding out her hand in farewell, "you can tell Miss Errol that she may return as soon as she likes. Nobody at the manor knows what took her to town this morning, and she need not fear that she will see Wulfe Estens again. He is starting almost immediately to rejoin his regiment, which is ordered to Burma."

"Really? But what does Miss Hurst say to that?"

Marjory gazed out of window and repressed a little sigh.

"You will certainly meet Lady Dallinger and Lois, if you linger, Mr. Anderson, to say nothing of losing your train."

"Bother that plaguey story!" muttered Anderson, releasing her hand. "What in the world possessed your sister to write it?"

"She has written stories about her friends and acquaintances all her life—just for the pleasure of writing. She always destroys them afterwards. This will doubtless meet with the same fate when she has somebody fresh to imagine things about. It is not Lois who is to blame for what has happened; and it is probably for the best, if we only knew all."

Anderson had plenty of food for thought as he returned to town and hastened to his mother's house to set Dagmar's mind at rest.

He found her on the best of terms with Mrs. Anderson who, at a glance from him, made some excuse to leave them for a few moments.

Dagmar could not believe her good fortune.

"To think that nobody knows except Marjory! It is too good to be true. Do you know—I suppose you don't, though?—if Captain Estens read any of the story on his way down?"

He had only told her that it was the wish of both Marjory and Estens that no one should be told of what had taken place.

"Miss Leighton did not say." He hesitated a moment before he gave Marjory's message. "She bade me tell you that you need not fear meeting Estens at the manor. He is off to Burma immediately."

"Burma!"

"Marching orders came to-day."

"But I thought he had left the Army!"

"Apparently he has not done so."

She felt more relieved than sorry, much to her surprise.

"I wonder Hildred Hurst let him go! Nearly everything was ready, and such a heap of presents had been sent! It will mean postponement of the marriage for an indefinite time."

Anderson made no reply. He was reluctant for the remainder of her punishment to reach

her through himself. He murmured some thing about going in search of his mother, and was careful not to return until Mrs. Anderson accompanied him.

By five o'clock Dagmar was back at the manor, having come in a cab from Bagshot Station.

To her aunt's reproachful inquiries concerning her journey to town, she replied:

"I felt wound up to do something desperate, and the feeling worked off in the delicious sense of freedom one always has in town, where you pass thousands of people without meeting a familiar face. One gets very tired of always meeting the same people."

"But you are too young to go walking about London streets alone; you must promise me not to do it again, Dagmar."

"You dear old prude! I was only one amongst hundreds of other girls. Times are changed, auntie, since you were young."

"All the same, I should like that promise, my dear."

"Which is impossible for me to give, not knowing what may be required of me in the near future. I have made up my mind to be idle no longer, Aunt Amy. There is too much latent energy somewhere about me for me to be able to live peaceably with my fellows, unless I have some settled occupation to keep my brain employed."

Mrs. Blenheim gazed somewhat helplessly at her niece. Dagmar had outgrown her in more respects than one.

"If you are not happy here, dear, I would take a house somewhere, and you could help manage it. Indeed, I had seriously thought of doing so after the wedding; but now——" She stopped and sighed.

"I wonder Hildred let him go," spake Dagmar out of her imperfect knowledge of what had occurred. "Of course, there is no saying, now, when they will be married."

"My dear, have you not heard? It is broken off altogether."

"Broken off! When? Why?" Dagmar began to shiver mentally. Was this her doing?

"I hardly know why, myself," replied Mrs. Blenheim. "Hildred told me that he came to say the 42nd were ordered to Burma, and, as there is some chance of fighting, he felt he ought to go with his battery. Well, then, in some way, they arrived at the conclusion that their engagement had turned out a mistake; and so there is to be no marriage."

"No marriage!" repeated Dagmar vaguely, trying hard to believe that she had not brought about this catastrophe, and failing utterly.

Wulfe Estens must have read the conclusion of that ill-fated story, and have attacked Hildred on the score of her real feeling for himself—and for Thorold Leighton.



One more minute sufficed.—p. 441.

Here was success—unbounded success—as the reward of her strategy; she had accomplished that which she had desired to bring to pass; but never was victor more crest-fallen or more conscious of failure.

She dreaded to face Hildred; but it had to be done when the gong summoned her to dinner.

The little lady of the manor looked very subdued, and rather sorrowful, but she did not seem broken-hearted. Dagmar, watching her with penitent, remorseful eyes, saw more signs of light-heartedness about her than had been visible for many weeks—signs carefully suppressed, but existing, for all her care. Was she really glad not to marry Wulfe? Did she really and truly prefer Thorold Leighton?

"If it is so," mused Dagmar, "it is more than I deserve. But good does come out of evil sometimes, and I'll hope this may be a case in point. Lois Leighton would scorn and loathe me if she knew what I had done! Ugh! I feel as mean as a slug! How could I do it!"

CHAPTER XX.

POOR LITTLE LOIS!

THE county refused to accept the broken engagement as a fact. It was popularly supposed that the natural desire evinced by Captain Estens to go to Burma with his men had aroused the displeasure of his betrothed, and a quarrel had ensued, putting a stop to matrimonial results for the time being.

That all would come right on Wulfe's return nobody doubted for a moment. Only those within the manor, and their friends at Cedar Lodge, knew that the irrevocable had happened; and, of these, only Dagmar and Marjory knew what had brought it about.

Anxious to get the worst over, Dagmar, taking her courage in her hands, accompanied Miss Hurst on her next visit to Lady Dallinger. Marjory contrived a private interview with her old playfellow, from which they emerged better friends than ever, and with a more thorough knowledge of each other than previous years of intimacy had brought to either.

Dagmar, satisfied that her wrongdoing might result in preventing three people being made miserable, ventured to hold up her head again amongst her fellows, but with a new humility which was vastly becoming.

She kept to her intention of seeking employment: but Marjory persuaded her to wait until after Christmas, and not further reduce the circle which was to meet at the manor for the festivities appropriate to the season.

"It is the first Christmas we shall have spent without Thorold," Marjory had urged; "if you desert us, too, Dagmar, we shall feel too lonely to be at all jolly. And what would Darius say?"

This last argument decided Dagmar to stay a while; the more so as Ernest Anderson—who appeared to find it necessary to pay frequent visits to Cedar Lodge concerning the publication of Lois Leighton's story—hinted at the possibility of being able to offer her a post as companion, after Christmas, to a lady well-known to his family. By a strange coincidence, his visits were made at the times when Miss Errol was spending the day at Cedar Lodge, which happened, on an average, at least once a week.

A spirit of cheerfulness and goodwill was apparent everywhere by the time Christmas Eve dawned. A touch of frost in the air exhilarated the young people, and did no harm to their elders.

Marjory and Lois were busy all the morning decorating the old Lodge with evergreens; they had promised to go after lunch to assist in the more stupendous task of putting up holly and mistletoe in the numerous rooms at the manor.

At five o'clock there was a general demand for tea, and all except Marjory went off to the room where it was generally found at that hour; she called out that she would follow when she had tied up the big bunch of mistletoe she had set aside for the large old-fashioned chandelier which still hung in the centre of the hall, holding its own against the more modern electric lights dotted around.

A familiar whistle greeted Marjory's ears before her task was accomplished—a whistle which brought a pleased smile to her lips, for it heralded the appearance of Darius Errol, who presently came lounging into sight, looking very tall and manly in his cycling suit; he had just wheeled over from Bagshot Station, and had entered the manor by a convenient back door, reached by a short cut through the grounds from the high road.

Marjory hastened to descend the steps on which she had been perched, anxious to welcome her old chum. He rushed forward to greet her, with a wicked glance at the mistletoe swinging suggestively overhead.

It was in vain for Marjory to try to escape; his arm encircled her shoulders, as she guessed his intention, and his lips pressed hers before she could do more than gasp an unheeded protest.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Darius! We are not children any longer."

"The mistletoe is responsible, not I, fair lady! How awfully pretty you look when you blush, Marjory!"

"And, pray, when did you see me blush?" she smoothed her hair, and turned away that he might not see her demure smile.

"You look like a peony at this moment!" he declared.

"Pooh! You are much mistaken if you think you have the power to bring the colour to my cheeks—a boy like you, indeed! I am hot and tired, that is all!"

"Little fibber! I have a great mind to steal another kiss just to teach you to stick to the truth."

"I'll box your ears, if you do!"

"What an awful threat! Come, Marjory, you are not really vexed? You belong to me, you know, and a fellow has a right to do as he likes with his own. You have not forgotten that we agreed, four years ago this evening, to go through life together as man and wife?"

"It is time you forgot all that childish nonsense."

"I'd rather not forget, if it's all the same to you. Where are you off to in such a hurry? I have been looking forward to a long chat after these many weeks of exile."

"And I have been looking forward to some tea for the last half-hour," she replied. "The chat can keep."

Darius grumbled loudly as he followed her to the tea-room. She was unsociable, unsatisfactory, unfeeling, and a lot of other "uns," he declared; but she only laughed at him, and repeated that she wanted her tea.

If he was not satisfied with Marjory's greeting, Darius could not complain of the welcome he received from his sister and aunt, to say nothing of Lois; while Hildred Hurst beamed upon him with the cordiality a girl who has reached womanhood is sure to feel for a handsome lad—especially if he happens to be her guest.

Darius was greatly relieved to find her so bright and merry; he had anticipated a Christmas "drenched with tears"—so he afterwards confessed to Lois, and this healthy "frost" rejoiced his heart.

"Didn't she care for him, d'you think?" he asked during a brief *tête-à-tête* under the same bunch of mistletoe where he had found Marjory.

"I suppose not. It seems wonderful to me that she could help adoring him." Lois was wondering at the omission of the truly brotherly salute in which Darius had always hitherto indulged during the mistletoe season.

"He's getting awfully grown up!" she confided to her sister a few minutes later. "He's too much of a man now to kiss under the mistletoe."

"Is he?" Marjory dropped her handkerchief and stooped to recover it in order to hide

the quick rush of colour to her face. Why should she blush at the memory of that stolen kiss, and at being told by Lois that Darius had not repeated the experiment with her as of yore? Marjory felt vexed with herself—or imagined that she did. A boy like Darius, indeed! Only a month or two older than herself! Absurd!

But Darius did not think it absurd, if Marjory did. His short absence had served to deepen the tenderness he had learned to feel for her, and he was now on the threshold of his life's love-story. His boyish but sincere love for his old chum was destined to prove a talisman which gave him strength in the years to come to stand firm in the face of many a temptation to folly and wrong-doing indulged in by his brother-officers. Marjory's pure, sweet face hallowed his thoughts of all other women, and the memory of that stolen kiss—the last he was to get for many a long day—kept his lips honest and clean, that they might be worthy of his darling, should he be fortunate enough to win her.

There was skating in plenty before the week was out; a regular old-fashioned winter had succeeded the mild autumn, to the joy of all things young enough to find pleasure therein.

The Republic, though scarcely of mature years as yet, gave himself the airs of an old cat privileged to occupy all the warmest corners in the house. Everything in the shape of a cushion was sure to receive his pressing attention; but his favourite spot of all others—though uncushioned—was the centre of the wide steel fender in front of the kitchen fireplace. Here he would lie for hours, stretched to enormous length, regardless of the danger which threatened him from occasional small explosions in the heart of the fire. Many an atom of live coal singed his fine coat and caused unpleasant surprise to the skin beneath, but the Republic refused to be warned away from his perilous throne. Better—so he appeared to argue—far better to risk ills which, after all, may never come off, than endure the perpetual discomfort of not feeling warm enough.

Letters from Thorold arrived weekly, written alternately to Marjory and Lois. He made but scant allusion to the fact of the marriage being broken off, and sent no message to Miss Hurst which Lois could by any chance interpret into a primary avowal of his passion for the lady of the manor.

"It's very aggravating of him to be so stupidly proud. I know she likes him. She coloured up like anything the other day when I said abruptly that I supposed he would soon be coming home now."

"It does not follow that she cares for him just because she colours on hearing his name

unexpectedly," objected Marjory; "perhaps she is afraid he will think her fickle for sending Wulfe away. Everybody likes to stand well with Thorold, you know."

Lois tilted her chin and sniffed the air contemptuously. If Marjory thought she was going to be taken in by such an absurd suggestion, she was mightily mistaken.

Wulfe had only written once, and that was to Marjory. He had reached Rangoon, and, though things seemed tolerably quiet, those "in the know" considered there was a very likely possibility of further fighting.

The fighting came before he wrote again.

They read of it in the papers, and felt proud to know that the 42nd was well to the front.

Captain Wulfe Estens was especially mentioned, in one despatch, as having done some-

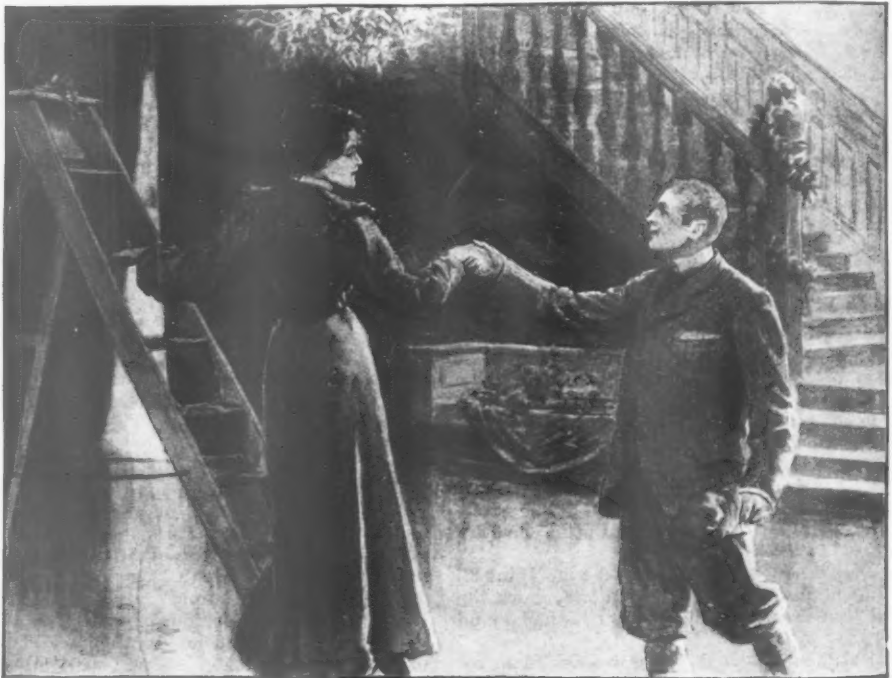
pride. "I always knew he would distinguish himself if he ever got the chance. Isn't it splendid, Marjory?"

"Very splendid," agreed Marjory, with almost equal enthusiasm. "I'm thankful he was not hurt."

"Oh, that sort of man always bears a charmed life," declared Lois, out of her deep knowledge of heroes in fiction, who only get killed when they are wanted out of the way; and it is not often that the hero of a story can be dispensed with by the author. "You'll see he'll do even grander things than that. I shouldn't wonder if he came back a full-blown colonel."

"Why not a general?" suggested Marjory, laughing.

"Oh! you may chaff and laugh as much as you like. I am really downright glad, at



He rushed forward to greet her.—p. 444.

thing very brave; he had risked his own life to save three of his men—who had been wounded—from being taken prisoners by the enemy.

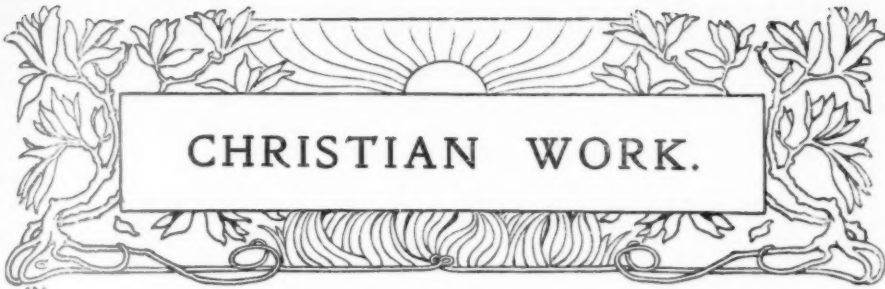
"He ought to have the Victoria Cross for that," exclaimed Lois, her eyes glowing with

last, that he didn't marry Hildred. He would be thrown away as a mere country squire."

Poor little Lois!

She changed her mind next day when she saw the morning papers.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY.]



CHRISTIAN WORK.

By the Rev. William Cowan, Incumbent of St. Augustine's, Londonderry.

"Let us not be weary in well doing"—GALATIANS VI. 9.



Far away in the interior of Africa, the snows gather thickly on the mountains. At length the glowing heat begins to tell, the snows melt, the torrents come dashing noisily down the hill-sides, and as the

waters pour into the river's bed the broad channel is unable to contain them, and the Nile throughout its long course overflows its banks. Higher and higher the water rises, further and further it extends on either side of the river, till it reaches the boundary of the desert, and the villages scattered here and there, and the groups of palm trees look like floating islands on a swollen sea.

But by-and-by the flood begins to subside, and the husbandman wades into the water and casts around his seed-corn. It sinks into the thick liquid mud beneath and is gone. It seems to be wasted, lost. But, no; after a while the waters retire, the seed has settled into the wet, rich soil; it springs up, a carpet of vivid green appears, and the face of the earth is covered with new-created beauty.

Thus it is that the valley of the Nile comes, to use the words of an ancient conqueror, to be "adorned with a silver wave, a verdant emerald, and the deep yellow of a golden harvest." The inhabitant has cast his bread-corn upon the waters, and he finds it after many days.

"The field is the world," says the Saviour; but the weeds of sin have grown thick and tangled over it. Briers and thorns impede the husbandman's progress. Its vine is the vine of Sodom, and its grapes are gall. The Lord of the vineyard came seeking fruit, and He found none; "He found only the wood growing for His own cross, and the reed for His own sceptre, and the thorns for His own crown." Into that field every

Christian man is called to labour. "Son, go, work to-day in My vineyard." "Ye are God's husbandry," says St. Paul to the Corinthians; and every believer is intended to be God's husbandman also.

Those who know the Gospel are to tell it to others. Those who have been reconciled to God are to pray others to be reconciled to Him; those who enjoy the privileges of the Church of Christ are to go out into the lanes and streets, the highways and hedges, and invite men to come in, that God's house may be filled. "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The verb here used is to be closely connected with "if we faint not," at the end of the verse, and denotes the giving up of all vigorous effort because of faint-heartedness; this we must watch and strive against. Otherwise we shall do injustice to ourselves and injure our spiritual life. For it is implied in the passage that, unless a man perseveres in doing good to the end of life, he fails in his proper duty, and can hope for no reward. He who becomes disheartened and gives up effort: he that is affrighted by difficulties, and that "faints" because of them, shows that he has no true attachment to Christ, and that his heart has never been sincerely in the work of doing good.

And yet what more common failing with those of us who attempt to do good at all than to do it by fits and starts! Some argument is addressed to our understanding, or some appeal comes home to our heart, and under its influence we begin some good work, we start some agency of blessing. But by-and-by the fire cools, the hands hang down, and the knees grow feeble, and we slacken in our benevolent labours, and after a while we give them up altogether, till some other circumstance arises and sends us again into the field.

In this we err. Having put our hand to the plough, we must not look back. We are enlisted as Christ's soldiers and servants "unto our lives' end." We are pledged to well doing and to serve

God always. No obstacles are to deter, no enemies to intimidate, no embarrassments to drive us from the field.

"As we have opportunity," are the inspired words, "let us do good unto all." And what opportunities we have of doing good! Everywhere around us there are those who are ignorant, thoughtless, and wicked. It is our duty as the disciples of Christ to reason with them, to teach them, to warn them, to do them good. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

Do we ever speak that word? What good we might do amongst our neighbours, if only we had the right spirit—the spirit of Him Whom we call Lord and Master! Work for Christ, after the example of Christ, is the only kind of work that never ends in disappointment, that is certain rather of a rich revenue of reward. It has the "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Working Christians never die. They, being dead, yet speak and yet labour.

Richard Hooker has long slept in that quiet English grave at Bishopsbourne, but his magnificent defence of God's truth will outlive the stars.

John Howard's ashes have peacefully reposed for three generations on the northern shores of the Black Sea, but his influence is still felt in a thousand prisons.

Sarah Martin, and Elizabeth Fry, and Sister Dora, are alive in many a circle of gentle philanthropists; Judson and Carey, and Martyn and Patteson, in many a band of missionary torch-bearers in heathen lands.

And many others in the humbler walks of life and in more private spheres of labour—the patient Sunday school teacher, the diligent tract distributor, the self-denying visitor of the sick. Happy are they who have caught the inspiration of Jesus, and, like Him, "go about doing good."

Work for God will bring its recompense. There is a reaping time as well as a sowing time. Harvest in the natural order follows spring and summer. We must wait, and we may have long to wait, but "the fruit of labour" will come. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." "Be ye also patient." The bread cast upon the waters shall one day be found, and both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

We shall reap a harvest of reward in our own heart.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland which illustrates this truth.

On a very cold day in winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. At length they saw a poor man who had sunk down benumbed and frozen in the snow.

"We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers.

"Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half-frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible."

"But I cannot leave this man to perish," said the humane traveller; "I must go to his relief"; and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me to rouse him."

"Not I," replied the other; "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back."

His companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man. The ordinary means for restoring consciousness were tried with complete success. And what was the effect upon the traveller himself? Why, the very effort he had made to warm the stranger warmed himself. And thus he had a twofold reward. He felt that he had done a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by the exertions he had made. So true are the beautiful words of the great dramatist:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

And how was it with the other traveller, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm.

And that which is true in the natural world is true in the spiritual. We cannot engage in any work for the good of others without getting good for ourselves. In stretching out the hand to help another we are increasing our own spiritual strength and deepening the fountain of joy in our own bosom.

The celebrated Andrew Fuller says: "There was one period in my ministry marked by the most pointed and systematic effort to comfort my serious people, but the more I tried to comfort them the more they complained of doubts and darkness." At length "they began to talk of a Baptist mission, and we met and prayed for the heathen. The lamentation ceased. No one complained of want of comfort. And I, instead of having to study how to comfort my flock, was myself comforted by them. They were drawn out of themselves. That was the real secret. God blessed them while they tried to be a blessing."

So it ever is. An attempt to bless another may fail, but the effort is not lost; the blessing returns to us again. We have often been gladdened by that

striking expression of the Saviour, when sending out His apostles to preach the Gospel. He said amongst other things, "When ye come into an house, salute it. And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it: but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you." If they were received kindly and gratefully by the people, they would confer on them choice blessings; but if they were rejected and persecuted, the blessings which they sought for others would come upon themselves. He that waters others is himself refreshed. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not"—reap a harvest of reward in our own heart.

We shall reap a harvest where we may not expect it.

Many years ago a vessel was wrecked upon the coast of Cornwall, and all on board perished, except one sailor lad. Bruised and almost dead, he was cast ashore. While slowly recovering, he was visited by a young minister, who endeavoured to explain to him the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ.

"Suppose," said he, "when the ship had sunk, and you were tossing about on the raging waters, a plank had floated past, would you not have grasped it, and held on to it for deliverance, trusting that it would bear you safely to land?"

The eyes of the lad kindled with intelligence. The illustration had come home to him. "So," said the minister, "you must cast yourself on Christ."

Time rolled past. That young minister became an old man, and was living in the north of England. One day he was asked to go and visit an aged sailor who was drawing near to death. He went; he entered the chamber. The dying sailor was scarcely conscious, but as the minister bent over him, and spoke in gentle words about trusting in Christ for salvation, the old man rallied. He raised his eyes and recognised the minister, and the minister recognised him. The lesson taught in the little Cornish cottage years before had not been forgotten. The sailor, looking up with a smile of grateful love into the face of his spiritual instructor, said, "God bless you, sir! The plank bears—the plank bears!"

Was not this reaping a harvest where he did not expect it? Oh, let us lose no opportunity of doing good! "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

We shall reap a harvest in the future.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

We must not, says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, go into the field with a sower's basket in one hand and the reaper's hook in the other. The sower upon the waters of the Nile has to wait for his harvest. He sows in faith. He sows, believing Nature will be true to herself, believing the waters will one day retire, and the seed germinate and spring up into a harvest. And the Christian worker may sometimes be long tried, but, if he sows in faith, a rich and plentiful crop will one day reward his patient toil and waiting.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Thank God for this word of promise! It holds the hands up when they are ready to hang down; it inspirits the heart when it is ready to droop. Our work, then, is not in vain. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

You are sailing, it may be, amongst the lovely islands of the South Seas. You have some of the branches of the bread-fruit tree which grows in those regions in your hand. You throw them overboard. You feel they are lost; but no: the winds and waters waft them to one of the reef-islands with which those seas are studded; the wandering seeds get washed ashore, and beneath the brilliant suns of that beautiful clime they grow up into an extensive bread-fruit forest. And should some disaster, long years after, wreck you on that reef, when those trees are grown and their clusters ripe, you may be supported and sustained by the bread which you had cast upon the waters long before. Such is God's husbandry.

Do the good deed. Do it in faith, and in prayer commend it to God. And though the waves of circumstance may soon waft it beyond your ken, they only carry it to the place prepared by Him, "Who sitteth above the water-flood, and ruleth over all."

And whether on an earthly or a heavenly shore the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he was once a sower. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not"; we shall reap a harvest in the future.

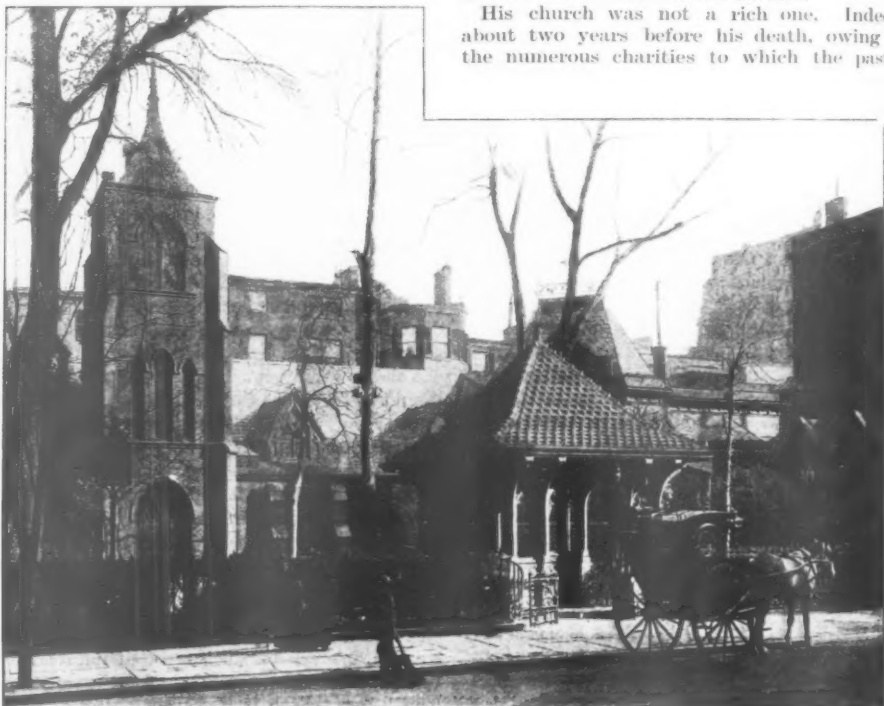
"Faint not, fear not; night's dark shadows,
One by one shall pass away;
Look! behold, the dawn of morning
Breaks with bright and cheering ray;
Be not weary,
God will bring the promised day."

"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

A NUMBER of years ago Joseph Jefferson, the well-known American actor, went to the pastor of a fashionable church in New York to request that he would perform the burial rites over the body of his dead friend, George Holland, the great English actor, who had died while on a visit to New York. Holland was a member of the Church of England. The rector

to "The Little Church around the Corner," if asked for by that title. The church was organised in 1848 by Dr. Houghton, then a young man just ordained, and for fifty years, as its rector, he lovingly and anxiously watched its progress. When he completed his half-century of rectorship, he died, beloved and mourned by all New York, and especially by the "player-folk." He was known as "The Player-Folks' Parson," though he himself never attended the theatre.

His church was not a rich one. Indeed, about two years before his death, owing to the numerous charities to which the pastor



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

(The Church of the Transfiguration, New York.)

shook his head on hearing of the dead man's profession, replying, "There's a little church around the corner where they do such things!" "Then God bless the little church around the corner!" replied Joseph Jefferson, as he turned and made his way to the Church of the Transfiguration in East 20th Street. So the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton buried the English actor, and on that day the church was newly christened.

At the present time very few New Yorkers could tell where the Church of the Transfiguration is, but there is scarcely a child of eight or ten who could not lead a visitor

and his people subscribed, there was a whisper that Dr. Houghton was anxious over financial matters. Then said one actor to another, "They need money at 'The Little Church around the Corner.' We must raise the money, and make Dr. Houghton smile again!" In less than a week the good rector's smile was a very happy one, for three times the amount of money he needed was handed over to him by the actors and actresses for whose spiritual needs he was so anxiously solicitous. During the past two years his nephew, the Rev. George Clarke Houghton, has been the rector.

CONCERNING HER BONNET.

By M. A. Balliol, Author of "A Clerk of Oxenford."



FIRST, the bonnet had to be bought. And this required much care and thought; for, when one has only half-a-crown to expend on such an article of dress, one has need to think a long time.

Eventually the combined wisdom of four years and of twenty decided that white piqué and narrow torchon lace would yield the most advantageous results in laying out the aforesaid thirty pennies.

"Little white bonnets are nicest for little white girls, are they not, Killie?" said Elinor, as Kilmeny sat on her elder sister's knee for a good-night petting after prayers were said.

Killie nodded a grave assent.

"An' a bonnet for Dollie?" The tone indicated request and command in one, and the blue eyes were a bit anxious. "Her old one's wore out, an' lost, too."

"Certainly, dearie; there will be plenty of scraps to make Dollie's bonnet."

"It's nice dey'll be sewaps," sighed Killie contentedly.

Next day saw the two set out to purchase the bonnet. The little town—one rambling street with smaller lanes as off-shoots down to the beach—did not afford many shops. At the end where Elinor Revelstoke had taken lodgings for her short Easter holiday, the houses were small and picturesque—the old village houses, in fact—but at the upper end the High Street had blossomed into red brick and plate-glass shop windows.

Elinor chose one of the less pretentious shops, and here the momentous task was entered upon. A dimity white enough and laces dainty enough to frame the sweet little face were at last found, and, permission being granted to carry the parcel, Killie marched out, proudly clasping it in her arms. As she stepped into the street a big brown dog, rushing by, nearly overturned the little lady. Recovering her balance, she gasped,

"Dat—big dog—he a'most—*upsetted* me—Nelnor!"

"Yes, dear," said Elinor soothingly, as she set the child's bonnet straight. "But it is all right now. Let us hurry home and make our new bonnet. Then you can wear it this afternoon."

A young clergyman, striding along, passed them close at this moment. The retriever bounded back to him.

"Dat bad man's dog!" exclaimed Killie in an aggrieved tone, pointing a small finger of wrath at the clergyman.

"Hush, Killie; that is rude," said Elinor gently.

The young man turned quickly, and glanced after the sisters, then, a look of astonishment giving way to pleasure, started forward with outstretched hand. But Elinor, drawing her little sister to her, had turned away down the street, not seeing him.

"A singular likeness!" he exclaimed to himself; "but, of course, it couldn't be." And, as he went on his way, the young Rector of Buryport added, with a bitter little laugh, "No doubt she is doing the season in town, the gayest of the gay. Nothing could bring her to this little place."

Farther down the High Street, in the little sitting room at No. 3, the making of the bonnet began. Mrs. Oliver, the landlady, had lent her sewing machine, and stood now, arms akimbo, watching the cutting out.

"An' dey'll be sewaps for Dollie," Killie explained, nodding gravely to her.

"Pretty dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Oliver. "But ain't it a pity to keep 'er in this fine mornin', Miss Revelstoke? Jemimer's a-goin' out this minit, jest a-doin' of some little errands, and she could take 'er a walk and get them little cheeks of 'ers a bit rosier. Would you like to go for heggs with Jemimer, my pretty, hup to the farm? And there's bound to be buttercups in front of the 'ouse."

Killie's eyes shone at mention of these golden treasures. Promptly the old bonnet was tied on again, and, with a parting injunction to "Nelnor" to have

the new one ready against her return, Miss Killie set off to spread her conquests farther.

An hour later, when she returned, she had marvellous tales to tell of the wonderful things she had seen and done at Clodbury Farm. There had been only one *contretemps*: they had met that bad dog again.

"An' he nearly tewed me down."

"Where did you meet him?" asked Elinor, as she helped her little sister to the best part of their small dinner.

Jemima was in attendance, her broad face one smile of delight as the child chattered on; for this young person possessed three willing slaves: her sister Elinor was her subject by hereditary right, whereto she added Mrs. Oliver and Jemima by right of conquest. Now Jemima put in her word:

"It's Mr. Crediton's dog, Miss Revelstoke."

"Mr. Crediton?" with an arrested look from Elinor.

"Oh, he's the rector, Miss Revelstoke. Just come new, and oh, so nice! Joe, he sings in the choir, and he do say——"

"What is his other name, do you know? I—I once knew a Mr. Crediton——"

"Yes, and he knew you, too, Miss Revelstoke."

And, while her mashed potatoes absorbed Killie's attention, Jemima seized the opportunity to relate how they had met Mr. Crediton visiting his parishioners at Clodbury farm; how he had recognised Kilmeny as the little girl he had seen that morning, and how he had made many inquiries of Jemima, Revelstoke, was that the name? Really? Jemima was quite sure?

"For he seemed so s'prised like, and I told him yes, Miss Revelstoke. And Miss Killie, she ups and says, 'Nelnor's at home makin' my noo bonnet. D'you like dis old one, Mr. Man?' and he says, 'I like every bit of you, little Killie,' and——"

"An' he's comin' to see me," put in Killie, pausing, spoon in hand: "to see me, Nelnor."

But "Nelnor's" colour deepened a little, for there was many a back page in her history that Kilmeny knew nothing about. She had not time to dwell on these thoughts, however, for Killie,

having finished her dinner, demanded a further inspection of the new bonnet. It was tried on, and proved a perfect success. The little face with the funny snub-nose and serious eyes was still too pale, for Kilmeny had been very ill a little while before, and Elinor, for her sake only, had committed this extravagance of coming to the seaside. Now, as she looked at her sister, Elinor remembered the many things her life had once possessed, now lost to her.

"Oh, my sweet," she cried, throwing her arms round the little child and giving her one of those comprehensive hugs which only such young people can sustain, "as long as I have you I have everything, have I not, dearie?"

"'Ess, Nelnor." Killie laid a soft hand on her sister's cheek. "And oo've Dollie, too. Don't ky."

Elinor smiled, and wiped away the unbidden tear. Then, with a little sigh and a wistful glance out the window, the lady in the bonnet remarked, "Dollie didn't have no walk dis day. D'you tink we could go to de sea an' get her sells?"

Needless to say, Elinor assented. Conchology was supposed to be Dollie's especial study at this time. Arrived at the cliffs, the elder sister seated herself with a book on the ledges of rock. The "sells" were farther off, where the cliff broke down to the sandy beach, but Dollie graciously consented to put off the search for them for the time being.

"Don't go too near the edge," warned Elinor. "Stay near me."

Killie promised faithfully. To trot up and down a little way with Dollie, to make a house for her with the loose stones on the cliff-top, to deck her with stray pebbles, was amusement enough.

And Elinor opened her book, but it held neither her eyes nor her thoughts.

Two years before had seen Elinor Revelstoke in a very different position. Father and mother were then alive, and Elinor had never known anything but wealth and comfort. True, she had sometimes seen her father look anxious, but he had always put her off with a laugh. Then, her only care had been her mother's delicacy, until the crash came. Mr. Revelstoke's manufactory failed suddenly; suddenly, at least, to the outer world. He, of course, had foreseen and feared it for some time. It would have been easy for him to have kept some

fortune for his wife and children, but, not so understanding honour, he gave up all to his creditors and started to begin life again. Then the strain told on him. He was found dead in a railway carriage one day, dead of heart disease; nor was it many days before his delicate and fragile wife followed him. Elinor and Kilmeny were left alone to face the world. For not one of Elinor's relatives—all distant—made any offer that could be accepted by a girl proud and independent. A post in a small school being offered her at this moment, Elinor gladly

accepted it. By dint of the most rigid economy, she and Killie had lived through these two years. Making a penny do the duty of five farthings absorbs, however, much mental effort, and leaves one little time to dwell on the past. To-day, swept thither by a name, Elinor recognised how changed she was from the bright and hopeful girl who had met Basil Crediton two summers ago. She had been on a visit to a friend, and Basil was the curate there. Elinor felt he had "liked" her—nay, how could she mistake it? Why he had not said anything she could not



"I—I once knew a Mr. Crediton——"

understand. Would she like to meet him now under such changed circumstances? No; and perhaps he would not care to meet her. But this was only the top of her thinking. Deep down she thought and knew differently.

So, looking far over the southern sea, she thought again of Basil Crediton and all that happy summer long ago at Fairleigh.

Meanwhile, Killie continued her play. Now a thought struck her. Dollie's new bonnet had not yet been made. She would perform an act of justice. With infinite labour she managed to get off her own new bonnet. Fortunately the strings had been loosely tied, and by dint of much wriggling she freed her curly head.

"Dere!" she exclaimed triumphantly, when the headgear was removed. She stole a surreptitious glance at Elinor; but her sister's eyes were fixed on the horizon, and for the first time for many a day Killie's presence was by her forgotten.

Next the bonnet was put on Dollie, or, rather, Dollie was laid into it, for she just fitted into the crown and stared up at the fleecy clouds with blue glass eyes. A rather worn-out old Dollie, but infinitely precious. Having committed one act beyond her moral code, Killie proceeded to another. Taking a string in each hand, she gently drew the bonnet along, not noticing, in her delight at Dollie's evident pleasure, how near the edge of the cliff she had come. She discovered just in time, and, somewhat frightened, staggered back a pace, but, before she had time to recover and snatch Dollie from the brink, her old enemy, the retriever, darted past her, scattering with one stroke of his paw Dollie and bonnet over the edge.

Killie screamed and ran forward. Elinor looked up with a start, and her heart stood still as she saw Killie—little Killie—disappear over the cliff. She rushed to the edge, too terror-stricken to utter a cry. But an arm thrust her aside, and Basil Crediton sprang in after the child.

Killie rose far out from where she had fallen. In a few strokes he was at her side, and had grasped her in his arms; then, turning, he made for the low-lying beach at the foot of the cliff.

Elinor ran down the slope of the rocks to meet him.

On his way the bonnet, cause of all this havoc, floated across him; mechanically Crediton seized it, and in a moment more he touched ground and waded in.

"Quick!" he cried, without a word of greeting; "Mrs. Oliver's, isn't it? Follow me!"

"Yes, yes," cried Elinor.

Whereupon the dwellers in the one or two side-streets which led from the beach to Mrs. Oliver's had the excitement of seeing their new rector rush dripping through the streets, bearing an unconscious child in his arms, followed in the middle distance by a streaming dog bearing a draggled doll in his mouth—for Bruce had vindicated his character and followed his master's example—while in the background hurried Elinor Revelstoke, breathless at thought of her own carelessness; sweet, naughty little Killie, she had forgotten her for those few fatal minutes.

But Mrs. Oliver knew well what to do. In a very little time Kilmeny was sitting up—crying and sobbing indeed, but that was only fright, and the sight of the dear, dripping doll dried many tears.

Then Mrs. Oliver respectfully reminded the rector that he should go home and change his wet clothes. He laughed, and for the first time his eyes and Elinor Revelstoke's met with remembrance of each other.

"I didn't know you were here until to-day, Miss Revelstoke."

"We came only two days ago," she replied.

His glance fell on her mourning dress, and he guessed some things in a flash; but he clung to the commonplace.

"I hope you like Buryport."

"Very much."

Mrs. Oliver's respect gave way to a motherly impatience.

"Now do send 'im 'ome, miss," she entreated in a large whisper.

Basil and Elinor smiled constrainedly.

"May I come and call?" he asked as he held out his hand.

"I shall—be glad," she answered, but she did not look at him.

Basil had forgotten the younger in the elder sister. As he turned to leave, a small voice said:

"Mr. Man, 'oo may kiss me now. My face's quite dwy."

And with a laugh the Rector of Buryport took his privilege.

To put Kilmeny to bed after a good warm bath was at once the decision of the two women. To which Kilmeny gave a tardy consent, provided Dollie had a bath too.

When it came to prayer-time, Elinor, much moved herself, reminded her little sister of the danger she had passed through, and how thankful she should be that she had been spared.

"You might have been drowned, you know, darling. Thank God you were not!"

So spoke twenty; but four-years-old sees things in an inverse ratio.

Killie, folding her hands again, shut her eyes tight:

"Pese tank God my *noo bonnet* wasn't drownded an' Dollie an' me."

As the dusk fell, Elinor sat by the fire in her little sitting room. Mrs. Oliver had insisted on the fire. The evening was chilly, and "when a body 'as seen another body a-drownin' of 'erself, it do make a body cold like, that it do. And won't Miss Revelstoke be so good as to poke up the fire a bit, now 'n' agen?"

Left alone, Elinor did as she was bid.

Basil. The name meant a king; yet one could not call him kingly. Tall and fairly good-looking, with honest brown eyes—that was all.

A little red coal fell out and had to be put back.

A little bit shy and constrained with her at times, especially towards the end of her stay, when he had grown so unaccountably distant in manner.

That coal was in the wrong place and must be moved.

Simple-minded, but very decided. Well, it was pleasant, on the whole, to meet again. It would be something to look back to with interest when again at work—

Jemima's head appeared inside the door: "Please, Miss Revelstoke, Mr. Crediton as wants to see you, miss."

And hard on Jemima's heels he followed.

"It is a very wrong time to call, I know. Please forgive my doing so. But I found this book of yours on the cliff. I suppose you dropped it. And I wanted to inquire for Killie, and—and I wanted—"

Jemima slowly closed the door.

"Oh, thank you! Won't you sit down? You—you wanted something?"

"Yes."

But he had lost courage. On the way from the Rectory he had composed some very well-balanced and persuasive sentences. Now he dared not utter them to this slender, keen-eyed girl.

After a moment's waiting, Elinor broke the silence.

"I have never thanked you, Mr. Crediton. If you had not been there—"

"Why, it was all my fault," he interrupted eagerly. "That wretched Bruce! He is so young and thoughtless."

"But you saved her. And she is all I have now!"

"Ah! I did not know. I had not heard—"

The honest eyes were full of sympathy. He drew his chair a little nearer.

And somehow, in a few minutes, Elinor found herself telling him all the story of her troubles. From these they turned back to that happy summer, till it came to Elinor that this was perhaps dangerous ground. She had almost forgotten the fire. It surely needed mending now. With an abrupt little gesture she rose and approached the fireplace.

"Let me do it," he said, and took the poker from her hand. Unaccountably, or perhaps because of the deepening dusk, his courage returned.

"Elinor!"

She looked up.

"Oh! you have always known it, have you not? And I have always loved you."

But a dark suspicion entered Elinor's mind. Pity?

"No, I have not known."

"In Fairleigh? Surely you knew? At least, I hoped and feared."

The girl looked straight at him.

"Did you care for me in Fairleigh?"

"Always—of course."

"Why did you not tell me?"

This was rather unprecedented. Her look was clear and unembarrassed.

"I was poor then, and you were rich, and I—how could I? But now—"

"You were ungenerous," broke in the girl's low voice.

"Yes, perhaps, but now—I am not rich, indeed, now; yet if you will accept it, I can offer you a home, if—"

"But I am poor now," she interrupted again, a flush on her cheek.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and *therefore* I ask of you, be generous, Elinor Revelstoke!"

She put her arms on the mantelpiece and hid her face on them. His eyes were insistent; and she wanted to think.

"If you don't care for me," he went on somewhat sadly—"as why should

impulsively, "I did not mean—Don't look like that!"

He pushed back his hair and looked round in an aimless kind of way for his hat.

"It doesn't matter," he replied, trying to smile. "Of course, I know you never could care for me."

In a moment riches and poverty and



"But I am poor now," she interrupted.

you?—will you not think of little Killie? I think I could give her a better life and—buttercups."

It is to be presumed he did not measure his words on this occasion.

Elinor could not forbear a little hysterical laugh.

"Don't!" she said; "you are absurd—"

At this there was silence, till Elinor suddenly raised her head.

His face had grown set, and even whiter. He was not looking at her.

"Oh! have I hurt you?" she cried

all but one thing fled out of Elinor's mind.

"But—but I do care——" she began.

"Elinor!"

Nor had she ever time to finish.

Upstairs, a small and weary little person slept a sound and dreamless sleep, clasping in her arms an ancient doll, rather the worse for wear.

On the table lay a wet white bonnet, bedraggled and shorn of its first beauty. Yet to three people that ever remained the dearest of bonnets.



A NEW HYMN TUNE.

Words by R. MANT.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus. (Lond.).
(Minor Canon of Canterbury.)

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat-ed, Che - ru - bim and Se - ra - phim Filled His tem - ple

and re - peat-ed Each to each th' al - ter-nate hymn: "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the Hea-ven,

Earth is with its ful-ness stored; Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord!"

2. Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry.
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high.
Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven.
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

3. With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

SCRIPTURE Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

MARCH 18TH.—**Jesus at St. Matthew's House.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark ii. 13-22.*



- POINTS.** 1. Christ's call to each individually—"Follow Me." 2. The subjects of Christ's call—sinners who feel the need of a Saviour. 3. The blessings of those who obey Christ's call—pardon for the past, joy in the present, glory in the future.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Just as I am. A celebrated artist, wishing to paint a picture of the Prodigal Son, found

great difficulty in finding a man degraded enough in his appearance to sit as a model. At last he found a man looking terribly depraved and wretched. He told him to come the next day to his studio. The man kept the appointment; but, to the artist's great surprise and annoyance, he had left off his rags and borrowed better clothes. "Did I not tell you to come just as you were?" asked the artist. "You can go away again. I can't accept you as you are." So with coming to Christ. Do not try to make yourself more decent before you come to Him, but come just as you are.

Lost and Found. During the great Exhibition at Columbia, the late Mr. Moody was preaching to a large crowd from the text: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." After he had finished, a little boy with a bright face was brought to the platform, he having been lost in the crowd. Mr. Moody took the little fellow in his arms, and asked the people to look. "This

boy," he said, "has a father who is, no doubt, looking for him with an anxious heart. The father is more anxious to find the boy than the boy is to be found." Just then a man elbowed his way to the platform. As he came near, the little fellow caught sight of his father, and ran across the platform with joy. The incident, simple in itself, was witnessed with breathless attention, and the crowd broke out into a great cheer. "Thus," said Mr. Moody, "God will receive you, if you will only come to Him."

Joy in the Lord. "Oh, I feel so happy," said a woman to her minister the other day. "What makes you feel so?" he asked. "Because," she said, "I feel Jesus is with me. I need fear no evil now, for His rod and His staff they comfort me."

MARCH 25TH.—**The Beatitudes.**

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew iv. 25-v. 12.*

POINTS. A Christian's Character. 1. *In himself*—lowly in spirit, mourning for sin, hungering after righteousness.

2. *Towards others*—merciful, pure in heart and conduct, peace-making.

3. *Towards God*—ready to be persecuted and reviled, and glad to suffer for His religion.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Example of Humility. A farmer went with his son into the wheatfield to see if it were ready for the harvest. "See, father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, cannot be good for much." The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said, "See here, my child. That stalk that stood so straight is light-headed, and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of most beautiful grain."

Example of Forgiveness. John the Almoner, Patriarch of Alexandria, having complained to the governor of that city, because he had made a tax which pressed hardly on the poor, was violently

abused by him for his pains. But, as evening drew on, he wrote on a scroll the words "The sun is setting," and sent it to the governor. The governor remembered the words of St. Paul—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath"—and quickly came to the Patriarch, and was reconciled.

Example of Endurance for Christ's Sake. A little child, the son of one of the martyrs of Japan, saw the executioner chop off his brother's fingers, joint by joint. "Oh, my brother!" he exclaimed, "how beautiful your hand looks, cut off for the sake of Jesus Christ! How I long for my own turn to come!" His own turn soon came, and, without a tear, he endured the same protracted torture, and then, silently, and without any resistance, suffered himself to be cast into the sea. These boys, like the Apostles, rejoiced at being counted worthy to suffer for their Master, Jesus Christ.

APRIL 1ST—Precepts and Promises.

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew vii. 1-11.*

POINTS. 1. Negative precepts. Not to give rash judgments, nor to correct others' faults till we have checked our own greater ones.

2. Positive precepts. Pray earnestly, observe the golden rule of love, walk in the narrow road to heaven.

3. Promises. Fulness of God's gifts. Eternal life to those who endure.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Kind Judgments: a Persian Fable.**

Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a city, and sent His disciples to buy food, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets. He saw some people gathered together, and drew near to see the cause. It was a dead dog—a vile and unclean thing. One man stopped his nose, saying, "This foul thing pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this wretched beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," cried a third, "and his ears all draggled and bleeding." Jesus heard them, and, looking with pity at the dead animal, said, "His teeth are as white as pearls." Then the people turned with wonder and said, "Who is this?" and one answered, "It must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to approve in a dead dog." And being ashamed, they bowed their heads and went each on his way.

The Power of Prayer. There was an awful storm on the east coast of England. A ship was in dire peril a mile from shore. The lifeboat was launched, but the task of rescue seemed hopeless. At last the coxswain said, "Boys, shall we turn back? It is almost certain death to go on. The ship must have sunk and all hands perished." But one of the men said, "As I ran to the cliff I saw two ladies behind a hedge, praying. I am a wild chap, but I do believe God hears prayer; we shall save some lives." Then on the gallant lifeboat forced its way through the dangerous breakers. The ship had gone down, and no sign of the crew was to be seen. The lifeboat drifted four miles. The sailors picked up one man after another till eight were saved. The shipwrecked mariners afterwards often told the tale how the

ladies' prayer was heard and the little crew of the foundered vessel were all snatched from the very jaws of death.

God's Promises. It is but little we can receive here—a few drops of joy that enter into us; but in heaven we shall enter the fulness of joy, like a vessel launched on a sea of happiness.

APRIL 8TH (PALM SUNDAY).—Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

Passage for reading—*St. Matthew xxi. 1-16.*

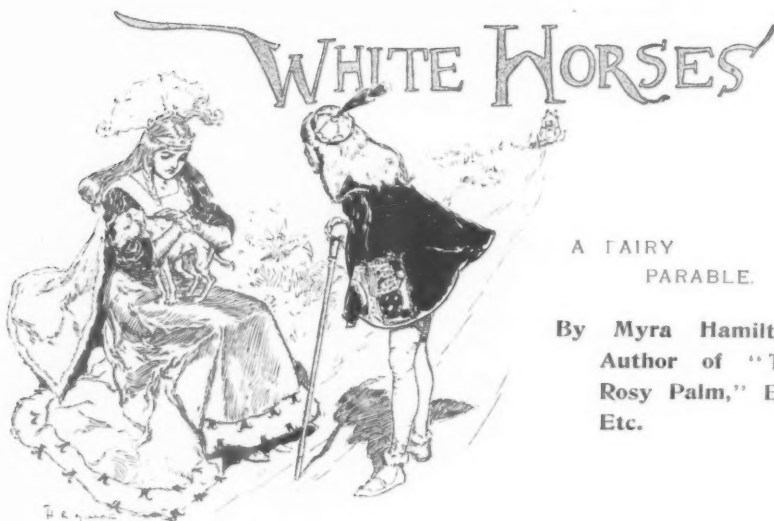
POINTS. 1. Events. Christ welcomed—Scripture fulfilled—enemies scorn.

2. The end. Enemies prevail—the Cross borne—but the world saved.

ILLUSTRATIONS. A King Welcomed. I have been reading to-day of the Queen's visit to Bristol and her hearty welcome. The bells of the churches rang merry peals, bands played, flags were waved and addresses read, children sang "God save the Queen," and all the vast crowds joined in shouts of joy. And the same thing has happened over and over again during all the sixty-three years of her happy reign, and will be repeated wherever she goes as long as she is with us. And then I took out my Bible, and read of the welcome given to the King of kings in His own city. There was much the same. There were great crowds, much cheering, palm branches waving, children singing. But there were also chief priests with looks of envy and hatred, and proud Pharisees with cold dislike. Four days after the same crowds were shouting "Crucify Him!" And on the fifth day the same King was crucified outside the same city! Ay, but through the grave and gate of death Jesus hath "opened unto us the gate of everlasting life."

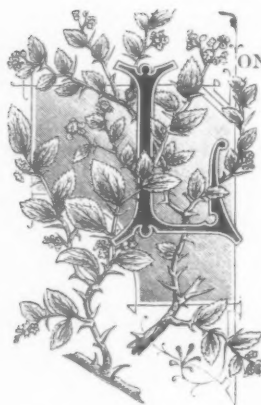
Scripture Fulfilled. "Don't you know, young man," said an aged Christian to a younger brother, "that from every town and village and hamlet in England there is a road that leads to London?" "Yes," was the reply. "So," continued the venerable man, "from every book and chapter and verse in the Bible there is a road to the Metropolis of Scripture—that is, Christ. Whatever passage you read, say, 'Now which is the way to Christ?'"

Christ gave Himself for Us. The Swiss once made a brave stand against their enemies the Austrians. There were many brave men in the Swiss army, and again and again they pressed on, only to be driven back by the much greater numbers of the enemy. For the Austrians, standing shoulder to shoulder, spread out their spears before them, so as to make, as it were, a steel fence which none could penetrate. Now, among the Swiss was one who, seeing this, cried out, "Take care of my wife and children; I will break their ranks." He threw away his armour, rushed in upon the enemy, took as many spears as he could in his breast, his arms, and his body, and so fell down dead at the very moment that he broke through the fence. The others rushed in after him, and the enemy was put to flight. Even so the Lord Jesus Christ "loved me, and gave Himself for me." "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."



A FAIRY
PARABLE.

By Myra Hamilton,
Author of "The
Rosy Palm," Etc.
Etc.



LONG ago in a distant land there dwelt a widowed King with his two daughters, who had been christened Mayde and Kuko. Now, the beauty of Mayde was so great that her charms were celebrated for miles around, and several desired to wed her; but although this pretty damsel had many lovers, there was nobody she cared for or wished to marry. She hardly seemed to realise how beautiful she was, for her thoughts were always full of doing good to those less fortunate than herself, and her own happiness was constantly sacrificed for the benefit of others. But Kuko was very different. Although she was Mayde's sister, she was exceedingly plain, though never for an instant would she admit it. When the two Princesses appeared together at a State reception or some equally important function, Kuko always insisted upon entering the room first and exacting as much admiration as she possibly could; for, being of royal birth, there were

many people about the Court who, for their own advantage, were only too ready to flatter the daughter of a King.

One day, when Mayde and Kuko were driving along the road to attend a garden party given by a rich Duke who was in love with Mayde, the carriage pulled up with a jerk, and at the same time the coachman angrily shouted at something in the road and lashed out with his whip. Instantly Mayde started up.

"Oh! what is it—what is the matter?" she cried. "Has anything happened?"

A servant hastened to the side of the carriage to assure them of their safety.

"It is only a half-starved dog lying in the middle of the road," he explained. "The coachman did not like to drive over it, and now he is trying to make it move."

Kuko frowned angrily. "What an unnecessary delay!" she declared; "and in this sun, too! It is so bad for our complexions."

But she received no answer to her grumbles, for Mayde had already slipped out of the carriage, and, heedless of her finery, was kneeling in the road, trying to coax the unhappy animal to get up.

"Poor doggie!" she said lovingly. "Do not be afraid. You are quite safe with me, and none shall hurt you." And as her little hands felt the sharp bones that were almost poking through his skin, her heart was filled with pity, and hot tears of sympathy buried themselves in the dust.

"Come back immediately!" shrieked Kuko,

furious at her sister's behaviour, and anxious to proceed to her destination. "Leave that silly creature alone, and remember your rank. What would people say, if they saw a real Princess kneeling in the road by the side of an unknown cur?"

Princess Mayde tossed her head, and faced her sister fearlessly. "They may say what they like," she responded. "None of my friends would despise me for being kind to dumb animals, and I don't care a bit what the others think. However, I need delay you no longer, for I do not intend to go on to this party. I shall remain here until the carriage comes back, and then it shall convey this poor dog to the Palace. Rudolph shall stay to protect me. Adieu, sister, adieu!"

For many years after, the page used to tell how he and his young mistress sat by the roadside waiting for the carriage to return, and how the Princess wept over the dog's terrible condition as she examined it and saw the scars on its thin body, and then he would go on to describe how she, with her own hands, gently lifted the animal into the carriage and tried to soothe its fears as they drove it home.

After a few days' careful nursing, the dog began to repay Mayde for the attention she had lavished upon it, and he quickly learnt to follow her everywhere and be her constant companion. The Princess, who had a very studious disposition, used to spend many hours reading in her own room, and thither Waif, as she called him, always came. For hours he would sit gazing into her face, or, with his head resting in her lap, he would remain perfectly still while her soft hand gently patted him; but the entrance of Kuko was sufficient to upset the peace. Waif, with his teeth showing and his tail tucked between his legs, would slink away with an angry snarl, while the ugly Princess never failed to throw a book at his retreating form, or sometimes even her slipper, for they mutually disliked each other, and did not seem able to agree.

But one day Mayde felt so unhappy that she stole into the woods, hoping there to get away from the troubles that beset her within the Palace walls. Her father and sister were both anxious that she should wed one who had lately proposed for her hand, but this Mayde was not willing to do. So after a stormy interview she had made her escape, hoping, in the silence of the forest, to find peace for her weary spirit. Behind her trotted the dog, and when his mistress seated herself on a fallen tree, he laid down at her feet. But the Princess's thoughts were far away. Her eyes wandered over the sea, and then to a tiny church that stood on the edge

of a distant island. The drowned bodies of the fishermen were always buried in that churchyard close to the water, or, if that were not possible, a little stone used to be erected to their memory. Mayde had often spent many hours thinking about them, but never before to-day had she so longed to lie in their midst and be at rest. With a deep sigh she laid her hand on the dog's head, and looked into his loving eyes. "Ah, Waif dear! if only you could help me as I helped you once," she said wistfully, "how delightful it would be!"

And then, to her surprise, the dog placed his paw in her lap, and, after looking carefully around, began to speak.

"I can help you, my dear mistress, if you will only let me do so," he replied. "Your troubles shall speedily grow less, if you will do as I bid you. When you return to the Palace, tell the King that you are engaged to another, and therefore cannot wed the Prince whom he has selected for your husband."

"But they will demand to know his name," objected the Princess, feeling most bewildered at this suggestion.

"Then tell them you have promised to wed me," responded the dog proudly. "I would make you very happy, and be so good to you, Princess."

But Mayde shook her head, with a smile, and then, so as not to appear unkind or proud, she said: "I could not be your wife, Waif dear, for you could not afford to keep me. You have no money or possessions of any sort."

But Waif jumped to his feet and wagged his tail. "Don't let that bother you," he said gaily, "for I am very rich. Follow me, and I will astonish you."

So the Princess hurried after the dog, as he led her into the thickest part of the wood, and noted how carefully he held aside the brambles so they should not tear her beautiful dress while she passed.

Soon he stopped just outside the entrance to a cave. "Bend your head, and follow me," he ordered, and the girl accordingly did so.

When she was able to look around, she was astonished to find the place full of different kinds of bones, pieces of sugar, cake, and biscuits.

"Why, Waif, what are these?" exclaimed Mayde, bending down to examine them more closely.

"They are the best things I have owned during my life," responded the dog sadly. "It is not much to offer you, but it is everything I possess now. Since you rescued me from starving I loved you, and I determined to save up all the nicest tit-bits I could, in case you would ever marry me.

When your dear hand offered me these good things to eat, I used to run and hide them here, knowing full well that some day the time would come when I could lay them again at your feet. These are all my treasures, and I have kept them for you. I would they were a hundred times greater, for still they should be yours."

And the Princess understood what he meant, and, throwing her arms about his neck, she kissed him tenderly.

"Dear Waif," she cried, rubbing her head on his soft fur, "your generosity has filled my heart with love, and I will really promise to be your wife. I have always been fond of you, and, now I see how good and unselfish you are, I know I shall be happy. I will polish your collar and brush your coat daily, and we will live in this nice little cave, and be happy for ever."

But when the King heard of this plan he was furious, and declared he would never give his consent. At first he thought of having Waif destroyed, but, knowing he could speak, he would not do this, for he realised he was not an ordinary dog, and therefore he did not like to take his life. But he gave orders, nevertheless, that the Princess's pet should be made to work, and accordingly the poor animal was harnessed to a cart, and made to drag it about the grounds after the gardener. It used to make the heart of his mistress ache when she saw her favourite coming in from his day's work, panting and exhausted, but she was not allowed to speak with him, so she could only smile consolingly into his big brown eyes, and then, feeling her pain was greater than she could bear, pass hurriedly by. But one day, when the gardener was urging the dog to make further efforts to drag the heavy cart, Mayde went to her father and implored him to change his mind. "For I will not marry anybody else," she declared, "and nothing shall alter my decision."

Now the King could be as determined as his daughter, but he was also wily and cunning, and he thought to earn peace for himself by making the following suggestion:

"If you can discover a white horse to take you to church," he said, "then I will raise no further objections."

But the Princess fell back aghast.

"Father, you are cruel!" she said. "You know well enough there is not one white horse in this kingdom, so how can I find one? But I will try. I will search the land, and, if I do succeed in my quest, nothing shall prevent my marriage."

But though the Princess hunted far and near, and sent messengers in every direction, not one trace could she discover of a white steed, nor even hear of anybody else seeing one, and the anxiety made her so thin and

pale that the King felt worried for her health, and wished sincerely she would give up her silly idea and marry somebody else.

One afternoon, when the royal party were sitting in the garden watching a storm rising over the sea, the gardener came along with his usual tool-cart, which was being drawn by the poor dog. The Princess shuddered as she heard them approach, and when she listened to the crack of the whip she felt as though her own shoulders were receiving the cuts, and so greatly did she suffer that she hardly knew how to sit still and be silent.

Wishing to torment her still more, Kuko, who was always most unkind and spiteful, stretched out her hand and gave Mayde a piece of cake.

"Wouldn't you like to feed your pet?" she said mockingly. "It is such a long time since he has had anything nice to eat that he looks quite hungry and worn."

The poor dog was standing patiently in the shafts of the cart, waiting for the gardener to tell him to move on and wondering whether he would have strength to drag the load home, when he heard light footsteps advancing. He was almost too weary and ill to notice who it was, but he raised his head listlessly and pricked up his ears, and when he saw that it was Mayde who drew near, his tail began to wag furiously.

Heedless of the jeers of the King, the girl sank on the ground, and, throwing her arms around the dog's neck, she fondly embraced him, and while she fed him with the cake she told him all that had happened, not forgetting to mention the King's remark concerning the white horse. Waif peered anxiously around; the sky was becoming dark and threatening, and, as the angry waves beat upon the shore, the dog observed them curiously.

"See, see!" he cried. "Look at the white horses on the sea! We are saved, if only you will be brave. Release me from my harness, and when I am free we will tear down to the sea, throw ourselves into the water, and leap on to the crest of the white horses and be borne over to yonder island, where dwells a priest, who will be ready to marry us. But have you courage?"

And Mayde, as she swiftly undid the straps and buckles, whispered in Waif's ear that her heart could not fail her, and if they were drowned they would die together, and even that were preferable to living as they were obliged to do now. So all of a sudden, his Majesty saw his daughter running towards the sea, with her faithful companion bounding by her side, and, though everybody rose to give chase, they were too late to catch them. Without a tremor Mayde hurled herself into the water, and, strangely enough, she did not sink. Invisible hands pulled her on to the

white horses, and with the dog swimming by her side they speedily pranced towards the island where the church was situated. Mad with despair, the King stood at the water's edge and watched his disobedient child disappear through the porch, and after an anxious pause he saw the door open once more.

"They are married!" he gasped. "Woe is me!"

But Kuko plucked at his sleeve. "See, father!" she cried. "It is no dog that accompanies her now, but a wondrous fine Prince. What can have happened?"

While they looked, a beautifully made yacht

to be kind to any stray animal that comes your way; for you never can tell who they really are, nor how much they have been called upon to endure. I know you love your daughter dearly, and meant to do the best for her, and, as a proof that we bear you no grudge, in yonder wood you will find a cave full of bones, bits of sugar, and such like things. These we will give to you, and the moment you take possession of them they will turn into gold and silver, and represent sufficient wealth to serve you all your life. And now, sweetheart, we must go," he said teasingly; "unless you would prefer to remain here without me."



They speedily pranced towards the island.

appeared close to the island, and the Prince conducted his blushing bride to it, and in a few minutes they once more stood before the King, who was, however, speechless with astonishment, and could do nothing but hold up his hands in amazement.

"I have brought your daughter to say farewell to you, your Majesty," said the young man, "as I intend to take her to my own Palace, where she will be happy for ever. I forgive you your cruel treatment of me, for you did not know what spell bound me to that shape, and in the midst of my misery Mayde taught me what real love was; but had she not consented, in ignorance of my position, to be my wife, I should have remained an unhappy dog for ever. Knowing how much I suffered, I pray you, for the future,

But Mayde, after a hurried farewell to her father, stepped into the vessel with her husband, and together they sailed away. The King watched them until they were quite out of sight, and though he knew he would miss his child greatly he could not help rejoicing that she was so happy.

But ever afterwards, in accordance with the Prince's wishes, he insisted that all lost and starving animals should find a home in his Palace, and it was his greatest pleasure to walk round the stables and see how greatly they had improved with care and good feeding, and when they jumped to his side and gratefully licked his hand he felt he had been more than amply rewarded for his kindness, and knew that his daughter would be pleased if she could have seen them also.

MY BIBLE CLASSES.

By Lina Orman Cooper,
Author of "Our Home
Rulers," Etc.



AFTER a good many years as a clergyman's wife, my experience of Bible classes has been varied and extensive.

In this paper, however, I do not propose to deal with the Bible class proper. Everyone knows that the young

ladies' class must manage itself more or less; that each member must choose a subject for discussion by turns; that it must be held in each house by rote; and that the hostess for the time being must preside.

The young men's class, too, with its metaphysics and abstruse points of doctrine, is beyond me. I will confine myself to the two Bible classes I find the most interesting, and in the conducting of which I have been the most successful.

The first deals with a portion of society which is by no means the most intellectual, nor the most learned; yet the members of which are nearest the Kingdom of Heaven. I mean the infants' class.

Now, babies in a schoolroom are sadly out of place. How often have I seen the dear Rector worried beyond measure at the giggles or whimpers that alternately proceeded from the corner sacred to their use!

"It is impossible to preserve discipline when infants have to be taught in the adult schoolroom," he used to say, and I entirely agreed with him. For this reason our babies, afterwards, always marched into an ante-

room after prayers. This was my initial *sine quâ non* in dealing with them.

"Music hath charms," I thought, "to soothe the infant breast." So I asked the most musical member in our house to undertake their education. She consented half-unwillingly; for it seems a prevalent idea that juniors in any school are the easiest to teach. Accordingly, on the first and only Sunday of musical rule, my poor babies were treated to an unlimited course of sol-fa!

For the first half-hour happiness prevailed. At the end of that time sundry hoarse croaks evidenced the fact that the larynx in infancy is far from strong! These were followed by a burst of tears from Tommy Brown, whose vocal chords could not stand the strain of sixty minutes' undiluted harmony.

An artistic daughter from the Rectory next undertook the *infra dig.* task of amusing those infants who were sent to Sunday school to be out of the way of over-tired mothers.

Rosamond had a vast store of pictures illustrative of Bible scenes. Surely to instruct through the eye was an ideal method of procedure? I glanced into the lobby-room as I passed by, and was delighted to see a row of sturdy little toes protruding from the depths of a Chesterfield sofa, whilst owners thereof gazed spellbound at gaudy Rebeccas and haughty Nebuchadnezzars! But, alas! infant attention is not of a good wearing material. Jimmy Jones *would* get before Samuel John James. Susan's head *would* eclipse Angelina's view, and—that artistic attempt ended in failure.

"It needs common-sense to deal with babies," I said, when hunting up a teacher for such the next week. At the same time, I looked meaningly at the practical member of our little family. She took the hint.

"I am not much good at anything but knitting booties," she said with humility. "But at least I ought to be able to manage infants." Which pride in my humble little friend was to meet with a fall.

The Sunday following Muriel's acceptance of a most difficult task turned out a pouring wet one. All the infants arrived in a steaming state of moisture. By the time their practical teacher had unloosed boots for drying purposes, had managed to reduce a fracture in Tommy Joice's sticky umbrella, and had distributed sundry lozenges to prevent subsequent coughs (N.B. there were not enough to go round!), all discipline was at an end. Our babies were still a derelict class.

The next day beheld the Rector's wife intruding into the young ladies' class. She was in search of a learned teacher for those blessed babes! I found her, though her selection roused a chorus of protestation.

"What! take an M.B. of Edinburgh University to teach infants? It seemed such a waste of material!"

I was obdurate. As a mother I knew that this "common" task would take all the powers of a well-trained intellect to grapple with it—successfully, of course, I mean. I know that any young person from any form in a day or Sunday school is generally considered competent to undertake the babies. This is such a mistake! I want to point out that it needs infinite genius to deal with childhood scientifically. "The 'why' of a child is the key of philosophy." Only a mathematician, a logician, a linguist, can answer it properly!

Our babies have never been any trouble since Miss Vaughan, M.B., B.A., etc., etc., took them in hand. Mathematics tell her how best to apportion time to suit restlessness. Logic steps in to aid in laying Biblical details before unformed intelligences. A smattering of Greek and Hebrew gives a variety of interpretations to the simplest text; whilst vivid imagination (without which all her "ologies" would fail to rivet the attention of parochial babies) clothes the Gospel narrative in new and delightful colours. To sum up, I find that variety is chiefly needed in dealing with the young. Treading on its heels are method, music, art, and sanctified imagination. Without these qualities one can but fail if one undertakes even an infant class.

The second Bible class I want to tell about is a mixed one. Both boys and girls, rich and poor, young and old, cultivated and uncultivated, all belong to it. This class, though meant to promote Bible study, is generally held on a weekday. Thus, purely secular subjects are said to intrude into it somewhat. Yet these subjects may be spiritually treated, and we want to turn out Bible *students*. This class, like the young ladies' one I mentioned before, choose their own subjects. They must, however,

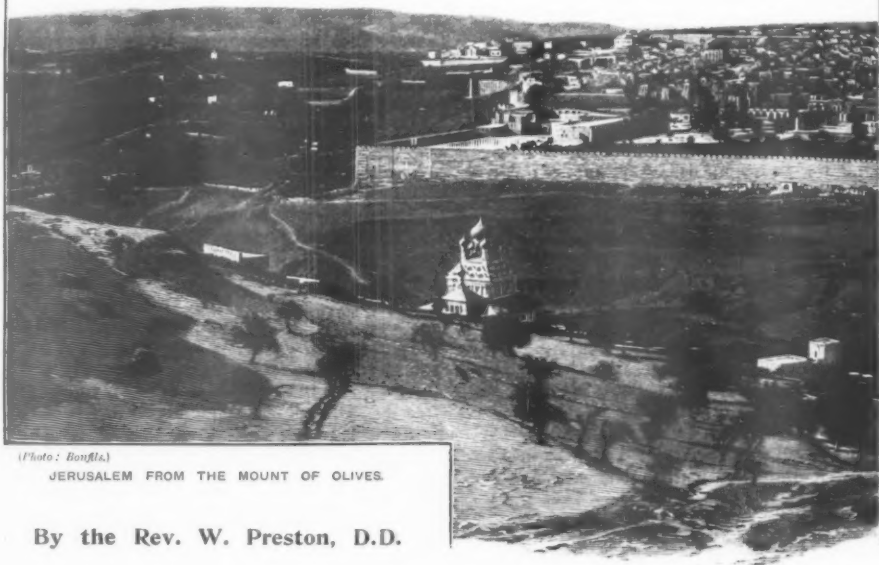
follow in the course of a well-prepared calendar. We take some object mentioned in Scripture, look up everything said about it, and, if possible, produce a specimen of it in class. For instance, say "Food" is our starting point. I promise the members of the Scripture Union that we will hold a Bible feast on a certain day. They may bring anything mentioned as food in the Bible. The feast will be spread on a table, and (here comes in uncommon delight) everything brought will be eaten.

Four weeks pass before our Union Class meets again. During those four weeks God's Word is searched from cover to cover. The best Bible student amongst them never knew how much is said by our Heavenly Father about eating! They find they can bring cracknel biscuits to the Bible feast, because the wife of Jeroboam took such to Ahijah the prophet (1 Kings xiv. 3). Slabs of butter and little pots of honey can come, too. Cold broth, if we are sufficiently hungry. Loaves of bread. Roasted ears of wheat, or even that delight of childhood, cobs of "popped" corn, are allowable. Grapes; a cruse of water; chupatties, such as Sarah baked for her angelic visitors. And so on through all the gamut of sweet, bitter, and savoury things mentioned in Scripture.

These object lessons, of course, can be infinitely varied. Prizes may be offered for the best collection of texts illustrative of a given thing; or a Character Class can occasionally meet. On that day David will bring a catapult and a stone with him. He will give account of his deeds to his fellows. Daniel, too, will probably appear; or, possibly, two Daniels will turn up on the same day. Then the twain, generally, will have different details to tell, and will carry different things. One child, most likely, will talk about the lions' den. Another, older, less conventional, or more deeply read, will show the palms of the hands on which the "astonied" prophet leaned when talking with the mysterious One, or carry a mess of lentils as fasting fare. I have known a coat of many colours worn through a crowded street, and a modern Jonah pull up a valued vegetable marrow by its roots to typify a gourd!

In conclusion, I would lay stress on the fact that emotional teaching of the young is to be deprecated, just as precocity of every other kind is to be discouraged. What we want them to get is a thorough knowledge of the text of Scripture; also a firm basis of doctrinal belief. More or less dogmatism is a fine framework for future spiritual development. The sword of the Spirit and the girdle of truth are intimately connected with the breastplate of real righteousness.

PROPHETIC MUSINGS ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



(Photo: Bonfigli.)

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

By the Rev. W. Preston, D.D.

BEFORE Jerusalem," to use Biblical phraseology, or to the east of it, uprises the Mount of Olives. It is a striking object. It is visible from almost every quarter of the city. Viewed from the roof of our residence outside the Jaffa Gate, it seemed close at hand, and to rise immediately from the Temple area on Mount Moriah. The near effect is produced by the transparency of the atmosphere. The deep Valley of Jehoshaphat, however, separates it from the enclosed city. This mount consists of three graceful and sweeping ridges. The central one is the most elevated. From its summit an expansive and impressive view is obtained.

THE VIEW.

At early morn, when the golden orb of day is beginning to ascend from behind the lofty guardian mountains of Moab, and to gladden all Nature with his radiant beams, the sight is fascinating and mag-

nificent. Away to the south we see the country stretching towards Hebron. Its hills are visible. To the east glimpses of the solemn Dead Sea with the winding course of the sacred Jordan and its refreshing contiguous verdure are obtained. In front of us, to the west, stands out in bold relief—Jerusalem; once "the joy of the whole earth," destined to again assert its superiority, and to be the privileged "mistress of the world." Though now sunk and degraded, it will rise to more than pristine glory. On the eve of this, her restoration, Olivet, now so stationary and settled, will be moved to its very base. Of this more anon. Such is the view which, if once seen, can never be obliterated from the memory. For those who are of a more aspiring turn of mind, a still more elevated and extended survey can be enjoyed. This can be secured by the labour of mounting the three hundred odd steps which belong to the very lofty

campanile attached to the Greek Church. This crowns the highest point. It covers the assumed spot whence the Saviour ascended to heaven to "prepare a place" for His people. Having satiated ourselves with what is to be seen, and for the present being unable to ascend higher, we may descend, and yield ourselves to calm contemplation: material abounds to feed the reflecting mind.

CHRIST'S ASSOCIATION WITH OLIVET.

When lately sitting on the slopes of this mountain, with its manifold associations, we remembered that hither, after the labours of the day's teaching, the Master was accustomed to retire for rest and prayer; that here many of His prophecies respecting what would

ment recorded by St. Matthew (chap. xxv.) in which we are destined to play a momentous part; and, in view of its coming certainty, He Who then will be the Judge exhorts all to "watch," even to "watch and pray."

When the Saviour left for the last time that Temple which had stood as an epitome of Jewish history from Solomon's time onwards, He betook Himself to this mountain, where He "sat with His disciples." Much was there to inspire solemn thoughts. His eyes would rest on much that we beheld—tokens of man's sin and of Divine wrath. In that distant, mysterious lake lay the evidence of God's anger against sin. Before Him uprose that chosen city, guilty with having shed His prophets' blood,



(Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.)

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, WITH VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT AND JEWISH TOMBS.

transpire; many of His warnings as to coming troubles; many exhortations to constancy, perseverance, and prayer; many lessons of love, were all delivered. Here He gave the parables of the Ten Virgins and of the Talents. Here, too, He gave that vivid description of the Judg-

and more fearfully guilty in rejecting their own long-promised, Heaven-sent Messiah, and soon (He foretold) to be visited with terrible vengeance. That came to pass; and till the "times of the Gentiles be fulfilled"—that is, "their whole opportunities under the Christian

dispensation"—must the once favoured city be trodden under foot.

THE PREDICTION OF ZECHARIAH.

As we sat on the mountain side and mused in thought, our cogitations turned to the remarkable prophecy of Zechariah (xiv.), which proclaims what is coming. Thus he foretells: "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall

passage is to be taken *literally* is apparent from the reference made to an earthquake in the days of Uzziah (ver. 5), which certainly was a very literal fact. And it is declared that the like alarm which this latter created shall accompany the convulsion which will rend the mountain. The things predicted by the prophet, though very wonderful, are of a perfectly natural character. There is no reason why they should not be accomplished hereafter, seeing they can be compared



MOUNT ZION AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM THE BETHLEHEM ROAD

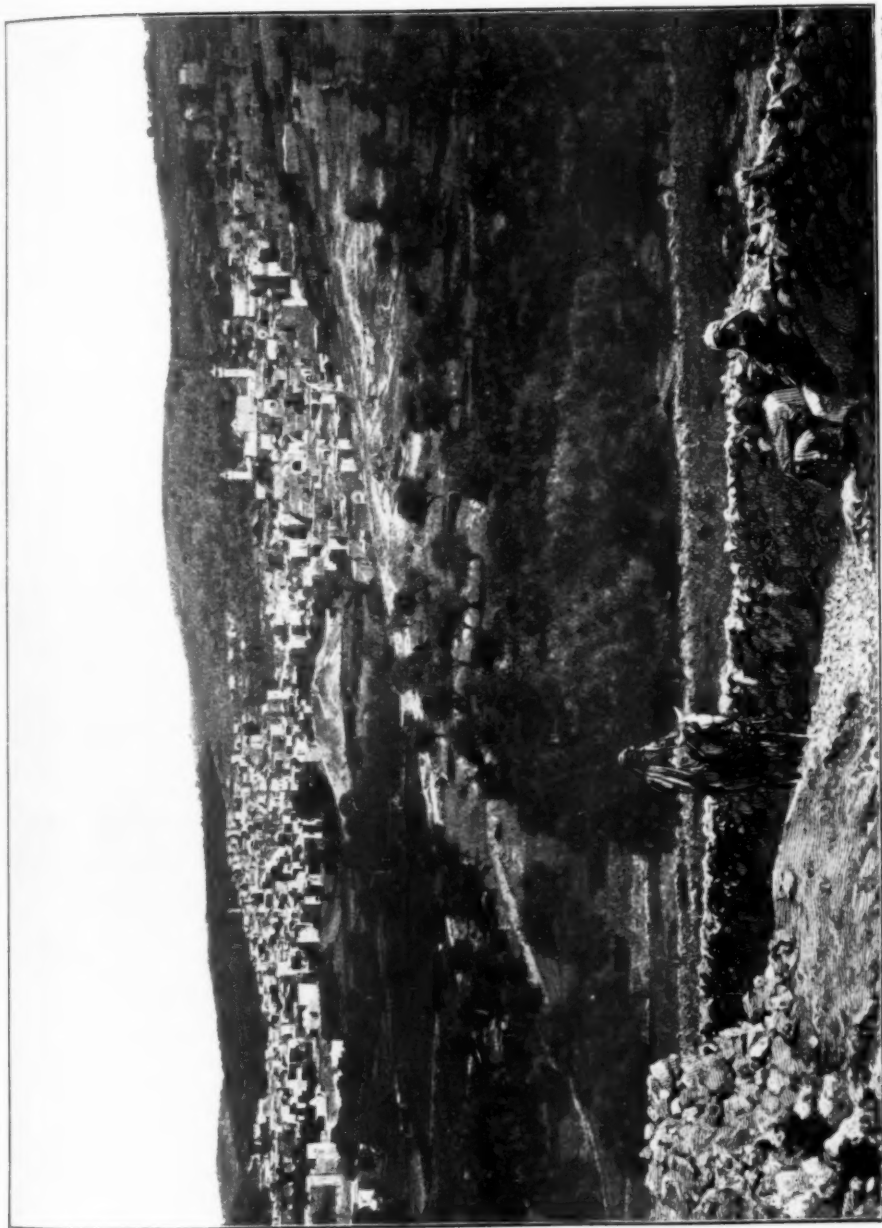
(Photo: Douglas.)

cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south." The curious would like to know the precise time *when* this will transpire. Vain curiosity cannot be gratified. Enough to know it will be, and the context seems to indicate it will be at the Second Advent. What more natural than that He Who ascended from Olivet should make this His first resting place when to earth He comes again? That the

with like phenomena which have occurred in the past. That foretold respecting Olivet has had its counterpart in the past history of this globe. Physical or geological phenomena are visible in all directions. We meet with upheavals and elevations in some quarters; with depressions, dislocations, and subsidences in others.

ANOTHER PREDICTION.

We have not finished with this interesting mountain, that of Olivet. Other predictions refer to it which evidently relate to the same period, viz., the Second



(Photo: Banfill)

GENERAL VIEW OF HEBRON.

Advent of Christ, and His descent to earth. One passage is found in Isaiah lxiv. 1-4. It is rather long to quote here. The other is Micah i. 1-3. It reads: "For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place, and will come down, and tread upon the high places of the earth. And the mountains shall be *molten* under Him, and the valleys shall be *cleft*, as wax before the fire," etc.

The "mountains" alluded to are evidently those "round about Jerusalem," for we are told what is meant by "*the high places of the land*." The prophet asks (v. 5), "And what are the high places of Judah?" He replies: "Are they not Jerusalem?" Again, the expression "*the valleys shall be cleft*" points to the same convulsion predicted by Zechariah; and refers to the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, which lie between the city and the mount. The three passages are thus connected. That of Isaiah contains a prayer for the Second Advent: those of Zechariah and Micah are predictions of it, and of the phenomena which will accompany it. This seems clear. The events will be sublime and awful. Can any picture be formed of what will be? Let us see. Isaiah furnishes the key. He does so in verse three of his sixty-fourth chapter. He refers to what has taken place. He alludes to the descent and presence of Jehovah on Sinai, and to the effects then produced. Allusion is made elsewhere to these—e.g. Judges v. 4, 5: "The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai," etc.; and Ps. xcvii. 4, 5: "The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord," etc. The description of the future is founded on the experience of the past. The things predicted respecting the future are similar to what has transpired in the past. Though Sinai then "melted like wax," it still to-day uplifts its hoary head in lordly grandeur. The expression seems to intimate that the mountain was "melted" by extraneous heat. Its surface was fused. The terrible "lightnings" which accompanied the Divine presence were capable of effecting this. The *Geologist* describes how the electric fluid has the power of "melting substances which have been looked upon as infusible." Well-attested facts of the vitrification of rocks and other substances by lightning have been collected.

The descent of Jehovah on Mount Sinai may be taken as the type of our Lord's coming descent on the Mount of Olives. The accompanying circumstances will be similar. Let us compare the two descents. It will be seen that the great leading features which marked the descent on Sinai are to characterise that on the Mount of Olives.

A COMPARISON.

(1) EARTHQUAKE.

PAST DESCENT ON MOUNT SINAI.	FUTURE DESCENT ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.
"The whole mount quaked greatly" (Ex. xix. 18).	"I will shake . . . the dry land" (Hag. ii. 6; compare Heb. xii. 26).
"The earth trembled" (Judges v. 4).	"The mountains quake at Him" (Nah. i. 5).
"The earth shook" (Ps. lxxviii. 8).	"When He ariseth to shake terribly the earth [land]" (Is. ii. 21).

(2) LIGHTNINGS.

"There were thunders and lightnings" (Ex. xix. 16).	"Our God shall come . . . a fire shall devour before Him" (Ps. l. 3).
"The Lord descended upon it in fire" (ver. 18).	"Behold, the Lord will come with fire" (Is. lxvi. 15).
	"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven . . . in flaming fire," etc. (2 Thess. i. 7, 8).

(3) FLOWING DOWN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"The mountains flowed down at Thy presence" (Is. lxiv. 3).	"Oh . . . that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence" (Is. lxiv. 1).
"The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord" (Ps. xcvii. 5).	"The mountains shall be molten under Him" (Mic. i. 4).
"The mountains melted before the Lord, even that Sinai," etc. (Judges v. 5).	"The hills melt" (Nah. i. 5).

(4) SMOKE.

"Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke" (Ex. xix. 18).	"I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth . . . pillars of smoke" (Joel ii. 30).
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(5) CLOUDS.

"A thick cloud upon the mount" (Ex. xix. 16).	"Behold, He cometh with clouds," etc. (Rev. i. 7).
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(6) SOUND OF TRUMPET.

"And the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled" (Ex. xix. 16).	"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God" (1 Thess. iv. 16).
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From the comparison of these passages we learn that the physical phenomena

which accompanied Jehovah's descent upon Mount Sinai will be associated with the Second Coming of Christ to this earth. It is evidently to this same period symbolical reference is made in Rev. xvi. 17, when the Seventh Angel pours out "his vial into the air," thus indicating the universal prevalence of judgment; and "a great voice" declares "It is done." The long-suffering of mercy is over. Final judgments have come. The accompaniments of Divine Majesty present themselves — "voices, and thunders and lightnings."

Every word predicted will be fulfilled. When the Shechinah, that symbol of the Divine Presence, departed from the Temple, it "went up from the midst of the city, and stood upon the mountain [Olivet], which is on the east of the city" (Ezek. xi. 23). When Christ returns to make Jerusalem the seat of His presence, the Shechinah will return by the way

it went up (Ezek. xliii. 2). When that Saviour ascended from Olivet's summit, angels told His mournful followers He again would come, and would appear at the same locality. And as when He came to give His law on Sinai He did so in majesty and with power, thus will it be when He comes at the end to be "glorified in His saints." Each true believer who is related to Him by a living faith may well triumph in the expectation of His coming. He may look to it without fear; he will be "for ever with the Lord." But how will it be with those who fled not to the "refuge set before them?" Too late they will discover the awful truth that the God of mercy and long-suffering is to all who have neglected and despised Him

"A CONSUMING FIRE."

[The author is alone responsible for the views expressed in this paper.—Ed.]



MOUNT SINAI.

(Photo: Frith and Co., Reigate.)

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A TEMPERANCE PIONEER.

THE death of Canon Henry John Ellison has removed one of the most illustrious workers the temperance cause has ever known. Father Mathew is sometimes termed the Temperance Apostle of Ireland, and Canon Ellison's long years of faithful, persuasive service have certainly earned for him the premier position among the founders of temperance work in the Church of England. Many earnest clergymen and laymen may be named as heartily throwing in their lot with the unpopular cause in the early days of the movement; but no one can be mentioned in the same breath with Ellison, either for the length of days which

to capture their sympathy and influence on behalf of a great moral reform; anything and everything likely to win clerical recruits was tried in turn, and with so much success that to-day there is a duly constituted branch of the Church of England Temperance Society in every diocese at home, and in nearly every diocese abroad; the special work of these diocesan auxiliaries being to organise branches in every parish. This ideal has not, of course, been attained, but the measure of success assured is a conclusive proof that Canon Ellison's far-seeing sagacity had rightly gauged the power of the Church of England to quicken the conscience of the nation as to the deadly peril of the liquor traffic.

A BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

Henry John Ellison was born at Marlow on June 7th, 1813. He was educated at Westminster School, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, with classical and mathematical honours in 1835. He was ordained in 1838 to the curacy of Chelmondiston, Suffolk, and a year later preferred to the vicarage of All Souls', Brighton. In 1845 he became vicar of Edensor, Derbyshire; in 1855, vicar of Windsor; in 1875, rector of Great Haseley, which he resigned in 1894. His official appointments included in their order a chaplaincy to the Duke of Devonshire, a prebendal stall in Lichfield Cathedral, an honorary canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, and an honorary canonry of Canterbury. At Windsor he was appointed Reader at Windsor Castle and a chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. While at Edensor he married the eldest daughter of Sir Joshua Jebb, K.C.B., and had a family of seven children, all of whom survive. Mrs. Ellison died in 1870, and was interred in Windsor Cemetery.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

he was permitted to devote to the work or for the varied ways in which he so conspicuously advanced the Temperance Reformation in this country. In looking back over his life work one cannot but be amazed by the fertility of his plans for educating the clergy. No scheme was left untried in order

EARLY BEGINNINGS OF TEMPERANCE WORK.

What led Canon Ellison to take up total abstinence? He has told us in a published volume of "Sermons and Addresses." In a sermon preached at the Parish Church, Windsor on Sunday evening, January 5th, 1862, Canon Ellison mentioned that on the previous Monday afternoon he had been called to the Infirmary at the moment when there had been carried there, scarcely then dead, the body of a child who had been murdered by her own father. "It was the drink that did it!" was the cry of the bereaved mother, as it was also the excuse of the unhappy father. Taking for his text, 2 Timothy ii. 26,

"That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will," the Canon told the story of Mrs. Wightman's great work at Shrewsbury, with its association of four hundred and fifty men, two hundred women, and four hundred juveniles, pledged abstainers from intoxicating drink; and then reminded his flock that within the last twelve months he had founded at Windsor a Working Men's Association "for bringing the great principles of Christian brotherhood to bear on the question of 'drink'; for the mutual encouragement of those who are escaping from the snare; for seeking out our brothers and sisters who are yet under its influence, and bringing them back with us into the pathway of safety. It is an association for those who have acquired the terrible drunkard's thirst; therefore total abstinence is the condition of membership."

THE BIRTH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Mrs. Wightman's work at Shrewsbury, which we dealt with some months ago, and Canon Ellison's efforts at Windsor ran along side by side for some time before any attempt was made to start the Church of England Temperance Society. The publication of Mrs. Wightman's book, "Haste to the Rescue," was taken advantage of by the National Temperance League, who sent a copy by post to every beneficed clergyman in the country, the cost of this being largely defrayed by Mr. Josias Nottidge. This effort aroused so much attention that in May, 1862, the Church of England Total Abstinence Society was launched. Mr. Robert Rae, the veteran secretary of the National Temperance League, in some interesting reminiscences of the event, says: "I remember being present with Mr. Tweedie, Mr. Smithies, Mr. Selway, and other representatives of the League at the inaugural meeting in the now defunct 'London Coffee House,' Ludgate Hill, when Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, was appointed President, and the Rev. Stopford J. Ram, who had rendered in-

valuable service as a pioneer of the Society, was elected as one of the Honorary Secretaries; but when the organisation was fully launched it was soon found that the function of leadership could not be entrusted to safer hands



(Photo: A. H. Fry, Brighton.)

THE LATE CANON ELLISON.

than to those of the universally esteemed vicar of Windsor."

AFTER TEN YEARS.

A decade of strenuous work on total abstinence lines brought Canon Ellison to the conclusion that a new departure was absolutely necessary if the Society was ever to become the Church in action against our national sin. Accordingly, after much prayer and thought, he proposed and carried through a huge organic change in the constitution of the Society, placing the work upon an entirely new footing. The dual basis of the Society—that is, a union between total abstainers and non-abstainers on perfectly equal terms—was promulgated; and after

much criticism and opposition the scheme was approved, and received the recognition of Convocation. From that time to the present this enlarged basis has remained the distinguishing feature of the Society. An impartial observer is bound to admit that for the purposes of temperance work in and through the Church of England, the dual basis has proved a great educational factor.

VARIED EFFORTS.

In the early days of the work Canon Ellison was a frequent preacher in cathedral pulpits. He preached the first temperance sermon in Chichester Cathedral, when the celebrated Dr. Hook was Dean, and the first temperance sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral, when Dr. Church was Dean. In rural-decanal and diocesan conferences he was constantly reading papers and moving resolutions with the view of helping forward parochial temperance work. At successive Church Congresses his carefully prepared papers invariably compelled thoughtful consideration, and, although he courted discussion, "the sweet reasonableness" of his arguments was more disconcerting to his opponents than any amount of

temperance bodies, and cheerfully recognised the usefulness of their work.

HIS REWARD.

In commenting upon his death, *The Times* observed that, "had he not devoted himself to what was at the time an unpopular agitation, he would have risen to a much higher place in the Church, so far as outward honour is concerned." This is undoubtedly true, but it deserves to be said that no man could have had a warmer or a more abiding place in the affections of those who were privileged to know him than Canon Ellison. When many of our present-day dignitaries are forgotten, his name will still live on; and the more men familiarise themselves with what Canon Ellison proposed to do, and with what he actually lived to see accomplished, the more will they be disposed to honour him for his work's sake.

A LADY WORKER.

The important and unique work of Miss Charlotte M. Gough, which has been going on for nearly twenty years, may be instanced as a conspicuous example of the success which almost invariably attends the efforts of those who are prepared to act upon the apostolic injunction, "This one thing I do." Her mission is to barmaids. She visits them at their work, she invites them to rest and refreshment and recreation in the Morley Rooms, 14, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C., and, in a word, constitutes herself as their friend in ways many and diverse. When one thinks of a barmaid's long hours, of the many temptations, of the arduous life, and of the "pass-by-on-the-other-side" treatment which she not infrequently receives from Christian people, Miss Gough's delicate and tactful work shines out by way of contrast. Not a few instances occur every year of barmaids being helped by Miss Gough to entirely fresh employment. The overtures for a change of avocation must obviously come from the barmaid herself, but, whenever this occurs, Miss Gough leaves no stone unturned to bring about the desired result. The late Duchess of Teck was up to the time of her lamented death the President of Miss Gough's work, and, it need scarcely be said, entered into the matter with the whole-hearted enthusiasm which ever characterised her philanthropic labours. Several of the City Companies have from time to time voted special grants in aid of the finances, but there is, of course, ample need for further support, more particularly in the way of annual subscriptions. Personal visitation is the main feature of Miss Gough's campaign, and she is a welcome visitor in nearly all of the large restaurants and hotels in London, to say nothing of the bars at the principal railway stations.



(Photo: J. Thomson, Gracechurch Street, W.)

MISS GOUGH.

withering invective might have proved. To make friends, to win men over, was his constant aim. The Canon's interest in all phases of temperance work was not the least conspicuous feature of his character. While the Church of England Temperance Society was of necessity ever first in his mind, he maintained the most cordial relations with other



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

OUR CENTURY NATIONAL PRAYER UNION.

IN our last number we published full particulars as to the inception and organisation of this Union, and now thankfully report that the need for such a national movement is being abundantly realised. Enrolment Forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application to the Editor of *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. There is no fee or subscription. Meanwhile, we are able to announce that "*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*," which has been specially compiled for family and individual use for those who desire to avail themselves of such assistance, is now ready, and may be ordered through any bookseller.

New York's Chiming Church Bells.

NEW YORK is a city of church chimes on a Sunday morning. Over twenty of its churches have wonderful and beautiful chimes which are not equalled by the churches of any other American city, and by very few European cities. Probably, too, New York has the only woman chime-ringer in the world. This is Miss Bertha Thomas, who plays the chimes for Grace Church. Each one of the bells of Grace has been given in memory of some deceased person, whose name is cast in the metal. The oldest of the chimes are those of Old Trinity, an Episcopal church loved and revered by all New Yorkers, irrespective of creed. These bells were cast by Mears, in England, in 1788, and are regarded by New Yorkers as very ancient. They have a weight of 15,000 pounds. Mr. Grant Senia, who plays the chimes of St. Andrew's, which are thought to be the sweetest toned of all the chimes, is the finest chimer in the United States, and writes all the music which he uses. His Easter, Christmas, and New Year's chimes are celebrated. The old chimes of the Collegiate Church, on Fifth Avenue, have an interesting history, being the only ones that have been

repeatedly rung on great occasions in times gone by. They were rung on July 9th, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read to George Washington's Army; on July 4th, 1790, on the re-opening of the church after its almost complete destruction by the British during the Revolutionary War, and on the occasions of the funerals of Washington, Lincoln, and General Grant.

Luther's First Introduction to the Cotta Family.

THE incident in the life of Martin Luther chosen by Herr Spangenberg as the subject for the picture on page 305, occurred when Luther was fifteen years of age. In the previous year he had attended the Franciscan school at Magdeburg, and had met with great hardships. The tuition was free, but, in accordance with a custom that prevailed in mediæval Germany, the scholars had to beg their food from the townspeople. In addition to this, the treatment meted out by the teachers was harsh in the extreme, and Luther himself records the fact that he was once flogged fifteen times in one day. In the hope of bettering his condition, his parents transferred him to a school at Eisenach, but he still had to sing for his food in the streets of the town, and it was this circumstance that led to his acquaintance with the Cotta family. One day the hungry little scholar had been singing for some time without attracting any sympathy. He was beginning to lose heart, when a door was opened and a friendly invitation given to him to enter. It came from Madame Ursula Cotta, who had previously noted the boy's sweet voice in the church choir. A place was found for him at the table, and so agreeable was the impression he made upon Conrad Cotta, the head of the household and a burgher of no mean importance in Eisenach, that an invitation was given for him to take up his abode with them. Needless to say that it was accepted, and for nearly two years young Luther was an acceptable guest in the house. It was a memorable time for the future reformer; and in after life Eisenach was to him

"his own beautiful town," and the recollection of Madame Cotta caused him to write, "There is nothing kinder than a good woman's heart." The painting speaks for itself. Herr Spangenberg

interior of the building—that is, the main auditorium—will be about thirteen feet shorter than it was previously. Another alteration is the greater depth of the hall in the basement. The old lec-



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE REBUILDING OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

has chosen the moment when the friendless lad is brought in by his kindly hostess and presented to the family.

The New Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE re-opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which will shortly be celebrated, will mark an event of more than usual importance. It was on April 20th, 1898, that the structure was almost entirely destroyed by fire; but within a short time the order was given for the building of a new hall in the basement. This new hall was occupied by the congregation on January 1st, 1899, and has been used since then while work has been proceeding on the main building above. It must be borne in mind that the front and nearly all of the walls were left largely intact by the fire. Therefore, beyond repointing and repairing, they have required but comparatively little rebuilding. The back wall has required most reconstruction. But a new wall has been built within the Tabernacle itself, about thirteen feet from the original back wall, the space between being occupied by several rooms, including offices for various societies connected with the Tabernacle. Thus the

ture room and schools, which occupied the basement, were greatly burnt. The ground was dug out one and a half feet lower, so that, although the ceiling—that is, the floor of the Tabernacle above—is at the same level as before, the hall below is more lofty. When the Tabernacle is opened for public worship, this new hall will be divided into lecture hall and schoolrooms as before. The depth being greater, the windows have been carried two feet lower, and the reveals are covered with an opalescent substance which reflects light brightly, so that the new hall is well lighted. At night the hall glows with electricity. The floor above is of concrete and steel girders, covered with wood blocks of pitch-pine; the gallery floors are also of steel girders and concrete, covered with wood; but, there being no air under the wood, it is rendered almost non-inflammable, and the floors are regarded as fireproof. No fewer than nine staircases have been built, all except one being constructed of stone and concrete; the exceptional one, which is for the vestries, being of iron. Nearly all the iron columns are new, but some of the old were preserved, among them being the smaller columns on which the pulpit of the late Mr. Spurgeon was supported. These will be employed for

a similar purpose for the new pulpit. The total cost will be £44,576. About half of this sum was received from the insurance offices for the old building. The remainder must be raised by contributions. The response, not only from the congregation, but also from other sympathisers, has been very generous, and, if efforts are not relaxed, it is hoped that the new building may be opened free from debt.

A Model Penny Magazine.

"THE NEW PENNY MAGAZINE" has already reached its fourth volume, which is now before us. The high standard of excellence which marked the previous issues has been fully maintained in the present volume, the contents being thoroughly healthy in tone, and so varied in character that there is not a dull page to be found in the whole seven hundred and eighty comprising the volume. Of its educational value, no better evidence is required than is afforded by the fact that many of the higher grade schools have adopted this popular magazine as a reading book. A great variety of subjects are dealt with in the volume under notice, the most interesting being a chatty article on H.R.H. the Duke of York; an interview with Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the eminent caricaturist; "A Day with the Primate of All England"; "Men on the Spot in South Africa"; a valuable account of "American Prison Life"; "How Royalty is Photographed," a chat with Mr. J. Russell, with ten interesting photographs of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czar, etc.; "A Day with the Prime Minister"; a visit to the Animals' Hospital; and an account of Lord Cromer's great work in Egypt. There is also a strong element of

fiction and adventure, and several hundred shorter items will help to brighten many an hour. The volume is published at half-a-crown.

"Mad."

By this one short word, careless, indifferent, lazy people have always been in the habit of explaining godly zeal and Christian philanthropy. The Lord Jesus Christ was said to be "beside Himself." St. Paul was judged to be "mad," and so down through the ages of the Church. A bishop in Ireland heard one of the most useful of his clergy, whose name was Shaw, called "Mad Shaw." He said, "If Mr. Shaw is mad, I wish he would bite all the clergy of my diocese."

An East London Highway.

LOVERS of history, especially of history in stones, may search the records of Wapping Dock Stairs, and find various memoranda cut on the walls leading to the landing stage by an industrious naval pensioner. One of these is: "Mr. Mair and his wife and child was murdered at Ratcliff Highway, December 8th, 1811." After other sensational announcements follows the fact that "Mr. Mair's tombstone is in St. George's Churchyard." Miss Betsy Trotwood remarked that the best thing to do with such a heathenish name as Pegotty was to change it. She might have said the same of Ratcliff Highway, and been



RATCLIFF HIGHWAY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

gratified to find that it is not to be found in a London Directory. The means whereby the district of the Docks has gained a new name and improved character cannot be enumerated. The Missions to Seamen, which occupied the port of London in 1865, deserve notice. The headquarters are at East India Dock Road, Poplar, but there is also a branch institute in Well Street, London Docks, close to the historical Ratcliff Highway. By means of the two institutes and by boarding the vessels in port, all through the year 1898, nearly one hundred seamen gathered every day to worship God and to hear His Word. During five or six weeks large numbers of Japanese seamen stayed in the Asiatic Home, and every night from twenty to forty came to the Seamen's Institute at Poplar and studied the Bible in their own language, attended educational classes in a room set apart for their use, or joined their British comrades in the large hall of the institute. After very careful preparation, two were baptised by the chaplain in the Seamen's Church at Poplar. Rowland Hill declared that "None were sinners too great to be changed by Divine grace—no, not even Wapping sinners." If he had lived now, he would probably have gone farther afield to sound the depths of grace.

Working Night and Day.

"You must not ask for your money," a hard-working dressmaker said. She thought it wiser to risk the loss of sundry earnings than to gain the character of being troublesome, or to appear

on the world because, as she said, God is good, friends are kind, and the summons to her last home must come within a short time. If she only depended on a weekly allowance from the "House" of one shilling and sixpence in money, three ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, and a loaf, she could comfort herself by drawing upon a fund of memories of ease and pleasure in her early days. She had had good and regular work as a dressmaker's hand. The pay might be sufficient to keep a roof overhead, but to provide for old age or emergency a needlewoman must execute private orders in spare time. The sight of this old dressmaker had failed long ago from working night and day. This is only one of a crowd of dependents on the State, whose extreme poverty might have been avoided if only work fairly and honestly done were always justly and promptly remunerated.

The Ideal Figure of Christ.

NINE great modern artists were asked independently of each other to paint a figure which they considered most like that of Christ. The result, under the name of "The Ideal Christ," was recently exhibited in Berlin. We saw the pictures, but were not satisfied. As paintings, they were very good, but none of them came up to our ideal of the earthly appearance of the Saviour. Indeed, it is impossible that they should do so, for everyone forms his own ideal of that Figure. We do the same morally, but here we are not disappointed, for Christ is to those who accept Him as their Master more than they can ask or think.

A Place of Christian Martyrdom.

THE ruins of the Colosseum cover six acres of ground. This world-renowned building has a particularly sad interest to visitors, on account of the vast numbers of Christian martyrs who perished within its walls. It was commenced by Vespasian A.D. 75, and finished by Domitian in 96. The whole of the work was done by the Jews taken captive by Titus after the siege of Jerusalem and brought to Rome. Its form is oval, and it was capable of seating one hundred thousand persons. The interior was composed of three storeys of arches, and each storey was composed of eighty arches, with the same number of half columns; the whole of the edifice was crowned by an entablature, adorned with pilasters and windows. The style of architecture varies at each tier, the first being Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, and the fourth Composite. The arches of the first tier formed so many entrances, through which—by means of internal staircases—the upper storeys were reached. Beneath the arena were the subterranean vaults for the wild beasts, some of these being utilised for the custody of the Christians who were to be



WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.

so pinched that the charge of a lady's own material might be an irresistible temptation. The employers who put off ready payment of little bills, or forget them altogether, are not heartless, only they do not realise the suffering they occasion. If they could spend a day in visiting women living on parish relief in London, and hear their stories, they would know what inability to put by for old age means. An old lady of eighty-three, by the chivalry of a sailor lodging at a low rent in Myrtle Street, Hoxton, could at last smile



THE COLOSSEUM AS IT IS TO-DAY.

torn by wild beasts, tossed by bulls, slain by arrows, or tortured to death by a variety of cruel devices. The numbers who so perished are unknown, but there must have been many hundreds. The opening festival—under the Emperor Titus—lasted one hundred days and during that time three thousand men were engaged in combat, and nine thousand animals were killed. The best use to which this vast building has ever been put, was when the Canons of the Lateran got possession of it in 1381, and turned it into a hospital. The Colosseum has been devastated by fire, sword, lightning, and earthquake; and churches and palaces have been entirely built from marble and stone taken from it. Little more than the outer walls are left standing, but these are of such enormous thickness that they are well calculated to defy the ravages of ages.

"What O'Clock is Dinner?"

At the hotel where the writer has been staying there are many rich and fashionable people digging their graves with their teeth, for they eat far too much. They come down about ten o'clock for breakfast. They have another large meal at two o'clock, and, on getting up from this, they may often be heard asking the head waiter what o'clock dinner is. This question about a future meal from those who had just finished a present one reminds us that gratitude with many people is only a lively sense of benefits to come. Certainly, this is the too common attitude which is taken up in reference to daily bread and the other gifts which our Heavenly Father gives to us.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from January 1st, 1900, up to and including January 28th, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month. For acknowledgment of donations to our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund see page 480.

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: Durham, 2s. 6d.; R. S., Crouch End (12th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (116th donation), 1s.; S. M. H., Plymouth, 2s. 6d.; M. H. R., £2; R. N., Primrose Hill, 3s.; In Loving Memory of a Little One, 10s.; A Swansea Mother, 5s.; O. T. G. T. H., 2s.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: E. T., 2s. 6d.; E. T., Leeds, 5s.; Durham, 2s. 6d.; S. E. M., 5s.; An Irish Girl, 18s.; A Swansea Mother, 5s. We are also asked to acknowledge the following amounts, sent direct: A. W. C., 4s.; Ruth L., £1; M. E. B., 15s.; Anti-Jesuit, 10s.; A. R., £1; P. Z., Lancashire, 10s.; Inasmuch, Bromley, £5; J. D. B. W., 5s. 6d.

For The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society: Margaret E., 2s. 6d.; S. E. M., 5s.

For The St. Giles' Christian Mission: S. E. M., 5s.

For The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society: S. E. M., 5s.

For The London Hospital: S. E. M., 5s.

For The London Fever Hospital: S. E. M., 5s.

For The London City Mission: S. E. M., 5s.; Durham, 2s. 6d. Also 5s. from S. E. M. for the Disabled Missionaries' Widows and Orphans Fund (London City Mission).

For The Alexandra Hospital: Durham, 2s. 6d.

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: A. G. H. (in memory of a dear departed son), 10s.

For The Indian Lepers' Mission Fund: Two Readers of THE QUIVER, Jersey, 5s.

THE QUIVER

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND

THIRD LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	161	6	4	Brought forward	183	13	5½
Mrs. M. E. Hurdall, Ealing	1	5	0	Per Nellie Martin, Stratford, E.	0	6	6
Per E. G. Ward, Peckham	0	4	0	Per Charles E. Rapley, Sutton	0	7	6
Per A. B. Buss, Leytonstone	0	1	7½	Anon.	0	5	0
Per Winifred N. Heal, Clifton	0	2	9	Per L. Rankin, Sydenham	0	5	0
Rev. Maurice and Alice Richmond, Buckingham	0	2	0	Annie Little, Warsaw	1	10	0
N. S. Yeovil	0	1	6	Per W. F. Hammond, Shepherd's Bush	0	12	0
Per Norah and Hilda Day, Southampton	1	1	1	Per James F. Maple, East Dulwich	0	8	0
Per Mrs. M. Whyte, Catford	0	10	8	C. Newey, Stroud	0	5	6
Per Miss Chaundy	0	2	6	E. E. J. M. T.	1	1	0
Per J. Bamford, Totteridge	0	11	0	Per S. and M. Gard, Southfields	0	3	0
Per "Auntie," South Hampstead	0	5	0	Per M. J. Yard, Bayswater	1	1	0
Per J. Cutcliffe, Dawlish	0	3	0	Per Robin Clowes, Betchworth	1	13	0
Per Lilla Stocks, Kegworth	0	7	10	Per E. M. Whitlock, Rugby	0	10	0
Per Rebecca Pitt, Stoodleigh	2	14	6	Per Miss Jameson	0	10	0
Per H. and R. Newman, Jersey	0	12	1	Per F. Beale, Southend-on-Sea	0	7	0
Per R. Johnson, Richmond	0	12	6	R. S. and Friends, Dulwich	0	15	6
Per M. McSevny, Antigua, W.I.	1	0	0	Per Kathleen Wilkinson, Highgate	1	5	0
E. Combes, Clapham	0	5	0	Per Lloyd Williams, Wrexham	0	2	6
Per R. Maybury, Woking	0	7	0	Per Reginald Thorne, Newbury	2	10	0
M. E. T.	0	5	0	Per G. E. Slanning, Lee	0	7	6
A Reader, Loughborough	0	2	6	Per Gertrude M. Mackay, Leytonstone	0	16	0
Per A. H. Thoms, Merton	0	7	6	Per Gerlie Huggins, Williton	0	13	6
Per Gerlie Horfield, Sheffield	3	0	0	Per George Stanley, Ontario	1	2	5
Per M. M. Phillpott, Sydenham	1	10	6	Per E. M. Penze	0	1	6
Per Clara Cole, Kidderminster	0	15	0	Per M. Ashcroft, Kirkham	0	10	0
Per Nellie Burrows, Liversedge	0	3	6	Per C. H. Brown, Kingston-on-Thames	0	2	0
Per Dorothy J. Clarke, Harborne	0	2	6	Per Clifford and Jack Peard, Taunton	1	8	9
Mothers' Meeting, St. Paul's, Kilburn	0	13	0	Per T. Baker, Folkestone	1	10	6
Per B. M. Stoner, Midhurst	0	5	6	Per Frank Marquis, Birkenhead	0	14	0
Per A. Bell, jun., Glasgow	0	5	0	Per S. May, Worthing	0	3	1
Per R. S., Crouch End	0	15	0	R. S. W.	0	5	0
Per Dorothy and Brooke Tindall, Harrogate	1	0	0	Per Henry H. Lewis, Codsall	1	0	0
Per Miss Cooke, Ramsgate	1	15	0	Per Ethel Watson, Accecks Green	0	2	0
Per F. W. Mullins, Hastings	0	10	0	A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER	0	3	0
Per Agnes M. Hunter	0	8	1	Per Mabel Extence, Haringay	0	4	6
£183 13 5½				£206 14 8½			

Two cheques, each of the value of **One Hundred Pounds**, have now been sent to the Lord Mayor of London towards his Mansion House Fund, and have been duly acknowledged. The various War Funds throughout the country have met with the most generous response, but the need is, unfortunately, still very great, and we would therefore urgently appeal to our readers *not to relax their efforts* on behalf of our QUIVER Fund.

All amounts of £1 and upwards will be separately acknowledged through the post. If such acknowledgment of smaller amounts is desired, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed. A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All collections, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and marked, on left hand top corner of envelope, "Widows and Orphans' Fund." *Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application.*

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

49. In what way did Levi show his determination to follow Christ?
50. When dining with Levi, what did our Lord declare Himself to be?
51. Why was it not possible to put new wine into old bottles?
52. Where is it probable the Mount of Beatitudes was situated?
53. What three characteristics seem especially set forth in the Beatitudes?
54. To whom does our Lord refer as having, in times past, suffered for righteousness' sake?
55. Why does our Lord warn us against judging other people?
56. Quote our Lord's words which show the readiness of God to help those who seek His aid.
57. What is the great principle of action which our Lord gives as regulating our conduct to each other?
58. In what way does our Lord set before us the Fatherhood of God?
59. What is the reason assigned for our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem?
60. In what way did our Lord manifest His Divine power after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

37. Sychar was the first place at which Abram stayed on his journey from Haran to Canaan—where he erected his first altar to God, and where God promised the land to Abram's posterity (St. John iv. 5; Gen. xii. 6, 7).
38. Living water (St. John iv. 10-11).
39. Whether Jerusalem or Samaria should be the great centre of Divine worship (St. John iv. 19, 20).
40. That worship must be of the heart (St. John iv. 24).
41. To the woman at Sychar (St. John iv. 26).
42. St. Luke iv. 16.
43. Because He would not show His divine power by working miracles, which we are told He could not do because of their unbelief (St. Luke iv. 24-28; St. Matt. xiii. 57, 58).
44. St. Mark i. 24.
45. At the house of St. Peter (St. Mark i. 29-33; St. Matt. viii. 14-16).
46. Jesus rose up early while the disciples were asleep to go out to pray, and sometimes spent the whole night in prayer (St. Mark i. 35; St. Luke vi. 12).
47. Our Lord told the scribes the thoughts that were in their hearts (St. Mark ii. 8).
48. St. Matt. ix. 13; Hos. vi. 6.



BY AXEL ENDER.

(Photo: Beckett and Sons, Hackney, N.E.)

THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB.

From the famous picture in Molde Church, Norway.

THE RESURRECTION IN SACRED ART.

By George A. Wade.



(By the kind permission of Mrs. Williams.)

THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART.



It is curious and interesting to note that, whilst there are pictures almost innumerable by celebrated artists portraying the Nativity or Crucifixion of our Saviour, the paintings depicting His Resurrection

from the tomb on that first Easter morning are much more scarce in number, and much less known to the average lover of pictures. Doubtless the extreme difficulty of doing full justice to a subject upon which Holy Scripture makes such a scanty mention of details, and the profound conceptive faculty requisite to give anything like a successful portrayal of this most important scene in the world's history, has acted as a restraining influence to prevent famous artists from trying to set forth the event on their canvases.

The reader may, however, be interested in having put before his notice some of the most notable pictures of that great scene on the first Easter morn, and he will certainly find much food for thought in the various conceptions of the painters

of ancient and modern days respecting it. The Florentine School of artists, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was especially fond of trying its skill in depicting the three or four chief events in the life of Jesus, and perhaps the best known specimens are those of Fra Angelico and Taddeo Gaddi, as regards the Resurrection scene. Each of these painters has produced a picture dealing with it the fame of which has survived until our own day. But their work is somewhat ineffective and spoilt—to our modern eyes, at all events—by the inclusion of details which are not given in any recognised Biblical account of the matter. These rather jar on the feelings of devout people to-day, and make what are otherwise fine paintings appear less so, and, indeed, incongruous in many ways.

Such mistakes as making the tomb of the Saviour to be in the form of a modern coffin, but of stone; or placing in the hands of the rising Lord a banner and a lamb, to say nothing of a cross, are unworthy of the great theme. Gaddi's conception was that of the Entombment and Resurrection depicted on the same canvas, and here the one scene rather

detracts from the uniqueness of the other, and clashes with it in our minds.

The Italian School of painters also liked to depict the Easter morn. Piero della Francesca, in the fifteenth century, has given us a notable painting of it; and the most famous of all pictures of this subject during the Middle Ages is perhaps that of Perugino, which is to-day in the Vatican. It is fine in its conception, and equally fine in its execution. Its greatest rival is doubtless the work by Raphael, whose picture is more faithful to the detailed narrative of Scripture than that of any other painter of those far-off days.

Modern artists of fame have perhaps been more inclined to treat on canvas that great Easter Day than were their predecessors of long ago. And their faithfulness to Scriptural narrative is much more pronounced, and renders their work far more interesting to Bible students and lovers of sacred art.

Most visitors to Molde, Norway, will remember our frontispiece, which serves as the altar-piece to the church there, and is the work of the celebrated Axel

Ender. It is entitled "The Angel at the Tomb," and here we are shown the Matthew version of the story. The angel, a magnificent figure whose white robe glistens like silver, sits on the edge of the grave within the cave, and recounts what has happened to the three women. One of the three dares not to come into the interior of the grave—we can well imagine who she is. Perhaps these two figures inside the cave have no equal in paintings of the Resurrection for beauty, grace, and finish of detail; whilst their attitudes are quite different from those seen in most similar paintings, and are delightful in their unstudied simplicity.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones has raised the painting of his own "school" to a very high level in modern estimation. He has given us one grand picture on our theme, "The Morning of the Resurrection." It is, perhaps, somewhat emblematical, rather than strictly Scriptural, in its details, but the broad features are finely drawn. Christ appears to Mary at the sepulchre whilst the two angels are still sitting, one on each end of the grave. The calm,



THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

splendid figure of our Lord, and the awe-struck look of Mary, are the chief features that at once arrest the attention of the spectator. The two angels are excellently pictured, too, but have not the striking beauty of originality of conception that is shown in some works already mentioned.

One of the most effective of modern paintings that circle around the story of Easter Day is that by Mr. Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., and it has the extra merit of much greater originality than many others have. Its title, "*Be thou Faithful unto Death*," scarcely gives one the true comprehension of the scene it portrays, until one sees it; then the fine meaning of the sentence is at once recognised. The garden where Jesus is buried appears to stand out in the picture before us; the cave in the rock is plainly there, with its sealed stone. In front of this barrier which bounds their understanding of His previous words, so often spoken but not comprehended, are the women, resting in their sorrow and anguish that seems impossible of ever being relieved. He, their Master, is dead, and that stone guards His body! To them all hope seems gone, all light put out.

But they will not desert Him, even in that darkest hour of all. It is the close of the day, but they will come and pay their last visit on this terribly trying eve to the sepulchre which holds all their earthly hopes and fears. Half-hoping they know not what, they come and rest there. It is this moment that the artist has chosen for the scene. When things look their very darkest, there rings out like a trumpet call, as one looks at this picture, the Master's words, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life*"! It is a noble, a grand conception, in every sense, and the sermon it preaches—who shall tell its results?

M. James Tissot, one of the most famous French artists of this century, has for most of his life made a special study of the life and career of the Saviour, and has for that purpose dwelt for many long years in Palestine, so as to get the most accurate details regarding the subjects that he wished to represent with his brush. Hence his picture of "*The Resurrection*" cannot fail to appeal to all Bible readers, even though, I believe, it is not regarded by his ad-

mirers as the best representative of his work in this especial line. Yet Tissot ever treats all that he portrays with an individuality and breadth, with a conception and fineness of execution, that gain him hosts of friends in art, and of admirers amongst picture-lovers. And his painting of the Resurrection is a fine piece of work.

Benjamin West, who, though he was an American by birth, rose to be President of the Royal Academy here in England, has left a painting on the subject of Christ's rising from the dead. The fright of the guards is well shown in West's painting, but he is scarcely exact in making the three Marys to be close to the tomb at the same moment that Jesus rises from it.

One of the finest examples of modern Easter paintings is that by C. G. Pfannschmidt. The exact time chosen is when the three holy women have come into the cave and are accosted by the two angels. One of the latter is telling them what has happened, whilst they listen in reverent awe and wonder. The Magdalene has fallen on her knees, her long tresses hanging loose, and she remains thus in devout amazement at the angel's story. The other heavenly visitor sits by the side of the grave, and is represented—why, is not clear—with a sword, upon which he rests his hands.

But the whole conception, and the treatment of it, is very fine, very reverent. The figures are beautifully drawn, and the delicacy of colouring, and the contrast between the robes of the angels and their guests, is most striking.

Unusual is the portion of the Resurrection scene chosen for portrayal by Mr. C. Hardgrave. He has selected the part where the two angels descend to the tomb, and he contents himself with painting them there, and them alone. The picture has much individuality, and is certainly attractive in its subject, as still more in its brilliant execution; for naturally such a scene lends itself to the most vivid effects of colour and light in treatment, and Mr. Hardgrave has made the most of these effects in his work. The haloes surrounding the heads of the celestial visitants, their robes, their wings outspread, all offer him an entrancing and especially characteristic subject. He has called his painting simply "*The Angels at the Tomb*."



BY G. G. PFANNSCHMIDT.

"HE IS RISEN."

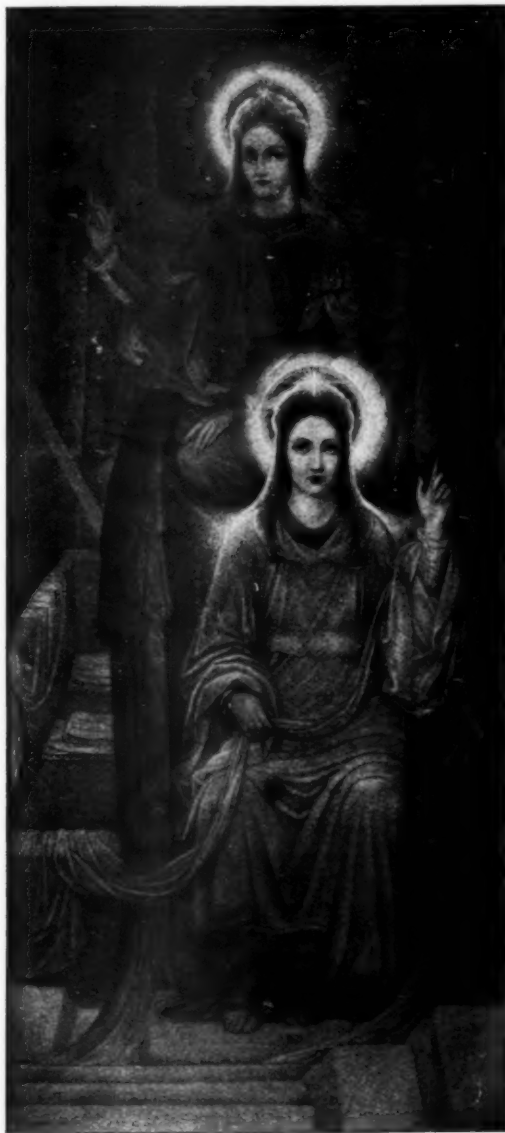
(By permission of the Berlin Photographische Co.)

The German artist, Plockhorst, has also given us two pictures dealing with this theme, and closely related to each other in the point of time they represent. The finest is probably that showing us the holy women coming to the tomb. The angel pointing to the empty grave is a marvellously fine figure, whilst almost similar praise can be given to the painting of the three women. The Virgin stands with clasped hands, with that meek, resigned look peculiar to her who was called of God to be the mother of the Saviour of Men. The mother of Cleophas is shown with wondering gaze, half-believing, half-incredulous, at the empty tomb, and holding the Virgin's robe as if to gain some of the strength which she possesses in such a crisis. And that last Mary, the Magdalene, has fallen on her knees, and can only look surprised at what she sees and but half-comprehends. It is a great picture, this one.

"The Sorrowing Magdalene," by Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, whose work is ever excellent, has had many admirers, and is undoubtedly the best of its kind. The artist himself has entitled his painting "Noli me tangere"—"Touch Me Not"—an allusion to Mary Magdalene's meeting with the risen Saviour in the garden, when He forbade her impetuosity in those well-known words.

The two figures of Christ and Mary are both worthy of special study. They are each dignified, artistic, worthy of the subject—which is saying much. Jesus stands with uplifted hands, as if in the very act of blessing His faithful disciple, even whilst He forbids her to touch His new body. Mary herself is perhaps one of the finest conceptions that we possess of the Magdalene at this particular time. She is not an "ethereal figure," not an "ideal"; she is a real woman, the Mary, just as we have always conceived her in our own hearts when we have read this wonderful story of her meeting with the Lord

on that Easter morning. Her striking attitude of reverent wonder and yet



THE ANGELS AT THE TOMB.

BY C. HARDGRAVE.

of rapturous admiration; her long, trailing hair, so characteristic of this Mary; her whole pose—everything seems so

precisely lifelike, as we ourselves have pictured it, that we at once acknowledge the genius of the painter and the beauty of this wonderful picture.

And what are the lessons to be learned from all these superb examples of the art of the painter in days ancient and modern? For, if they do not convey teaching of some sort to those who gaze upon them and study them, all such pictures may be said to have somewhat failed of their purpose, whatever other success they may have gained. "All historical paintings," it has been said — and truly said — "should teach something."

Well, most of the pictures we have considered bring prominently before our eyes scenes that we have, perhaps, only dimly realised as we read them in Holy Writ.

The art of the painter is a great one—probably the greatest of all arts, unless it be the literary one. For his work influences many; even those rude or savage minds which cannot understand letters can comprehend the story told in a picture that is placed before them.

If the artists who have dealt with the Resurrection (whatever may have been their point of view or the special phase of it selected) have made us think about the matter; have caused us to regard the subject in some different way from that in which we formerly looked at it; have made us to take a greater interest in it; have taught us better what it all really means—then they have succeeded, and succeeded well, in their work.

For there are innumerable conceptions, endless individual ideas in various thoughtful minds, not only as to the details, but even regarding the broad features, of the scenes on that first Easter Day enacted in that immortal garden. Each man has his own notion of what these must have been like: the artist tries to put *his* notion before us on canvas.

And he must be indeed a dull, unimpressionable man who can look at the beautiful pictures with which we have here dealt and learn nothing

from them, or have no higher and nobler thoughts after having studied them!



"TOUCH ME NOT"

BY N. H. J. WESTLAKE.

THE SORROWING MAGDALENE.



From Tissot's "Life of Christ." By permission of Sampson Low, Mardon, and Co.)

THE RESURRECTION.

BY JAMES TISSOT.

NEW SERIAL STORY.



THE DAVENPORT BEQUEST

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT MYRTLE COTTAGE.



SOME houses, like some places, are undeniably depressing in appearance; so much so that the passer-by, though he may never have entered the door, instinctively says, "I shouldn't like to live there!"

Myrtle Cottage, Grove Road, Barminster, was one of these unprepossessing residences. It faced the north, which always makes a house appear gloomy; and the dingy grey stucco of the front looked damp and unwholesome, there being no ivy or creepers to hide the unsightly greenish blotches which disfigured it. There was a little garden in front; but nothing grew there save a box-tree on each side of the narrow flagged walk. Altogether, in spite of neat window-blinds and

curtains, nobody would have been surprised to hear that Myrtle Cottage was the abode of an unsuccessful man—as indeed it was.

It was a Saturday night in late autumn, and the master of the house, Stephen Haynes, was lounging discontentedly backwards and forwards along the narrow passage which did duty for a hall, smoking his pipe and waiting for somebody to come in and get his supper ready, and take care of him generally. Despite his fifty years, he was almost as helpless about domestic matters as a baby. The family kept no servant, and his patient, long-suffering wife being dead, Mr. Haynes was accustomed to be waited on by his two daughters, Stella and Jessie. They were good daughters, although in his unamiable moods—which were many—he was accustomed to talk as if he were treated rather worse than King Lear. On this particular evening he felt himself a much-injured man, because it was eight o'clock, and he had had nobody to grumble at for an hour at least.

Presently the front door was opened with a latchkey, and his three children entered

together; his son, Rupert, a tall, good-looking young man of twenty-two, following last. Stella, the elder girl, was tall and fair, and decidedly graceful; Jessie, the younger, was much shorter, and dark, with a vivacious little face, which was rendered attractive by its sparkle and life. Altogether, these were three children of whom most parents would have been proud; but Mr. Haynes merely greeted them with an ungracious grunt.

"I really thought you were never coming!" he growled. "And people have been calling all the evening with parcels and messages, and of course I didn't know what to say to any of them! And that impudent Berry, the tailor, has been dunning for his account again——"

By this time, the three young faces, which had been bright enough when they entered, had begun to look as dismal as even Stephen could desire. "Those dreadful bills!" sighed Jessie despondently, as she laid some brown-paper parcels she had been carrying down on the table in the little bare sitting-room. "How I wish they could be paid!"

"And to think that we ought to be living in luxury now, that my daughters would be driving in their carriage-and-pair, but for the double-dealing of that cheating villain!" returned her father with passionate emphasis. "There he is, the scoundrel who robbed me of the fruits of my labours, keeping up the state of a nobleman at Connington Towers, and posing as the great man of the neighbourhood, while we—are here!"

With an eloquent gesture of his thin hands he pointed to the shabby room, dimly lighted by a cheap paraffin lamp. The walls were papered in that dismal shade of brownish-green so popular, for some inscrutable reason, in lodging-houses and cottages; the furniture was covered with faded cretonne, and the carpet was absolutely threadbare.

"Yes, father dear, it's very hard," sighed Stella. "We've been having a long talk this evening, we three, and we've decided we must really do something—we can't go on like this."

"And what do you propose?" loftily inquired Mr. Haynes.

"Well, father, you know I've been book-keeper and general factotum at the laundry for two years, and Jessie has tried teaching, and with that, and what Rupert has earned at the engineering works, we've just managed to live, and that's all."

"Live? Do you call *this* living, here in a hovel, without any servant? Besides, you forget that Rupert is earning nothing now, since he was turned off because work is so slack at Crossley's factory."

"That's not my fault, father!" said the young man hastily, turning crimson.

"I daresay not; but the result is the same."

"Well, father, we've been thinking," resumed Stella, "that if we could start in the laundry business ourselves, and give up this house, and all live on the premises together, it would not only be a saving, but we might hope in time to do well. The Taylors are willing to sell or lease the place at a moderate price, and though it has not done well under their management, it is only because they have not attended to it properly. A good steam laundry is very much needed here, and we're not afraid of hard work."

"All very fine," responded her father drily. "But to buy or rent a laundry, and pay wages, and rates, and taxes, would require capital, and we haven't a penny."

"Couldn't we borrow some, father?"

"Who would lend anything to paupers like us? We are beneath the notice even of the sixty-per-cent. money-lenders!"

"Now, father, please don't be angry! but there's Mr. Ellis. He knew you years ago, and——"

Stephen dashed his fist down on the rickety little table with an energy that fairly shook the room. "I'd die in a ditch before I'd borrow from him—and you know it! Never will I take a shilling from the swindler who has grown rich on the fruits of my labours!"

"Well, father, I don't quite know what's to become of us," sighed Jessie. "Mrs. Pyne intends to send her children to school, and won't require me as governess; and Stella will soon be out of employment also, when the laundry is sold, and yet there's this house to keep up, and all the bills——"

"Yes, I admit it's hard; but give the blame for our abject poverty to that swindling scoundrel at Connington Towers, where it's due. By rights, he ought to be living here at Myrtle Cottage, and we reigning at the Towers!"

Further argument seemed hopeless; and the two girls went dejectedly into the little kitchen to get supper ready, followed by Rupert.

"I say, you two," he began in a cautiously lowered voice. "It will never do to tell father at present that I've had an offer of a berth—a good one too—at Ellis's works!"

"But you'll take it, Rupert," urged prudent Stella. "Thirty shillings a week is not to be refused, situated as we are now, though of course I'd rather it had not been at Ellis's."

"Oh, I'll take it; I can't bear to be living on you two girls. Electricity is undoubtedly the coming force, and I may in time rise to a decent position. Ellis was quite poor when he began. I don't wonder father feels bitter when he contrasts our lot with his."

"I wish to goodness the Ellises were not so near!" sighed Jessie. "If only we didn't have their riches and grandeur flaunted

before us at every turn, everything at home might perhaps seem less shabby and hateful!" And she began to clean the knives.

CHAPTER II.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S FAMILY.

WHILE Jessie Haynes was cleaning the knives at Myrtle Cottage, the gong was sounding for dinner at Connington Towers, a magnificent property on the other and fashionable side of Barminster, acquired some years back by Richard Ellis, the millionaire proprietor of some world-famed electrical lighting and engineering works in the city. A lucky man—wonderfully lucky—everybody pronounced Mr. Ellis; for he made it no secret that he had been only a subordinate in a London manufactory until his invention of the famous Ellis meter had revolutionised electric-lighting, and brought him an enormous fortune.

Unlike many who have risen to greatness from poverty, he was very popular, because he put on no airs, tried to conciliate everybody, entertained liberally, and subscribed largely to all local charities.

At the sound of the gong the various members of the family assembled in the spacious oak-panelled dining-room, which, with its beautifully-appointed table, was such a contrast to the bare sitting-room at Myrtle Cottage. The room was softly illuminated by shaded electric-lights, and the dinner-table was decked with a table-centre of mauve satin, embroidered with an antique design in silver thread, on which were placed dainty silver bowls and vases of quaint workmanship, filled with orchids in all shades of lilac and heliotrope.

Mrs. Ellis, a tall, handsome woman with black hair and a gold *pince-nez*, frowned when her eye fell upon these decorations as she took her place at the head of the table. She was not only a highly cultivated and clever woman, but she belonged to a very good family, decidedly above that from which her husband had sprung, and it was considered a matter of course that nothing and nobody should ever be quite good enough for such a superior being.

"Dawson," she said sharply; and the butler, who was handing the soup, turned to his mistress with a start. "Who is responsible for this hideous arrangement?—so like a funeral wreath!"

The Ellises were one and all far too grand to think of doing their own table decorations, which were left to the servants.

"I was rather pressed for time to-day, ma'am," answered Dawson apologetically, "so

I left the vases to Charles"—the first footman. "The gardener said you would like orchids, ma'am—"

"But not in combination with that hideous mauve! How often have I told you that the table-centre should always contrast with the flowers? Yellow or green would have been admirable. As it is"—and she waved her jewelled fingers as if to shut out some horrible sight—"I must have my dinner spoilt by contemplating an eyesore!"

And the injured woman continued her meal with the air of a martyr, sublimely unconscious of the fact that a good many millions of her fellow-creatures are only too glad to get any dinner at all, without troubling about orchids and table-centres.

Like Stephen Haynes, Mr. Ellis had two daughters, Grace and Madge, and one son, Raymond. He built high hopes upon his son and heir, who had done well at Oxford, and was destined by his parents for Parliamentary life. Though sufficiently athletic and well-made, Raymond was not overburdened with good looks, and his sandy hair, freckled face, and slightly turned-up nose were a standing grievance with Mrs. Ellis, who would have preferred her only boy to resemble herself. Madge and Grace had inherited her refined features, and beside them Raymond was almost common-looking.

"And what have you girls been doing to-day?" presently asked Mr. Ellis.

"We've been very busy rehearsing the wax-works for St. Jude's. The electric foot-lights are a grand success, father—everybody says so."

"All the same, I wish you hadn't suggested them, Richard. So like an advertisement!" grumbled Mrs. Ellis, who had a lofty scorn of trade.

"Much safer and better than the common ones," answered her husband sturdily; "eh, Mrs. Jarley?"—to Raymond, who was to manage the winding-up of the various figures.

"What does it matter in that poky school-room in a back slum?" sneered Mrs. Ellis. "There will be nobody but common people to see you. If the Duchess and Lady Lyncliffe were coming it might have been worth while."

"But it is for the soup-kitchen, mother," pleaded Grace.

"And when the next election comes, it will do Raymond good to have it known he takes an interest in the poor," added her husband.

Raymond looked up from his plate with a sudden start, and a flush on his freckled cheeks.

"Oh! father, I had never thought about that," he said hastily.

"Perhaps not, my boy; but, all the same, it's a very wise thing to do. I've set my

heart on seeing you one of the members for this city, and the more popular you make yourself the better. People in back slums have votes nowadays, remember, Gertrude," continued Mr. Ellis, addressing his wife.

Raymond twisted restlessly on his chair.

"I call it playing it rather low down to look at it in that light, though, father."

A gleam shot from the plutocrat's light grey eyes, but he answered pleasantly:

"It is only natural I should wish you to do the best you can for yourself, my boy."

Still Raymond seemed not quite at ease during the remainder of the elaborate meal, and when it was over, avoiding the rest, he slipped on his overcoat and hat and started to the city. There were horses galore in the spacious stables, but Raymond, whose tastes were very simple, seated himself instead in the democratic tram, which started not very far from their lodge-gates.

His destination was St. Jude's Vicarage, a small, red-brick house in a shabby back street, which was a fair sample of the large, poor district in which the Rev. Horace Derwent laboured from morning till night. The Vicar himself opened the door, his elderly servant being out on an errand. Everybody had to work about St. Jude's; nobody cared an atom for parade and show.

"Oh, come in, old fellow," said Mr. Derwent heartily. "I've still ten minutes before the night-school. It's quite a chance to find me in, though."

"No need to tell me that," observed Raymond, as they entered the apartment which served for study, dining-room, and drawing-room combined. "I never saw such a fellow for work—never!"

Horace Derwent was tall, with a lithe, muscular figure, a clean-shaven, well-cut face, and an air of great determination pervading everything he said and did. He was so thoroughly alive that he acted like a tonic on more sluggish natures.

"I've come to say, Derwent, that though I'm sorry to appear disobliging, I must ask you to get another Mrs. Jarley to explain the waxworks next week."

The Vicar's face fell. "But you were so splendid in the part, and it was all settled what you would say. Oh, come! Don't leave us all in the lurch now."

"I'm very sorry," resolutely repeated Raymond. "I hate putting you about, but—but I can't bear to do anything which looks like trying to curry favour amongst the poor here, where I may some day stand for Parliament."

To Horace, who had not heard the conversation at Connington Towers, this seemed rather far-fetched. "But it's for a charity, and you're the very man for it. Never mind about

Parliament. You surely can't be afraid that acting as Mrs. Jarley would be corruption and bribery?"

But still Raymond shook his head. "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't bring myself to do it now. I'll give you a subscription with pleasure, and I'll help behind the scenes, or prompt, or do anything like that—but I can't be Mrs. Jarley."

"Your sisters? I hope this won't prevent them from taking part too?" said the Vicar suddenly, with a note of keen anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, no; they'll come, all the same. If you want a good Mrs. Jarley, ask Arthur Bent. I'm sure he'd do capitally." And as Horace had no time for further argument, they parted company, Raymond returning by tram to The Towers.

CHAPTER III.

A MEMORABLE ENCOUNTER.

TO be a disappointed man, smarting under galling injustice, means also, in most cases, to be a poor and unsuccessful man. For though undeserved misfortune may occasionally act as a wholesome stimulus to further exertion, it more frequently entirely paralyses the energies, and induces the apathy of despair. It had done so with Stephen Haynes.

Nearly thirty years before, he, the youngest child of an impoverished scientist who had always put science before the happiness of his wife and children, had been a close friend of Richard Ellis, who, thrown early upon his own resources, had begun mechanical engineering as an ordinary working boy. Stephen was then in a merchant's office in London; but he inherited scientific tastes from his father, and in his spare time was accustomed to make models and try experiments, chiefly connected with the electric light, then in its infancy. Richard Ellis shared his tastes, and the two were inseparable.

Stephen had no secrets from his friend, and when after much labour he perfected an electric meter on a new principle, he showed it quite frankly to Richard and explained its working. But he was too poor to take out a patent for it, so he unwillingly put the model aside and thought no more about it. He afterwards married and removed to Liverpool, where he had the offer of a better situation, but continued to correspond with Richard in London.

In his spare time he still dabbled in science, though without result, owing to want of capital. One day he heard of a meter brought out by a clever young inventor, which promised to revolutionise electrical engineering and

lighting, and soon the papers were full of Richard Ellis. Stephen wrote to his friend for particulars, and, only receiving a guarded reply, went up to inspect the model of the meter in the Patent Office in London. And behold! it was his own, complete in every detail! Richard had found a capitalist willing to advance the money to patent it, and having surreptitiously made plans of it, he had calmly appropriated Stephen's invention, and would no doubt make a fortune out of it.

Poor Stephen, in his indignation and despair, threatened legal proceedings and public exposure; but even if he had had money, he could have done nothing. He had never patented his invention, so there was nothing to prevent any clever, unscrupulous person copying his meter, if he chose to do so. And when he wrote to the newspapers, the public merely smiled at his denunciations as the spiteful vapourings of a disappointed man. Nobody really cared a rush who had invented the Ellis meter. The patent was taken out by Richard, and this secured his right to it beyond all cavil. The injustice wrecked Stephen's life, preventing him from ever settling down again to steady industry; and he lost one situation after another, drifting about from place to place, miserable, moody, and disheartened. From the first, Richard Ellis refused to recognise his claim to the invention, though every year increased his prosperity; and Stephen's indignant letters only produced threats of an action for libel, through his solicitors.

At length Stephen came to Barminster, where for some time he was employed as collector for the gas company; but, with what seemed too cruel an irony of fate, before long Mr. Ellis, finding his London premises too cramped for his continually expanding business, moved his factory bodily down to Barminster, as the city offered many facilities, and bought the magnificent property, Connington Towers. He knew nothing of his former friend's presence in Grove Road, though it would have made no difference, for he cared no more about him now than about a fly on the window-pane. The meter was an old story now, and he had brought out many more lucrative inventions since then. He was too secure in his riches, his excellent position, and his large circle of friends, to care about the ravings of a disappointed beggar in a back street.

But Stephen's feelings can be imagined when he saw the riches of the man who had ruined him flaunted in his face at every turn. He knew Mrs. Ellis and the girls by sight, and when they dashed by in their splendid carriage, dressed as his own daughters never would be able to dress, envy and hatred filled his soul. He would walk along the country road from which the long red façade of The Towers was

visible, surrounded by the beautiful park, and reflect with bitterness of spirit that all this was really his—his!

He had gone out for one of these purposeless, unsettling promenades the same night which witnessed Raymond's visit to St. Jude's Vicarage. It was dark, but not too dark to clearly perceive the outlines of the splendid mansion, which stood on a gentle slope. Brilliant electric lights gleamed from the many windows, the great portico, and the large conservatory opening from the drawing-room. Richard Ellis had a perfect passion for the light which had made his fortune, and refused to heed his wife's grumbles about "a vulgar advertisement." So rapt was Stephen in glaring at The Towers, that a young man who was coming along the footpath had to brush against him to pass. It was Raymond, who was walking back from the tramway terminus. Seeing a gaunt, odd-looking person staring hard at the lighted windows of his home, Raymond thought he must be a stranger who had lost his way, and therefore kindly accosted him.

"May I ask if I can direct you anywhere, as this is rather a lonely road?"

Stephen turned, and fixed his hollow, sunken eyes on him. It was quite light enough to discern Raymond's features, but, though he knew the other Ellises by sight, Mr. Haynes did not recognise Raymond, who had been much away from Barminster. But if he had known who he was, it is probable that, in his absorption in his bitter grievance, Stephen's answer would have been the same.

"I want no directions, for I know my way perfectly well. The man who lives in that fine house is a liar, a thief, and a swindler, who has made a colossal fortune out of an invention which was not his; but he has not yet acquired the right to prevent people from gazing at his splendid mansion, if they choose, from a public road."

Raymond gave a violent start, as he listened to this curt indictment of his father, which, after a moment's reflection, he decided must be the utterance of a madman. He knew nothing of the shady chapter in his father's life; but, though this man was evidently out of his mind, he could not allow even a madman's insults to pass unchallenged.

"I don't think you can realise what you have said. Mr. Ellis is greatly respected at Barminster, and I never heard anybody else bring such an accusation against him as that you have made."

"Very likely not; nobody else knows the facts of the case as I do. Nevertheless, I assert that a viler thief is not to be found in any gaol in this kingdom, for he robbed his best friend, who trusted him implicitly."

Absurd, improbable, far-fetched as this story sounded, there was such an earnestness



"Some day there shall be a reckoning between us!"—p. 494.

of conviction about his strange companion that even Raymond was a little staggered. It was evident that this gaunt, haggard man with the wild eyes—the sort of man who looked as if he had a grievance—believed every word of his curious story.

"If Mr. Ellis robbed anyone, it could only have been inadvertently," indignantly rejoined his son.

"Inadvertently! What! When he stole my design for the meter which he had the effrontery to patent himself as the Ellis meter, which has made his fortune? He robbed me as heartlessly, as deliberately, as any pickpocket in the street! And yet he prospers—lives in a palace—whilst I hide in a hovel! But surely," and he flung out his hand towards The Towers with the gesture of a Hebrew prophet denouncing vengeance on a usurper—"Surely some day there shall be a reckoning between us!"

"Will you tell me your name?" abruptly demanded Raymond, more shaken than he would have cared to confess.

The other gave a bitter laugh. "Who cares what you're called when you're poor and unsuccessful? But I will tell you my name if you'll tell me yours."

There was a pause. Raymond for many reasons thought it best not to reveal his identity, and was very glad he had not impulsively blurted it out at first. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "My name is Raymond," he said, hoping the stranger would imagine that to be his surname.

"I'm Stephen Haynes," gruffly responded the stranger, falling a prey to the harmless stratagem. "Once, Richard Ellis's greatest friend—to-day, his implacable enemy! Liar and thief!" and he flung out his hand again towards The Towers with that same impressive gesture. "I call Heaven to judge between you and me!"

And before Raymond could speak he was gone.

Left alone, young Ellis took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead; so puzzled and startled was he by this singular interview that he felt quite bewildered. An hour ago it would have seemed to him incredible that he should allow a stranger to stigmatise his indulgent, kindly father as a thief and a swindler, without knocking him down then and there. Yet he had stood quietly by to listen to this man's wild denunciations, held by a spell stronger than his own will. He tried to reassure himself by saying that the fellow was certainly a madman, suffering from delusions. But he was unpleasantly conscious in the depths of his heart that his hope that this might be the case, was at least as strong as his belief. Because, if this hideous story was not all a monomania of some crack-

brained egotist, it would be impossible for Raymond ever to believe his father any more.

CHAPTER IV.

STELLA'S PROJECT.

THE domestic atmosphere at Myrtle Cottage was not seldom stormy: for the restless, miserable moods of the master of the house must find vent somehow, and the most obvious outlet for his discontent was to be found in carping at his family. And in general, they made allowances for "poor father" and were patient with him; though Stella sometimes sighed for another sitting-room in which to take refuge when the clouds were too heavily charged with electricity.

Things were particularly unpromising on the Monday evening following the events last related; for Rupert, who had been out all day at his new employment, had at length, after being sharply cross-questioned by his father, been compelled to own that he had obtained a situation as a skilled mechanic in Ellis's works, through an acquaintance with one of the foremen.

"It won't be for long, I hope, father," he reiterated. "But as they couldn't keep me on at Crossley's I must do something else; and thirty shillings a week is better than living on the girls. I couldn't bear to do that! If I can only acquire a good knowledge of electrical machinery, in time I may get a lucrative post as manager or overseer somewhere."

"But to be indebted to that villain! that thief!" foamed his father.

"But I'm not indebted to him; I give him a fair day's work for my wages, and if I hadn't taken the berth, plenty of others would have snapped at it. I shan't stay any longer at the works than I'm obliged; but we must live."

Mr. Haynes pushed back the untidy grey hair from his brow. "And you mean that I'm earning nothing! a mere cumberer of the ground! I know that only too well; if I didn't, I should soon hear of it from some of you, never fear! Of course, I've no control over you, Rupert, now that you're of age; but you couldn't wound me more than by going to work for my bitterest enemy! My own children turn against me—I have lived long enough!"

Rupert pushed back his chair, and rose from the supper table; for this was really too much. "You are very unjust, father! I have the girls to think of, remember, and I don't see how we can keep a roof over our heads unless I'm doing something. Both

Stella and Jessie, for no fault of their own, will soon be out of employment."

He went out, hurt and angry, whilst the girls, sympathising with him, but afraid to say so, maintained a discreet silence. In truth, they were only too thankful their brother had done so well; for as Jessie would shortly lose her post as daily governess, and Stella's employers were about to relinquish the laundry, things looked black enough. The Haynes girls, like too many others, had not been educated for any particular calling, and poor Stella, thinking of the butcher and the baker and the grocer, was only too glad to think that Rupert was receiving good pay, even from the hated Richard Ellis.

"If we could only find money to take that laundry ourselves!" sighed Stella, when the sisters were alone in the kitchen, washing up the supper things. "I'm sure I could make it pay. I've kept my eyes open, and I've learnt enough of the process to keep the laundresses up to their work. The Taylors would take £300 down, and the rest spread over a term of years at five per cent. interest."

Jessie sighed. "We might as well wish for the moon as £300! And even if we did start the laundry, father would never be satisfied!"

"Oh, of course, I know he'd grumble just as much then as he does now," assented Stella, acquiescing in the assumption that their lives would never be free from care. "But we should be earning money, and feel more independent. There's the Davenport Trust—I wonder if we're eligible for that? We've good references, and a loan would be such a boon!"

"I don't think it would be any use applying, dear."

"Why not? It certainly isn't pleasant to go begging, but after all, it wouldn't be like applying for public charity."

"If there's any luck going, you may be sure it won't come *our* way," darkly prognosticated Jessie; but Stella was already revolving ways and means. The Davenport Trust was a legacy bequeathed about two hundred years before by a wealthy spinster of Barminster, who, in her will, appointed the revenues of certain lands to be devoted annually to the benefit of poor, deserving women. Men were ineligible to participate in the good lady's bounty; but the Trustees were to portion dowerless brides, to pension deserving widows, to advance capital for starting industrious girls in some respectable calling, and, in short, empowered to exercise a wise discretion which proved the long-dead benefactress to have been a woman in advance of her time. The revenues, which were now large in consequence of the great increase in the value of land near the city, though they had been misappropriated in the past, were now doing

a good work under the fierce light of modern criticism beating upon the Trustees.

Without saying any more, Stella went to consult their Vicar, Mr. Derwent, with reference to the Trust. He listened kindly, but suggested, as he was not acquainted with the exact terms of the bequest, she had better apply direct to one of the Trustees, of whom he gave her a list—Richard Ellis being one.

Stella started on hearing the name of her old enemy; but there were several other Trustees, and she decided to apply to Mr. Bent, the leading solicitor of Barminster. So, on her next half-holiday, she dressed in her modest best, and set off to his office in the High Street.

On asking for Mr. Bent, the clerks, impressed by Stella's ladylike and dignified appearance, showed her without demur into the principal's private sanctum, assuring her that Mr. Bent would be in in a minute. Shut into the handsome room, with its Turkey carpet, she tried to collect herself, and arrange the different heads of her argument lucidly in her mind, so as to state her case to advantage. But she felt horribly nervous, nevertheless; for to go begging, even from a public fund, was highly distasteful to her.

CHAPTER V.

ARTHUR BENT.

STELLA half-rose when presently the door of the office opened, and there entered, not the white-haired old gentleman she expected to see, but his son Arthur, a pleasant-faced but shrewd-looking young man of eight-and-twenty.

Seeing a neatly-dressed and ladylike girl awaiting him, he advanced to greet the supposed client with due cordiality. "Miss Haynes, I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to?" he said; for Stella had merely given her name to the clerks, as she possessed no visiting-cards.

"Yes," faltered she, wishing with all her heart that Arthur's father had been present. It would have been much easier to confide her difficulties to a white-haired old paterfamilias instead of a young bachelor. "Is—is Mr. Bent, senior, engaged?"

"My father, I regret to say, is confined to the house with a bad attack of rheumatic gout. But," he added, with a smile, thinking the while how handsome Stella looked with the side-light from the window catching her delicate profile, "I shall be very happy to attend to any business you may wish to consult me upon."

So, resolutely beating down her strong

desire to turn tail and flee, Stella quietly stated her errand. Arthur Bent listened attentively, and quite as respectfully, it soothed her pride to perceive, as if she had been a rich lady bringing very profitable business.

"I am not able to answer off-hand, Miss Haynes, without ascertaining the stipulations

"Oh, but you can't call this begging—you are only requesting a loan," Arthur responded, eager to reassure her. "There is nothing derogatory in receiving money from a Trust like this, especially as yours seems to be such a—" "deserving case" he had meant to say, but that reminded him too much of outdoor relief, and he amended it to "sensible request."

"You—you will not tell anyone but the Trustees?" implored Stella. It is true the Haynes had not many acquaintances in Barminster, but the mere idea of her name being bandied about as an applicant for a loan from the Trust fund, caused her an agony of apprehension.

"Certainly not. It's nobody's business what is done with the Trust money, except to the Trustees themselves and the persons benefited. The grants are usually anonymous. You may safely rely upon my discretion, Miss Haynes."

With that he took down Stella's address, her references, the length of time she had resided at Barminster, and particulars of the laundry she desired to take, and, promising to let her know in a

few days, he bowed her out of his private door as politely as if she had come in a carriage-and-pair.

"Haynes?—Haynes?" he mused, as he returned to his office. "I seem to have heard the name; and she certainly has the speech and manners of a lady. Her people must have come down in the world, for it seems very strange that to keep a laundry should be her ideal of bliss. Poor girl!"

He thought of his own fashionable sisters,



"It is so horrible to have to go begging at all."

of the Trust, whether your application comes within the scope of the bequest or not; but I will consult my father, and do my best to find out for you. References? Oh, I'm sure there will be no difficulty about that. But you quite understand that in administering public funds there must always be a certain amount of red tape."

"It is so horrible to have to go begging at all!" she said, the crimson flushing her sensitive face, and making her very beautiful.

and the many other girls he knew, who had nothing to do but cycle, dress, play tennis and golf, and read novels; and, remembering how sweet she had looked sitting opposite him in the clients' chair, a sudden anger at the inequalities of human destiny took possession of him, and he registered a mental vow to do his very utmost to persuade the Trustees to grant her request.

Meanwhile Raymond Ellis at The Towers was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, for the recollection of his strange encounter with Stephen Haynes refused to leave him, day or night. He, not unnaturally, shrank from saying anything to his father, for he could not bear to seem to doubt his kind and indulgent parent; but at last the torment grew so intolerable that one day, when they were alone together in the handsome library, he began:

"I hope, father, you won't think I've any motive in asking you, except that I'm naturally anxious to refute a shameful calumny; but, years ago, did you know a man called Stephen Haynes—an inventor?"

It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that for a minute the plutocrat had to pause before he could remember who Stephen Haynes might be. The affair of the Ellis meter was such an old story now, and so many momentous events had since occurred—his rise to fortune, his marriage, the birth of his children, his removal to Barminster, and purchase of Connington Towers, his ever-increasing prosperity and greatness—that at first he failed to recall the name of the insignificant being whom he had brushed aside out of his victorious path as he might a noxious insect. Nothing to a student of human nature is more amazing, more humbling, than to see how every day men guilty of the grossest offences towards their fellow-creatures, can persuade themselves they have done no harm, and go on living happily and contentedly beneath a burden of infamy which would crush more sensitive natures to the dust.

If Richard Ellis ever thought nowadays how he had first risen to fortune, it was not with any compunction for having stolen another man's invention. If the inventor had lost the fruits of his labours through being too poor to patent them, that was *his* lookout. And that was all.

"Stephen Haynes? Yes; I did," he said at last.

"Did you know he is living at Barminster?"

The master of The Towers slightly shifted his position, but otherwise Raymond could not see that the information discomposed him in the least.

"No; I did not. I haven't seen him for

many years, and probably shouldn't recognise him, if I did."

Raymond drew a long breath.

"Was he—was he quite sane?"

"Oh! crotchety enough. An unsuccessful inventor—one of those visionary dreamers who are always going to set the Thames on fire, and get morbid and revengeful because they can't do it."

"He says," said Raymond, with a gulp, "that it was he, not you, who really invented the Ellis meter years ago."

"He says! Pray, where did you speak to him, Raymond?"

"In the road here the other night. I didn't know who he was, and, seeing him looking intently at our house, I imagined he must be a stranger who had lost his way. He—he seemed very bitter against you, father. I almost thought—at first—he—he must have some justification, but, of course, that's impossible."

"The man's a crank—a fanatic!" said Mr. Ellis peevishly. "There never was a successful invention patented yet, without some obscure person starting up from somewhere to say the idea was really his, and the so-called inventor was a humbug. The Ellis meter was patented by me nearly thirty years ago. You can inquire at the Patent Office, and ask to see the model and the drawings, if you like; but since then I've brought out so many more inventions connected with electricity that when you spoke I had to think a minute before I could remember."

Raymond was puzzled to reconcile the air with which his father made this straightforward and positive statement with the solemn assertion of Stephen Haynes as he flung out his hand in denunciation of the owner of The Towers; but, like a good son, he took the safest way out of the difficulty by implicitly believing that what his father said was true, and that Stephen Haynes was the victim of hallucination.

"Well, father, of course I knew it wouldn't be like you to do anything dishonourable, but really the man seemed so positive that I'm glad to hear there's nothing in it. Just at first, I must own I was puzzled."

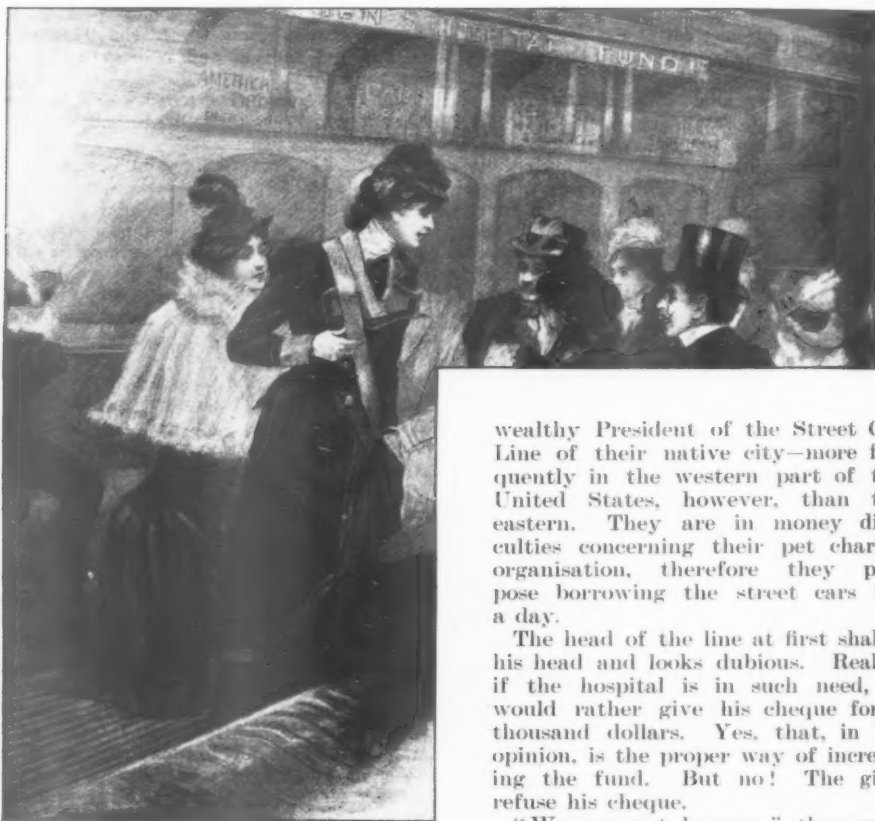
And he went out of the room, calling to his fox-terrier to come for a walk, with all the zest of youthful good spirits. But his father, left alone, sank back in his luxurious easy-chair with a frown.

"What a horrible complication that Haynes should have come to live here at Barminster! He may take it into his crazy head to tell his preposterous story to other people; and though I daresay very few would believe it, still he might do me a good deal of harm in the place. One never knows!"

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]

"CHARITY DAY" IN NEW YORK.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



The fair conductors cry, "No change! No change!"

"**D**O lend us the street cars for a day! We really are in a frightful state at the Children's Hospital. Hundreds of little patients to be tended, no money in the treasury, and enough outstanding debts to make us bankrupt. Your street cars will pull us through. Will you lend them?"

A bevy of smartly dressed young women, bright and cheerful as the spring morning, despite the gloomy financial state of the Children's Hospital, of which they form the governing Board of Trustees, may thus occasionally be heard addressing the

wealthy President of the Street Car Line of their native city—more frequently in the western part of the United States, however, than the eastern. They are in money difficulties concerning their pet charity organisation, therefore they propose borrowing the street cars for a day.

The head of the line at first shakes his head and looks dubious. Really, if the hospital is in such need, he would rather give his cheque for a thousand dollars. Yes, that, in his opinion, is the proper way of increasing the fund. But no! The girls refuse his cheque.

"We are not beggars," they cry; "we are only borrowers."

"Oh, well, if you are determined, I suppose I'll have to lend you my street cars. And mind you return them to me in good condition, else I'll never lend them again. A week from to-day, then, say."

Thus the initiatory negotiations for the novel loan are finished, and away trip the girls to the various newspaper offices of the town, where they furnish the editors with a bit of "Society News," which appears the next morning in a prominent place:

"It has not, perhaps, been generally known that the funds of the Children's Hospital have for some time been in a very low state. This is the case, but the

young ladies who form the Board of Trustees have discovered a way out of their pressing difficulties through the liberality of our esteemed fellow townsman, the President of the City Street Car Line. He has offered to lend the whole line to the workers for the hospital fund. On the 10th instant all the regular street car conductors will be given a holiday, and the young ladies will take charge of the cars, becoming fare-collectors in their stead. All the profits for the day will be turned over to the Children's Hospital. We hope that nobody will walk, or even ride in their private carriages, on the 10th."

Great are the preparations, and high runs the excitement as the fateful 10th approaches.

All the young women who are to fill the posts of car conductors provide themselves with dark blue tailor-made

gowns and hats to match if it be winter, and with uniforms of brown linen if in summer. The dresses are made exactly alike, and are often presented by the merchants of the city, who consider themselves lucky in being advertised as the makers of the smart uniforms worn that day. On the horse-cars the drivers, and on the cable and electric cars the regular "gripmen," are retained for the day, as guarantees to the passengers that they run no risk to life or limb on "charity day"; but the men conductors gladly take the holiday thus granted them, and bright and early in the morning—about 5.30 in the summer—the girl conductors assemble at the street car stations. Each one is put in charge of her car with its large outside poster—"CHARITY DAY. NO CHANGE. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL FUND!"

Chink, chink, clink, clink, go the five



"Do lend us the street cars for a day!"

cent pieces into the fair conductor's pocket. "I have nothing less than a quarter, and I see you don't give change," says one passenger, holding out his twenty-five cent piece. "No change!" responds the uniformed collector solemnly, as she drops the quarter into her pocket. Gold pieces, sometimes five and sometimes ten dollar ones, are handed out by prosperous business and professional men, at sight of which the eyes of the conductor twinkle merrily, as she calls out in sing-song fashion, "No change, no change!" Pockets begin to feel heavy before the day is half over. Gold and silver jingle musically as from one end of the car to the other walks the conductor, collecting or pulling the bell-rope to let passengers on or off. No conversation is carried on between conductor and passengers. At any rate, the conductor makes no remarks not absolutely necessary to the passengers; stately and dignified she performs her duties. Occasionally, standing out on the rear platform, she passes one of her co-workers collecting fares in a car going in the opposite direction, and, as has been previously agreed upon, only the salutation pass-word is given. "No change!" "No change!" calls out one to the other, and on they go.

The day ends in time for the regular night conductors to take their places as usual. The uniformed young ladies all meet at one of their own homes for dinner. The takings-in are counted, the expenses of the Street Car Company are deducted and handed over; and lo! in some cases as much as several thousand dollars is left for the charity in which they are interested.

This fascinating idea of "borrowing things for a day" for the purpose of promoting good works is taking possession of young American women. Just as they ask the president of a street car line to lend his cars for a day, so they go to the proprietor of a dry goods store (draper's shop) or the editor-in-chief of a newspaper, and say: "Lend us your store for a day for the Deaf Mute Asylum," or "May we borrow your newspaper office for a day? We want money to make a merry Christmas at the Old Ladies' Home."

The proprietors of the dry goods establishments give all their employees a holiday, and take on, in their stead, the prominent Society girls of the city: the

plan having, of course, been advertised in the papers a week or so beforehand. From eight o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening (on charity days the stores do not close at six o'clock, as usual) the young women interested in the welfare of the Deaf Mute Asylum hold posts as saleswomen, measuring off dress materials, ribbons, and laces, and calling out to their co-workers—their own little sisters or nieces—"Cash! cash!" When stores are thus "borrowed" the principle of "no change" does not govern, as it does on the street cars. The usual prices for the goods are asked, and change quickly and accurately given. In negotiations of this kind one half the profits of the day's sales are given to the charity, the other half going to the proprietor. This "half," by the way, is always a much larger amount of money than the "whole" he would receive on ordinary days, for the establishment is often patronised almost to the exclusion of other stores, and the number of customers is sometimes ten times that of other days. This fact goes a long way towards inducing all the merchants of the town to offer their stores for a day to some deserving charity, and thus the woman who originated the idea of "borrowing dry goods stores" for a day for charitable purposes did an exceedingly clever thing.

Probably the most interesting and profitable of the borrowing schemes, however, is that which applies to the newspapers. For the purpose of "borrowing," evening papers have an advantage over the morning papers, because the latter demand night work, which could not be conveniently accomplished by young women amateur reporters and editors. For this reason it is always the proprietors and editors of the evening journals who are approached with the irresistible plea, "Please lend us your paper."

For the negotiating of this great "loan" far more extensive and longer preparations are required than for any other sort of loan, for the charity workers demand not only the profits of the sales but those of the advertising department. Several weeks, and frequently two or three months, are spent by the young women in soliciting advertisements for the monster charity edition that they are planning. People who would not dream of

advertising in that particular journal on ordinary days gladly hand in large and expensive display advertisements, not only for the sake of helping the charity, but for the purpose of helping themselves, since the sales of the edition are sure to be enormous.

Very early on the morning of the day during which they are to have charge

national politics; the mayor of the town is advised how he should perform his duties as the city's chief magistrate; young ladies, with note-books and pencils, are sent skurrying over the city as reporters, returning with news from the police courts, the city hall, the churches, the Sunday school houses, the halls of entertainment. All the doings of high



A SCENE INSIDE THE OFFICE OF A "BORROWED" NEWSPAPER.

of the paper twenty, thirty, forty, and in some cases fifty, girls and young matrons assemble in the various rooms of the newspaper office, deserted the previous evening by the mere male editors and reporters. The various editorial chairs are filled by those who are considered to have the most natural ability in the way of literary work, while in the business department the important positions are undertaken by those who are thought to have "good heads for business" and to be "quick at figures." Leader writers publish their views on the important questions of the day; poets drop into verse of oft-times remarkable and ridiculous metre; political writers air their opinions on state and

Society are faithfully noted, prospective marriages are chronicled, as are also the doings on 'Change and the state of the market. Telegraph and cable messages from other cities and other lands, brought in by the telegraph boys, are edited by the ladies who preside over the telegraph and cable desk. Those with an artistic turn of mind undertake to illustrate such articles as seem to require it. Then "copy" and sketches and advertisements are sent up to the composing room—which, I should state, has been left in its usual state, since none of the amateurs usually feel qualified to run the printing presses. Then, as down come the proofs, the miscellaneous material is sorted and distributed into proper pages, and late

in the evening the paper is for sale in the streets and delivered about at the houses of its regular subscribers. There are parts of it that are very clever, and other parts are very funny in their amateurishness; but everybody buys it, for everybody is curious. Not the least curious and interested of its readers are the members of the staff who usually conduct it, who often have merry moments over the opinions of the lady leader writers whose "party policy" would seem to be in direct opposition to the well-known line and policy of the paper.

All the profits of the day's sales and advertising go to the charity in which the indefatigable young women have been interested, and great is the rejoicing at the Old Ladies' Home over the good things provided out of those profits.

These are some of the "up-to-date" methods of raising money for charity, and they are especially popular in the West, where original ideas of all sorts, particularly what are known as "woman's ideas," are being constantly put into successful practice. Church bazaars, ice-cream festivals, oyster suppers, and musical and literary entertainments for the aid of deserving charities were the old-fashioned ways; but they seem now, to a great extent, to have served their time and done their work. To sit in a church dining-room and eat an oyster stew that has been cooked in the church kitchen is not so interesting as to read a newspaper got up by the young ladies of the church, and certainly it is not so profitable. The cry of "No change! No change!" is vastly more inspiring to ordinary people, and more likely to bring about large contributions to charity's cause, than "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," recited from the Sunday-school room platform on "concert evenings." So the old-fashioned methods of charity promoting are going out, and the new-fashioned ones are coming in, bringing more pleasure and much larger profits than the old ways could ever do.

Quite as original and quite as indefatigable as the young women are the American Sunday-school children in their work for charity organisations, and in promoting good causes of every description.

I have already referred to the little girls who help their big sisters by be-

coming "cash girls" for a day, in the cause of charity. A very popular method among the boys for earning money to devote to their pet charity is that of editing little papers, and printing them on little hand-presses—not for "one day only," I hasten to say, but for weeks and months, and sometimes three or four years. These papers usually circulate among the children of a particular "set" or a particular school. In appearance they are like a folded sheet of large size note-paper. They are quaintly got up by a staff of sometimes only one small boy, who gathers his own news and advertisements, writes, edits, and prints the paper himself; scorning such assistance as may be offered him by his older brothers and sisters or parents in the matter of spelling, capitalisation, grammar, etc. The result is that the little weekly periodical is very quaint and extremely "personal." A little boy friend of mine "ran" such a paper for about three years in one of the Western villages, his estimable object being the collection of a Christmas fund for the poor boys of a neighbouring town. Concerning a boy friend who attended the same Sunday school, this twelve-year-old editor would say in his paper, "Tom Jones wore a new straw hat to school last Sunday, but it was too far on the back of his head." Another paragraph would announce: "Lucy Brown is wearing a new plaid sash. She tore it yesterday morning feeding her chickens. Her chicken-coop, as we suppose all our readers know, is run in the interests of the Guild of Kindness to Animals. We hope all the mothers will patronise Lucy when they need eggs, and thus help a good cause."

The children who, like Lucy Brown, are carrying on a little industry of their own, advertise their business and their wares in the little paper edited by the school friend. On the advertising page one is apt to find the announcement that "advertisements can be inserted at the price of one cent for six words." Then follow such ads. as "Dolls dressed, pretty and dainty. Price, a quarter of a dollar. Profits for benefit of Poor Babies' Day Nursery. Apply, Susie Black." "Warm red mittens knitted, any size. You'll need them for skating this winter. Price, thirty-seven cents. Benefit Girls' Missionary Society.

Apply, Mamie Thompson." "Kindling wood nicely chopped. One cent a bundle. Benefit Bootblacks' Lodging House. Jimmie Sawyer, woodman." Other boys advertise that they are willing to "pick apples on the share system," which means that they will climb the apple trees in the farmers' orchards and pick the fruit, payment to be received "in kind"—that is, every eighth or tenth bushel to be theirs, to sell to their parents or at the shops, the proceeds to go to their favourite charity fund.

A number of little boys and girls have written to great men, detailing the particular charities in which they are in-

terested. Instead of asking for money, they request that the great person shall write a letter expressing his interest in the work. The request is nearly always complied with, and more often

than not a cheque is also enclosed; but the profits usually come from the reading of the letter. It is announced in the "literary organ" of the school that



PRINTING A BOYS' "CHARITY" NEWSPAPER.



A GIRLS' "CHARITY" SCHOOL FOR DOGS AND CATS

such a boy or girl has received a letter from the President, a noted general, or some other national or international hero, and that the letter can be read by anyone who likes to pay ten cents.

The American Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and others interested in charitable works, are getting inclined to discourage among children the practice of directly soliciting contributions of money for these purposes, thinking it better that they should invent ways of earning, rather than begging, money for the causes they wish to promote. Thus the picking of apples on the "share system" is considered a very much better way for Johnny Green to get help from Farmer Brown, than for Johnny to ask him to donate the price

of a bushel of apples, or even to give the apples outright. The gruff farmer, asked for a direct donation, would be quite as likely to refuse as to accede; while if, in the picking transaction, he discovers that Johnny's tenth bushel is to be turned to good account, he would be very apt to announce that he didn't mind giving every fifth, instead of tenth, bushel to the picker.

One of the prettiest and most original ideas for earning money to promote a good object is that of two little girls—sisters—who are members of a Band of Mercy League in a Western town. The little girls, wishing to earn money for the band, started a "school for dogs and

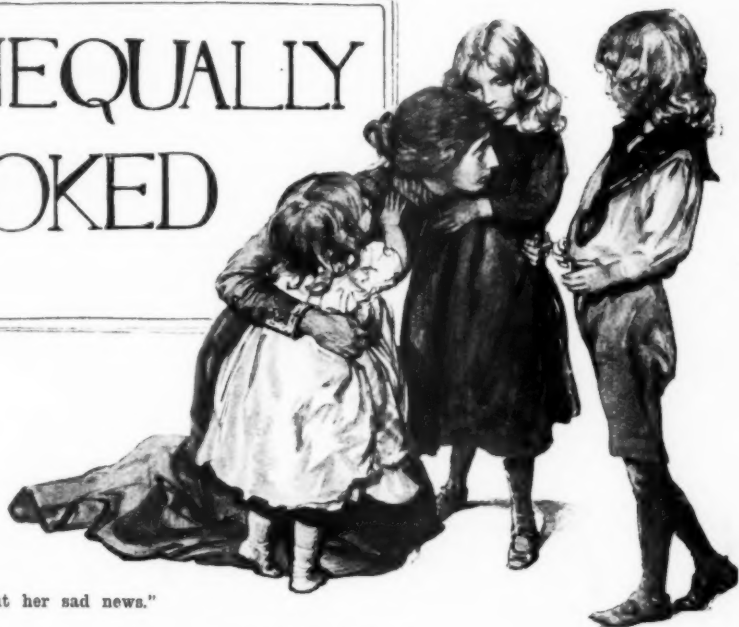
cats." The pupils were to be brought by their masters and mistresses, and left in charge of the teachers for a few hours each day, during which time they were taught various tricks, such as shaking hands, bowing to the ladies, jumping, carrying sticks and umbrellas, asking for their drink and food. Rewards in the shape of bones, dishes of milk, lumps of sugar, etc., were impartially given to the pupils who "learned their lessons." The tuition fees, paid by the well-to-do masters and mistresses of the pets, were handed over to the Band of Mercy, which is the American children's society for the promotion of kindness to animals.



(Photo: C. Reid, Wislawa.)

AN ANIMAL STUDY.

UNEQUALLY YOKED



"She sobbed out her sad news."

A COMPLETE STORY

By Alan St. Aubyn, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," Etc.

"And a little child shall lead them."



WHEN Marion Lee married Howard Beech people shook their heads; they said it was an unequal match.

Not unequal as far as position went, social position. Howard was a member of the leading firm of legal practitioners in the city, and Marion was the daughter of a well-known preacher. They both belonged to the best set in the city, and Howard at the time of his marriage was looked upon as a rising man.

The inequality was of another kind. Howard Beech was an infidel.

No one could understand how Marion, who was an earnest, high-minded Christian girl, a devoted worker among the poor, a loving, dutiful daughter, could have made such an unhappy choice.

No persuasions availed with her. She recognised the objections of her friends;

she did not attempt to argue with them; she did not attempt to justify her choice. She only declared she would marry no one but Howard Beech; whether for good or for ill, she would wed him, and no other.

Her parents' consent was given unwillingly; and the wedding was a quiet one. The ceremony took place in her father's church, and he himself pronounced the benediction.

The bridegroom did not make any objection: one place of worship was the same to him as another; he did not attach any special solemnity to the vows of the Church, a vow was as obligatory to him under whatever conditions it was given, no form of words could make it more binding.

The marriage, on the whole, contrary to everybody's prediction, was a happy one. There was everything in the lot of the wedded pair that made for happiness.

Ample means, congenial society, abundant occupation; a beautiful home on the outskirts of the city, with a pleasant, rambling, shady old garden.

While taking a keen interest in her

husband's pursuits, and throwing herself with full enjoyment into the bright, busy social life around her, Marion still found time for her daily reading and prayer, and for her work among the poor. Her husband never interfered with the performance of her religious duties. He was uniformly kind and considerate, never by any chance hostile. He stood apart, watching her in his cool, critical way; an amused observer, not realising the force and persistency of the spirit that animated her.

Amid these happy surroundings her children were born. There were four of them, a boy and three girls. It had been stipulated at the time of her marriage that Marion should have the religious training of any daughters that might be born to her; but in the case of a son she should not seek to influence him in religious matters. He should be left untaught until he was of an age to judge for himself.

The first cloud on the horizon of her happy married life was in connection with this arrangement.

It arose from the simplest cause.

When little Dick was four years old a relative of his mother's sent him a present of a Noah's Ark. It was all that a Noah's Ark should be. There were animals in it of every description, beautifully graduated; the Patriarch Noah and his wife, with a full complement of sons and daughters. There was the window in the ark, whence the dove was sent forth; and the dove itself, with the olive branch in its mouth, was not missing.

The sides of the Ark were adorned with paintings descriptive of the incidents of the Flood; the long procession of animals; the Ark riding on the waters; the sacrifice of Noah, with the Bow of the Covenant.

Little Dick was delighted with his new treasure, and he asked his father some questions about the pictures. Howard Beech put the child's questions aside; and he sent back the Noah's Ark to the giver.

He did not choose, he explained, that his child should be hampered with the superstitions of the nursery when he grew up. It would be time enough for him to read the Bible narrative when he was old enough to form an opinion, to judge for himself.

This was the beginning of sorrows.

In a nursery with four young children, nearly of an age, it was difficult to separate one of the number from the influence of the religious training of the rest.

However carefully guarded little Dick might be from "nursery superstitions," with whatever precautions he might be hedged round from receiving impressions that his maturer judgment would strive in vain to

efface, the presence of his little nursery companions and their innocent prattle exercised an unconscious influence upon him.

All that could be done to counteract it, without actual separation, was done. The little girls received their religious training from their mother, they lisped their infant prayers at her knee, and learnt their childish hymns, and read with her their first Bible lessons. Little Dick was excluded from these daily tasks. He could hear from the schoolroom, where he sat alone, the voices of his sisters raised in prayer and praise; the sweet notes of their little hymns reached him through the closed doors.

He listened and wondered in his childish way. He never asked to take part with them; he seemed to understand in some way that for him there was neither prayer nor praise.

He was a silent, little fellow, too grave for his years. He did not ask so many questions as other children; perhaps he thought the more. He had a wistful, far-away look in his eyes that went to his mother's heart. It seemed to her sometimes that he was seeking elsewhere for the teaching she denied him.

Of the four children, Dick was next to the eldest; Cissy was two years older, and Olive, his favourite playmate, was eighteen months younger; and then came the baby, Lily; a merry, happy loving little party. Lily, the youngest, at two years old, was as lovely as an angel, a fair, golden-haired little cherub, with sweet, winning ways.

It would be hard to find a more lovely trio than the three little girls, and all had the same abundant soft, golden hair.

Cissy was a sweet, clinging nature, with a delicate, sensitive face, and an elder sister's thoughtfulness for the little ones. Dicky was more like her than the rest, but graver; he had not the boisterous high spirits of the little ones, though he joined in all their merry games. There was always, it seemed, a shadow hanging over him.

When he was six years old, his father decided he should be sent from home. It was no longer desirable that he should be brought up with the other children; their influence was beginning to be felt. More than once his father had surprised him singing verses of hymns he had overheard; and one day, while the rest were at church, he had caught him in a secluded corner of the garden on his knees. Dick was shy and silent when he was questioned, and could give no explanation of why he had hidden himself there. It was then that his father decided to send him to school.

With a heavy heart his mother set about the preparations for sending him away. There

is always a good deal to prepare when a child leaves home for the first time; there are so many little tender tasks to perform, so many silent tears to be shed.

It had been a damp season, and there was a good deal of sickness about in the poorer quarters of the city.

In the damp, misty autumn days the children were not always able to take their accustomed walks; they played in the school-room instead, and deafened everybody with their merry shouts.

Their father often complained of the noise—it interfered with his work—but their mother loved to hear their dear voices and laughter, the sweetest sounds in the world to her ears. She could not find in her heart to check them. On days when Howard happened to be away from home they made as much noise as they pleased, and Marion joined in their merry games.

Olive was always the noisiest of the party; she was four years old at this time, a merry, boisterous little creature, full of health and high spirits.

She was Dick's especial playmate; they could never be separated. Looking at them playing together, on one of the last days before Dick was to be sent away, Marion Beech wondered how he would bear the coming separation; he was such a sensitive little fellow, he took things so much to heart.

Olive had been noisier than usual that day; she had screamed herself hoarse before the play was over. When her mother went to kiss her for the night she was not surprised to hear that her throat was sore.

"It hurts when I say my hymn," she said, stopping in the midst of the verse she was saying.

She looked so rosy and well, there seemed no cause for anxiety; the screaming had no doubt made her hoarse.

In the early hours of the morning the nurse came to Marion's door, and begged her to come into the nursery; the child's throat was worse. The frightened mother flew to her darling's side, only to find her struggling in a paroxysm of croup.

The doctor was sent for at once, and everything that medical skill could suggest was done; but without avail. Poor little Olive did not seem to be conscious again until the last, when she turned her sweet, appealing eyes upon her father, who stood beside her bed.

"Dick!" she cried in a quick, reedy voice that thrilled through the listeners. "Oh, daddy, do let Dick come!"

She did not speak again; an hour later Howard Beech bore the weeping mother from the room. He did not know how to comfort her, he had no words of consol-

ation for her in her bitter sorrow. He had not the heart to take the heavy tidings to the nursery, where the other children were gathered together in a frightened group. Marion had to tell them. In the first anguish of her loss she forgot the restrictions that hitherto had been observed about Dick.

She went into the nursery with her heart full, and, gathering the little ones about her, she sobbed out her sad news.

"Olive has left us," she said, "God has taken her. She has gone to live in Heaven, with the angels."

"Will she never come back, mamma?" Dick asked with a whitening face.

"She will never come back here, to this sad world of sorrow and loss; she has gone to a brighter world, where there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying—"

"Shall I—never—see her again?" he asked, with a passionate outburst of grief.

"You will see her in Heaven; God is taking care of her."

She remembered her promise when the words were spoken. But it was too late to take them back; she would not have had them unspoken if she could.

What did anything matter, with her darling taken from her?

Her husband was considerate and thoughtful for her during those dark days; but he did not say much, and he saw very little of the children. He could not bear to hear their innocent questions.

He had no answers to give them; he shrank away from their questioning, and shut himself up in his room.

Two days after Olive had died, while the sweet little form lay in its coffin upstairs, Lily, the two-year-old baby, was taken ill. She had been playing about merrily one hour, and the next she was twitching with convulsions on a couch by the nursery fire.

The case was hopeless from the first. It was diphtheric croup, and the age of the little one diminished the chances of recovery. By the doctor's orders the other children were removed to a distant part of the house. He would not say distinctly that there was danger of infection; but it was as well that they should not run the risk of it.

Howard Beech gave up his own room to the children; it was the farthest removed from the nursery, and in another part of the house. Here the little beds were brought down, and the books and playthings; but the frightened little creatures were in no mood to play. They sat huddled together in father's big armchair, Dick with his head on Cissy's shoulder, and her clinging arms about him.

It was here that their father found them



His father sat beside him with his head bowed on his breast.—p. 510.

when he came in with the heavy news of their further loss.

"Lily is dead," he said almost harshly; he could not control his voice, he could not keep the quiver out of it without speaking harshly. "She suffered so much that we could not wish to keep her." He took the boy in his arms as he spoke, and hushed the little fellow's sobs on his bosom. "You must not give way, Dick, everyone has to die, sooner or later; you must be brave for mother's sake—poor mother!—who has had to give up both her darlings; you must not add to her trouble."

The little fellow made a brave effort to calm himself, but the tears could not be kept back.

"Has Lily gone to Heaven, too?" he asked his father.

"That is a question I can't answer, my boy; there are some things you must leave till you grow older, till you can understand about them. Our little Lily is dead, that is all we know—"

He spoke sadly, he did not trust himself to look into the boy's tear-stained face.

"But I want to know *now*, papa. If God has taken her, if I shall see her again some day, I can wait—but—" He paused, and looked at his father fearfully, and broke down with a low, quivering sob, and buried his face in his father's shoulder; he could not finish the sentence.

Howard Beech held the child clasped tightly in his arms for a moment, and then put him tenderly down in the chair beside his sister. "You must comfort him, Cissy," he said; and he went out of the room with his head bowed and a mist before his eyes.

The grief of the stricken mother at this second bereavement seemed more than she could bear. Her husband could give her no comfort; the sight of her grief seemed like a reproach to him.

"Why, oh why?" she moaned, as she knelt beside the couch where the little lifeless body lay. She could not understand God's dealings; she could only moan.

"There is a reason, no doubt," her husband said bitterly, speaking to himself more than to her. She remembered his words after.

In bitter sorrow and anguish the two little ones were laid in the same grave.

The poor mother had wept all her tears; she stood beside the little grave that held her dear ones with a strange peace at her heart. She was sure that God had a purpose in this trial; it was for His glory. She went back after the beautiful service strengthened for what lay before her. Strengthened, but not prepared.

On reaching her own door she met the doctor coming out; he had been sent for in haste to see Cissy, who had been taken ill.

"Not Dick!" the father said anxiously. "Have you seen Dick? Had we better send him away?"

The doctor shook his head. "It would not be much use sending him away now," he said, the mischief would probably have been done. He would see him and advise later in the day. He hurried off to get some remedies for his little patient, and the father went into the library to see his son.

Dick was not curled up in the big chair now; he was kneeling beside it, and his little hands were raised in prayer.

"Please, God, don't take Cissy away," he was saying to himself when his father came in, "please, dear God!"

Howard Beech turned away with a groan; he could not hush the little artless prayer.

There was a struggle going on in his own bosom. He had striven all his life to stifle his yearnings after something higher, more satisfying, than his miserable creed. He had done his best to kill the finer instincts of his soul; but he had not succeeded.

There was a yearning, a hunger, in his heart that the world could not satisfy, that no sophistry could appease.

His children were dead—he did not know until they were gone that they had got such a hold upon him—but his love for them was not dead, it was painfully alive.

That was the strangest thing of all. Love outlived death. If death were the end of all things, then had love nothing to feed upon. But it was alive still. He could not reason; he could only feel. Reason told him that his children were dead, that he should never see them again; but reason lied, the child kneeling at his feet knew better.

It did seem at first that Dick's prayer would be answered, that Cissy would be spared. She had taken the disease in a milder form, the more ordinary form; the symptoms were not so urgent. Marion nursed the child herself; she would not be persuaded to leave her. She shut herself up in the sick room, having no communication with the rest of the household, and seeing nothing for days together of little Dick.

She thought often of the lonely little boy with all his playmates taken from him. In an agony of grief, she remembered, as she watched by Cissy's bed, that it had been in her heart at times to ask God to take him, to gather him safely into the fold; and He had thought fit to spare him, and to take these.

A strange calmness had come over Marion during those days of watching and prayer. She saw God's hand in her heavy trial; her breaking heart was enabled to realise that He was dealing with her and her husband as with His own children. She was sure He was

dealing with Howard, though the little boy who was the apple of his eye was spared.

During the anxious days of Cissy's illness Howard Beech had devoted himself to his little son. He had not been separated from him, day or night. He had watched the little fellow with anxious solicitude. His heart, torn with grief, was a prey to dreadful anxiety. He did not know how he should give the boy up, if he were called upon to do so. The boy read the yearning, the hunger, in his eyes, and he clung to his father with a depth of affection it was touching to see.

"You won't go away long, daddy," he would say to him when he left the room; "you will come back soon?"

When his father came back he would nestle in his arms, and lay his head on his shoulder.

"You won't go away, like Cissy and the others, and never come back?" he would whisper in his ear. "I do want you so much, daddy."

Dick did not, from the first, seem to expect that Cissy would come back; from the day she was taken from him he ceased to ask for her. As the weary, anxious days wore on Cissy did not seem to gain strength; the illness had taken a more serious turn.

When the doctor came in one morning, and told the anxious parents they must prepare for the worst, the poor mother broke down. The prolonged physical strain was more than her strength could bear, and nature gave way.

She passed from the bitterness of her grief into unconsciousness, and Howard Beech had another invalid on his hands. He had been called upon to give up two dear ones; and now a feeling was in his heart that a greater sorrow was before him, that all that had happened was to prepare him for something much worse.

In an agony untold he went from one sick room to another, for little Dick had been taken unwell. The doctor did not make much of his ailment, he thought it would soon pass; but his father's heart presaged the worst. It was what he had been dreading all through.

When Marion recovered consciousness her husband was standing beside her bed. His face showed the anxiety he would fain have concealed; she was struck with the ravages that grief had made.

Her first thought was for Dick. She asked for him in a voice tremulous with fear, and with her eyes searching his face.

"Is Dick—" she began, but something she read in his face froze the words on her tongue.

Howard shook his head sadly. "He has been ill all night," he said.

She did not need to ask if Dick had taken the fever badly; she read it in his eyes.

"I am nursing him," his father said, striving to speak with calmness to allay her fears.

"He is very patient; he is quite happy if I am with him. You must be content to stay with Cissy; she will need all your care."

Dick had been brought back to the room he had occupied, next to the nursery, when the order for separation had come. She could hear him, from time to time, through the day, when the door between the sick rooms was left open, talking to his father. He spoke very little, lying quietly in a kind of torpor; but sometimes he was delirious. He did not ask for her; he only wanted his father.

"Is God going to take from us all our children?" she asked, as she watched by Cissy's sick bed. She did not complain—she had no right to complain—God was answering her unspoken prayer. He was answering it in His own way.

She could only pray that, if the cup of anguish might not pass from her, she might be strengthened to drink it. She dared not pray for Dick to be given back to her; God knew what was best. She could only pray for submission to His will.

Her husband came to her from time to time during the night, when the other watchers had lain down to rest, and he brought good accounts of the boy; he was sleeping peacefully. He could not be persuaded to rest himself; he had promised Dick he would not leave him.

Her own little invalid demanded all her care. Cissy was restless, and could not be left a moment; but towards morning she fell into a troubled sleep. The sound of her boy's voice in the next room filled her with a sudden fear as she sat watching Cissy tossing in her sleep.

There was a reedy thrill in his weak, thin voice that went to her heart; and she rose from her seat in haste, and went to the door of the room.

What a sight met her eyes!

The little fellow was kneeling up in bed with his hands raised in prayer, but apparently still in a deep sleep, and was repeating with intense fervour the Lord's Prayer; while his father sat beside him with his head bowed on his breast.

When Dick had finished he fell back on the pillow, and Marion crept back to her seat. She could not think where the child had heard the words he repeated with such distinctness and fervour. He had learnt them for himself, and kept them hid in his heart until now.

But this was not all he had treasured up in those hidden recesses of his heart, undiscovered till the stress of nature laid them bare.

His sleep was not long; he woke again presently, and began murmuring some broken words of a hymn he had heard his sisters singing.

"*There is a happy land—far—far away.*
Where—"

"*Where!*" he repeated, appealing to his father with faltering lips and wistful eyes, already growing dim and clouded. And then—wonder of wonders!—the father himself repeated the missing lines of the hymn to the end, while the little fellow watched his face eagerly. He seemed to follow the words with his lips, though he could no longer repeat them.

Marion had been listening with straining ears to the broken accents of her child; but at the sound of her husband's voice she asked God for calmness and strength to sit still, to leave the work that He had begun in His own hands.

"Again, dad—again!" the little fellow pleaded, and the unhappy man had again to repeat the opening lines of the hymn; he could not refuse his dying child.

"*Come—to—this—happy land—come!*"

Dick feebly repeated after him. "You *will* come, daddy!" He turned his eyes, so full of love, on his father, and clung to him with his little burning hand. "Oh, daddy, I do love you so—you *will* come—"

It was a last effort: the little hand relaxed its grasp, the feeble voice was hushed; but the lips were smiling.

When it was all over the agony of the strong man was terrible to witness. Marion could not comfort him. He reproached himself for being the cause of the sorrow that had fallen upon them.

"God has been knocking at the door of my heart all the time," he said bitterly, "and I refused to hear. If I had listened at first, all might have been well."

"But you have heard now," Marion said with quivering lips.

"I could not choose but hear," he said almost fiercely. "I want my children. I cannot go on living without them. They are *somewhere*; wherever they are, I must go to them."

This was all he would say; he could not force himself to speak, even to his wife, of those deeper feelings that were stirring in his heart. She had to be content to wait. God was working with him; the meaning of things was growing clearer to him day by day; the hammer of sorrow had broken down the barrier of selfwill.

When Howard Beech stood beside the grave of little Dick, and saw the little coffin lowered into its last resting-place, he stepped forward and looked down into the dark, damp earth, where, side by side, his children were sleeping. Marion, who clung to his arm, saw his lips moving. *She* only caught the words he said:

"*I believe in the resurrection of the dead!*"

When the little sad party returned to the house, a sister of Marion's, who had come over to help them in their time of sorrow, met them at the door. Her face was radiant, and she caught Marion in her arms and kissed her.

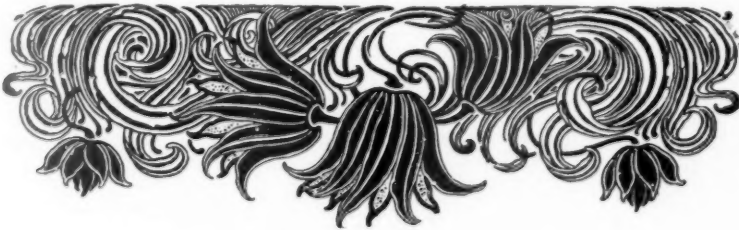
"Oh, thank God! Thank God!" she cried. "Cissy is better; the fever has left her."

It was quite true; the change had come since they had left the house. When they returned after the solemn scene, their darling, whom they had left tossing with fever, was sleeping peacefully. Her skin was moist and cool; the cruel disease had left her. She opened her sweet eyes at the sound of her mother's voice, and smiled up into her face.

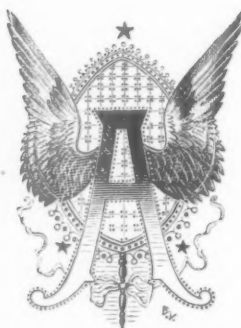
"Mamma!" she said softly. "Mamma!"

At the sound of the dear voice he had never hoped to hear again Howard Beech dropped on his knees beside the bed, his whole frame shaken with sobs.

"Thank God!" he sobbed. "Oh, thank God! Thank God!"



EASTER CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



AGES ago, when the tribes that were to form the nations of Europe were fighting each other or struggling with desperate valour against the legions of Rome, a great spring festival existed amongst them. It was celebrated at the time when

winter, with its bitter cold and scanty food, was passing away, and pleasant summer was at hand; and, in their blind fashion, they thanked the unseen beings who, they imagined, ruled the world, and prayed that they would in their mercy grant them fruitful harvests and increase of flocks and herds.

It chanced that Easter, the day of days in our Christian Church, fell in the spring, and when the early missionaries passed amongst the heathen and taught them the name of the "unknown god" they had ignorantly worshipped, there remained—as, indeed, could scarcely be otherwise—many survivals of the old customs, which, as being perfectly innocent in themselves, the early Church did not entirely condemn. Even to-day, amongst the ceremonies that are purely Christian, the Roman and Greek Churches, in their fondness for symbolism, allow of others that have this strange origin: while we in England have in "Easter" a title of the goddess Eostre, in the well-known eggs a mark of the old legend of a bird that was changed into a hare in the spring, and in hot cross buns the

cakes offered to Eostre, afterwards marked with the sign of the cross to destroy their heathen significance.

In Russia, religion and politics go hand in hand. Treason against the Czar is treason against the Church. A witness in a law suit is often asked, "When did you last confess?" And until a few years ago a Russian breaking the great Lenten fast of seven weeks was punished not only by religious penances but by a heavy fine levied by the police! Much could be written of the magnificent ceremonies that fill the Holy Week in Moscow, that ancient city, the centre of national and religious life amongst the peoples of the Czar. The crowds that throng the churches look faint and wan from their long abstinence and exhausted by hours of kneeling, for no seats are allowed. The Monday of the week sees the preparation of the *myro*, the so-called holy oil used for the baptism of children, the consecration of churches, and the coronation of the Czar. In cauldrons of silver and gold the oils and spices simmer, while priests slowly stir it and read prayers without cessation. Into it finally are poured a few drops from the holy flask, brought from Constantinople when the Greeks fled before the invading Turks. Before the holy flask is half-emptied it is always refilled with the fresh *myro*, the idea being that thus there is always a minute portion of the holy oil that it originally contained left within it.

With Good Friday mourning falls upon churches and people. Lights are extinguished, black is everywhere seen, the bells are silent. An embroidered tapestry of Christ is carried and laid in a coffin amidst solemn chanting. As Saturday evening draws on a look of

expectancy is seen on every face. The churches are crowded with silent worshippers. Shortly before midnight the tapestry is removed from the coffin. A priest approaches it and signifies that it is empty. Then a procession moves round the buildings chanting in low voices. They go, or so the ritual runs, to see "where they have laid Him." At last

the priests, in their most gorgeous robes gleaming with cloth of silver and gold, march round the churches singing triumphant hymns. Without the bells clang out, the cannons thunder a salute, the houses and streets are illuminated. So Easter Day is welcomed in with the Greek Church.

"Blessing the food" is another curious



A1 EASTER SUPERSTITION: "EASTER RIDING" IN THE TYROL

twelve strikes, and a wonderful scene occurs, that can but faintly be realised by those who have not witnessed it. "*Christos voshres*" ("Christ is risen"), cries a priest, and the people echo the cry. The members of each family embrace. "*Christos voshres*," say strangers to each other, the answer being "*Vo istiné voshres*" ("He is risen indeed"). Meanwhile

Russian custom. It can be imagined with what an appetite the fasting people fall upon their Easter dinner. But before it is cooked it is brought in baskets to the churches, where priests moving up and down sprinkle it with holy water. Strange enough the edibles look to English eyes, and stranger still seems the eagerness of each poor peasant in the crowd to



"ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY, HOT CROSS BUNS!"

get a good share of the holy water for his basket. In Poland enormous preparations are made for the Easter feast. In the houses of people of means the tables groan with a multitude of dishes, in the centre of which a whole lamb is fixed upon a raised pedestal with a red silk banner inscribed with the word "*Allcluja*" waving above it. Before the meal commences, an Easter egg, cut up into little slices, is passed round by the head of the house to his family and guests, each person eating a slice. It must, however, be pointed out that it is rather in the country than in the town that these old customs flourish with vigour. Railways and telegraphs, travel and education, deal sad blows to such interesting survivals of simpler times.

The "washing of feet" on the Thursday

before Easter has long been a custom in the Roman Church, and still survives. It is intended to inculcate humility amongst the high and mighty princes of the world, both temporal and ecclesiastic. James II. was the last of our English kings who performed the ceremony. In Austria, however, the Emperor still keeps up the rite under circumstances of great splendour. Surrounded by the chief of the Austrian nobles in the gorgeous robes of their various orders, he walks through the streets of Vienna to perform the *Fusswaschung*, as the ceremony is called.

In Jerusalem, the Patriarch washes the feet of pilgrims, presenting to each a wooden cross some seven inches high with spaces left for relics—a most valued possession. In Venice the *Lavanda dei Piedi* is performed by the archprêtre in the Cathedral of St. Mark, that glorious building in which the exquisite and fantastic are carried to the point of sublimity. Under the wonderful mosaics of the middle nave a space is cleared, and to the benches there set out come hobbling thirteen old men in what can best be described as long white dressing-gowns. Each of them removes a stocking. Then, accompanied by a train of priests and acolytes, comes the archprêtre and seats himself in a great gilded chair. A sort of apron and sleeves of white linen drawn over the hands are then slipped on to preserve his valuable robes from the slightest stain, and, rising, he passes down the line of old men, dabbing a little water on each foot out of a golden ewer, and wiping the spot with a towel. While the old men are putting on their stockings, he washes his own hands with a marked thoroughness, and the ceremony is over. Impressive it may be, but the humility of the archprêtre is not peculiarly obvious, either in the actual performance of the ceremony or in his general bearing.

From the spectacular point of view, the Easter glory of Rome has departed.

Since 1870 the Popes have been in the sulks with the Italian king, who, by removing their temporal power, gave complete unity to Italy. Elaborate, indeed, were the ceremonies that used to make Easter Day a time when travellers of all religions flocked to Rome. From a hall in the palace of the Vatican the Pope was borne to St. Peter's in a litter supported by the shoulders of men, his vestments ablaze with gold and jewels, his triple crown upon his head, the great fans of ostrich and peacocks' feathers waving above him. The vast basilica, that had been dark and shrouded through the Holy Week, glowed and glittered with lights and decorations. The people packed its great extent till not an inch more room seemed available. After mass, at which he officiated, he ascended the balcony over the central doorway. Without, an eager crowd filled the piazza. As he raised his arms in blessing, people and soldiers alike knelt before him, and when the voice ceased the cannon thundered, the bells rang out, and a great murmur rose from the eager worshippers. In the evening the dome of St. Peter's was beautifully illuminated with lines of lamps, the lighting of which was a task of the utmost danger, generally resulting in a death a year; but those who did not count the cost praised the effect, which, in truth, was marvellous.

But there were other ceremonies in Rome before Easter Day that are worthy of our notice. On the Thursday before Easter the Pope officiated at the feet-washing at St. Peter's. He was dressed plainly in white, with a red cope and small white skull-cap. To testify to his humility, he walked thither on foot, discarding the gorgeous litter that was being prepared for his Easter Day triumphant progress. After mass, in the Sistine Chapel, he proceeded to the balcony over the central door and blessed the people,

thence descending into the church. As he was about to take his seat in the northern transept, there entered thirteen persons dressed in high white caps and white garments. No humble pilgrims these, no poor old men, but bishops, all of whom had been selected—not, as it is to be feared, without certain quarrelling and bad blood—by the diplomatic agents of various countries. Then gravely taking up their positions on a bench, they awaited the Pope. After some singing and the reading of prayers, a similar performance was gone through to that already mentioned at Venice; that is to say, the girding on of an apron and the constructive washing of feet. The ceremony ended by each of the thirteen bishops receiving a towel and a nosegay, besides a gold and silver medal that was subsequently presented by the treasurer. Then followed a further "act of humility," taken from the life of our Lord.



AN EASTER SUPERSTITION.
THE OLD ENGLISH PRACTICE OF "LIFTING" AT EASTER.

The bishops adjourned to a large room above the portico, where a table was laid for a regular meal. The Pope waited upon them, pouring out wine and water for them to drink, and helping them to soup and other dishes. After washing his hands again, he departed.

A most elaborate ceremony is the blessing of the oils, which still takes place in St. Peter's. It is somewhat similar to the rite already described in the Greek Church, and the oil is of various varieties, intended for use in consecration, extreme unction, confirmation, and the like. The cardinal archpriest sits at a table facing the altar and, during mass, exorcises and blesses the oils according to a regular order. The most holy of all, the sacred chrism, has special honour paid it, the bishop and priests crying, "Hail, holy Chrism!" and kissing the vessel in which it is contained. There is also a washing of pilgrims' feet at a species of hospice, supported by the voluntary contributions of Italians, for those who have come into Rome at Easter time from a distance of over sixty miles. The members of this body attend while the priests wash the feet of the travellers, and afterwards wait upon them at supper. On the Saturday before Easter there was formerly a custom of lighting all the fires in Rome from the paschal candle, which is then kindled: but the custom has now died out. This paschal candle is also used for the benediction of the baptismal font in cathedrals in Italy. A procession is formed, headed by the big candle. The iron door in the cover of the font is lifted, and the archprêtre, after waving his hands over it, pours in oil, and breathes upon the water. The candle is then lowered gently in and out. The first child baptised with this consecrated water is considered lucky indeed.

There is probably no more superstitious and ignorant country than the Tyrol, though its beauties are the wonder of the traveller. On Easter Eve bands of musicians in quaint garments still traverse the country, guitar in hand, singing Easter hymns somewhat in the fashion of our carol singers at Christmas. Even more curious, however, is the custom, still surviving in the remoter districts, of the "Easter riding." With cross-bearers and priests leading in full canonicals on horseback, and the people devoutly following on foot, a procession

starts from a village, and passes round the fields, imploring the blessing of heaven upon the harvests. This is an undoubted relic of heathenism, and is not looked upon with peculiar favour even by the Roman Catholic Church itself.

And now let us for a moment turn to England to see what Easter customs there survive. The "Easter" egg still remains, though, like the valentine, it grows yearly rarer. As in Paris and Berlin, it is the more frequently to be found in the shape of a trinket of silver or enamel, its use remaining only as an amusing present. The washing of feet on the Thursday of the week by the reigning sovereign has, as has been already mentioned, been discontinued since the days of the Stuarts. But an ancient act of charity on that day, the giving of money or food—"maunds," as it was called—still continues. In many villages doles, either in money or food, are given away to the poor on this day, according to the bequests of charitable people who left land for that purpose. But the Charity Commissioners are great enemies to all unrestricted donations of money: and, in truth, they are right, for, like as not, it finds its way to the public-house as speedily as possible. Whenever such bequests come before them, therefore, they endeavour to apply them either to education, medical relief, or some similar purpose. Thus many a picturesque and curious custom is lost, though the poor are the ultimate gainers by the change. From very early days in British history the reigning sovereign has been expected to make gifts to a certain number of poor people on "Maundy" Thursday, as it is sometimes called. At one time these gifts were chiefly of food, and in the reign of George III. we hear of a feast to the poor in which boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, platters of fish and bowls of ale, were served to forty-eight poor men and a like number of poor women. Since the present sovereign came to the throne, however, these feasts have been given up, and in their place money is distributed to certain deserving folk, the number of those who annually benefit being equal to the number of years the Queen has reigned.

With the spread of education and of



THE CEREMONY OF "WASHING THE FEET" AT ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

opportunities for travel, popular customs in England have but a small chance of survival. Yet it is almost impossible to say with any reasonable chance of accuracy, if one has or has not died completely out from amongst us. In some little dip in the hills, in some neglected village in the plains, it may survive in a little altered form. Take, for instance, the practice of "lifting" on Easter Monday and Tuesday, which was formerly well known in the north of England. It was performed by two lusty men joining hands across each other's wrists, and then, having made the person to be heaved up sit upon their arms, they lifted him three times into the air. This custom had, undoubtedly, originally been intended to signify the joy of the people at the Resurrection of our Lord. Again, the playing of football on Easter Monday was a recognised sport. The game played required no practice or previous knowledge of the rules. It was usually somewhat of the nature of a free but friendly fight between two villages, and the game was ended by one party carrying the ball by sheer force to the goal of their opponents, which might be separated from their own by a mile or more. But football is no longer such a rough-and-ready pastime, nor is it confined to one day in the year!

The Sussex Daily News of June 10th,

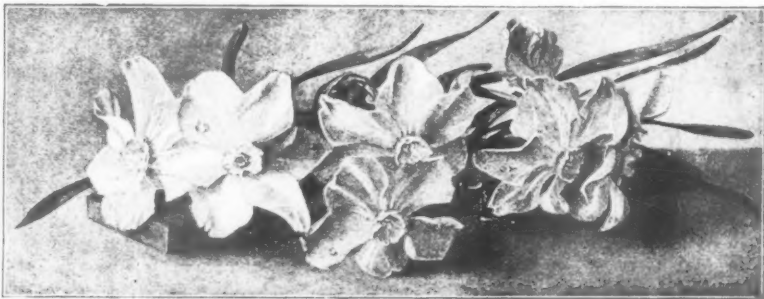
1805, published details of a curious Easter custom that still existed in Caistor Church. The vicar held certain glebe on condition that if the young men of the parish could catch a hare on Easter Monday and bring it to him before ten of the clock, he was bound, in his turn, to present them with a calf's head and one hundred eggs for breakfast, and fourpence in money. The motive that prompted so extraordinary a bequest it is difficult to imagine. At present it would seem that it put a premium upon the gentle art of the poacher.

It is said that in some parts of the country there still exists the strange superstition that bread baked on Good Friday and carefully preserved by a family, may be used, when crumbled into water, as a remedy for many ailments. The day of the "hot cross bun" has, however, nearly departed. A couple of generations ago there was scarce a village of any size in England where, on a Good Friday, the cry would not have been raised of:

"One a penny, two a penny,
Two a penny buns,
One a penny, two a penny
Hot cross buns!"

But at present the words of the old-time doggerel verse are almost forgotten, or so it would seem; certain is it that the nursery knows it no longer as one of its regular ditties.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.



TETEE THE THIEF.

A True Story. By Edith E. Cuthell.

HER Majesty's ship *Superior* lay in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, getting up steam to sail next day.

Towards evening, as it grew cooler, there was a great rush ashore of liberty men, and among the officers who determined to make the most of their last run on dry land were two as smart little middies as the Royal Navy can boast—Edward Hinton and his friend and inseparable chum, Rupert Rallington, commonly called Jack. From his earliest babyhood Jack Rallington had been devoted to salt water. No one ever remembered that he had ever been called anything but Jack, for he looked a sailor all over, short and square, and tanned already, though this was his first voyage.

A long year had passed since Jack Rallington had bidden good-bye to his family at home, amid the lamentations of the nursery and schoolroom alike, for in both he was a prime favourite.

He had seen many lands and many people and many things during that year, and now that he was homeward bound he felt at least centuries older and quite a grown-up man. He and his friend Edward strutted up the streets of Rio as perky as two little sparrows, with the peaks of their caps slanted over their eyes, for the sun was still hot.

First they talked about that absorbing subject—going home, and of all the things they meant to do when they got there. Then, as they passed an eating-house, which emitted savoury smells, their inner man drew them back to the present.

"I say, old chappie," remarked Hinton, "shall we go in and get some grub first and a drink, or do a bit of the band on the Alameda?"

"How goes the enemy?" remarked Jack pompously, pulling out a gold watch, his godfather's gift when he joined his ship, and one of which he was not a little proud. "Oh, lots of time!" he

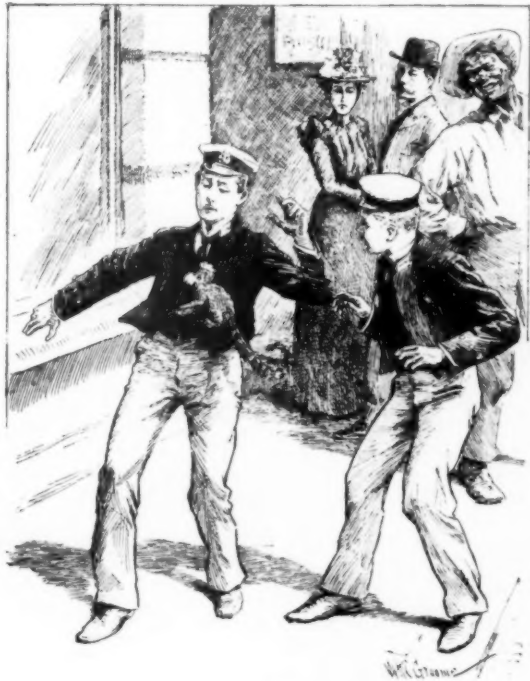
added, for they only had two hours' leave ashore. "My watch is rather fast."

"It always is, or beastly slow," put in Hinton.

"I'm sure it's a wonder I've got it at all still," Jack went on. "When my godfather gave it to me the day before we sailed, mam—I mean my mother—said I shouldn't keep it a day—lose it, smash it, or something," he added, carefully putting his treasure back into his pocket. "Hullo! I say! What's that?"

For something—bird or beast, cat or dog, he knew not what—sprang suddenly on to his chest and began scratching and fighting.

Jack beat it off. The creature bounded away. It was a funny, tiny thing, with claws, as Jack had felt, and a bushy, ringed tail, and with dark eyebrows strongly marked on its little face.



Something sprang suddenly on to his chest.

"That's a rum 'un!" cried Hinton, as the animal bolted down a side street. "It's one of those green little Brazilian monkeys—Eh?"

For a cry from his friend interrupted him. "My watch! My watch! The beggar's got my watch!"

And there the empty chain hung dangling on his waistcoat!

The two boys forgot all their dignity and tore after the monkey as fast as they could pelt. Several bystanders who had watched the occurrence joined in the chase, and in the rear came two of the *Superior's* blue-jackets who happened to be passing, and the second lieutenant, who had been sitting in a café, smoking.

But when they all turned the corner of the side street up which the monkey had disappeared, the street was quite empty of any vestige of such an animal, and, indeed, of anyone, save only a well-dressed man in a loose overcoat, who was walking along unconcernedly.

The pursuers looked at each other blankly enough. Hinton ran up to the gentleman and asked him, in his very best Spanish, if he had seen such a thing as a monkey about.

The gentleman looked exceedingly surprised and shook his head as if he did not understand a word.

"But he must have seen him! He ran up this way, I bet anything!" insisted Hinton.

But Jack's sharp eye detected a suspicious bulging of the pocket of the overcoat. He was sure that it even moved.

"Look in his pocket! Feel in his pocket!" he shouted, coming up breathless.

In a twinkling Hinton had got his hand in. He drew out the monkey, and after the monkey—the watch.

By this time some police had come up, and the second lieutenant took command of the situation. The gentleman in the overcoat was promptly arrested, and in spite of his protestations of innocence he and his monkey were marched up to the police-station. Jack and Hinton were ordered to appear next day before the alcalde, or magistrate, to prosecute him.

All that evening the cockpit of the *Superior* re-echoed to endless versions of the story of the clever little thief, who looked somewhat between a monkey and a squirrel, and, as Hinton expressed it, as if butter would not melt in its mouth.

Next morning half the ship's officers went off to hear the proceedings at the alcalde's.

The gentleman in the light overcoat appeared most placid and unconcerned. As to the watch, he explained, it was his own. As to the monkey, was it possible that such an

*engaging tiny creature could possibly be up to such tricks?

The magistrate seemed puzzled.

"I do believe he'll get off!" growled Jack.

"Bring in the monkey," ordered the alcalde.

The little creature appeared, and stared round at the assemblage with surprised and pathetic eyes, and was placed in his master's arms.

"Certainly it looks very docile," began the alcalde, when, suddenly, with a screech, the little animal darted across the hall and, springing upon his shoulder, snatched, with its tiny paws, the diamond pin out of the alcalde's scarf, and then, bounding back to his master, nestled in his pocket again.

The court laughed aloud. For the monkey had convicted himself, and the gentleman in the light overcoat was removed to prison. His admirably trained pet was offered for sale. Jack bid for it.

"It's a dear little thing, and I'll teach it better manners. I *must* take it home," he exclaimed.

"Very good, Rallington," acquiesced the lieutenant. "Only take care that he keeps his paws off other people's property when you get him on board, or I shall take care that he does *not* get home."

Jack promised that his pet should behave well, and ere next sunset the middy and his monkey were steaming out of Rio Bay on the way to England.

Considering the bad character—that of a thief's accomplice—with which he came aboard, Tete, as he was nicknamed, because of the odd little chirping cry he gave, comported himself with much discretion, and speedily became a general favourite with the ship's company of the *Superior*. He was such a captivating little creature that it was impossible to be angry with him for long. He was so tiny, so cuddlesome, and had so much expression in his tiny face, with the dark arched eyebrows, that he became the pet of all the ship, and quite eclipsed the attractions of the parrots and other tropical birds which the crew were bringing home.

Tete, when he had retrieved his character, which he did after a few chastisements from Jack, was made free of the ship, and bountifully supplied with bananas, mangoes, and Indian corn, the food to which he had been used on the bank of his native River Amazon, which is where these marmoset monkeys come from. But when, after a time, the stock of fruits was exhausted, Tete took quite comfortably to subsisting on milk, sugar, raisins, and crumbs. Moreover, he discovered for himself quite a novel kind of food, which no one would ever have thought of offering him. Being, as I said, free of the ship, he was here, there, and everywhere.

And it was in darting about like this that Tetee discovered the cockroaches, and, having discovered them, made it his business to leave them no peace. The *Superior* was not a new ship, and, to the great annoyance of all on board, cockroaches abounded. Tetee fattened visibly, and earned the gratitude of all the ship's company, who, before they reached Portsmouth, could turn into their bunks and hammocks without fear of seeing one of these objectionable brown insects scuttling under their pillows.

But, as the ship reached colder latitudes, however, poor little Tetee, accustomed only to a tropical climate, began to feel the cold very much. They gave him some cotton-wool in his cage, and he burrowed into it, wrapping himself up warmly.

One dark night Jack Rallington — feeling the cold quite as much as Tetee did — was on watch, with the collar of his jacket up about his ears, when suddenly a great steady star, low down, shone out into the darkness.

"Light on the port bow, sir," sang out the look-out man to the lieutenant on watch.

"That's the Start Light, Rallington," observed the officer. "That's England."

The boy's eyes stared into the darkness, and the kindly light seemed to stare back a welcome to him. When his watch was over, and he tumbled down into his hammock, he whispered to Tetee, who hung over it, wrapped in his cotton-wool nest: "We'll be home to-morrow, Tetee! we'll be home to-morrow!"

And Tetee stared too, with his surprised eyes, and gave a little chirp as if he knew all about it.

Words fail me to describe the excitement which reigned at the Manor House when the carriage, which had been to fetch Jack from the station, drove up to the front door, and when, by the numberless packages with which it was crowded, the eager crowd in the hall realised that he had indeed arrived.

They were all waiting, even Dottie and baby, who had never sat up so late before. In the background were nurse and the nurse-maid, and even Pipkins the boot-boy, who, as a rule, never appeared in that part of the house at all. And then the front door opened with a shout, and in tumbled Jack among them all.

At first, some of the little ones thought that it could not possibly be Jack, he *was* so grown, and so brown and manly-looking in his uniform and brass buttons. Poor Jack! How many times had he not privately confided to Hinton what a bore mothers and sisters were, always wanting to kiss a fellow. But now, when it came to the point, he forgot all about

his aversion, and hugged them quite as much as they hugged him.

When he had stood for some minutes under the lamp, and been looked all over and kissed again, while everyone spoke at once, and asked questions which no one answered, he was taken into the drawing-room, where mamma had tea and hot muffins waiting.

"Poor fellow! he gets nothing but biscuits on board ship," said Eveline.

"I wish I dot nuffin but bickies," put in small Reggie, whose ideas of biscuit were limited to gingerbreads and Osbornes, such as were to be found in the silver biscuit-box on the sideboard.

Jack, his mouth full of muffin, was about to explain that there was a slight difference between those biscuits and "hard tack," as he called ship's biscuit, and that the advantage was not on the side of the latter, when Mollie came in, staggering under the weight of an odd parcel done up in brown paper, and which she held up aloft, exclaiming:

"He's brought home a kitten."

"Bosh!" cried Jack, darting forward and taking it out of her hand. "We don't have cats aboard. 'Tisn't lucky!"

"Then it's a bird. I hear it chirp," said Eveline.

But Jack undid the cage, and Tetee sprang out upon a surprised and delighted audience.

"It *has* got tufts in its ears, like a Persian kitten," persisted Mollie.

"And a bushy tail," said Reggie.

"And it *does* chirp," added Eveline.

The family received Tetee with open arms, and took him to their hearts at once, and that not only because Jack had brought him, though I verily believe that if that young gentleman had returned with a pet hippopotamus they would all have tried to like it, and that mamma and the servants would have done their best to put up with it cheerfully.

But they loved Tetee on his own account, too. No one could help it. The canaries, the rabbits, the kittens, and the dogs, all had their noses put out of joint from the day of Tetee's arrival.

He was monarch of all he surveyed, and was very kind to all the other pets, except Sambo, the big black cat, and Tetee could not bear *him*. When Tetee first set eyes upon Sambo he covered his little face with his tiny hands as if to shut out an unwelcome sight. Whenever Sambo came near him he uttered a low hissing, very unlike his usual gentle chirp, and bounded to the top of the nearest curtain-pole or book-case. Sambo was no match for him in agility, and Sambo was relegated to the kitchen, as his presence was distasteful to Tetee.

During his short and happy life at the Manor House, Tetee was only guilty of one

wickedness. In the schoolroom Eveline had a glass bowl full of gold fish, which fed out of her hand and were her especial delight—and also Tete's, as was found out. Perhaps the latter, in his far-off Brazilian days, had been a fisherman. Anyhow, one morning, when the schoolroom party returned from their walk, they found him sitting on the edge of the glass bowl, busily engaged catching the fish in his claws, while the remains strewn the table around him.

tail twisted round his neck like a boa to keep him warm. In vain was he shut up in one room and kept close to the fire.

But nothing could avail, nothing could save Tete. One dark winter morning when Jane went to open the schoolroom shutters she found him curled up in a corner of his cage—quite dead.

How everyone cried! Jack did—*almost*, but you mustn't tell Hinton, or any other of the fellows in the gunroom of the *Superior*,



The family received Tete with open arms.

"If it hadn't been Tete, I could have whipped him!" sobbed Eveline. "But as it *is* Tete, well, I suppose I must just forgive him!"

Jack presented her with some more gold fish, which were kept out of Tete's way, and the latter was spoken to very seriously on the subject.

But no one had the heart to scold him seriously, for the poor little fellow was feeling the cold very much now that the winter had set in. He developed a plaintive little cough, which went to one's heart, and he sat in a corner of his cage with his bushy

How everyone missed Tete, and his cheerful little chirp about the house.

They gave him a grand funeral. He lies under the big fuchsia in the children's garden. Above his head was placed a board on which Jack painted this inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

TETEE;

A NATIVE OF BRAZIL,

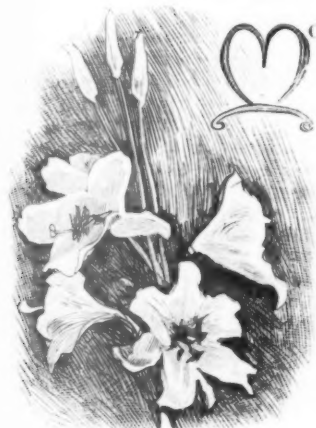
A FRIEND OF EVERYONE'S.

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY HIS DEVOTED
SHIPMATE AND MOURNER, R. BALLINGTON, R.N.

A PROOF OF RESURRECTION.

By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."—ST. LUKE xxiv. 34.



MOST Christian people have come to feel that there is advantage in the observance of the "Christian Year," so that no twelve months should lapse without the most

momentous events in our history being passed in review. Easter would be a lost opportunity if we did not consciously dwell within the atmosphere of the Resurrection. For let us remember what a belief in the Resurrection accomplished for the world: how it drew the scattered disciples from the homely crafts to which they had returned, reorganised their disorganised ranks, blended them into a corporate society, animated them with one faith, enthusiasm and hope of their calling, and then, as it were, flung them upon principalities and powers, to meet the menace of the persecutor, and dare a thousand deaths and tortures. Let us remember this, and the conviction will thrust itself upon us, that to realise the same truth, to embrace the same belief, may be what is most needed to revivify and re-animate faltering hopes and flagging zeal. That which happened in the days immediately succeeding the Resurrection may be described in a sentence—a living Christ made a living Church. By no stretch of sympathy or imagination could the depressed, disheartened body of disciples after the shock of the Crucifixion be called a living Church. In their hearts were the ashes of a dead hope, the luke-warm embers of a once ardent conviction. Nothing more was left to them. Disappointed and disillusioned men will never turn the world upside down. Memory, I know, has many a solace for the bereaved. If it intensifies the sense of loss by recalling all the sweet and beautiful traits in the departed dear one, it soothes the anguish of the soul as nothing else can. But you will

never convince a hard-headed, intellectual world that mere memory of the personal goodness of Him Who in His death had given the death-blow to all their anticipations, would inspire in them the tremendous resolve to supplant the existing faith of the world by the religion of Jesus, and in this cause to suffer certain agony and death. Memory may have soothed the pain they suffered; but memory alone did not fill them with the sacred fire. If there is one fact more clear than another respecting the death of Jesus, it is that when He was crucified the hopes of His followers were crucified with Him. Their desires and beliefs were nailed to His cross; and when He said, "It is finished," they felt that He was pronouncing the epitaph of their association and work. When they laid Him in Joseph's tomb, they laid their ambitions in the grave with Him. And when the stone was sealed, the fate of their once hopeful enterprise was finally sealed also. These facts are beyond dispute; and this further one—that in less than a week from that time they were no longer a resigned and disbanded society, in whose hearts were only the sore traces worn by grief for "lost causes and forsaken beliefs"; they were a living Church with a new note of certitude, and a sacred passion that in all the sublime history of religious enthusiasm has had no parallel. The suggestion of an incredulous sceptical criticism that a living Church created a living Christ is the most preposterous travesty of history that was ever produced. The one fact from which there is no escape, unless we choose to garble our documentary evidence, is that a living Christ created a living Church. When Christ died, the hope of His followers died with Him; when Christ rose again, the faith, and hope, and zeal of His followers rose with Him from the dead.

Now it is very true that to many people, and perhaps to most people, the living Church is to-day the greatest evidence of the living Christ. If only to avoid belief in the incredible miracle that Christendom, with all its wealth of love and zeal and quenchless faith, is the product of a delusion and a lie, thousands of thoughtful men, who perhaps attach no great weight to the gospel narratives of the Resurrection, are driven to conviction of the presence of the living Christ among His people. But of course these first disciples were entirely without such argument from experience. The tests they were able to apply were very different; and to reinforce any evidence of to-day from

the power of Christ over the human heart still, and His manifest presence among His disciples, we may well note with care and interest the kind of evidence that brought conviction of the Resurrection truth to the minds of the earliest disciples.

In the first place, a word as to the two men to whom the exclamation I have taken as a text was addressed. They were the two who had but just returned from Emmaus, to report a communion of their own with the risen Lord, which had in a brief space of time blown away the mists of doubt and despair which had settled on their hearts, and with the same breath had excited to fresh and ardent power the flame of faith and loyalty. Now in this they were, as we shall see, not unlike others who had passed, or were about to pass, through a similar experience. The special interest of these two men lies in their character. It is Bishop Westcott who points out that they were very simple, ordinary disciples, of no distinction or eminence whatsoever. One of them is nameless, and of the other we know nothing but the name. We have heard nothing about them before; we shall hear nothing about them again. They emerge suddenly out of obscurity, and return as quickly to obscurity.

In all likelihood, their abilities did not lift them above mediocrity. They were what we might call average men, sharing evidently common ideas and prejudices—"We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel"—with no special insight or intuition. They were just average men, of ordinary ability, the sort that make up the mass of simple, honest, rough, commonplace humanity. As such, they were the last persons in the world to expect a revelation; they were the last persons we should most of us suppose would be given a revelation. They might be susceptible to influence in a leader of thought; they were not at all the men to lead. There is a type of mind from which we naturally expect new light, new ideas, but this is not the type. If they had been men of great minds, with the mental alertness to grasp a new aspect of faith, and spiritual readiness to disengage themselves from old and ingrained prejudices and traditions, we should undoubtedly have heard of them again. Men of that sort are not lost in the crowd who afterwards hail the new ideas, and rejoice in believing them. No, these two must be pronounced representatives of the great bulk of human-kind—neither above nor below the average, with no distinction of talent, nor, so far as we know, of character. I do not doubt for a moment that it was felt as a very special and precious confirmation of other evidence that two disciples of this sort had realised the great experience; that men of their calibre

were not despised by the resurgent Christ. And this I say: It would be felt by everyone who heard their story that it was like Him not to confine His grace of revelation to His more distinguished and eminent followers, but to choose out for some special favour the lowly, the simple, the ordinary disciple. They would argue that it was the same Jesus Whose work and message were ever directed, not to the rich and the great and the talented so much as to the multitudes who were not rich, not great, and not talented. They would see in it a proof of His own eucharistic prayer: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." These two men, whose experience seemed to confirm so remarkably the belief which was becoming an established conviction—that the very Jesus Who had inspired all their hopes was still alive to fulfil them—were met as they joined the disciples by the news of another equally startling confirmation of the same belief.

"The Lord is risen *indeed*," they cried, "and hath appeared to *Simon*!" To *Simon*! The very words imply that there had been stubborn incredulity; the matter had been contested and controverted among the little company with evident warmth of affirmation and denial. Women, weak, loving, passionate, emotional, desiring to see what they affirmed they saw, might have been self-deceived, and beheld a vision which was the product of an excited imagination. John might have seen a vision, for John was a poet; and a poet is not expected in his rapt moods to distinguish fact from fancy. But if Simon has been pierced through his shame and depression, self-reproach and despair, by a revelation which has chased the cloud from his brow, and brought into his eye the light of hope, and made the lip to quiver with a gratitude he could not speak, then some miracle has happened in the moral and spiritual sphere of which we can give no likelier explanation than the one he himself has given: "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to *Simon*."

Now if you will be good enough to look more closely into these words, you will find, I think, that there were two reasons why this manifestation to Simon was regarded as something it was impossible to disbelieve. In the first place, Simon's condition of mind at the time rendered him peculiarly inaccessible to any such belief. If you have ever had anything to do with those who have been suffering from acute mental agony, you know that the form of it which is least accessible to consolation is that which we call remorse. There are forms

of misgiving and despondency which are not the product of a consciousness of personal guilt which has involved some irremediable disaster, which at their worst will snatch eagerly at any straw of hope, and feed ravenously on any morsel of encouragement. But remorse, remorse like Simon's, has this invariable characteristic: that it finds a sort of satisfaction in rejecting every hopeful and consoling thought, in barring itself out from light and peace and joy. We are keeping ourselves free of all speculating, and following the line of all experience when we say that a man of Simon's strong character, if once his self-confidence is dashed and broken, and he realises that his manhood has utterly failed, will descend in his moral abasement and spiritual humiliation to depths of depression corresponding to the extreme heights which in his pride and confidence he once touched.

Remorse like this—bitter, shameful—is not wont to jump at the first rumour of good things: it implies a settled horror and blackness of soul, on which mere words of encouragement and hope produce no impression. If I am told that a man in such a mood might vex himself with visions of an accusing Christ risen to upbraid him, I do not deny it. If he had seen such a Christ, one might well have supposed that the terror of vengeance had intimidated his imagination and haunted his fancy. Yes, and if he had seen an unreal vision, it would have been such a vision he must have seen. But the effect of what he saw was to calm him in his torment of self-accusation: it was to make him even more humble and sober, but resolute and hopeful. It sent him back for a time to the quiet pursuit of his original calling; but always in steadfast expectation of a new calling by the shores of the old sea. He was no longer the prisoner of shame. He no longer lingered in the dungeons of despair. If he was a sadder, he was a wiser man, and so great was the change that it brought instant and utter conviction to minds in doubt before. "The Lord is risen indeed," they cried, "and hath appeared to Simon."

That was, then, the first reason why that revelation to Simon was felt as a confirmation of faith. There was a second. They felt that this was an overwhelming proof that it was the same Jesus Who was the risen and living Lord. "It is the Lord who has risen," they said, "for He hath appeared unto Simon." It was so like Him: that one of the first assurances of His eternal presence and leadership should be given to the one who had most offended, most deserved to be left unvisited and unconsolated. When they thought of it they believed. None but Jesus would have acted so: and He would have acted

no otherwise. I should suppose they felt the difference between this manifestation of redeeming love, and their own poor, imperfect, blundering habits and methods. They would have made the opportunity an especial one for marking their sense of the enormity of Simon's offence. Their love would have abounded in favours to others, but have left the arch-offender severely alone, that he might know and feel how keenly they resented what he had done. Their love would have visited him with indifference, and called it mercy. They would have scrupulously avoided him, and called it kindness. "I know not the Man," he had said; and the Man should know him not. That would be equity and discipline, salutary if retributive. But if they knew perfectly well the course which their own feelings would have dictated, they had the instinct to recognise the love of Christ. "It is He," they said, "and no other. He is risen indeed, for He hath appeared unto Simon!" Yes, this was a diviner love than theirs. This had about it the amazing magnanimity of Heaven. I venture to say that if Judas had not been stricken with a remorse too awful for life to be tolerable, he had been among the first who had received this benign and adorable Visitor. Such was the love of Christ—infinite, eternal and unchangeable, ever offering a propitiation, ever seeking to draw again into union with Himself those who had disgraced themselves even with apostasy and denial. He sought them out, amid the torments of their self-reproach, to offer words of healing and peace. He entered once again into the same familiar communion with their spirits. He revealed himself to them as of yore—their Master, their Brother, their Saviour, their Friend. Well might the disciples feel that this love was a unique thing in the world: it was something that could never be counterfeited by men. It was the Lord, the Lord indeed who had risen, for He had appeared unto Simon.

In ways like these, then, the living Christ made a living Church. It was a Church of redeemed men: men who had fought and failed, men who had hoped and despaired, men who had affirmed and denied, men who had believed and disbelieved. He found them in failure, despondency, denial and disbelief, and He inspired them with deathless, quenchless faith, hope, love. Surely we must believe that this call is so all-inclusive that each may hear in it his own personal summons. This living Christ may call us from the death of indifference, or of trespasses and sins, and give us a place in the ranks of His loving and advancing people. Only let us receive and believe the Resurrection truth—the Lord is risen indeed.



By Isabel Bellerby, Author of "The Squire's Secret," "The Organist's Daughter," Etc.



CHAPTER XXI.

"AMEN TO THAT!"

DUKE OF FORTHSHIRE

and his secretary returned to England early in the new year, when Thorold gladly accepted an invitation to spend a few days at Cedar Lodge.

It was the morning following his arrival that Lois—always the first to get hold of the papers—read in

The Times an account of an attack, by a hostile tribe of Burmese, on a hunting party from the camp at Rangoon, literally cutting to pieces the little handful of Englishmen; and heading the list of those killed was the dear familiar name of "all her heroes"—Captain Wulfe Estens.

She uttered no sound, but just stood staring at the brief paragraph as though suddenly petrified.

Her back was turned to the others, neither of whom had so much as a glimpse of her face.

"When you've finished with *The Times*, you might hand it over," said Thorold.

Lois turned and faced him; her eyes burned into his, and one word left her rigid lips:

"Wulfe!"

Thorold snatched the paper from her, and himself read the fatal announcement.

"Wulfe! It can never be true!" And then he, too, seemed stricken dumb.

Lady Dallinger and Marjory read the paragraph together, looking blankly at each other, and then instinctively glancing at Lois. Thorold's eyes followed theirs, and he sprang up just in time to catch the girl in his arms; she seemed on the point of fainting, but recovered herself and took her seat at the table. A pitiful little smile crept round her mouth, and she murmured:

"You know he was—always—all my heroes! Oh, Wulfe! Wulfe!"

Marjory's tears fell fast and freely; but Lois was dry-eyed. Lady Dallinger looked at her uneasily, and said to herself:

"Why, bless my heart, the child loved him!"

Thorold stood by Lois, stroking her hair tenderly. He had a feeling that his cousin's death would be felt more by her than by anyone; she had almost worshipped Wulfe.

"I wonder if it is true?" he said presently. "Reports like that are often contradicted next day."

Lois looked up at him; he never forgot that look.

"Thorold! Do you think it is just a mistake?"

"I think and hope it may be a mistake, Lois."

"But when shall we know?"

"To-morrow, perhaps. In a few days, at any rate."

"To-morrow! A few days! Not to be certain—oh, we cannot wait so long!"

"The evening papers may contradict the report. It seems too terrible to be true—poor old Wulfe!"

There was no choice but to wait.

Lady Dallinger said she should drive over to the manor after breakfast and see how Hildred had borne the news.

"She will be reproaching herself for having sent him away. Who will go with me? Lois, the drive would do you good; this has shocked you, child."

But Lois shook her head.

"If I went I should tell Hildred she was his murderess. She will be feeling like it without my telling."

"Don't talk nonsense! Marjory, take your sister for a walk, and get some sense into her head if you can. Thorold, you come and look after me. Hildred will probably prove as great a goose as Lois, and I shall be glad of someone to help me shake her if she is."

Thorold took his seat in the brougham, feeling half reluctant, half eager to meet his darling. He hated himself for remembering that he was Wulfe's heir; that, as the owner of Estens, he would be Hildred's equal.

"First time I've regretted buying them," Lady Dallinger indicated her horses with a little wave of her hand. "We look too funeral. Tell Watkins not to drive up to the house; we'll get out and walk before we are in sight of the windows."

"Guessed she'd repent it, sooner or later," soliloquised Mr. Watkins, immediately fathoming his mistress's reason for not wishing her turn-out to be seen by Miss Hurst. "I do hope she'll have the sense to sell 'em after this. I've got a hard job sometimes not to think the brougham has turned into a hearse when I see those horses walking quiet and demure-like with a nod of their heads and a wave of their tails, for all the world as though they was leading a funeral, and prided themselves on knowing how to behave."

Night and Midnight were unusually fresh that morning. They had had little exercise the last few days and seemed determined to make up for it now. They turned into the manor grounds at a smart trot which Watkins found beyond his power to alter without pulling them up altogether.

But when, some hundred yards short of the spot where Lady Dallinger wished to be put down, he caught sight of Miss Hurst walking towards them, he stopped with a jerk that threw the horses on their haunches.

"Not here," said Lady Dallinger. "I told him to drive to the old oak—just at the curve."

Thorold put his head out to tell Watkins to go on, but when he saw Hildred he opened the door and jumped out.

Two big dogs, were gambolling in front of

her; both recognised Thorold and came bounding towards him, giving loud, delighted barks.

The horses, resenting the double shock to their nerves, set off at a gallop, leaving the lady of the manor face to face with the new owner of Estens.

"Mr. Leighton! Welcome home! It is good of you to come and see me so soon after your arrival."

She was smiling, looking happy and contented, evidently ignorant of the news contained in that morning's *Times*.

"You have not heard?"

"Heard what? What has happened?"

"About—Wulfe. He has been—wounded—in a skirmish."

"Wounded? But not—oh, Thorold! I see it in your eyes! He is dead!"

His name escaped her so naturally, she clung to him so unconsciously, that he felt a thrill of pleasure in the midst of his pain. Drawing her close to him, and, forgetting her wealth in the desire to comfort her, he replied, very gently:

"We are not sure it is true—yet. Reports like that are so often contradicted."

"But not always. If he is really dead, I shall feel it is my doing. He would not have gone to India if—" She stopped, blushing furiously as she remembered Wulfe's point-blank accusation of her preference for the man who was holding her hands at this moment and looking at her with his heart in his eyes.

"If you had loved him well enough to have kept him here—is that what you were going to say? And why could you not love him? Was there someone else? Oh, my darling, is it possible?" He broke off suddenly, continuing, in a broken, choked sort of voice, "To think of my trying to win you over his dead body! Forgive me, Hildred. I thought I had myself better in hand, or I should not have ventured to come. But Lois said you would be blaming yourself for having let him go, and I could not bear that you should do so."

"But if I had married him he would be alive and well——"

"And the reverse of happy; while you yourself would have been miserable. You would have done him a grievous wrong had you married him without love. Directly you found out your mistake it was your duty to give him up."

"You did not say so that day when you came to say good-bye." She spoke in a very low tone, but he heard every word, and his pulses throbbled wildly.

"How could I, Hildred?"

"Of course you could not—being yourself. Neither can I—being myself—help feeling responsible for poor Wulfe's death. If he is dead—but I pray heaven it may be a mistake!"

"Amen to that!" was the fervent response.

But there was no contradiction of the report in next day's papers. Instead, there was a fuller account of what had taken place. Describing, very dramatically, the separation of Captain Estens and Lieutenant Earlsworth and their handful of men from the regiment—they having set forth on a tiger hunt—how they were surrounded and cut down before rescue could reach them, the account went on to describe the feelings of the rescuers on seeing the dead bodies carried off by the victors, themselves powerless to prevent this crowning evil, so numerous were the natives; though their chief thought it wise to retreat before the white man's wrath instead of trying for a still greater victory.

The growing darkness put a stop to the pursuit, or the English would have recovered their slain, even at the risk of incurring further loss.

Hildred Hurst's feeling of responsibility concerning poor Wulfe was nothing compared to Dagmar's.

She told herself that she had murdered him, if ever man was murdered. Night after night she lay awake picturing to herself the terrible scene under the darkening Indian sky, and imagining all sorts of horrors at which no single paper had so much as hinted.

Ernest Anderson had obtained for her a post as travelling companion to a widow of an old friend of his, with whom she had gone abroad.

Anderson's admiration for Dagmar's handsome face and fine figure had quickly ripened into love. He refused to be warned by the proof he had been given by herself of her capacity for evil. Her rapid repentance had, in his opinion, showed that she possessed a yet greater capacity for good, and he was only too glad when he found he had not been mistaken.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MESSAGE FROM RANGOON.

"**B**UT, Lois dear, surely you are pleased?" "Pleased? I am delighted, Marjory, and as proud as Punch. It was awfully kind of Lady Dallinger to think of it."

But the girl's voice did not ring true. She turned away from the gorgeously bound volume and pressed her lips to the top of The Republic's head—just where Wulfe Estens had so often rubbed his fur the wrong way, under pretence of bestowing on him a friendly tickle.

"STORM DRIVEN."

BY LOIS LEIGHTON."

was a very attractive-looking book; outside were silver and blue covers, inside were thick

creamy, gilt-edged pages covered with large, clear type.

"How pleased he would have been!" was the chief thought in the sorrowful young heart. The consciousness that "he" was not there to be thus pleased, that he never would be there again, was enough to rob her of all real pleasure and pride in this her first bantling of any growth brought under public notice.

But, anxious lest her kind friend should be disappointed, Lois assumed a sort of feverish gaiety, which made Lady Dallinger nod her head with a mistaken conviction that vanity is, after all, the ruling spirit in a young girl's nature.

"I am glad, now, that it was too late for her birthday," she observed to Marjory. "It has served to wake her up. The child was getting more morbid over that poor fellow's fate than ever Hildred Hurst was."

"She appreciates your kindness, dear Lady Dallinger. Lois could not be ungrateful if she tried."

The book was a failure from the author's point of view. It commanded a fair sale, but this was the result of private influence only. Lois was sharp enough to see this, and it piqued her into a determination to do better.

She set to work at another story—a story with a sad ending, but pathetically true to life, though not her own life; *her* trouble was far too sacred to be given for public reading.

Marjory was glad to find her at her beloved scribbling once more; she knew it would prove a safety-valve for the expression of much Lois had refused to put into words. All lingering signs of childishness had left her. She had blossomed into premature womanhood in those terrible hours of waiting for the contradiction, which never came, of the report of Wulfe Estens' death. The shock had served to develop her girlish friendship and admiration into love; first love, but of a strength which, when felt by a girl of Lois Leighton's strong character, probably meant the love of a lifetime.

She rarely went to the manor now. Her excuse was that she missed Dagmar; but, in reality, she found it difficult to forgive Hildred for her apparent readiness to forget the man she had been on the point of marrying.

But it was not that Hildred forgot; only Thorold Leighton found such frequent excuse for running down to see how things were going at Estens under the management of the bailiff, who was still in charge; and this necessitated such constant comparing of notes with the lady of the manor that Hildred really had enough to do thinking of the living owner of Estens to be able to spend as much time

as she might otherwise have done in bemoaning the dead.

Wulfe had made his will before going to India, appointing his cousin Thorold Leighton sole heir and executor to all he had to bequeath, adding that Thorold would be sure to do all that was right by any old servants deserving of legacies, and that he was to be sure to provide handsomely for his half-sisters Marjory and Lois.

But Thorold was in no hurry to take possession of the property where he had reigned as virtual master for so many years.

"Howitson manages very well," he explained to Miss Hurst, "and I cannot desert the Duke until he meets with another secretary to his

within his reach when he chose to stretch forth his hand to grasp it, Thorold found it easy to pay respect to his cousin's memory by refraining from all mention of love in those long, chatty letters. If his eyes were not perfectly under control when, occasionally, he found himself alone with his darling it was not, perhaps, to be wondered at, for Hildred unconsciously tempted him to self-betrayal by her sweet graciousness. All traces of haughtiness (and *hauteur* was growing on her, so people said) vanished in Thorold Leighton's presence, and she became the most lovable of lovable girls.

He did not hold out for many weeks against her innocent blandishments. One blustering



Face to face with the new owner of Estens.—p. 527.

liking. Time enough when summer is with us for me to establish myself at Estens."

Hildred agreed with him. When did she not agree with him? She was content to see him every week or so, and more than content to receive the bi-weekly letters full of his life in the busy world of men and letters and politics. Knowing the desire of his heart to be

day in mid-March, when they had gone together to examine some floral prodigy in one of the manor hothouses, a tress of her hair became loosened in her quick run from the house through the rain, and as she entered the hothouse it blew across Thorold's face.

He caught and held it against his lips as he closed the door behind them.

Hildred, looking up in a half-shy remonstrance, met his eyes. There was no need for words. Her eyes spoke as eloquently as his, and before either realised what had happened she was in his arms, her glowing face pressed against his shoulder in only half-hearted avoidance of the kiss to which he had so long looked forward.

He had it, too, before the palpitating silence was broken by his murmured words of love—a long, sweet kiss, given and received in token of betrothal.

It gave Hildred courage to nestle closer to him and freely confess the love he had won, while, in her heart, she compared this moment with that of months before when she had promised to marry Wulfe Estens, and she wondered that she could have mistaken what she had felt for him for the love which should last a lifetime. His bonny blue eyes had fascinated her, and his bright nature had seemed to compel a response from her own. But how different her feelings then and now, when she was realising for the first time the sweetness of complete surrender to her heart's real master!

Thorold, too, thought of his cousin in the midst of his newly-found joy.

"I owe it all to Wulfe, Hildred. Had he not made a rich man of me I should never have tried to win you."

"I know. He knew it, too, Thorold. He did his best to get a promise from me to swallow my pride and make the first advances."

"Would you have done it, I wonder?"

"I wonder, too! I told him no; that I would rather die first. But"—she laughed softly—"I am in no hurry to die."

The glance accompanying these words made Thorold's sober head turn giddy.

"You must not be too sweet to me, Hildred, or I shall have no strength to leave you. And I promised the Duke to return to-night."

"Must you go—so soon? I think I shall accept her Grace's invitation. Did you know she had asked me to accompany Lady Dalling when she goes next week to stay with them in town? Shall I, Thorold?"

"Shall you, indeed! Refuse at your peril, miss. Though how I shall work with you at hand is more than I can say. I could spend hours in merely watching your dear face. When will you marry me, Hildred?"

"Oh, in a year or two, perhaps, if you are good."

"A year or two!" He threw back his head and laughed. "I would give you no longer than June but for the thought of poor Wulfe's recent death. He would not wish to keep us apart, dear; he loved you so truly that he desired your happiness before all things. We will wait until autumn, but no longer."

"We will wait till next spring," said Hildred firmly. "I owe it to his memory, if you do not."

"But, my darling—"

"I have said it, and I am accustomed to have my wishes attended to." She laid her fingers on his lips, and spoke with a *souffron* of haughtiness in her tone; but, quickly relenting, she softly kissed his forehead, adding: "You must let me have my way in this, Thorold. I should hate myself if I were eager to be altogether happy."

As they returned to the house a somewhat grotesque sight sent both into fits of laughter.

Galloping up the drive towards them, on one of Lady Dalling's black long-tailed, saddleless carriage horses, was Lois Leighton, without hat or covering for her shoulders, and in an ordinary walking skirt.

She waved something as she advanced, shouting, "Thorold! I was afraid you might have gone back to town. This is from Wulfe! He is not dead! Help me down, do! Oh, Hildred, I have had such horrid thoughts of you for sending him away! Will you ever forgive me?"

"Wulfe living! Is it possible?" Thorold read aloud the telegram Lois held out:

"Alive and well. Letter following.—WULFE."

"It was addressed 'Leighton' only, so I opened it. Marjory was out with Lady Dalling, and I just came off as I was, hoping to catch you. Is it real, Thorold? It isn't just a dream, is it? I think I couldn't bear to wake up and find it only a dream."

"The message is real enough, Lois: sent from Rangoon, too, which also looks real."

"How very, very thankful I am," said Hildred softly. It seemed like the seal to her happiness. "But, Lois, dear, you should have worn a hat; you will catch cold."

"Not I! I started with one; I suppose it fell off. What does it matter? Wulfe is alive!" Her eyes shone and her lips smiled; she had not looked like this for many a long day. "Where is Mrs. Blenheim? I must tell her, and then get back to let Marjory know. I want all the world to know that Wulfe is alive and well."

She ran into the house in search of Mrs. Blenheim. Hildred, laughing happily, turned to her lover.

"Come, let us go after her. This is the happiest day of my life, Thorold, dear."

"One moment." He laid a detaining hand on her arm. "Have you remembered what it means—for us—for me? If Wulfe is living, I am a poor man, Hildred."

"That is partly why I am so happy. If you had known of it an hour ago you would not have asked me to be your wife. But it

is too late now for you to draw back. Heart's dearest, I am so thankful!"

"Not more so than I am, sweet. My pride shall not interfere with my joy. You are right in thinking I should not have spoken had I known of it in time; but—thank heaven!—I have spoken, and you have responded. We belong to each other, Hildred, and no earthly power shall part us."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAITING FOR THE INDIAN MAIL.

THEY began to look for Wulfe's promised letter quite a week before it could possibly arrive.

The papers had been full of his wonderful story. According to *The Times*—which had for authority their own special correspondent—Captain Estens had been dragged to the shelter of some bushes by one of his men, after being badly wounded, and overlooked by the enemy when retreating. The poor fellow who had saved him must have been killed, or he would have led the rescuing party to Wulfe's hiding-place, where he was found next morning by an Indian "medicine-woman," who had him taken to her hut, and who nursed him back to health. *The Times* opined that Captain Estens must have lost all memory of his antecedents for the time being, or he would surely have contrived to let his friends know earlier of his safety.

The other leading papers told the same story, with variations, one declaring that Wulfe had been kept a prisoner and prevented communicating with his colonel or anybody else. Another suggested that he had written, or at least sent a messenger to the English camp, but that his message had never reached his comrades.

Lois went about the house singing blithely. Her writing was suspended again, her chief occupation being to watch for the postman, and to make much of the Republic—especially the top of his head, which received more caresses than it cared about.

Lady Dallinger and Hildred were in town paying their promised visit to the Duchess of Forthshire at her London residence, very much to the satisfaction of the Duke's secretary, who wished the three weeks of their stay could have been indefinitely prolonged.

On the day of Lady Dallinger's return to Cedar Lodge Lois stole away after dinner as usual to watch for the nine o'clock postman—the last evening delivery.

She soon saw his lamp twinkling in the distance. How slowly he was walking! He might hurry a little if he had *that* letter in his bag, and it was surely due by now.

A cab came rumbling along the Easthampton road, interfering with her view of that dancing light.

It stopped outside the Lodge gate. A tall form got out, and a voice that set the girl's heart beating madly said:

"Follow me up slowly, cabby; give me three minutes' start."

The gate was flung open by Lois as she uttered the name dearest to her.

"Wulfe!"

"Lois! Is it really witch Lois who is first to welcome me? Child, how you are trembling! Are you glad to have me back, Lois?"

"Glad? Oh, Wulfe!"

In his pleasure at seeing her so pleased he took her in his arms and kissed her as he had done many a time when she was a little girl. She yielded for a moment, leaning against him in silence; she could not have spoken if she would, for with that embrace came to her the knowledge of her own hitherto unguessed-at secret; she knew now that her childish worship of her hero had developed into the best love she was capable of feeling for any man.

With the knowledge came a new-born pride which gave her strength to fight for and obtain a measure of self-control. Gently freeing herself she said, more steadily:

"Come, I must not monopolise you! Marjory will want her share. Have you seen Thorold?"

"No. I thought he might possibly be here or at Estens. Hard on him for me to turn up again, wasn't it? I kept quiet as long as I could to give him a chance of winning Hildred. I hope he managed it before my message reached him?"

"Just before. But what do you mean about—"

"I'll tell you everything presently. Let us get in first, and then one telling will do."

His voice sounded weary. Lois looked anxiously at him as soon as they entered the hall: he was pale and rather wan, she thought, anxiety stealing away some of her joy at having him back again.

The excitement, coming after his journey, was too much for him. Lady Dallinger and Marjory had scarcely finished their greeting when he clutched at a chair and staggered. They helped him to a couch and gave him some stimulant.

"I ought to have gone straight to Estens and had a night's rest before seeing you," he said when he had recovered a little. "It is too bad to bother you like this."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Lady Dallinger. "Who is there to nurse you at Estens? Where are your things? Marjory, Thorold's room is ready, isn't it? You don't



"We were hardly a mile out of camp when we were surrounded."

stir from here to-night, young man; I can tell you that."

"It's really too good of you, Lady Dallinger; but I cannot consent to put you out—"

"Who asked you to consent? Lie still and don't talk. Did he come in a cab, Lois?"

"Yes; I will go and see that his belongings are all brought in."

Finding resistance useless, Wulfe yielded to a growing desire to close his eyes and remain perfectly quiet.

They left him alone until his room was quite ready, and then he was ruthlessly marched upstairs, after partaking of as much refreshment as he seemed able to swallow, and left to the tender mercies of Watkins, who had been told off to act as valet for the occasion.

"He looks only half-alive now," said Lady Dallinger when he was well out of hearing. "I wonder what those Indian fiends really did to him all those weeks when we thought he was dead?"

Marjory shuddered.

"It is too horrible to think of. He must have been very, very bad, or the voyage would surely have set him up a bit."

"Well, he will just stay here until he looks something like the Wulfe Estens who went away last November. You girls will have to help me set him on his legs. I'll have no professional nurses about the place setting their caps at him. In his present weak state he will fall in love easier than he ever did before, and, goodness knows, that is not desirable."

Wulfe looked decidedly brighter when he appeared downstairs about noon next day, flatly refusing to remain in bed any longer. Established on a couch in the library, he was permitted to tell his story without more than a dozen interruptions from Marjory and Lady Dallinger, Lois being unusually silent.

"We thought the fighting was all over, you know. The chiefs of the principal native tribes had sent in their submission, and we had rather relaxed our vigilance, though not entirely so. A change in the programme presented itself in the shape of a fine tiger, which was said to have been seen near the camp. We all wanted to go for him, of course, but that was out of the question with things in so unsettled a condition; so we drew lots in order to arrange amicably and fairly who should go first. The colonel thought two officers might be spared at a time.

"Well, poor Earlsworth and myself were the envied pair of the first drawing, and, picking the men we chose to take with us, we lost no time in starting.

"But the 'tiger' was evidently only a ruse of an unsubdued tribe to get the advantage of the all-conquering white man. None of our fellows had seen the brute, but we had

all believed in its existence, though who first spoke of it is still a mystery to the whole battery.

"We were hardly a mile out of camp when we were surrounded. We had started late in the day, intending to march the greater part of the night towards the place where the tiger was reported to have been last seen.

"We managed to dispose of at least three times our own number of those treacherous fiends before they began to get the better of us. They seemed unlimited as to numbers, and the inevitable result became clear to us all, unless the snapping of our rifles was heard by the outposts at the camp, in which case they would quickly guess that something was wrong, and would hasten to our assistance.

"Daylight began to fail just as we were feeling desperate. What the rest were about exactly, I cannot say. I only knew that when all my charges were gone I began hitting as hard as I could with the butt end of my rifle. Then came darkness, and I remember nothing more until I woke to find myself in a native hut, with the most hideous old hag it has ever been my lot to see at close quarters bending over me.

"She said something I could not understand, and gave me something to drink. I was thirsty enough to have drunk the Ganges dry, and I emptied the cup she held to my lips. The contents tasted uncommonly nasty; but they did me a lot of good. I inquired where I was and how long I had been there. Shaking her head, my handsome old nurse disappeared; returning in a few moments with a man who professed to talk English.

"He informed me that I had been their guest for nearly a week, during which time his mother had tended me with great skill and kind care. My wounds were so many that she had at first despaired of being able to patch me up. He and his brother had found me under some bushes near where there had been a great fight between some English soldiers and certain natives, who ought to be well punished for what they had done. He, himself, and his brother belonged to an offshoot of the Hunzais, who were good friends with all English people; and he had only waited to see if I lived or died to make my whereabouts known to the English chief. Had I died, they would have buried me and said nothing, fearing lest they themselves should be accused of having caused my wounds. But now that I lived, and could speak to the contrary, he would hasten to the camp and give my friends the latest bulletin. While he plodded through all this—which took six times as long as I have taken to tell it—I had been remembering things; especially how my death—or a report of it—might affect Thorold. And it occurred to me that if I kept dark for another week or

two, it might give him a chance of getting accepted by Hildred Hurst. I knew he would never seek her until he stood as well in the matter of worldly goods as she did. I was as comfortable in my old hag's care as I should be anywhere, under the circumstances; in fact, I had her word for it that I was not in a condition to be moved. So I told her and her son that if they consulted their own interests they would keep quiet about my presence in their midst until I could go and report myself to my chief. I explained that he might refuse to believe their story, and might consider it his duty to visit my misfortunes on their innocent heads.

"I stayed with them until I could ride back to the camp, which I found had broken up, the battery having returned to Rangoon. I reported myself; wired to let you know I was in the land of the living; rewarded my old doctress and her son, and asked for sick leave, thinking that I'd rather talk than write."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WOODED AND MARRIED AND A'."

WULFE had scarcely finished before Thorold arrived with his hearty:

"Welcome home, Wulfe, old man! It's good to shake hands with you again."

"Even though I rob you of all you had come in for?"

"Not all."

Their eyes met, and Wulfe Estens maintained his character for heroism by the brightness of the smile with which he said:

"Then I may congratulate you on having won the lady of the manor during the brief period of your reign at Estens? You were a wise man to make hay while the sun shone, and I heartily wish you joy."

"Thanks. And now about yourself. Of course, you have told your story, but I want it all over again."

"I had better have written, after all!" declared Wulfe, with a whimsical lifting of his eyebrows. But he repeated all he had told Lady Dallinger and his cousins, making light now, as then, of the fact of his having put up with hardships, and perhaps unnecessary suffering, in order that Thorold might appear for a time in the character of a wealthy man, and win the woman he was too proud to seek as a poor one.

Thorold's voice sounded rather choky when he ventured to comment on his cousin's behaviour.

"It might have caused your death in real earnest, Wulfe."

"What matter? Estens would do better in

your hands than in mine. You'll have to give up politics and diplomacy, Thorold, and stick to farming. I shall want you and Hildred to look after things for me."

"We will gladly do so until you marry, though I don't mean to settle down entirely as a country gentleman. Hildred has a fancy for me to try my hand at diplomacy."

"Glad to hear it. You are too good to be wasted in the country. When is the wedding to be? I'll stand by you as best man if you don't wait too long."

"You mean to remain in the Army, then?"

"Rather! What else am I fit for? I suppose you have seen they've turned me into a major?"

"Not before you deserved to be one." It was Marjory who gave utterance to this opinion.

Wulfe turned to Lois.

"What has come over you, Witch? You have scarcely spoken a word to-day."

"Perhaps, like the parrot, I think the more," was the truly Lois-like retort. If she had not said much, her eyes had testified to her interest in all that he had said.

After lunch Thorold borrowed Night and Midnight, and went over to the manor to fetch Hildred. On the way back he persuaded her to fix an early date for their marriage, pointing out that it was the truest kindness to Wulfe to get it over and done with as soon as possible, to say nothing of the gratification to himself.

Knowing no reason why she should refuse, Hildred named an early day in June. Perhaps, had Thorold been a rich man and the owner of Estens, she might not have proved so complaisant; but she was so anxious to bestow some of her worldly goods on him that she was every bit as desirous as himself to hurry on their marriage.

* * * * *

There was any amount of sunshine to make the wedding day an ideal one. Hildred would have preferred a quiet ceremony, but she knew what would be expected of the lady of the manor, and she was anxious her little world should see her pride in the man she had chosen for her husband. So invitations were sent to half the county. She had eight bridesmaids, the Leighton girls taking precedence as the bridegroom's relatives, Hildred having none of her own unmarried or young enough. And the reception after the ceremony was a truly tremendous function. Lady Dallinger and Mrs. Blenheim consented to act as hostesses for the occasion; and right glad were they both when the last carriageful of guests vanished down the avenue.

Dagmar Errol was in Italy; she had been asked to make one of the bridesmaids, but she had refused. Not yet could she hope to be

able to meet Wulfe Estens with anything like equanimity.

When she returned to England later in the year, he had joined his battery again; and then she yielded to the natural desire to see for herself how things prospered with the two who owed their happiness indirectly to her instrumentality, though nothing had, at the time, been further from her intentions than to benefit Hildred, at least.

An invitation to Cedar Lodge reached her through Marjory, who still called herself Lady Dallinger's "housekeeper." Hildred and Thorold had offered her and Lois a home at the Manor, but they refused to leave Lady Dallinger.

There was no question as to the supreme content of Mr. and Mrs. Thorold Leighton at the union of their lives; two more thoroughly kindred souls had never been mated. "Thank heaven for that!" said Dagmar to Marjory during their brief and last reference to the subject of Dagmar's former jealousy of Hildred. "When I see Wulfe Estens as happy I shall feel satisfied that I have a right to think of happiness for myself."

"With Ernest Anderson as the medium?" asked Marjory.

"Possibly. He deserves a better fate; but he seems obstinately bent on avoiding it. I have told him everything, Marjory, down to my meanest motive for what I did; and he still wishes to marry me. Isn't he a stupid fellow?"

"He is a very faithful one, and he deserves to be rewarded," declared Marjory, looking out of the window to where Thorold and his young wife lingered amongst the chrysanthemums. Marjory and Dagmar were spending the day at the Manor.

Hildred liked to choose her own flowers for the house; she always preferred them garden grown, if possible, hothouse blossoms not being sufficiently natural to please her.

Thorold carried a basket, and pretended to help her; but he had a curious way of doing so, having his arm linked in hers, making it impossible for her to get at the chrysanthemums without releasing her hand.

"I shall never get enough, Thorold. Free my arm, there's a dear."

"Do you mean to imply that I am hindering you? I say, Hildred, won't it be a nuisance having to go to town and leave all this. I'd rather be lord of the Manor (by marriage) than a swagger diplomatist. I think I am too old to begin that sort of thing."

"You are a very lazy man! If you think I am going to keep you here doing nothing but potter about the estate all your days, you are very much mistaken! You've just got to work for your living, Mr. Thorold Leighton."

"Well, of all insults!" He dropped the basket and caught her hands before she could escape. "Apologise this instant, madam, or I'll kiss you in full view of the dining-room window, where I see Marjory's demure face."

"I don't care!" Hildred raised laughing lips to receive her punishment. "I am almost too happy, Thorold! We must be very, very good and kind to everybody who comes in our way, or we shall deserve to lose some of our great joy."

"Which may heaven forbid!" ejaculated Thorold fervently. "I have only one wish left ungratified, and that is to see Wulfe as happy as myself."

"Give Lois time to grow as beautiful as I can see she is going to do, and then we shall see what we shall see!" was the soft reply.

The succeeding years brought very real beauty to Lois Leighton's face. There was something unique about it, just as there was about herself, especially in her method of dealing with her numerous admirers, whom she invariably referred to *The Republic*. That sagacious animal preferred women to men in his advancing years, finding a luxurious softness and spaciousness about the feminine lap which was infinitely preferable to the limited hospitality of the masculine knee.

Lois declared that she could not bring herself to marry any man to whom *The Republic* objected, and as, with increasing cantankerousness, he insisted on spitting viciously at all men who had not the advantage of being old acquaintances, it seemed probable that the younger Miss Leighton would die unmarried. The only gentleman on her visiting list to whom her cat condescended to behave civilly was Darius, now Lieutenant, Errol, who was openly devoted to Marjory.

Except for occasional flying visits, Wulfe was an absentee for years from the property which owned him as master. He knew the place was in good hands. In any difficulty the bailiff, Howitson, had only to refer to Mr. Leighton, of the Manor; and difficulties were not of frequent occurrence in so well-managed an estate.

Cedar Lodge was closed when, at last, Wulfe left the Service and settled at Estens. Lady Dallinger had developed rheumatism, and insisted on going to Germany to find a possible cure, taking Marjory and Lois with her.

The latter had gained some celebrity as a writer of fiction by the time she reached her twenty-first birthday, but she had not attempted to publish a book since the appearance of "*Storm Driven*."

Germany was so much to her ladyship's liking that she lingered there for a couple of years, wandering from place to place, and enlarging her mind—so she said.

This was how it came to pass that they had seen nothing of Wulfe for a very long time when they returned to England to celebrate Marjory's wedding to Darius Errol.

For the second time in his life Wulfe offered to act as best man.

"It will be your own turn next," prophesied

osity. Lois kept him at a distance in a most tantalising manner, laughing at his earnestness and making fun of his misery, until he grew desperate and imprisoned her one day within his closely locked arms.

"Now, you heartless witch, struggle as much as you like. I'll have no more mercy on you



Lois planted herself in his way.

Thorold, who was, of course, to give the bride away.

"I don't think I am a marrying man," was the laughing reply.

But he changed his mind when he met Lois Leighton's eyes once more, and realised that his little chum of years ago had developed into a magnificent woman. He lost his head over her at once with something of his old impetu-

than you have had on me of late. You love me, I vow, or you would not torture me so. Say you will marry me before the year is out, or I vow I'll go back to the Army, and ask to be sent to help thrash the Mahdi."

"Do you mean it?" Lois made no attempt to struggle herself free. She stood passive, looking at him with her big black eyes.

"I do!"

"All right! Go, then!"

She was apparently very much in earnest. One glance at her small set face, and his arms dropped.

"Good-bye!" He turned towards the door.

"One moment!" Lois planted herself in his way. "Did you really mean it?"

"I have said so."

"Well, on second thoughts—perhaps—you see, Khartoum might not agree with you."

Once more she was a prisoner, and trying to hide her laughing, blushing face on his shoulder.

"I'll pay you out when we are married," declared Wulfe. "How long have you loved me, Witch?"

"Always," was the prompt response. "I don't know when I began, but I found myself out when you came home alive from Burmah after we had believed you were dead. You were 'all my heroes' long before that, you know."

He laughed happily.

"What did you do with that story of yours—'Love's Conquest?'"

"Burnt it long ago. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I fancy that but for that story I might have made the mistake of marrying Hildred. You put a stop to that by giving her to Thorold."

"How do you know I did? You never read it."

"Oh, didn't I? You should not have left it about, you know. I assure you that but for that story I should long ago have been married to the lady of the manor; and then where would Thorold and you have come in?"

* * * * *

"Now are you satisfied?"

Ernest Anderson showed Dagmar a telegram, containing these words:—

"Ten minutes ago, at St. Cyprian's, Bagshot, Wulfe Estens to Lois Leighton.—MARJORY."

"Come," said Anderson, taking her hand and leading her to a cab he had waiting outside. "My patience is at an end."

An hour later Marjory received a telegram, worded as follows:—

"At St. Mary's, Esseldine, Northshire, Ernest Anderson to Dagmar Errol."

She bade Darius read it aloud for the benefit of all present.

Lois, the bride, looked at her soldier husband smilingly.

"Then that's why she wouldn't come to *our* wedding."

And if Wulfe did not quite agree with her he held his peace.

THE END.



AN EASTER CAROL.

By the Rev. W. Wade.

WHITHER, O mourners, do ye go,
Sweet balms and unguents bearing?
Why to the tomb your footsteps bend,
Forth from the city faring?

*He is not there:
O come away,
For in the dawning of the day
Christ has risen!*

Not tears of grief befit you now,
Nor hearts with anguish aching.
See, the fair garden smiles again,
The Easter morn is breaking.

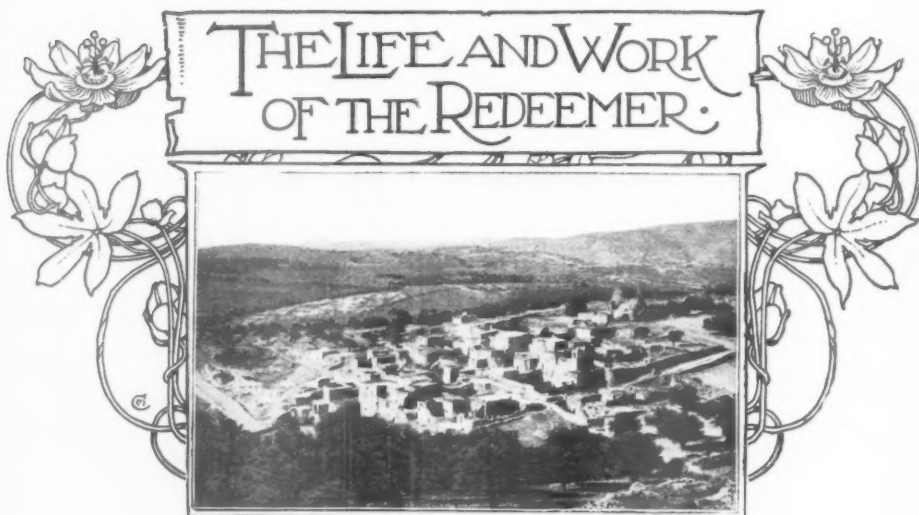
*He is not there:
O come away,
For in the dawning of the day
Christ has risen!*

No mournful plaint should fill the air,
But Alleluia ringing.
The busy world will pause to hear
The music of your singing.

*He is not there:
O come away,
For in the dawning of the day
Christ has risen!*

O Christian souls! take up the song,
Due worship to Him giving.
Not a dead Christ do we adore,
But One for ever living.

*He is not there:
O come away,
For in the dawning of the day
Christ has risen!*



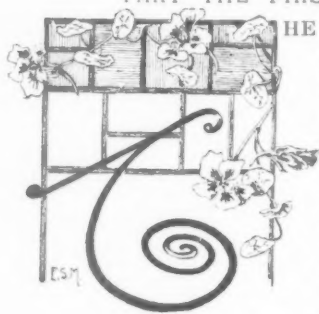
BETHANY.

(Photo: Bouffla.)

THE PRIVATE PERSONAL INTERVIEWS OF OUR LORD.

By the Rev. Professor Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Cambridge.

PART THE FIRST.



HE Lord Jesus appears perpetually before us in the Gospel narrative as in interview with individuals. This is indeed significant when we reflect upon the vast publicity which marks

His ministry as a whole. He was, from the first, a magnet which drew around Him great concourses; now on the hill, now on the shore, now in the streets and courtyards, now in the squares and cloisters of the Temple. And this was but the type and symbol of the mighty scope of His whole work. He came to deal not only with men but with man. And He had in view, as the ultimate purpose of what He did, said, and suffered, the universe of being, visible and invisible, which is all to feel the effects, in one way or another, of the coming and the kingdom

of the incarnate, crucified, glorified Son of the Father.

Yet we see this same Lord Jesus perpetually engaged in intercourse with individuals; now with the individual will, now with the individual body; now with a heart-broken parent, now with a wavering convert, or again with a disciple whom He is training to some work for which individual equipment is all important. Not seldom He is seen in the midst of little groups of individuals, as at Bethany, or in the house of Jairus, groups so little as to leave almost unbroken the impression of His perfectly individual contact with each life.

It is part of His great glory that He can appear, with a complete harmony of effect, in both these characters; Saviour of the world, Centre of the Universe, and yet the personal Friend of the man, of the woman, of the child.

His is the greatness which is capacious at once of the detail and of the total. He takes the total in, with the wonderful embrace of His thought and of His heart. But He does this as one who sees things not in the lump or block merely. He sees the wood, but He notes the trees. He contemplates the whole sphere of place and time, and the

common nature of mankind; but He has leisure for the single soul. Nay, He not only has leisure for it; He is never more Himself, in all His majesty and all His wisdom, as well as all His love, than when He is dealing with it.

Take courage, then, needing heart of individual man. Do you find, as life moves on, that there are, as it were, solitudes in yourself which even the most sacred and ideal friendships cannot fully enter? Or are you, perhaps, finding what it is to be bereft of such friendships one by one, through death, till a world of "other minds" is around you everywhere, and thought and affection alike feel as if they wandered in a foreign land? Return to a renewed intimacy with Jesus Christ; or, if need be, seek at last, after long strangeness towards Him, for what is really meant by intimacy with Him. He has leisure for your whole case. And the result of sitting down alone at His feet, to tell Him all, and to hear Him answer, shall be that most happy result, your being set at leisure from yourself, liberated from melancholy and from barren introspection, to sympathise and serve, in the cheerful strength of a personal knowledge of your Lord. Perhaps the following short studies may help some reader in that direction.

The selection here of examples of the Lord's Private Personal Intercourse will be found limited on purpose. The word *private* has been always remembered, and this puts aside many instances in which *personal* intercourse of the most momentous kind is recorded; for example, the callings of the Apostles, and the dialogue with Peter by the lake after the Resurrection. It seems well to put aside instances where the immediate occasion was the working of a miracle, as when the Lord took a sufferer aside and apart, to speak to him and heal him alone. For the intercourse under more normal conditions seems to be that which will come nearest home to our own daily needs in its own line; the sublime lessons of the miracle take another direction. It seems impossible, on the other hand, not to include one scene where the antecedent conditions were indeed abnormal—the colloquy with Mary Magdalene in the Resurrection garden. But that scene is *in itself* perfectly normal; the risen Redeemer as truly, as simply, speaks there to an individual, for individual heart-blessing, as He spoke to another solitary and needing woman by the well of Sychar. On the one occasion, as on the other, He is there not to work a portent, but, by His word and by Himself, to bless a soul.

Let us come at once to our examples of the Private Personal Interviews of the Lord Jesus Christ; or, to put it better, and with a purpose, to the Lord Jesus Christ in Private Personal Interviews.

I.—THE INTERVIEW WITH NICODEMUS.

(JOHN III.)

All we know of Nicodemus is given us by St. John, in chapters iii., vii., and xx. Everyone has noticed the lesson of those three mentions, where the man appears first as a most cautious, if not timorous, inquirer, then as a reserved yet practically avowed advocate of the Lord in what to him was the most difficult of all positions, and lastly as the courageous and self-forgetting disciple, under circumstances whose trial, both to mind and heart, we cannot possibly realise, when he brought that great mass of spices for the burial of the Crucified.

The character and conditions of this man, as a person brought into private interview with the Lord, are full of interest. There is the obvious interest of his being at the same moment a Sanhedrist and an inquirer, and, as such, an instance of the power of grace to assert itself in the very midst of opposing surroundings; a case illustrative of innumerable others, in which Jesus Christ's pioneering servant, conscience, proves to have been working for Him, and with power, where He seemed to have no possible friend at all.

But a less obvious feature in the case of Nicodemus seems to me even more deeply interesting, or at least more significant to the needs of many hearts. I mean that Nicodemus appears in St. John's narrative as anything in the world but a character which *attracts* by its salient traits. He is indeed devout, and he has won a high reputation as a religious teacher ("Art thou *the teacher* of Israel?" John iii. 10), and meantime he is anxious for fresh light. But a man may be all this, and yet not present to us a single trait which challenges affection, however it may claim a certain cool esteem. And both the first and second incidents given us by St. John, the visit by night, and the protest in the Sanhedrin, show us Nicodemus as a man reserved and circumspect, by no means the warm, open-hearted being whose love begets love of course. We seem to see in Nicodemus, to a certain extent, a specimen of the special product of a purely scholastic life—a life "which, lived unwatchfully, may expose a man to an almost arctic chill, repressing not only the free and genuine expression of the heart, but in a measure even its interior action and vivid experiences, as reserve penetrates from the surface towards the centre under the special influences of an intellectual environment." He seems to think and speak as "the scribe" all over, even when his words indicate a great movement far below the surface. And this character is not in itself an attractive one, however respectable, however estimable. Its

caution, its shyness, its refusal to let itself go, may be invaluable for certain purposes of life and labour; but, whatever it is, it is not in itself beautiful.

All this contributes to the deep interest and significance of Nicodemus as he now gives us an occasion for *watching our Lord* in a private personal interview. This man, this cautious and circumspect theologian, this reputable, irreproachable, self-controlling public character, whose *nocturnal* visit speaks much of his anxiety to protect appearances, asks for an interview. It is granted at once, and into it the Lord Jesus, if we may say so with reverence, throws His whole self. His whole thought and heart, with exact and watchful adaptation to the man. Nicodemus is no mere lay-figure to Him; he knows all about him as "*the teacher*" of the day—words which might seem to carry a sublime but gentle irony, considering Who spoke them, but which far more surely were spoken with a simple recognition of the man's legitimate position, and so as to use it in conciliating his thought. He speaks to Nicodemus indeed with all His own absolute candour and directness, putting aside all superfluous courtesies to come at once to the depths of his soul; noticing the visitor's preliminary words of respect only to tell him at once the truth of the new birth. But then, is it not manifest that all this means a profound concern for the man, a sacred desire that he should be blest, a love for Nicodemus, which cannot rest without telling him all his need, that he may discover all the rich blessing which can meet it? Wonderfully does this come out in the closing passages of the interview.* The Lord rises from height to height of evangelical promise and blessing, till he has showered upon the heart of this careful, anxious, scholarly ecclesiastic—not upon publican's or harlot's heart in the first place, but upon the heart of Nicodemus—the heavenly music of full salvation; the Serpent in the Wilderness and its lesson, the love of God for the world, the gift of the beloved Son, the saving power of simple faith, the rescue from the soul's ruin, the full eternal life. And all this is not a meditation, a lecture, a merely public proclamation. It is the utterance of heart to heart; the Lord Jesus Christ's outpouring of Himself for the acceptance and the possession of this particular visitor. To this reserved man He has no reserves. He shall know all the need he has of the new birth, of the birth

from above, the birth of the Spirit;* his conscience shall be stirred to its depths; he shall not be left to the fatal impression that learning, devoutness, and a surrounding atmosphere of respect and esteem, mean spiritual safety. But then he shall also know, and without delay, the glory of that other truth, the truth of life eternal, in its splendour and its joy, in the name of the Son of God given for the sinner's sin. The everlasting love shall be unfolded on the spot to Nicodemus. Nicodemus shall enter that very night, if he will, upon the inheritance received by faith in Him who sits before him there, and is so soon to be lifted up for him, that he may have eternal redemption.

Let us often think of the interview with "*the teacher of Israel*" from this aspect of it. How easily, in the interview between *mere* man and man, even when the one person is a true servant of God, sincerely desirous of serving others for him, does the interest, the cordiality, the full accessibility, vary with the more or less winning character of the applicant for instruction or sympathy! A sadly real barrier to the magic contact of heart with heart, in such cases, is often made by a hardly definable unattractiveness in the spirit or bearing of the inquirer; and the interview, perhaps, is but a constrained and uncomfortable occasion in itself, and conducted with all decent speed to its conclusion. It is otherwise, far otherwise, with the Lord Jesus. True, He is so really man that He, in His sacred measure, has at times His special personal outgoings of kindness, as when "*beholding him, He loved him*" (Mark x. 21). But this leaves absolutely unhindered His perfect fulness of sympathy, His readiness to give out His whole sacred heart, to the man, whatsoever he may be in cast of character, who really wants Him.

Do we feel in sad moments, perhaps in moments of unhealthy depression, perhaps also in a flash of real self-knowledge, that we are such that no noble soul can care for close contact with us; that our character, alike in its material and its formation, has nothing in it (to say the least) to win upon the liking, upon the fellowship, of those

* I believe that the whole passage, John iii, 1-21, belongs to the scene. Some expositors regard the verses, say, from 14 and onwards as, so to speak, the Evangelist's meditative development of the incident. But at least no hint of this is given by St. John. And ver. 21 is at once followed by fresh narrative, in words which naturally imply that ver. 21 is part of a narrative here closed. And, ver. 20, 21 are in themselves singularly appropriate to the case of Nicodemus; nothing more fit at once to warn and to encourage him could have been spoken.

* This is not the place to discuss in detail the problem of the words (ver. 5) "*born of water and the Spirit*." I would only remark that, while I am far from denying that they have a relation to Christian baptism, it is manifest, on a view of the whole passage, that the "*birth*" in question is a profound and living change in the "*new-born*" being, and a change which "*cannot be hid*." For (ver. 8) it is illustrated by the wind, which when it comes is *heard*. And this is a *universal* characteristic of the "*new-born*"; the words are, "*so is every one that is born of the Spirit*." No due performance of even a divinely instituted rite can, of itself, be, or prove, the presence of the new birth; "*the sound of the wind*" must be "*heard*." The rite may guarantee the certainty of the blessing to faith, and in that sense may "*give it*." But that is not to say that it is the blessing, or that it contains it.



By J. R. Herbert, R.A.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

whom we on our part cannot but admire? At best, are we only too conscious of being what is called uninteresting? Let us remember that to the Lord Jesus we are unspeakably interesting—if we want Him, and come to Him to say so. However tentative the coming may be, however utterly unlike, in the first look of it, to a flying to His refuge, a holding Him by His feet, a falling into His arms—be it just now only an anxious preliminary feeling after Him, with a great need behind it—let us be assured that we are such to Him (because He is such for us) that we may reckon upon a welcome and an interview in which He will not deny us the very inmost gifts a Saviour has to give. He will tell us absolute truth. But He will delight to open and unfold nothing less than eternal love, for the poor wistful heart's own experience.

So we leave the Lord and Nicodemus sitting together, perhaps in Martha's house, in Bethany. Behold them. On the one side the reticent, anxious student and thinker, breaking with a great effort the bonds of tradition and position, painfully aware that though religious he is neither holy nor happy: an accepted and widely known teacher, but sadly silent to himself and to others, about the living secrets of the inner life, which are so vitally necessary for an outward life at once in the world and not of it. He is tired of himself and of his own claims, position, reputation; he and they are more than insipid to his own soul in its need. He is no ardent youth, no offerer for achievements or for martyrdom, no sweet, saintly being, already in the life of grace akin to the Lord of love; he is but the scribe, the rabbi, thoughtful and ill at ease. And on the other side is the Lord Jesus Christ, perfectly understanding this man, and wholly at his service; ready to show him, firmly but with pure love, all he lacks, the mortal defect under all his thought and all his labour; going out to him with an affection large as the salvation He is bringing; keeping nothing back that can set Nicodemus free for a life of joy and holiness at length. There, to our thought, they sit for ever, that the scene may be for ever a message to our self-wearied hearts. "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy-laden with yourselves, and I will give you rest, giving you Myself."

II.—THE INTERVIEW WITH THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

(JOHN IV.)

We are all familiar in thought and imagination (perhaps some of us in the way of actual local acquaintance) with the well of Sychar. It is one of the few *spots*—perhaps

the only one—in the Holy Land where we have a right to say that precisely here, within these few square yards, on a known occasion, the Lord Jesus Christ stood in the days of His flesh. We have every reason for the assurance that this particular well, existing (though in so dilapidated and shrunken a state) to-day, was the well of the fourth chapter of St. John; for it is in the required neighbourhood, it is very ancient, and it is solitary. The immemorial tradition that it was the well of the sacred interview has ample evidence to support it.

Hither, then, walked "those blessed feet" on that far-off day, till they were very tired. Here, on or close to the stones which then fenced the mouth, the holy Traveller sate down to rest, "sate *thus*," as the Evangelist expresses it; a phrase indicating, probably, unstudied attitude of fatigue, taken just as the seat presented itself to the weary limbs. And hither, with her pitcher on her shoulder or on her head, over the fields from the white town between the hills, slowly, discontentedly, blaming the length of the too familiar way, came the woman of Sychar, intruding on the silence and privacy of the Stranger. Here He and she talked awhile, perhaps for half an hour. Hence she hastened off to tell her tidings in the town; and lo! with her, in front of her, eager and wondering, hither soon came a little throng of men from Sychar, to interview that Stranger, surrounded now by His twelve travelling friends. It is a very authentic place, and it is the abiding frame of a narrative-picture which verifies itself as absolutely authentic, the perfect *replica* of an incident which cannot but be fact, for it is beyond and above invention.

What a complete contrast we have in this private interview to that other which we have just studied! The difference appears in every detail. That was an interview by night, and no doubt within doors; this was under the open heavens, about the noon of the Syrian day.* That was in orthodox and ecclesiastical Jerusalem; this in heretical, hostile Samaria. Then He was sought out by a man of high culture, blameless and esteemed, anxious and full of religious purpose; now He was casually interrupted by a woman of the people, of character low and damaged, come to get water for the pot at home, thinking about anything rather than things unseen and eternal. There is nothing common to the two scenes except—two vast exceptions, certainly—the poor, sinful human heart and the

* "The sixth hour." St. John's use of the hours has been often discussed, and many think that he adopted the Roman *horarum*, and so meant here what we should mean by six o'clock—probably six o'clock in the evening. But it is at least more likely *a priori* that he used the Jewish reckoning, and so meant here to indicate noon.

Lord Jesus Christ. Let us watch the heart and the Lord in this new scene. Above all, let us "consider HIM."

For this very purpose, however, that HE may be the better contemplated, let us first consider *her*.

What a poor, unhappy, unsatisfactory figure she makes! The slight but true touches of St. John's narrative seem to put her almost before our eyes. Are we wrong in picturing her as faded in face, untidy and dirty in attire; long past life's prime, and still longer past all times of love and happiness? A settled cloud is on her brow, and there is no light in the eyes beneath it, though the bold gaze of sin looks out of them. Her gait is listless and always tired; her voice has no touch of sweet or pleasant in it, and sounds as if always ready for grumbling or for railing.

She loiters up towards the well, and towards the Lord, just when, we may readily believe, He would gladly have been left quite alone, as far as His bodily feelings were concerned; alone, even of the companionship of disciples and friends. For assuredly the Man Christ Jesus shared to the full the purely natural sensations of His brethren; fatigue of muscle and of nerve was for Him as real as for us, and in itself made for Him, as for us, complete repose and silence sometimes a necessity, often a deep and desirable relief. But now it was not to be; the woman walks up to the well, puts down her pitcher, and prepares to lower it to the water. She probably recognises at once as a Jew, by His dress and otherwise, the Person whom she finds there; and we may be sure that this does not make her manner and action quieter or more respectful.

Let us try in earnest to realise the incident at this point. There are true disciples of the Lord Jesus, saints and servants of God, who would, in the Master's place, at that moment, have felt something very much like impatience. Perhaps they would have found themselves trying to ignore the presence of the new arrival, as far as possible, as if wrapt in meditation, or, however, silent and apart in feeling. Is it too much to say that few of them would meet it as their Lord did if they had not in their hearts this particular example in the Gospel history, His actual conduct to the Samaritan, and if it had not been made such a power to them by His dying work and risen presence?

Think again of this woman at the well. Much indeed met in her which was deeply repellent to sympathy. She was an alien in race;* she was a dissident in religion, and she was quite conscious of this, in presence of "a Jew"; and she was on her own ground,

supported by the surroundings. She was thoroughly unworthy in moral character, and must have long lived under the terribly lowering and corrupting power of daily contact with the common knowledge of her neighbours that she was not a good woman. Where such a surrounding fact did nothing to chasten her, it would be sure to do everything to hurt her and make her spirit yet more coarse and hard. She evidently approached the well that day in no spirit whatever of humility and seeking. Hers was not at all the broken and contrite heart which God is engaged not to despise. It may have been, it surely was, very unhappy, but that would be only too easy to combine with an even fiercer refusal to repent. As for her religion, she knew a little. She knew something of its history, Jacob, and the associations of Gerizim. She knew something of the Hope of Israel; Messiah, she had heard, was to come, and to tell us all things. But then, as now, scraps of religious knowledge, and vastly more than scraps, can be present in the mind, and leave the heart hard as a millstone, or as mid-winter ice, to God.

Is the reader a Christian pastor, or otherwise a worker for others in the name of Christ? If so, has not he, or she, sometimes (perhaps often) met the Samaritan woman? Yes, you know her; perhaps you have called at her door, and have been repelled by her, or at best received in the way which means repulsion. "Her foolishness hath perverted her way," and now "her heart fretteth against the Lord" (Prov. xix. 3). She knows something about religion; she was a Sunday-scholar long ago; she will assent, in a dreary way, up to a certain point, to what you say about "better things." But the chief result of a little religious knowledge and no religious practice is, in her case as in countless others, that the subject is totally distasteful; she is "indifferent," and with just such a drop of bitterness in the indifference as falls from a dull consciousness of disappointment. "What has it done for her?" She would be glad enough "not to thirst, and not to come hither to draw"—in other words, to get a long holiday from the featureless and hopeless work and want which seem to make up her life. But she is no likely person to think or care much about "living water, springing up unto eternal life." Conscience is just alive enough to tell her that of course you know about certain stains on her character; and so she does not want you, for you cannot possibly really want her. Had you not better give your heart out in some more promising quarter? Shall the sacred pearls be cast here?

* At least in some measure; though probably the Samaritans had much Hebrew blood in them. See a chapter on them in Gieseler's "Tent-Work in Palestine."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.

An Easter Hymn.

Words by THOMAS KELLY (1809).

Music by SIR GEORGE C. MARTIN, Mus.D.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

1. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour, When Christ, by His Al -

- migh - ty power, A - rose and left the grave! Now

let our songs His tri - umphs tell, Who broke the chains of

death and hell, And ev - - er lives to save.

2.

The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3.

No more we tremble at the grave,
For He, who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too:
What though this earthly house shall fail,
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

The CHRISTIAN'S BOOK of DAYS

APRIL.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

THERE is an ecclesiastical anniversary in April which deserves to be had in memory by all good patriots. On April 10th, 1012, the Danes, who had ravaged Canterbury and carried away from it Archbishop Alphege as their prisoner, demanded of him for the last time money for his ransom. They were in camp at Greenwich, and had been gathering tribute from the conquered people. On this day, as the old chronicler tells us, their anger against the Archbishop reached its height. He would not allow the money either of the Church or of the people, from whom much had already been extorted, to be paid for his succour. Inflamed with wine and disappointment, the Danes led Alphege to their hustings, "and they pelted him with bones and horns of oxen, and then one of them struck him with an axe-iron on the head, so that he sank down, and his holy blood fell on the earth, and his holy soul he sent forth to God's kingdom." So the story is told in the chronicle written a few years after the Archbishop's death. Alphege's body was carried to London, and buried at St. Paul's; but Canute the Great later on removed it to Canterbury. The traditional site of the Archbishop's death is the place on which the Church of St. Alphege, Greenwich, now stands. A foreign ecclesiastic, who came also to the see of Canterbury, denied to Alphege the title of martyr, on the ground that it was not for the faith that he suffered. He seems, however, to have died rather than lay further burdens on a sorely tried people; and in the estimation of others that claim sufficed. Alphege came of a noble British family, and began his religious life in a Gloucestershire monastery.

Alphege, Archbishop and Martyr.

On April 20th, 1509, Henry VIII. succeeded to the throne of England. About his personal character and some of his motives there will always be differences of opinion; but, whatever views may be held as to Henry VIII. as a man and a monarch, it is scarcely pos-

sible to doubt that his accession to the throne marked the opening of a new era in the religious history of England. The influences



HENRY VIII. RECEIVING THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

which made for the Reformation were, indeed, already at work in England and on the Continent. Moreover, they did not in the earlier years of his reign find a friend in the new king. His orthodoxy was, on the other hand, the object of warmly expressed gratitude and approbation at Rome. Yet he became the instrument by which the English Church secured the ecclesiastical independence for which it had repeatedly

The Accession of Henry VIII.

as a man and a monarch, it is scarcely pos-

struggled, and the English people were set on the way to the full personal liberty in the matter of religious convictions which they now enjoy. Men differ as to the value of the Reformation, as they do in their estimates of Henry VIII.; but, taken as a whole, the long and involved movement which goes by that name makes a chapter in English history to

expedition that the place was called Botany Bay, and it was very largely from the impression left on the mind of Banks that a settlement at this spot was afterwards resolved on. The place has its evil memories; but if Cook had put in at a less hospitable shore, or had been met by a larger number of hostile natives, how different the history of the continent might have been!

On April 27th, 1822, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, Hiram Ulysses

**U. S. Grant,
Soldier and
Patriot.**

Grant, who from his entry into the United States Military Academy at West Point was known as Ulysses S. Grant.

The future President sprang from a stock which had been American for many generations but drew its origin from Scotland. His father had a tannery and a farm. Grant was born in a small farmhouse; was educated at first in the local schoolhouse at Point Pleasant; then went for a short time to a Presbyterian Academy at Ripley, and entered West Point just before his sixteenth birthday. It may encourage some to know that he was neither precocious at school nor conspicuous at West Point; but he had some distinction of character, and, on obtaining his commission, active service almost at once gave him an opportunity of showing the stuff of which he was composed. His path to the Presidency lay, however, through the protracted and terrible Civil War amongst his own people. The most successful soldier on the Northern side in that great conflict, he was in effect a benefactor to both parties in bringing the long-drawn struggle at last to an end. The successful soldier was not in later life equally successful as a public administrator or in the management of his private affairs, and the latter part of his life was clouded by reverses. But nothing can obscure the services he rendered to his country at the most critical period through which it has yet passed.

On April 3rd, 1866, the President of the United States proclaimed the long rebellion

**The End of the
Civil War.** of the Southern States to be at an end. A year before—

April 2nd, 1865—Richmond and Petersburg had been evacuated by the Confederates. On the 9th of the same month the gallant Lee had, with the army of Northern Virginia, surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House. On the 14th the Union flag had again floated above Fort Sumter, Charleston. It was the end of a long and bitter struggle, which nevertheless went to the consolidation of a great nation. How strange still seems the ordering of events by which Lincoln, who had done so much to end the strife, fell by an assassin's hand in the same month that saw the



(Photo: Negretti and Zambra.)

GENERAL GRANT.

which the patriot will always turn with gratitude.

The Mother Country has learned the value of her Colonies and the depth of their feeling for her. In some cases they have been won by conquest, in others they are ours by right of settlement. Yet even these latter have, in more than one instance, narrowly escaped falling into other hands. The Dutchmen had their chance of Australia. They little dreamed that what one of their early explorers called "a foul and barren shore" bordered so much wealth. It was a great day for Britain as well as for Australia when, on April 28th, 1770, a little barque of three hundred and seventy tons, flying the English flag, cast anchor in Botany Bay, New South Wales. Captain Cook was in command. As his men looked towards the shore they perceived a group of natives round a fire. A boat was lowered, and the natives ran with threatening signs to meet it. It was necessary to fire a shot before landing; but the strangers were not to be denied. The *Endeavour* remained some time at her anchorage. Captain Cook, with Banks and Solander, the botanists, made many excursions into the country. It was from the large number of specimens gathered by the scientific members of the

**An Australian
Anniversary.**

culminating successes of the Union flag and the near approach of peace!

The outbreak of a war is rarely an event upon which at the time men look with gratitude; and yet there are wars

**The Beginning
of a Great
Struggle.**

that speak to us of national deliverances. In March, 1802, we ended, at the Peace of Amiens, one war with France. But the peace was in effect no more than a truce, and on April 20th, 1803, we were again plunged into hostilities with France, although war was not formally declared until May 18th. The great war that ensued was for us a life and death struggle. We fought, indeed, for the liberties of Europe as well as our own, and we fought with

most successful soldier in Europe, and his great rival a prisoner at St. Helena. It was essentially a war of freedom, waged against the ambitions of one astonishing man rather than against the nation whose resources he controlled. It was, by the way, on April 5th, 1814, that the first abdication of Napoleon was negotiated.

There was a time when the French came near to being the dominant power in India;

**A Farewell to
the French.**

there was a time when they seemed likely to be the rulers of Canada. A day in April saw the end of the French authority in North America. On April 30th, 1803, President Jefferson purchased Louisiana from the French,



(From a Contemporary Engraving.)

PROCLAMATION OF PEACE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, APRIL 29TH, 1802.

success. But the price paid was a heavy one. Though some classes grew rich, others suffered sorely. During the year 1805 the average price of Consols was only £54 14s.; in the year of Waterloo the average price was £58 13s. For years the quartern loaf never averaged less than a shilling in price; in August, 1812, it was sold at 2½d. During the earlier period of the war we were also fighting in India; during the latter we were in conflict with the United States. But it is a war of battles that take their places with the greatest in the world's history. Trafalgar is one of its earlier memories; Waterloo ends it. The war found Wellington fighting in India; successful indeed, but in the estimation of some critics only "the Sepoy General." It left him the

and nine years later it became a State of the Union. It had before this had a chequered existence. Settled by Louis XIV., from whom its name was taken, about 1608, it played a great part in Law's disastrous Mississippi scheme. In 1762 it was ceded to Spain, but restored to France in 1800. The relations of France and the United States have been marked by the cordiality which the resort of both to the republican principle of government naturally suggested; but it is impossible to say how this friendship would have fared if France had elected to retain her hold on the mouth of the Mississippi. The peaceful solution of the difficulty came just when France was about to be plunged into the war with Great Britain which only ended with Waterloo.

The Levelling Up of Silver Row.

A Complete Story. By Agnes K. H. Forbes.

CHAPTER I.



EIGHT dismal houses with curtainless windows, that over-looked a desert of oyster shells and rubbish, eight dirty doorsteps, and eight half-open doors. That was the general description of Silver Row.

Little Mrs. Parker, with a baby in her arms and a little girl holding on to her gown, scanned those eight houses and sighed. The cart of furniture had stopped at No. 6, and No. 6 looked the most dilapidated of all. Mr. Parker, leading a boy of nine, looked at her and said deprecatingly:

"It's a poor place, but I couldn't get better—at our figure."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Parker dejectedly; "but I never thought to come to this—never!"

Mrs. Parker's married life had been on the downward grade. She had begun at Ash Villa—quite a smart little villa—and now she was in Silver Row. It was not her fault, nor was it exactly her husband's fault. They were both of them well meaning; she was a good wife, a good mother, and a good neighbour, and Mr. Parker—well, his chief failing was hopefulness; it was easier to dream of success than to labour for it, and resignation was with him a cheap virtue.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," said Mr. Parker.

"We've turned and turned, but never for the better," said Mrs. Parker; "but there, Fred, I won't nag. Grumbling never does any good. We've got to make the best of it."

"And you will, Milly, if anybody can," said her husband, with due appreciation; "and though the job I've got is a poor one—why, nobody knows what may come of it. At any rate, we'll hope for the best."

A small crowd had gathered to watch the arrival of the new comers; ragged children, slatternly women, rough men. Mrs. Parker made her way among them with a shudder. She was trim and tidy herself, and the children were almost smart. As for the furniture, it was so well preserved, and clean and polished, that Mrs. Nobbs, the brick-layer's wife next door, said sneeringly—

"It's gentry that's come to Silver Row

now—gentry, and no mistake!" And someone else hinted that "furniture polish wouldn't pay rent."

Mrs. Parker had always been on good terms with her neighbours, ready with a helping hand or a cheering word; every place she had lived in had been the better for her presence—but then, she had never before lived in such a place as Silver Row.

She unconsciously lifted her skirt as she stepped into the tiny passage, and her heart sank as she glanced round the besmeared walls and dirty floor. Everything was dilapidated. Even the back yard was a scene of desolation, broken fences, networks of ropes, clothes' props leaning against the wall like out-of-work labourers waiting for a job. The yard of No. 6 topped all the rest for litter. Mrs. Parker had twice made gardens out of back yards, but this one seemed to look her in the face and defy her.

"Hold the baby, Fred, while I stir round," said Mrs. Parker, viewing the furniture which had been set down promiscuously on the parlour floor. "It'll have to be a shake-down for to-night and supper anyhow; to-morrow I'll start to cleaning up a bit—but, oh dear!" Mrs. Parker sighed for the twentieth time.

Everything that night was indeed of a makeshift order. Tea was made in a jug instead of a teapot, the children had to do without milk, and Mr. Parker had to spread his butter with a dinner knife. Nobody slept in a proper bed but the baby. That youngster, like a little king, had his cradle and all its appointments, pillow and blankets complete, brought with him—no makeshift for him—and he slept as luxuriously as he had slept every night of his little life. But though the tea was anyhow, and the beds shakedown, there was something besides the baby's cradle that was complete as usual, and that was their evening prayers.

"Kneel down at that chair, Bobbie; Nellie, come beside me. We've got more need to ask God to bless our home this night than ever, for—oh!" sobbed little Mrs. Parker, "it seems as if it'll need a lot of His blessing and a lot of His presence to make it a home at all."

It was the first time prayer had been offered in that house, the first time God had been asked to come to Silver Row! Think of it: eight houses where He was disregarded—eight houses where His love and goodness, and all that He has done and suffered for us, were unknown! Surely if



"It's gentry that's come to Silver Row now!"

angels wonder, they must have wondered that night when they were sent for the first time to Silver Row; and how gladly must they have spread their sheltering wings over the sleepers on their shakedown in No. 6!

There were no shutters to the window, and Mrs. Parker had not a blind ready, so she had to pin up a towel to keep people from seeing in, and when she had done so she thought their doings were quite private. But the kneeling figures cast a shadow on the towel—a new kind of shadow for Silver Row, and one that somehow made Jim Spark stagger and stare as he went from his house to the “Golden Lion,” and gave Mrs. Nobbs “a turn,” for it brought things to her mind that she had long forgotten.

We are counselled not to cast shadows on people's lives, but the more shadows in the world such as Mrs. Parker cast that night the better.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PARKER was a woman who unconsciously made her presence felt, though for that matter one might have said the same of Mrs. Brown, who lived in No. 1, but it was quite in a different way. Mrs. Brown was loud-voiced and quarrelsome, always interfering and falling out with her neighbours, and vowing to have her rights, whereas Mrs. Parker was soft-voiced, and quiet and obliging, and troubled nobody. She did not borrow, and she did not gossip. There was no strife with her next-door neighbour about clothes' props or clothes' pegs, no recriminations about the loan of tubs; and yet, as I have said, she made her presence felt. Her doings became a source of perpetual wonder to the “Row.” One and all watched her. Mrs. Nobbs said she was “as good as a play,” and Bill Brown wondered whether her quietness had been attained by Mr. Parker's masterfulness.

The day after her advent they saw Mr. Parker set off, plainly but neatly dressed, with a bag in his hand, as if on a journey; presently the boy, also neatly dressed, set out for school. After that, Mrs. Parker carried a chair to the pavement and cleaned the outside of her window, and with a rag that was actually whiter than the newly washed sheets of Mrs. Brown. And what a shine she put on that window! The pot-boy at the “Golden Lion” could not have done it better. The sun's rays had long lost heart in the struggle to get through the dusty panes of the other houses, but they now rushed triumphantly through Mrs. Parker's. Then the people saw a white blind and a white curtain put up, and there was considerable sneering in the “Row.” After that Mrs. Nobbs caught her actually washing

the front door—yes, washing it—and though the process did not put on paint, it took off dirt, and showed up to better advantage the wonderful polish on the handle and knocker. From the door Mrs. Parker descended to the step, and whitened it. Such an unheard-of innovation provoked the children to dance on it. It was fully expected that she would rush out after the manner of Mrs. Brown and “give it them,” but, instead of that, she just wiped the step again, and they saw it was no use trying to anger her.

Window and doorway to her mind, Silver Row was sure she would rest now; but Silver Row was wrong. Mrs. Sparks from her back door saw her begin to tidy up the yard. She was sure the woman was “cracked.” Nobody had ever thought of tidying up their yard. It was a place for litter, where everything of no use was thrown out. What did she mean to do? She hardly knew herself. She was afraid to begin by nailing up the fence in case her next-door neighbour resented it, and she wanted to keep on good terms with everybody. So she contented herself with gathering the litter together—the bits of paper, and old matting, and old boots. Then they saw the children picking up the broken bricks and crockery and piling them so neatly against the wall that they looked quite ornamental.

“She can't make more o' that,” said Mrs. Spark when the yard was cleared; but evidently Mrs. Parker thought differently, for, as soon as her week's washing was dried, she took down the ropes and set to work again. A narrow border against the broken paling now. And what a labour making that border was! As difficult as lifting a roadway. She had to pare it away an inch or two at a time, as one would cut the crust off a loaf.

“Better do it with a nutmeg grater,” said Mrs. Spark sarcastically; but it was done at last. A border with an edging of bricks.

“Child's play! A waste of precious time!” cried Mrs. Nobbs as mother and children planted a few common daisies and some twigs of ivy.

“Child's play is innocent,” Mrs. Parker answered with a smile. “It's good for us old ones to be young now and again, if we can,” and she went on with her work.

You have seen the tide creeping over the sand? First the sand looks damp, then wet, then there is a shallow ripple, till at last the great waves roll wildly over it. The tide of No. 6 was something like that.

Mrs. Spark's little boy, seeing the flower border, thought he would like to make one too; then his father, noticing that he could not manage it himself, gave him a hand. The sweep next door, seeing Spark and his boy at work, wanted to be upsides with them, and began to tidy up his yard also. Thus the

infection spread, till at last it became the correct thing at Silver Row to have a flower border, and also to take down the network of ropes and put away the clothes' props as soon as the clothes were dry.

From the back of the houses the infection spread to the front. The bricklayer's wife started to clean her windows, and, lest the step should be resented by her neighbours, excused herself on the ground that her sight was failing, and she needed more light. Then Mrs. Spark cleaned hers without making any excuse at all. So first one house and then another was brightened up, till Silver Row took on quite a different aspect.

Mrs. Parker had no thought of posing as a moral reformer, but she had been one, and a most successful one, too.

"It's more like a home now, children," she said, as she looked along Silver Row, and round on the kitchen which she had made bright with her own exertions. "Let us thank God for it, and ask Him to bless us in time to come, and let us stay here always—for, oh! I'm tired of moving, and I don't feel I can begin to tidy up another place."

Poor little Mrs. Parker!

CHAPTER III.

FOUR months of peace and progress, during which Mrs. Parker gradually overcame the prejudices of her neighbours, and by her helpfulness in trouble established herself as an authority in Silver Row.

Mrs. Spark thought more of her after she so skilfully bound up her boy's cut hand; and Mrs. Brown owned "she wasn't a bad sort" when she offered to take off the fly blister from her girl's neck; but it was Mrs. Nobbs who was most positive in her praise, for Mrs. Nobbs had been laid up six weeks with a broken leg, and nobody in the "Row" had been half as kind and attentive as Mrs. Parker. It was she who made the bed as it ought to be made; she who tidied up the house so quickly and thoroughly; she who cooked such sumptuous suppers for Joe Nobbs that the bread and cheese and beer of the "Golden Lion" faded into insignificance, and the bar yielded to the charms of his own fire-side.

Four months of prosperity, and then trouble came to No. 6.

Mr. Parker was ill, and had to give up his situation. Instead of setting out every Monday morning with his bag, and coming back on Saturday afternoon, he lay, day after day and week after week, in the back bedroom. There was no money coming in, and the little store Mrs. Parker had tried to gather melted

away. The prayer, "God bless and keep our home," ascended to heaven more earnestly than ever; but even while they prayed the home seemed passing away, for they had not enough money to pay the rent.

Mrs. Nobbs slipped in to ask for Mr. Parker, and caught mother and children on their knees.

"What's the good of you saying that prayer over and over, as you've always been doing, and going to church and everything?" said Mrs. Nobbs, remembering the shadow on the towel the first night of their arrival. "It's never listened to."

"Oh, but it has been, and answered, too, and will be again," added Mrs. Parker confidently, though tears stood in her eyes.

"Didn't you say you'd have to go to the workhouse?" retorted Mrs. Nobbs. "A queer way of answering, that is—to my mind, at least."

But Mrs. Parker, no way discomfited, answered—

"Why, God can make even the workhouse feel like a home; and trouble is a deal worse to bear when you haven't His arm to lean on."

"Don't you be preaching at me," said Mrs. Nobbs a trifle tartly, as she remembered her own trouble, and how impatient she had been many a time.

"I wouldn't preach, not for anything," said little Mrs. Parker hastily, "nor tell you what you ought to do, either; but when a woman tries something, and finds it's good, she can't help speaking about it. You wouldn't blame her for that, would you?"

Mrs. Nobbs shook her head sceptically, but said nothing. Before long, however, she had to change her opinion, for on the very day that Mrs. Parker applied to the parish for relief, the postman handed in a letter which seemed to have been everywhere, and had evidently traced the Parkers from house to house, all through their career, for the first address was Ash Villa, and the last Silver Row.

Mrs. Parker was not a gossiping woman generally, but she could not help running in to Mrs. Nobbs to tell her the wonderful news that Mr. Parker had got a letter from a brother who was thought to have been killed, and he had sent ever so much money to the bank for them to use when and how they liked.

"So, you see, prayer is answered," said Mrs. Parker with tears of joy; "and nobody that trusts God will ever find the trust has been in vain."

It was her last lesson to Silver Row.

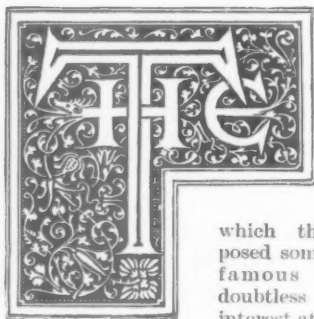
She left it for good and all shortly after, and left it a better place than she found it—better for her having lived there.

The Cowper Centenary.



The Two Poets: of Olney.

COWPER AND NEWTON.



CENTENARY of Cowper's death occurs on the 27th of April, and a few words about the manner in

which the poet composed some of his world-famous hymns will doubtless be of special interest at this time. To think of Cowper is to

recall Newton also, and to think of either is to travel down in imagination to that little town on the northern border of Buckinghamshire where for so many years they lived and laboured and suffered together. It is a town not otherwise specially interesting, except, perhaps, for its fine church; and it stands in the midst of rural scenery which, if not grand, has a certain quiet, unobtrusive prettiness, which in the springtime blossoms out into absolute beauty. Cowper has sung the praises of the whole neighbourhood, and although much has been changed since his day, we may still find most of the scenes which he mentions, and delight our own eyes with those rural beauties which delighted his. We may still

admire the situation of Weston Underwood—to him "one of the prettiest villages in England"—embowered in trees, which still give to it an "air of snug concealment," and crowning a hill which slopes gently down to the Ouse. We may still wander in the "Wilderness," sit in the "Gothic Temple" or the "Alcove," walk the shady length of the "Avenue," and visit the stout old "Yardley Oak,"

"... a giant bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root
Upheaved above the soil,"

dominating an upland meadow, at once white with daisies, yellow with buttercups, and pink with clover.

In Olney itself, spite of much rebuilding, due mainly to great fires (which doubtless explain the extraordinary proportion which the "firemen," duly distinguished by tablets over their doors, bear to the rest of the population), there remains much to remind one of Cowper and of Newton. The Shiel Hall and the Round House, or prison, which once occupied the market place in front of Cowper's house, have, indeed, disappeared, and so have two of the three elms which adorned it; whilst the third, though still a flourishing tree, is but a wreck of its former self. But Cowper's house still stands, albeit the cornice and battlement, of which he made fun in his own quiet way, have disappeared; and, later still, the very roof was

stripped and its tiles forwarded to America to constitute a nine days' wonder at the Chicago Exhibition. We may still see the front door (the first, counting from the right, in our drawing on p. 555), which was barred against visitors when the poet's hares were gambolling in the hall; and the wainscoted parlour (whose two windows may be seen between the front door and the central entry leading to the kitchen) remains pretty much in the condition in which he left it.

The Vicarage, too, in which John Newton lived for so many years—which, indeed, was rebuilt for him by Lord Dartmouth—is not altered, except that time has mellowed it.

At the end of Cowper's garden stood the summer-house where the poet certainly wrote the first portion of his translations of Homer and many of his minor poems, and to which tradition assigns the honour of having witnessed the production of "John Gilpin" and

parlour" (1781), and (in 1785) the "*summer-house*, not much bigger than a Sedan chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now-crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbour's orchard." This summer-house is the place of pilgrimage at Olney. It is always accessible on payment of a small fee; and, if we may judge from the hour or two which we spent there, pleasantly occupied with sketching, one sunny spring day when the apple-trees were in blossom, it is as little troubled by "intruders" as in the days when Cowper wrote: "A poet's retreat is sacred; they acknowledge the truth of that proposition, and never presume to violate it." It certainly stood, as the above extract shows, in Cowper's garden, and, failing any proof to the contrary, we may be pardoned for accepting the interesting tradition to which we have referred.

When Cowper settled at Olney, he was



INTERIOR OF OLNEY CHURCH

"The Task." Mr. Wright, master of the Cowper School at Olney, the poet's latest biographer, considers this claim to be ill-founded, and shows at least that some confusion has existed between the two erections which Cowper describes as "*the greenhouse*, which we have converted into a summer

thirty-six years of age, and Newton forty-two. We may, perhaps with advantage, recall the previous histories of the two friends. The elder, John Newton, was born in London in 1725, the son of a sea captain engaged in the Mediterranean trade, a stern but moral and sensible man. His mother was a good

woman, who carefully stored the boy's mind with Biblical truths, and often "commended him with prayers and tears to God." But she died when he was only seven years old, and the rich answer to her prayers was long delayed. John sailed with his father in several voyages between 1736 and 1742, and in the latter year, while visiting some of his mother's relatives in Kent, met and fell in love with Mary Catlett; and throughout all his chequered history, he tells us, his love for her never altered or abated. In 1742 his father, having just retired from active life, had secured an engagement for him for five years in Jamaica, but John had no mind to

to the quarter-deck as midshipman. His frequent breaches of discipline, however, lost him the captain's favour, and an attempt to desert at Plymouth completed his disgrace; he was brought back to the ship, and publicly whipped and degraded to the level of an ordinary seaman.

After a time he left the navy and entered the service of a slave-trader, on one of the Plantain Islands, and, falling ill during his master's absence, was most cruelly used by that master's wife—a black woman—who alternately starved and reviled him. Whilst too ill to work, he beguiled the time by studying Euclid, the only book he had with him. In these straits, like the prodigal in the parable, he bethought him of his father's house, and wrote begging to be sent for. His father accordingly asked a friend, a



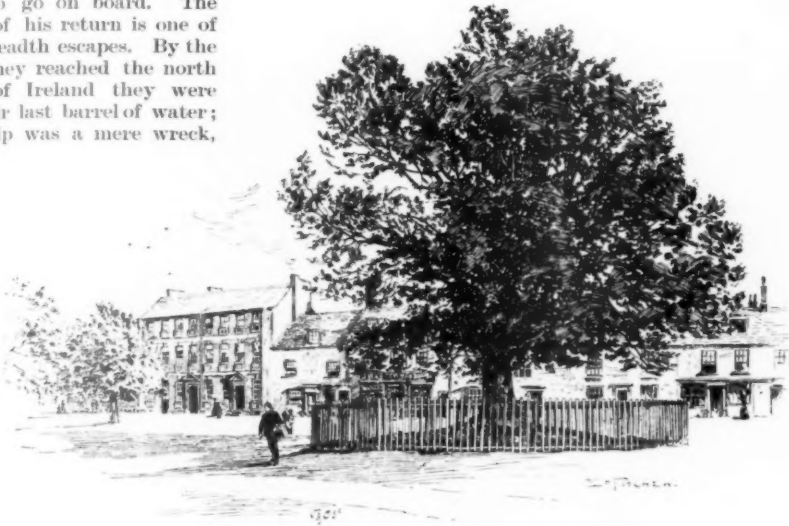
OLNEY CHURCH.

be divided from Mary for so long a period, and purposely missed his ship. Shortly afterwards he was taken by a pressgang and shipped on board H.M.S. *Harwich*, but through his father's influence was transferred

captain of a ship employed in the African trade, to make inquiries for the young man. Meanwhile, Newton had exchanged into the service of another slave-dealer, and those inquiries failed. But by the good providence of God

he and a companion, being some hundreds of miles up the coast, saw this ship, and made a fire as a signal to trade, without any knowledge of the captain's mission; the ship hove-to, the captain inquired for a young man named John Newton, and even had some trouble in inducing him to go on board. The story of his return is one of hair-breadth escapes. By the time they reached the north coast of Ireland they were on their last barrel of water; the ship was a mere wreck,

opened in 1765, and still stands. He started schools, cottage lectures, and prayer meetings in the cottages of his parishioners; one of them at Molly Mole's house, which he facetiously christened "The Mole Hill." In the



COWPER'S HOUSE AND THE MARKET ELM, OLNEY.

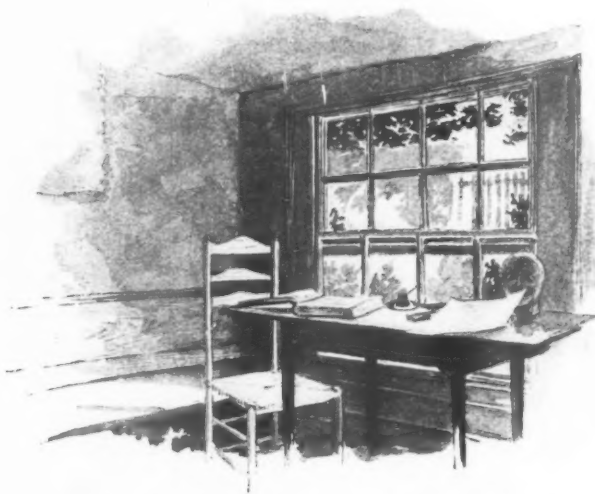
the crew constantly at the pumps to keep her afloat. Yet this voyage was the turning point in Newton's career; he had found on board a copy of Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and the momentary expectation of death had set him face to face with his wicked life, and he began to pray. On arriving at Liverpool, he was offered the command of a ship, but would only accept the position of first mate, and again he embarked for Africa. On his return, he married Miss Catlett, and thereafter made three more voyages to Africa as captain, still in the inhuman trade in human flesh. But the trade had begun to disgust him, and he prayed to be "fixed in a more humane profession." He was taken with a sudden illness which prevented him starting on his fourth voyage, and obtained employment as Tide Surveyor of the port of Liverpool in 1755. He now set himself to study for the ministry, and made the acquaintance of both Wesley and Whitefield. On the recommendation of his friend Mr. Haweis to Lord Dartmouth, he was presented to the curacy of Olney in 1764. His congregations soon became so large that a gallery had to be added to the parish church; it was

following year he obtained possession of "The Great House" between the church and the mill (long since pulled down), and used it first for children's meetings, and afterwards for prayer meetings. On Cowper's arrival in Olney, Newton engaged him in both these undertakings, and there is no doubt that Cowper did actually on many occasions conduct the meetings which were held here, whilst it is equally certain that he accompanied Newton in his pastoral visits in Olney and to the outlying parts of the parish.

Cowper's own history had been very different in most respects; but, like Newton, he was the son of a godly mother, and, like Newton, he lost her when he was a mere child. He was born on November 26th, 1731, the son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., rector of Great Berkhamstead (a connection of Earl Cowper's), and of Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall, Norfolk. Thus he was of gentle birth on both sides. His own exquisite lines, "On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk"—certainly amongst the most touching in our language—show plainly enough with what a passion of affection his young heart clung to her who was all in all to him for six short years.

Shortly after his mother's death he was sent to a boarding school at Market Street, seven miles distant, where, unfortunately, he was terribly bullied by one of the elder boys. After two years at this school, his eyes being weak, he was removed and sent to an oculist, with whom he remained for some time, and

a visit to Southampton, the first thing he did was to take his prayers, which he had written out, and throw them on the fire. He was called to the Bar in 1754; but, as he had taken no pains to qualify himself, it is not wonderful that he soon came to be regarded as a failure by his relatives, and the match



COWPER'S CHAIR AND WIG BLOCK IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE, OLNEY.

at the age of ten he went to Westminster School. There he seems to have been happy enough, and, on leaving, he mis-spent three years in an attorney's office, though, in truth, much of his time was employed "from morning to night in giggling and making giggle instead of studying law."

The scene of these "giggings" was the house of his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, at 30, Southampton Row; and with his cousin, Theodora, Cowper speedily fell in love. But about the time of his leaving Mr. Chapman's office, and entering as a student at the Middle Temple, the poet was overtaken by the first of those prolonged fits of despondency which blighted his life, during which his principal consolation lay in the reading of the poems of George Herbert—a Westminster boy of a century earlier than Cowper, but now commemorated with him in one window of the Abbey. In this state he remained for nearly a twelvemonth, and at length betook himself to prayer, when, "weak as my faith was," says he "the Almighty, Who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me."

Nevertheless, on returning to London after

with Theodora was broken off. He was fast falling into poverty, when he was offered, and accepted, the post of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords. But Major Cowper's right of nomination being questioned, it became necessary for the nominee to attend at the Bar of the House, and there publicly entitle himself to the office. The ordeal was one from which his diffident spirit shrank with absolute terror; he fell again into a melancholy so invincible that he repeatedly attempted to take his life, and nearly succeeded. "By the blessed providence of God," he afterwards wrote, "the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me." Revolting at his own wickedness, he believed that he had committed "the sin against the Holy Ghost," and his reason entirely gave way. He was placed in Dr. Cotton's asylum at St. Albans, and gradually recovered peace of mind and faith in God's mercy; and it was at this time that he wrote the hymn commencing "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee." Removing to Huntingdon when his recovery was complete, he made acquaintance with the Unwin

family, with whom he speedily became on terms of such intimacy that he went to live in their house.

Indeed, if any proof were needed that even in his most depressed periods Cowper exhibited a noble mind and a lovable disposition, such proof would be found in the facility with which he made friends and the constancy they displayed towards him. On the death of the Rev. Morley Unwin, Newton was requested by a mutual friend to call upon the widow, and, at his suggestion, both she and Cowper—to whom, as he says, she had always behaved as a mother—removed to Olney in September, 1767, and for years Newton and Cowper were inseparable. As we have already mentioned, Cowper took part in the prayer meetings at "The Great House," and for these meetings he wrote "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet." But most of the "Olney Hymns" were written later—so far as Cowper's contributions are concerned, probably in 1771 and 1772. "Oh,

But the malady gained upon him, and it is generally believed that he made another attempt upon his life, and that the frustration of this attempt was the occasion of his writing the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." On January 24th, 1773, "a very alarming turn" roused Mr. and Mrs. Newton from their beds, and took them hastily to Orchard Side, where Newton remained for some hours, and his wife for the whole day. Cowper, however, still held to the belief that God would deliver him from his distress; but some delusion seems to have seized him in the following month, probably while sleeping, which persuaded him that he was, for the remainder of his earthly life, shut out from the Mercy Seat; and this delusion, alas! never entirely left him.

Thenceforth he would neither attend a religious service nor join in any act of public worship, or even the saying of grace at table, and only in some short



THE VICARAGE, OLNEY

for a closer walk with God" and "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord" were probably written about that date. Newton had proposed the composition of hymns partly in the hope of arousing his friend from the melancholy into which he had been gradually again falling since the death of his brother John in 1770.

intervals was he able even in solitude to pour out his soul to his Maker. What doom could be more awful than this sense of exclusion from the Divine favour? He himself calls it a hell upon earth. Henceforth Newton alone must complete the collection of hymns. It must be confessed that



THE ALCOVE, WESTON UNDERWOOD, OLNEY.

many of Newton's compositions have little or no merit; but it will be conceded that the beautiful hymn commencing

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!"

more than makes amends for many shortcomings.

Newton left Olney in January, 1780, having been presented to the living of St. Mary

comfort and cheering his drooping spirits, in the midst of scenes which he loved and tasks which, on the whole, were congenial. But at length he fell once more into a settled gloom, and died at East Dereham, in Norfolk, in 1800. The house in which he resided at Weston still stands, and some lines which he pencilled upon the window shutter may still be seen there.

Woolnoth, in the City of London. He died in 1807, and was buried in this church, which he had filled with such crowds of eager listeners that his churchwarden had once suggested to him that he should disappoint them now and again by letting somebody else preach, so that the overcrowding of which the seat-holders complained might be relieved. His remains were, however, removed to Olney in 1833, and now lie, with those of his wife, beneath a granite tomb in the corner of the churchyard nearest the mill-stream; and the plate from his coffin hangs on the western wall inside the church.

In 1786 Cowper removed to Weston Underwood, where, spite of the cloud which hung over him, he spent nine years not unhappily, with a constant succession of kind friends ministering to his



COWPER'S OAK, YARDLEY

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

For Bible Readers and Teachers.

APRIL 15TH.—The Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Passage for reading—*St. Matt. xxviii. 1–15.*



POINTS.—1. *Proofs of the Resurrection.*

Ten different appearances of Christ (*see 1 Cor. xv. 5–8*). Soldiers bribed to say His body stolen away. Fact universally admitted.

2. *Effects.* To His enemies fear; to His friends joy.

3. *Results.* In Christ all are made alive. Bodies will rise again. Believers will live for ever with Him.

4. *Lessons.* If risen with Him, seek heavenly things (*Col. iii. 1*). Live as children of the resurrection.

ILLUSTRATION. "Death Swallowed up of Life." That is a glorious thought. You have seen, perhaps, some dissolving views, when one picture has melted away into another, and a scene of woe and desolation has been swallowed up in one of happiness and joy. You have had, perhaps, the picture of war presented to your view. There lies the wounded charger, his body ripped by the bursting shell, his nostrils distorted and breathing fire, his eyeballs starting from his head; and there lies his noble rider, sleeping by his side the last sad sleep of death. You look upon such a scene of desolation, when, lo! it begins to melt into a scene of peace, which gradually becomes clearer and more clear before you. Where lay the war-horse in his agony now lie a pair of lambs feeding from the mouth of a broken cannon, into which the tender blades of grass have found their way; in the place of the soldier, with his blood-stained face, are children playing amidst the flocks browsing on the quiet hills. In the place of darkness and smoke and desolation, your eye rests upon a summer sky above and a calm blue sea beneath, where little vessels are seen plying from shore to shore with the products of peace. Turn from the dissolving picture to the dissolving reality. Before you is the death-bed of some Christian sufferer. Week after week of agony has he endured, as under the wasting influence of a deadly disease his strong frame has been yielding to the power of death. There are weeping by his bedside children who will soon be orphans and a wife who to-morrow will be a widow, and friends who are gathered to witness his last hours and cheer him for the final struggle. This, too, is passing. It is but for a little while. Look again. The dead in Christ are raised, for the Saviour has come; the new resurrection life has begun. Behold, that poor suffering body is clothed upon with glory, that weak, faltering tongue is singing aloud with angels and archangels the praises of God, that chamber of weeping has melted into the golden streets and many mansions of the Father's house, those mourning friends are now transfigured into the rejoicing company of the saved. There is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, for ever. Death is swallowed up of life. Because Christ lives His people live also. (*Rev. F. Morse.*)

APRIL 22ND.—Jesus and His Disciples.

Passage for reading—*St. John x. 19–29.*

POINTS. 1. The presence of Christ brings peace and gladness.

2. It gives forgiveness and the Holy Spirit.

3. The blessedness of faith without sight.

ILLUSTRATIONS. *Rest in Christ.* A poor English girl in a home in Paris, ill in body and hopeless in spirit, was greatly affected by hearing some children singing "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me, and rest.'" When they came to the words "Weary and worn and sad," she said, "That's me, that's me! What did He do? Fill it up, fill it up!" She never rested till she had heard the whole of the hymn, which tells how Jesus gives rest to such. By-and-by she asked, "Is that true?" On being told "Yes," she asked, "Have you come to Jesus? Has He given you rest?" "He has." Raising herself, she asked, "Do you mind my coming close to you? Maybe it would be easier to go to Jesus with one who has been before than to go alone." So saying, she nestled her head on the shoulder of her who watched, and, clutching her as one in the agony of death, she murmured, "Now try and take me with you to Jesus." Their voices joined in prayer. The presence of Jesus filled her heart, and she had rest and peace.

Scarlet Sins. "We have some difficulty," said a scientific lecturer, "with iron dyes, but the most troublesome of all are Turkey red rags. See me dip this rag into my solution. Its red is paler, but still strong. If I steep it long enough to efface the colour entirely, the fibre will be destroyed and it will be useless for manufacture. How, then, are we to dispose of our red rags? We leave their indelible dye as it is, and make them into red blotting paper." What a striking illustration of the fitness and force of this figure of God's Word and of the power of the precious blood of Christ to change and cleanse is seen in the above explanation! The Spirit of God led Isaiah to write, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The colour indestructible by ordinary means is fit emblem of sin which can only be cured by the precious blood of Christ. This is what His ministers have to proclaim to men.

Faith. A sailor by often using his eyes in looking for land acquires great keenness of sight. Use the eye of faith in looking for your eternal home, and you give it greater clearness of vision. To strengthen faith exercise faith.

APRIL 29TH.—The Walk to Emmaus.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xxiv. 13–32.*

POINTS. 1. The Scriptures by type and prophecy bear witness to Christ.

2. Christ was meant to be a suffering Saviour.

3. Christ reveals Himself to those who hold communion with Him.

ILLUSTRATIONS. God's Word True. A Christian gentleman of high rank in Calcutta engaged the Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue to translate the New Testament into the Hindu language. Much intercourse necessarily followed. Months passed on in this way, until the seed of the Word took root in a heart prepared to receive it. Silently did the Holy Spirit bring home the truth to the mind of this Jewish priest as from day to day he continued to search the Scriptures. He saw at last that Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled the prophecies of the Old Testament Scriptures. Light broke upon his awakened soul. He saw at last the perfection and beauty of the Gospel, and the Sun of Righteousness shining in full splendour chased away from his heart the clouds of unbelief. He found, like Philip, the Messiah of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write (St. John i. 45).

A Suffering Saviour. In an ancient book written by a heathen in opposition to Christianity occurs this sentence: "Our gods are not displeased with you Christians for worshipping Almighty God; but you believe in the godhead of One who was put to death on the cross, you believe Him to be still alive, and you adore Him with daily prayers." There may be seen in one of the museums at Rome a square foot of the plaster of the wall of a palace uncovered a few years ago. On the poor clay was traced a cross bearing a human figure with a brute's head. The figure was nailed to the cross, and before it a soldier was represented kneeling and extending his hands in devotion. Underneath was scratched in rude Greek letters, "*Alcemenos adores his God.*" That representation of the central teaching of the Christian religion was made in a jeering moment by some rude soldier 1,800 years ago, but it blazes there now in Rome the most majestic monument of its age in the world.

The Cross. A preacher without the cross is like a soldier without weapons or a mariner without a compass, a labourer without tools or an artist without colours. The cross is the only lever which has turned the world upside down and made men forsake sin. If this will not do it, nothing will. The preaching of the cross of Christ is sure to receive a blessing.

MAY 6TH.—Jesus at the Sea of Galilee.

Passage for reading—St. John xxi. 1–19.

- POINTS. 1. Christ meets His people in their daily work.
2. Christ provides for His people's temporal and spiritual needs.
3. The duty of caring for the little ones of Christ's flock.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Christ Meets us at all Times. The Wise Men of the East, studying the stars, see a new constellation, which brings them to Christ. The shepherds, watching their flocks, are bidden to go to Bethlehem, the City of David, the shepherd king, to see the Saviour. Four disciples are bidden to leave their fishing boats to become "fishers of men." So it is still. The story of the child Jesus leads multitudes of children to Him. The mother in her hour of trial turns for help to Him who was born of a woman. His example of patient work in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth sweetens work still. In the midst of our daily life a stranger beckons us, and, lo! it is the Lord.

Time and Providence. How little the fasting disciples thought that morning that they were going to catch one hundred and fifty-three great fishes! Yet is not God's providence always like this? The angel calls to Abraham and points out another sacrifice just as he is giving the fatal stroke to Isaac. A well of water is disclosed to Hagar just as she has left her child, unable to see it die. Rabshakeh hears a rumour and departs, and Jerusalem is saved. The storm is stilled in a moment by the voice of Jesus. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear." "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

Children. "How is it you have such splendid sheep?" was once asked of a farmer. "Because I look after the lambs," was his reply. He who makes a child happy is the most worthy follower of Him who bade us become as children if we would enter His kingdom. Surely of all the endearing names of our Lord that title, "the Holy Child Jesus," is the most so.

MAY 13TH.—Prayer.

Passage for reading—St. John xxi. 23–33.

- POINTS. 1. Prayer a duty for all Christ's disciples.
2. Faithful prayer shall receive abundant answer.
3. In the world is tribulation, in Christ is peace.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Praying and Working. One of the Roman warriors attributed his victory to the fact that the gods favoured him because he begged for success with his drawn sword in his hand, and fought while he was crying to them for help. Prayer and works go together in God's kingdom. Victories are won upon our knees; but praying should never hinder fighting, and conflict should never be an excuse for neglecting prayer.

Direct Answer to Prayer. A message was sent to Luther that Philip Melancthon was dying. He went at once, and found him apparently at the last gasp. Melancthon, roused by the coming in of his friend, said, "Oh, Luther! is that you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. Then, turning round, he threw himself upon his knees and wrestled with God for more than an hour for his friend's recovery. Then he rose and went to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Then he ordered some soup; but Melancthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was again the answer. Melancthon, thus urged, took the soup, soon regained his wonted health, and laboured for years afterwards in the cause of the Reformation. When Luther returned home he said to his wife with great joy, "God gave me back my brother Melancthon in direct answer to prayer."

Pray in Faith. Prayer is the key of heaven, and faith is the hand that turns it. We cry, "Abba, Father." "We cry"—there is the fervency. "Abba, Father"—there is the faith. Fervency in prayer is as fire to the incense—it makes it ascend to heaven as a sweet perfume. And God's gifts often exceed His people's prayers. Hannah asked for a son, and received, not only a son, but a prophet. Solomon asked for wisdom, and received riches also. God is wont to give more than either we desire or deserve when we plead the merits of His dear Son.



A Complete Story. By Mrs. J. H. Needell.



I.

WHEN I came home from my long wanderings in Central Asia, where I had traversed the Mongolian Desert of Gobi, and crossed the Thian Shan Mountains, long before Captain Younghusband had given to the world the delightful record of his experiences, I felt full of good-will and loving kindness to all my friends and acquaintances—indeed, to civilised mankind at large.

Absence had produced the natural effect of making my heart grow warmer, and hardship had given a new zest to the common amenities of life; otherwise I do not quite know how it was that I read the following summons with equanimity, just after I had established myself comfortably in a desirable flat in Victoria Street, with a view to a good time socially in the coming season.

This summons was conveyed in a letter that reached me one spring morning amidst a batch of correspondence: distinguished publishers wrote offering princely sums for the forthcoming book of my travels (which I had not the least intention of writing); newspaper editors suggested a series of articles on the same theme—discreet but provocative—calculated to whet the public curiosity for what was to follow; and a New York agent pressed his services upon me to organise and finance a lecturing tour through the States.

Amongst these I picked out a neat envelope in a woman's handwriting, with the pretty stamp of the Swiss Republic on its face; and as I had no female relatives at all, nor was aware of any friends in that place, I felt some curiosity in opening it.

The contents and signature gave me a sensation of thrill—they recalled incidents and impressions from what seemed a long past.

The letter ran thus:—

"You used to be very kind to me when I was a little girl. Do you remember? Or have time and adventure blotted me out of your mind? If you do not forget, and if you are still kind, come and help me now, for I am in a sore strait. You have become such a famous person that your words will have more weight than ever with my father."

The letter was signed "Christina Somerset," and there was a postscript:—

"I have not the gift of pleading, only—do come!"

Did I remember? Yes, I remembered perfectly.

Ralph Somerset had been one of my oldest—friends I cannot say; but, at least, he was a man I had known from my youth up, and always heartily disliked. He was what the world calls a scholar, by emphasis—that is, he knew Latin and Greek as it behoves an Oxford don to know them—and such he continued till close on middle age. Then he had married, no one seeming to understand why (for his heart was only a material organ), and, leaving the University, he had settled on his wife's little property,

and subsequently seemed to forget all about her. He was absorbed in the compilation of a Greek grammar which was to supersede all that were current in the schools and to cover himself with glory. To him apparently nothing else mattered.

His wife, a soft, pretty creature, who deserved a better fate, died young—no doubt in disgust of life—leaving two children, girls, behind her.

Their sex was a bitter grievance to their father, who consequently would be unable to prepare them for Balliol; and, in addition to this drawback, the younger child was sickly and slightly deformed, owing to some accident in infancy.

I once heard him say in reference to poor little Nellie, who had struggled through an attack of scarlet fever, that it was an oversight of Nature that she had not died, for her life could never be worth anything. It was not long before this time that my personal knowledge of Mr. Somerset had begun, and the remark quickened my previous indifference to active dislike.

I think it was on this occasion that the elder girl, Christina, won my heart. I do not know how it happened that she heard this brutal speech; but she did hear it, and she blazed forth magnificently.

"If Nellie had died, I would have died too," she cried, "for I couldn't have gone on living without her. She has never been a bit of a burden to you, dad; and as for me, I mean to carry it to my life's end!"

She held out her arms with a noble gesture, and the beautiful young face was glorified by its glow of generous feeling.

From that time I took kindly to Christina Somerset, and we became fast friends. I was an idle young fellow, with plenty of time and money at command, and it pleased me, now and again, to do what I could to make things pleasanter for the scholar's neglected daughters. She was fifteen when this friendship began, and I was nearly twice that age.

A few years after I took to wandering in out-of-the-way places of the earth—not for big game, for it was a sport I abhorred as both cruel and unmanly, but from a deep-rooted tendency to pry and observe where few or none had been before me.

I had been on quest now for some six or seven years, and I confess I had not thought much of Christina till her letter had reached me, summoning me to Lucerne. It was like her to ask much and expect not to be denied—a fault incident to her own largeness of nature.

The spring this year was a delightful season, and I was enjoying London immensely. But if London were pleasant, so too would be Lucerne; and, apart from her

appeal, I had a lively curiosity to see into what kind of a young woman my little friend had developed.

I packed my portmanteau, and set off, sending a wire before me.

I had been pleased to observe that the address Christina had given me was the Hotel Schweizerhof, as I hoped it was a guarantee that she was in the way of enjoying herself. As for her "sore strait," I knew it had always been her wont to take things hard.

I doubt, after all, if there is anything in the world much more enchanting than the view of Lucerne as one drives from the railway station to one's hotel. I had never before seen it to equal advantage; it was as if the whole lovely panorama laughed in the noon-tide sunshine. The lake gave back the colour of the sky, except where the shadows of the mountains darkened it or the luxuriant vegetation on the banks changed the blue to emerald-green. All the chestnuts on the quay were in rosy bloom, scenting the air with their fragrance, and defying the sun-shafts to pierce their delicious shade.

I had got down from my carriage, and was on the point of entering the hotel, when a young girl in walking dress came through the vestibule and stepped out on the street. I raised my hat with an instinct of courtesy as she passed close to where I was standing, on which she looked up quickly, as though surprised.

As our eyes met each prolonged the gaze for a moment, while recognition flashed simultaneously upon both.

"Christina!"

"Mr. Kennion—how good of you!"

She held out her hand a little timidly, which I eagerly clasped and ventured to retain, while my eyes took in all the details of the most charming face and figure that I had seen since my return to my native land.

"And you have not forgotten me!" I said, flushed with pleasure.

"I have never forgotten you," she answered gravely, "but I did not expect you till to-morrow; and that you are come at all in answer to my selfish request makes me ashamed."

"Why?" I asked smiling; "you had no such scruples some seven years ago."

She smiled too, but gravely and sadly, as if there were a weight on her spirits.

"I am sorry you have carried the remembrance of my childish exactions all that time," was her answer. "Mr. Kennion, I am already afraid of you; if I could have realised the difference between now and then, I should never have dared to write to you."

"Have I, then, imbibed some of the savagery of my recent surroundings? Appearances are

deceitful, Christina; I am even more at your service now than when I saw you last with a fleece of red gold down your back. Now it has become a crown of glory," and I ventured to touch one of the shining braids under the neat sailor hat.

She smiled again, but with a sort of reserve that made me feel that I had taken a liberty.

"Are compliments so direct as yours to be taken as proof of the savagery to which you referred?" she asked. "But I am keeping you outside your hotel—luncheon is just over; what will be best for you to do? I should dearly like to speak to you before you see my father."

The brows contracted, and I almost thought the sweet lips quivered a little.

I asked very gently, "Where were you going when we met, Christina?"

"Only to sit on the quay and collect my thoughts. I—I have passed through a bad time this morning."

"Well," I answered, "I fear I must eat, for I am starving; but if you will give me twenty minutes to secure my meal and my bedroom, I will join you immediately after and talk over the plan of campaign."

II.

WHEN I joined Christina half an hour later, she was standing close to one of the steamboat piers, intently watching the steamer which was on the point of departure.

"Let us go," she said in the old imperative way, "at least, as far as Küssnacht; we shall find a return steamer there, and need not be absent more than a couple of hours. We can get a quiet seat—it is not at all crowded—and I can tell you my story in safety. Do you mind, dear Mr. Kennion?"

The voice softened to supplication; her eyes looked into mine with a pathos that moved me strongly.

"I am at your orders, Christina; but, if I were not, the proposal suits me exactly."

I spoke lightly to reduce the tension, and we hurried on board just as the bell ceased. We found a suitable seat on the upper deck, and as we leaned over the gunwale, facing each other, few positions could have been more favourable to confidences.

It grieved me to see, now that the excitement of our meeting was over, how pale she was, and how habitual seemed the contraction of the level brows.

When, after a silence I did not try to break, she suddenly raised her eyes and looked at me, I was again struck with their expression of profound trouble.

I do not like to see any sentient thing suffer; but when it is a woman, and not only a woman, but a girl noble and fair to see, it always strikes me as one of Nature's most cruel anomalies.

"Dear," I said softly, "forget all the years that have passed since we met, and open your whole heart to me as you used to do in the old, familiar time; it will be strange if I can't help you."

"You have not forgotten Nellie?" was her answer.

"No, no," I asserted with rather more eagerness than was necessary, for, in truth, the recollection was of the faintest, and needed her inquiry to awaken it. "I have not forgotten Nellie."

"In that old time that you speak of," she resumed, "you know how she suffered, and how bravely she bore her pain. Since, the years you have spent so pleasantly have increased those sufferings, and where she was patient then she is heroic now. If ever there was a saint on earth and a martyr without the crown of martyrdom, she is one. You believe me, Mr. Kennion?"

"Implicitly," I replied quietly, for the growing passion of her manner distressed me.

"And she could not live without me!" she added.

"Can there be any question that she should?"

"So much a question," was her answer, "that it has given me courage to send for you to fight this tyranny. We have so few friends; and even if we had more, they would have no influence over our father. I remember that he always held your opinions in great respect, and now that you have become so famous—" She broke off with a gesture of intolerable impatience. "Oh, what an idiot I am!" she cried passionately; "my heart is so full that I cannot speak!"

"There is no hurry," I said, stroking the little hand that grasped the steamer's side with almost a paternal air; "we have two good hours before us, and no chance of interruption. I have nothing else to do but to serve you, Christina. Begin at the beginning."

"I don't know about the beginning," she answered, and her face flushed; "it is rather the end. Ten days ago I broke off my engagement with Mr. Daventry. We had been engaged six months, but it was under false pretences."

This unexpected announcement gave me a curious sensation of chill. I had not realised that my little girl friend was in the way to be wooed and won.

"And your father objects to the proceeding?" I remarked, with an air of finality.

"Yes; only 'objects' is not the word to

describe his feeling. At this moment my father and I are irreconcilable, and he threatens to punish me in the one way I cannot bear. You must prevent this——"

"But tell me first a little about this engagement. I think I can guarantee there shall

"He is the grandson of the man you mean; but, for all that, he knows no more about pickles and jams than you and I, Mr. Kennion. He may have a vague notion through what channel the golden stream flows, but it goes no further than perception.

He has been carefully educated, like you and my father, at Eton and Oxford, and the training has not been thrown away. I assure you he is 'very much the gentleman' (smiling), "and he will have a million of money, and he was generous enough to ask a girl without a penny to marry him."

"No, no," I retorted; "don't let us sacrifice truth to obtain a climax. I remember perfectly that you and your sister had your mother's fortune secured to you. I allow it would not count to a millionaire, but you shall not call yourself a pauper, Christina."

"Then the security was bad," she said drily, "for our father has long ago possessed himself of it; but that is all beside the present question. I repeat, it was kind of Mr. Daventry to ask me to be his

wife; he might have chosen—anyone!"

"Then why have you quarrelled with your lover? Ah, Christina! I remember at fifteen you had your ideals—life was not worth living without faith in goodness and enthusiasm for great causes, mostly lost ones. Mr. Daventry, —poor fellow!—fell short of these requirements?"



I went out softly.—p. 566.

be no punishment for your offence. If I heard aright, you called him *Daventry*. Why, that is the name of the great jam and pickles man! You cannot surely mean that your late *fiancé* was any connection of the firm?"

She raised her head with a touch of defiance.

"He did," she answered; "but I should have married him all the same. We have been engaged six months, and I was content because I thought that I was securing a home for Nellie, where I should be able to give her all the comforts and luxuries she needs and does not get now."

"It was rather an unfair bargain, if he cared for you; I am not surprised that he did not find this enough, Christina."

"It is very hard for a woman to be fair, Mr. Kennion. I should have given him as much as he wanted, but only on one condition—that I took my sister with me to my new home. I thought he understood that, but was mistaken—he will not marry me unless I abandon Nellie."

I was silent, arranging my mental vision to the focus necessary for seeing the other side of the shield.

She broke in passionately on my silence:

"The suggestion seems to commend itself to your judgment as worthy of consideration! I shall have to take down another of my idols—and—oh, Mr. Kennion, I had so counted upon you!"

She rose hastily as if she could no longer bear my unworthy proximity, her looks at strife between anger and anguish; but I induced her to sit down again.

"Dear," I said, "be reasonable. I remember in the old days how hard it was to get you away from poor Nellie's reclining board, and how the desire to go back to it spoilt all your pleasure. Perhaps it is worse now than then, and, though the separation would be cruel, there is something to be said for it. Your sister might be cared for professionally better even than by you; and a young man in love with his wife might naturally object to a devotion that deprived him of a good deal of her society, saddened the household, and injured her health."

I was going on, but she interrupted me:

"Is it possible you have seen my father already, and been retained for the defence? I cannot express my disappointment—it is one blow more."

I assured her I had not seen Mr. Somerset, and I tried to reason her, not out of her resolution, which I saw was rooted in her nature, but into a more temperate view of Mr. Daventry's position. Then I asked her what the special service was for which she had done me the honour of sending for me; for, of course, I knew that it was not to interfere between her and her lover.

"Ah," she returned dejectedly, "you mock me, Mr. Kennion, for I do not feel sure you will not support my father as you have supported Mr. Daventry. He says that, since I have broken my engagement on Nellie's account, she shall no longer be a stumbling

block in my path, but that he will place her under medical care at a distance, and only suffer us to meet once in six months. He hopes to frighten me into submission; but I will not submit! I have had a terrible scene with him this morning, and Mr. Daventry is expected here to-day to try once more what his persuasion can do. It will be in vain—I shall stand by my darling."

"If," I said, "it is certain that you and Mr. Daventry cannot come to terms, it is impossible for your father to carry out his threat in the face of your strong feeling. He will cease to threaten when he knows that threats are useless—"

She shook her head. "You do not know him; he calls it my punishment, and he will inflict it unless you can make him relent. This is what you are come here to do—to make him so ashamed of himself that he will spare us. Oh, Mr. Kennion, do not disappoint me, for pity's sake! If you do, Nellie will die—it is I who keep her alive."

There was something so pathetic in her ardour that my sympathy rose to meet her demands. I suppose she read my looks, for her sweet face lighted up and she put her hand on my arm.

"I see," she said, "you will help us, as I trusted. It is a matter of life and death, dear Mr. Kennion."

I took the grateful little hand in mine and put it to my lips.

"I will help you, Christina, in your own way to the extent of my power; but, remember, your father's temper is a difficult factor in the account."

III.

WHEN we got back to the hotel, I went at once to pay my respects to Mr. Somerset, and I found, not much to my surprise, that Mr. Daventry was with him. The young man, it appeared, had been staggered by Christina's letter of repudiation, and, finding his written protests useless, had come in person to reason her out of her folly.

Mr. Somerset was profuse in compliments on the ground of my adventures, and expressed equal surprise and pleasure on seeing me. Of course, he knew nothing of Christina's letter.

When he introduced Mr. Daventry to me as his daughter's future husband, I felt my position a little awkward. He was a good-looking, well set up young fellow, with that air of careful personal cultivation which is so agreeable and characteristic in thoroughbred Englishmen, and perhaps the more so to me from my recent contact with savagery. I could see he looked anxious and ill at ease, and I felt myself to be very much in the way. He managed,

however, to say something gracious about what he was pleased to call my brilliant exploits, with the *aplomb* that inevitably results from the possession of a million of money, but which I found by no means acceptable.

As an excuse for effacing myself, I said I would go and see Miss Nellie, and expressed my deep regret that there was no improvement in her health. I added, as necessary explanation, that I had already had the pleasure of seeing her sister, having met her out of doors, and had been grieved at her report.

"Do so, Kennion," said my friend, "do so. I don't deny that Daventry and I have some private affairs to discuss, and then, after dinner, if you have no objection, we may ask you to join us in a—h'm!—ha!—what shall we call it, my dear fellow?—a sort of Cabinet Council."

As I crossed the long hotel corridor towards my own room I saw through a half-open door that I had discovered the one of which I was in search.

I could see an invalid couch, and Christina kneeling beside it.

I ventured to knock at the door.

"Come in," said Christina, without looking round; "I hope you have brought the grapes?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "I have been shamefully negligent. Pray don't apologise." I added quickly, as her face flushed with vexation at discovering her mistake, "but help me to recall myself to your sister's recollection."

I bent over the couch as I spoke.

In the course of an adventurous life I have seen of necessity many shocking and painful sights, but few have touched me more profoundly than the sick girl's aspect. Some light drapery was thrown over the shrunken, mis-shapen figure by a swift, dexterous movement on Christina's part, but the white, wasted, pain-marred face admitted of no concealment. In the depths of the sunken eyes, now raised to look at the stranger, one read at once the severity and the patience of her martyrdom, and shrank from the reading.

Instinctively I knelt down beside the poor child, and took her thin hand in mine; but appropriate words failed me—the tragedy was so hopeless, the working of physical laws so relentless.

"How kind you look!" said the weak little voice close to my ear. "I remember him, Chrissie—you don't often see a face like his."

I bent down my lips upon the little fingers that still clung to mine, in acknowledgment of this somewhat dubious compliment, and on looking up saw Christina's eyes full of ardent gratitude, and their expression seemed to quicken my pulses. Again I stooped over

Nellie's flaxen head (it was a loving hand, no doubt, that had woven and set those elaborate braids), and stammered out some inadequate words of sympathy.

"Yes," said the poor child, "I suffer a great deal, but Chrissie helps me to bear it. I could not live through the day without Chrissie!"

The look of devotion in her eyes was magnetic, and drew her sister to her side. I rose to give her my place beside the couch, and saw (but less clearly than my wont) that she took Nellie in her arms, strained the meek head against her bosom, and was murmuring meaningless endearments over her, as a mother over the baby she adores.

I went out softly—to buy grapes, as was my nearest duty—but as I went I said to myself: "Come what may of the Cabinet Council, those girls shall never be parted."

The discussion of affairs had been fixed for after dinner; but during the interval I knew that Christina had granted an interview to her lover, and I had taken the opportunity of a talk with Mr. Somerset.

I found the man as hard as the traditional millstone.

If Christina persisted in breaking her engagement, he was quite resolved on the course he should adopt. Nellie should be placed under medical care, and when the girl found she gained nothing by her obstinacy she would take back her lover—that was, if the young man would be so taken.

Every attempt to bring him to a better mind was shattered against the stone wall of his selfishness.

"Daventry is the best fellow in the world, and such a match as Chris in her wildest moments could never have expected. Personally, I can't understand what he sees in the girl to be so infatuated."

"His infatuation seems to have pretty sharply defined limits," I said.

"My dear Mr. Kennion, as a man of the world, could you expect him to turn his house into a hospital and take for his life-companion a sick nurse, never willingly off duty?"

I own such a prospect had appeared to me distasteful; but that was before I had seen Nellie's piteous face and the passionate clinging of her thin arms round her sister's neck.

When young Daventry joined us, I saw he looked sullen and determined, and I felt considerable difficulty in deciding what, in Christina's interests, would be the best course to adopt.

I proposed, as a sedative, that we should light our cigars and pull our chairs to the open window of the little *salon*, which commanded a full view of the lake. The town

lights were glittering like fireflies over its shimmering surface; the outlines of the mountains loomed majestic in the semi-darkness; a fine band was playing within earshot, but not too near. Yet, after all, it is not where we are, but what we are, that makes for comfort and enjoyment; and both of my companions declined to avail themselves of the resources of my cigar-case, which I offered confidently to their critical appreciation.

"You might surely know, Kennion, by this time that I never smoke," said the senior; "but such lapses of memory are to be forgiven to a man cut off for seven years from civilisation."

"As a rule," was the answer of the other, "I smoke whenever I have a chance, and I perceive Mr. Kennion's cigars are excellent; but I am not in the mood this evening. Indeed, I am leaving here in the course of an hour."

Mr. Somerset made a gesture of emphatic protest.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, nonsense!" he cried. "You are the last man in the world to be unwise enough to take a woman at her first word."

"No," returned the young man drily, "I am going, on the contrary, to leave her. I have got my dismissal."

A sinister scowl darkened the scholar's face; while Mr. Daventry, looking at me, continued:

"I am sure Mr. Kennion will forgive my saying that I am at a loss to understand the grounds of his interference. He is not, I believe, in any sense, the young lady's guardian, or even a relative."

"Your surprise is so natural," I said, "that you are entitled to an explanation. I am here at Miss Somerset's personal request. You must know that I was the intimate friend of her childhood, and she retains the childish notion that I may be able to help her in her present difficulty. In saying this I wish you to understand that I do not presume to refer to her relations with you; such matters stand outside my interference. My commission is to her father."

He raised his eyebrows with an air of incredulity I found distinctly offensive.

"Pardon me. I had thought differently. My impression was that the lady had instructed you to try and overcome my objection to—to—" he hesitated—"shall we say to marrying both sisters?"

"That is as you please," I rejoined, "such expressions being a matter of taste and breeding. But, considering you have had the honour of Miss Somerset's intimate acquaintance, I am surprised that even for a moment you could suppose she would contest any decision you

might announce, or suffer any man who was her friend to do so in her behalf."

"In that case," said Mr. Daventry with heightened colour, "there is nothing more to be said. I came here to-day prepared to fulfil my engagement on the reasonable condition I have always insisted upon—that Christina should give up her sister for her husband. This, as I have already informed her father, she positively refuses to do. The upshot is that we break our engagement by mutual consent. I hope you will acquit me of blame, Mr. Somerset."

That gentleman rose precipitately.

"I will call her," he said eagerly. "I will call Christina and compel her to hear reason. Is the happiness of two lives to be sacrificed to the death-in-life of a sickly cripple? She is only putting her power over you to the test, and does not believe that you are in earnest. If she realised—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the young man with a sneer, "but your daughter is under no such illusion. We have spoken to each other to-day very plainly indeed, and, apart from the insuperable obstacle of her insisting upon nursing her sister, we have discovered that on other grounds we are unsuited to each other. The incident is closed, Mr. Somerset."

He held out his hand with what no doubt seemed to him considerable dignity. To my way of thinking, his behaviour was of a kind for which I longed to kick him, devoutly wishing the trammels of civilisation were not so strong.

Even Mr. Somerset accepted the situation, though it was easy to see how hard he found it to keep his rage and disappointment within bounds.

As Mr. Daventry was leaving the room, he turned back again towards him, and said airily, as in obedience to a sudden thought:

"Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness about the little transactions between ourselves. They can await your convenience indefinitely." And the door closed upon him.

Mr. Somerset almost gnashed his teeth. "Confound his impudence!" he muttered; and then he added more savagely, "and confound her, too! But I can make her pay for it! I will leave Nell here under medical supervision, and take her sister home with me next week—no prayers or protests shall touch me." He got up. "They shall know it at once! I must have a vent!"

I put my hand upon his arm to restrain him.

"Impossible!" I said. "You would not spoil the poor girls' night's rest. Wait till to-morrow."

He shook off my hand, and looked at me furiously.

"Have a care," he said; "you will only

make matters worse. I will brook no interference with my children. That girl has been my ruin!" And he went out.

IV.

I STOOD irresolute, stricken with a sense of impotency.

To follow him to the invalid's couch and renew expostulation would be worse than useless; and yet my indignation and sympathy were so strong, added to the knowledge of Christina's vain trust in me, that I could not remain passive.

Although Mr. Somerset was actuated at this time by the meanest motives of spite and revenge, there was a measure of reasonableness in his determination.

He did not mean to do otherwise than to place Nellie under good medical care, with all proper arrangements for her comfort. It was true that Christina's health and spirits suffered from her devotion, and that other duties were perhaps sacrificed to her love for the sufferer. But how little did that count when to carry out the scheme meant the tearing asunder of human heart-strings and the hastening of that closely impending hour when death would release the sick girl from her long martyrdom!

I decided to follow on the father's steps, and at all costs to try to prevent the bursting of the storm in Nellie's room.

Mr. Somerset was only a minute in advance of me (for thought and feeling are swift, though narration is slow), and he was also a little uncertain about the locality of his daughter's room. I overtook him without difficulty, and ventured to touch his arm. He swung round irate.

"Sir! Mr. Kennion! I must protest—"

"My dear sir," I said, "you are mistaken. I mean no further interference; you must, of course, use your own judgment. I am simply on the way to my own room, but thought it well to mention that I saw Miss Somerset go out about ten minutes ago, while we were all talking together. I myself am bound for the Kursaal. Should I meet Christina, shall I tell her you want her?"

He looked at me suspiciously, but my face was a blank.

"Well, do so," he said grudgingly. "She has no business to be out." And, after a little balancing of himself upon his toes, as if uncertain which way he should go, I had the satisfaction of seeing him retrace his steps to his own apartment.

There are crises in life when very little time is permitted for momentous decision. One of these had arrived to me. I stood by

the window of my room conscious of greater excitement of mind than I had known before.

I had held my life in my hand on more than one occasion, and had kept my brain cool and my pulses at even beat. Now desire and hesitation were at strife in my soul, and my veins seemed to run fire.

Up to this hour I had prized my personal liberty above all other belongings, having thrust away from me with uttermost distaste the notion of marriage—of its responsibilities and shackles.

But my honour was pledged to help Christina, and Christina had a heart of gold. Also I knew—

But at that moment I saw the girl herself approaching the house, for what I had told Mr. Somerset was true. It was still light enough for me to distinguish the outlines of her figure, the matchless poise of her head upon her shoulders, and the free grace of her movements. She looked up as she entered the hotel, and the full light of the lamps fell on her face. Its look of sorrow was indescribable—the noble sorrow of one who suffers vicariously. Was that sorrow, I asked myself, to be deepened to despair?

I snatched up my hat and hurried out to intercept her. She was crossing the hall to the staircase as we met. The whole place was brilliant with electric lights—with palms and flowers, and couches in cosy corners inviting to careless talk. But our talk was not to be careless.

Her eyes had met mine at once, charged with inquiry; and I could see in her face that her heart sank as she read the expression of mine.

"I see—you have something to tell me. Mr. Daventry is gone, and—my father—" Her voice fell.

"Take a turn with me outside, Christina, I have something to say; but not on the quay—it is too crowded. Let us go this way, towards the Hofkirche—the arcade will be secluded enough."

She agreed, and we kept step to the east of the Schweizerhof Quay for a few minutes in silence, till we had reached the broad flight of steps which lead up to the platform on which is founded the curious, hoary church of St. Leodegar.

"It is open," she said, looking before her at the shaft of faint light that fell across the pavement; "let us go in and sit down, Mr. Kennion. I am so tired and—so anxious."

We entered and took a seat near the door. Christina leaned forward, with her gaze fixed and her hands tightly clasped on the book-board before her. For a while she was as motionless as if cast in stone; her energy was at its neap tide.

Then she stirred, and said, almost in a whisper, "Tell me all in a few words, without

trying to spare me. You have done your best, as you promised, and—it is no good. It will kill her; but not me, for I am as strong as a lion. Oh! how shall I bear it? I mean the thought of what she will suffer!"

"There is only one way out of it, Christina." My voice sounded strange to myself, it was so charged with meaning; and I suppose it sounded the same to her, for she started a little and looked at me steadily.

"Yes?" she asked, for I had paused; "what way?"

"Take me for your husband, Christina, instead of Richard Daventry—(voice and courage grew stronger in the light of her eager, expectant face)—"take me; and you

"No, I could not be so cruel," I answered, smiling, "and I am absolutely in earnest."

"But consider!" she objected. "You are so rich—so famous—any lady in all England would be proud to marry you; while I—and Nellie—for mere pity's sake!" Her look and voice fell; a sob rose in her throat.

"Christina dear," I answered, as I put my arm about her and drew her nearer to me, "you and pity are far as the poles asunder.



"The incident is closed, Mr. Somerset."—p. 567.

shall carry Nellie in your arms to her life's end, as I once heard you promise in the old time long ago."

She sat motionless as she had sat before, evidently transfixed with surprise. I waited, but involuntarily my hand stole to the clasped hands on the book-board. After a moment or two she said, in a low voice, and without looking up:

"I cannot believe that you are in earnest, and yet you could not be cruel enough to mock me at such a time as this."

There is only one question to answer: do you think you will be able to love me, not for Nellie's sweet sake, but for my own? I am prepared to be reasonable—after a time of probation, we will say."

There was a minute's pause, during which a pang struck me. I did not care to be accepted for her sister's sake! Then I felt suddenly the full light of her eyes on my face, and the warm pressure of her little hand: rosy blushes were chasing each other over her cheeks, and smiles—enchanted smiles—curved her lips.

"I am ashamed," she said, "and yet not ashamed! Don't you know that—I have loved you all my life?"

OUR CENTURY NATIONAL PRAYER UNION

WE have great cause for thankfulness and rejoicing at the abundant and hearty expressions of approval evoked by the issue of our "*Penny Book of Daily Devotion*," which, as our readers are aware, has been published in connection with THE QUIVER CENTURY NATIONAL PRAYER UNION. Amongst the many distinguished leaders of religious thought and work in Great Britain who have endorsed its objects, the following may be quoted here:—

The Bishop of Derry says: "I think you have done a great service to the Church of Christ (and to the State also) in bringing out a such a book at such a price. No one has any longer any excuse for neglecting family prayers, either from difficulty in finding a suitable and excellent book, or difficulty in procuring it when found."

This testimony is echoed by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, who writes: "I consider that you have done the Church of Christ and the country an incalculable service by the issue of '*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*.'"

"'*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*' is splendid," writes Archdeacon Madden. "Please send me one hundred copies for my 'mothers.' If we can only make our homes centres of prayer, then we need not fear for the righteousness of our nation, nor for the permanence of our empire. The hearthstone is the keystone of the empire. I wish you 'Good Luck in the Name of the Lord' in your effort to revive family prayer throughout the nation."

From the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, President of the Wesleyan Conference, comes the following: "I thank you for the advance copy of '*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*' that you have been good enough to send me. I heartily approve both the plan and the execution of it, and trust that with such aid and encouragement family prayer may be begun or revived in many a household."

Dr. Hugh Macmillan says: "It is a most admirable book of daily devotion. One of the most varied, devout, and expressive I have ever seen. Its freshness and suitability to all possible exigencies, wants, and desires are perfectly wonderful. It is a work of reverential genius, and I am sure it will be very helpful to thousands. May it have a circulation adequate to its good merits."

The following is an extract from a complimentary letter received from the Archdeacon of Middlesex:—"I have perused '*The Book of Daily Devotion*' which you have sent me, and hope that it may prove useful

in promoting the sadly neglected duty of family prayer. So many well-intentioned books of family prayer fail of their object, because they are too lengthy or too complicated, that I think you have done very wisely in making the daily devotion consist of a short passage of Holy Scripture and a prayer which is to the point, and not wearisome."

The Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., cordially says:—"I approve most heartily of the issue of a book of daily devotions at the small rate of one penny. So far as I have been able to look into it, I think it is well done, and I hope it may promote a revival of family prayer in households where it has been discontinued."

Says the Dean of Salisbury:—" '*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*' which you have been so good as to send me, seems to me to possess every desirable requisite. The prayers are so simple, and the passages from Holy Scripture are so well chosen, that I feel strongly it ought to be very generally popular."

"I have looked through '*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*' with much pleasure," writes the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. "It is admirably adapted to encourage the custom of family prayer amongst those who, without such help, would never commence it. Personally, I thank you for so admirable a service, and shall be glad to make it known amongst my people."

The Bishop of Bath and Wells says:—"I like your idea of a Century National Prayer Union, and I like very much the short prayer which you have written, to be said daily by every member of it."

In conclusion, we feel our readers will be at least equally interested in the following letter received from the Hon. Mrs. Maclaglan, wife of the Archbishop of York:—"Will you kindly send me one hundred copies of '*The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*' just issued by your firm? It is the most wonderful production I have ever seen, and deserves, as it will doubtless obtain, a circulation of many millions."

It is in the power of our readers to render material assistance in this long-needed movement for the revival of the spirit and habit of family worship amongst all classes. We shall be happy to send any number of forms of enrolment in the Union upon application, addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The names and addresses of those joining the Union are for office reference only, and will not be published.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

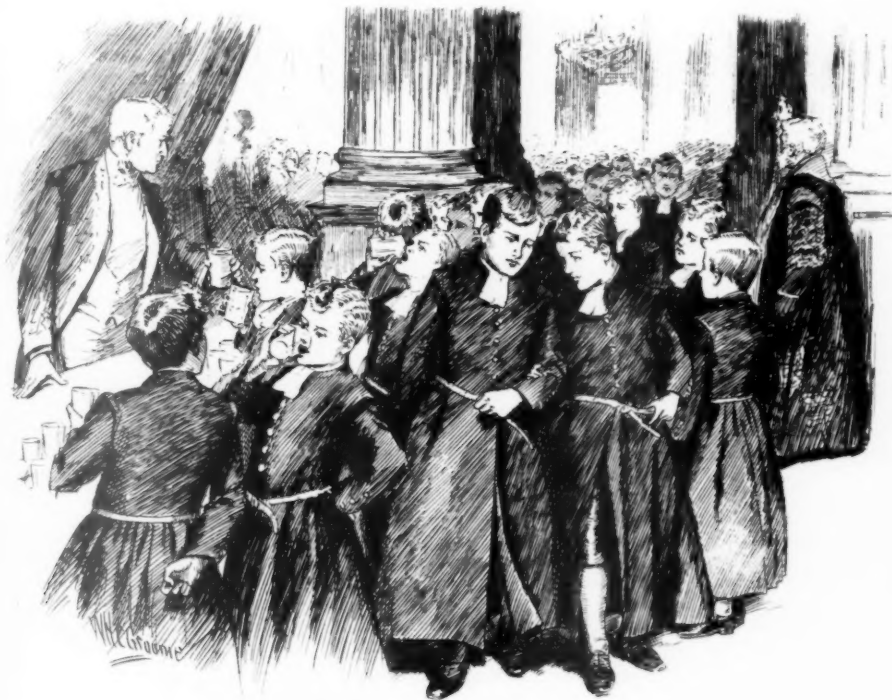
By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



ZO most of our great public schools are attached customs which are peculiarly their own. Especially is this the case with regard to the more venerable of the schools, Christ's Hospital—or, to give it the popular title, "The Bluecoat School"—has one such custom, namely, the visit to the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday, an event which will probably die out within a couple of years' time. While we write, the new school buildings near Horsham, Sussex, are being pushed forward with great activity, and it is scarcely likely when the "Blues" are once removed to their new quarters that any arrangement will be made to specially

bring them up to town on Easter Tuesdays to pay their respects to the Lord Mayor. Before this interesting custom ceases to be, it is well, therefore, to enshrine in these pages a pictorial representation of a function which marks in a conspicuous manner the growth of the Temperance movement. There are upwards of six hundred boys in the school, and the Lord Mayor, who receives them in state, presents the Grecians with £1 and a shilling, the Junior Grecians with half a guinea apiece, the monitors with half a crown each, and the boys with one shilling each. Refreshments are provided for every "Blue" in the shape of two buns and a glass of wine or lemonade. Now, on Easter Tuesday, 1877, only three of the lads out of the whole school refused the wine; whereas last year the tables were completely turned, and nearly every "Blue" refused the wine and accepted the lemonade! In this connection it is of interest to recall



AN EASTER TUESDAY RECEPTION.

(The Bluecoat Boys at the Mansion House.)

the caustic paragraph which appeared in *The Temperance Record* of April 12th, 1877:—"The Bluecoat boys, numbering six hundred and thirty-six in all, paid their annual visit last week to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, where each was presented with a new coin, two buns, and a glass of wine; and, we regret to add that, in only three cases was 'the mocker' declined. Lord Mayors at this time of day ought to know better than to encourage so pernicious a custom." Well, the faithful three did good service by their brave example in 1877, for in the following year twelve "Blues" declined the wine, and, as we have said, last year nearly the whole of the company did likewise. We will hope that on the ensuing Easter Tuesday there may be a like gratifying testimony to the growth of total abstinence among our coming men.

ANOTHER LADY WORKER.

The vacancy on the working staff of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, caused by the lamented death of Miss Holland, has been filled by the appointment of Miss Sarah L. Boyd, of Sheffield, who brings to her secretarial duties a ripe experience which should be of great service. She is the daughter of the Rev. H. J. Boyd, so widely known as the secretary of the oldest national Temperance association, the British Temperance League. Miss Boyd has thus been trained in a good school, and there can be but little doubt that her work at headquarters will be done with the thoroughness so characteristic of Yorkshire folk. Miss Boyd is a life abstainer and a Good Templar, and was an active worker in the Band of Hope movement in the city of Sheffield before coming up to London.

A HINT TO SPEAKERS.

The centenary of the death of the poet Cowper falls this month, and those speakers who pride themselves upon being up-to-date might do worse than read up the Christian poet's works by way of garnishing their speeches.

"The cups
That cheer, but not inebriate,"

forms by no means the only available quotation from Cowper, as those who take the trouble to search will readily discover. By the way, "Cuthbert Bede" once wrote a delightfully discursive paper on the misquotation of Cowper, whose famous lines as often as not appear as

"The cup
That cheers, but not inebriates"

—a jumbling up of the letter "s" which greatly disturbed the genial author of the "Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green."

THE LEGISLATIVE OUTLOOK.

Those who are best qualified to form an opinion are not over-sanguine as to the

prospects of Temperance legislation this session. For all that, considerable activity has been shown by Members of Parliament in balloting for places for various Temperance



Photo: A. Weston, Nempete Street, E.C.3.

MISS BOYD.

(Secretary of the Women's Total Abstinence Union.)

measures, and a good round dozen of Bills have been brought in. The fate of the various Sunday Closing Bills and the Children's Bill will be anxiously anticipated, and the old electioneering hands are already furbishing up their armour for the next General Election, which some sagely say may come more speedily than the public anticipate. There is nothing like being forewarned, and every right-thinking person cannot but desire that some attention should be given towards checking the appalling growth of our national liquor bill.

COMING EVENTS.

The arrangements for the May Meetings are now completed. The list of speakers is largely made up of the "old hands," and, on the whole, the audiences love to have it so. Special efforts are being made by the National Temperance League for its great gathering in Exeter Hall on April 30th, under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The C.E.T.S. meeting at Lambeth Palace, and its Conference of Secretaries and Representatives at the Church House, will fall in the last week of the month. May 6th will bring us Temperance Sunday for the diocese of London; May 12th the C.E.T.S. Fête at the Crystal Palace. June will be crowded by the World's Temperance Congress, and the great Bazaar in aid of the National Temperance League. The Official Temperance Advocates' Association will meet in London on June 9th.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

In Green Pastures.

WHY should the rest in green pastures and the quiet walk beside still waters ever be disturbed? Why should not the God Who loves everything that He has made forbid any interruption to innocent enjoyment? One of His servants, at the close of a life devoted to Him, called back some remote experiences, and suggested an answer to the problem, in words to this effect. "I once wanted some sheep to follow me," he said, "but they cared nothing for my voice. One mother-sheep, in particular, took no heed of any good things that I had to offer; she was too much occupied with her lambs. I tried the lambs, but she led them the opposite way. I caught up one and carried it under my arm. The mother hesitated, then she contented herself with the other. I took up the second; then she followed me wherever I chose to go. Her mother-love overcame her fear. When God disturbs the rest, and takes, one by one, the treasures that are dearest, who knows that it may not be because we have refused to hear His voice? By our example and selfish love, we may have kept others back from following Him. He would lead us and them to more perfect and lasting green pastures; but often nothing less than their being taken first to that place of safety will make us seek it. Whilst lying still in comfort with all we love around us, we are apt to remain content with the things of the present time, and forget that this world is not our rest."

The "Easter Tree."

THE latest innovation for the entertainment and instruction of American children is the Easter tree. Except in a very few American cities, Easter Monday is not a Bank Holi-

day in the United States, as it is in England, but the introduction of the Easter tree will doubtless have the effect of helping to make the day a holiday, for school children at least, in many other places. In the Sunday school houses the setting up of the Easter tree on Easter Monday is becoming a custom, while many American parents allow the tree to be put up in the drawing-room for the enjoyment of their little ones. To make this tree as different as possible from the Christmas tree, a small tree or a branch, quite bare, is chosen and fixed in a large tub or box. Then the only requisites for trimming it and making it a thing of beauty and wonder for the children are tissue paper in the three colours, green, pink, and white, numerous hard-boiled eggs or empty egg-shells, various coloured pencils, a pair of scissors, and needle and thread. The green paper is used for winding about the bare branches and making foliage, while the pink and white paper is deftly cut and turned into blossoms by clever fingers



IN GREEN PASTURES.

When the foliage and the blossoms have been gummed to the tree, wonderful toys are manufactured out of egg-shells. With the aid of the pencils, an egg is made to represent a ludicrous-looking face, or an empty shell—as nearly whole as possible—is used for the body of a doll; the



(Photo: A. Tear, Ipswich.)

THE REV. PROFESSOR HANDLEY MOULE, D.D.

arms, legs, and head being made from paper, gummed on. Elephants, dogs, cats, and birds are manufactured in the same way, while little egg-shell baskets with paper handles are hung on the tree. The box or tub in which the tree is fixed is filled in with moss, and scattered about in the moss (which is made from the green paper) are paper and egg-shell hens, with a following of fluffy chicks. If the tree is exhibited at night, it is ornamented with candles, which have to be carefully watched, for fear of accidents. Each one of the Sunday school scholars, or each little boy and girl making up the drawing-room party, is given an egg-shell present from the tree, and their curiosity is gratified with information concerning the way in which the present has been manufactured. Of course, after the tree has shed its quaint fruit, a banquet follows—a feast of eggs made up into numerous appetising dishes.

The Bible in Japan.

WHILE the recently revised treaties between Japan and the outside nations have excited much apprehension, as a possible endangerment of justice and liberty for foreign residents in that

country, one already experienced advantage of the change is the increased demand for instruction in English. Missionaries are besieged by applicants for this accomplishment; and, as the former almost always stipulate that the Bible be among the textbooks used, a large number of Japanese not yet under direct mission ministry are, by such educational means, brought under Christian influence. There has resulted a very great increase in the sale of Bibles. Not many years since, the book stores in Japan could not, for fear of injuring their trade, offer the Bible for sale. Now there is no such drawback; and the Scriptures are freely sold at all these stores in the principal cities. During the past year, Bibles and Testaments to the value of 2,371 yen (about half a crown) have been sold at the Bible House and elsewhere. In 1895, 884 yen represented such circulation. There are forty native newspapers and other periodicals in the country published in the interests of Christianity or under Christian control. In the army, Christian officers number one hundred and fifty-three; and the Christian Medical Association has a membership of seventy. One most practical illustration of the power of Christ's Gospel among this people may speak more convincingly than even such encouraging statistics. A native Christian nurse was caring for the sick in a village stricken with a dangerous epidemic last year. She took the disease, and died. Her peaceful, happy death so impressed the Japanese physician and others that they sent for a Christian preacher to come and tell them of a faith so comforting and sustaining. The doctor opened his own house for preaching, and already seven families have professed their faith in a crucified Redeemer.

The Rev. Professor Moule.

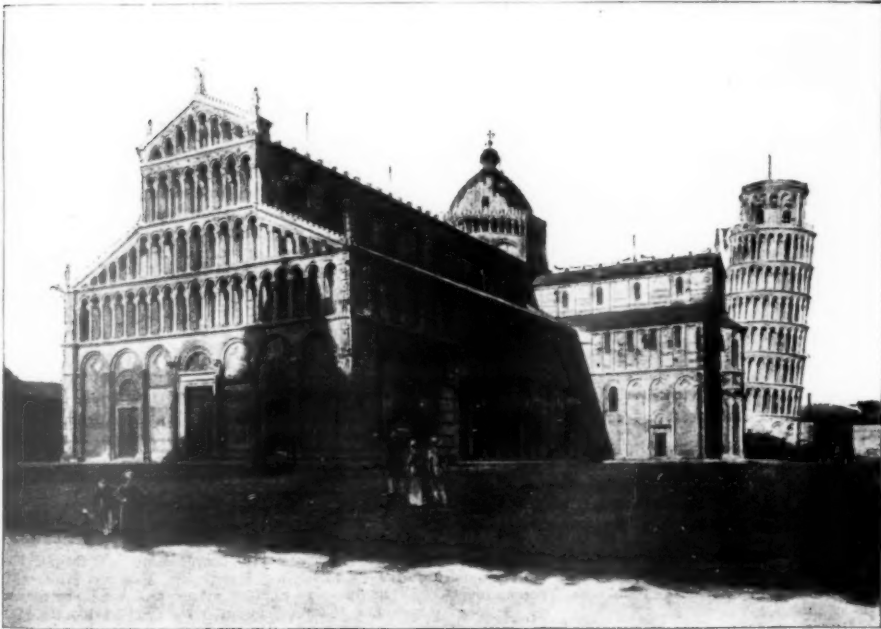
THE Rev. Handley Carr Glyn Moule, Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has for many years been one of the most distinguished and widely honoured residents at that university. Both at Cambridge and far beyond it he has long been looked up to as a representative and leader in the Evangelical School of thought. Born in 1841, he was educated first under his father, the Rev. H. Moule, of Fordington, and then at Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated as Second Classic in 1864, and was made a Fellow of his College, adding other distinctions, the most curious of which was that for six years his poems were awarded the Seatonian Prize. After a short time spent as an Assistant Master at Marlborough, Mr. Moule returned to Cambridge as Dean of Trinity. In 1881 he was chosen as first Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and with that institution his name was most intimately linked until, in 1890, he was elected to the Norrisian Professorship. Dr. Moule may be said to have made Ridley. Under him it became a nursery of Evangelical clergy, a large proportion of whom went out to the foreign mission field. But in the meantime his name and teaching became widely familiar both from his Commentary and from his smaller devotional works. Dr. Moule was one of the first

Churchmen of distinction to lend aid to the Keswick Convention. He has been Select Preacher at Oxford as well as at his own university, is a familiar figure on the Church Congress platform, and is usually heard at one or other of the great May Meetings. He still exercises his faculty of writing graceful, devotional verse, and is usually pledged far ahead to literary work. Dr. Moule's personal influence upon men has always been great; he has been, indeed, one of the formative influences of the time on the thought and policy of the school to which he belongs. As will be seen on reference to page 538, Professor Moule has undertaken the chapter on "The Private Personal Interviews of Our Lord" for our new *Life of Christ*. His contribution will be concluded next month.

Cathedral and Tower of Pisa.

This photograph shows the Duomo or Cathedral and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The former

by Cimabue and del Sarto. One of the chief attractions of the nave is a pendent lamp by Porsenti; this it was that suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum clock. Another great attraction is the extraordinary musical echo. Upon one of the cathedral guides sounding the four harmonic notes of a major scale, a wonderful burst of harmony is awakened. When the sound is becoming fainter he repeats the chord more softly; the effect of the two distinct echoes will both astonish and delight the visitor. The Leaning Tower is a magnificent specimen of the Southern Romanesque architecture; it is, as everybody knows, one of the wonders of the world. It was erected in 1174 and succeeding years by Bonanno da Pisa and William of Innsbruck. The tower is out of the perpendicular by about fourteen feet. It seems to have commenced to heel over about the third storey; the architects, apparently accepting the conditions, adhered to the incline, but diminished the slope of the upper storeys so as to keep the centre of gravity well within the walls. The



THE CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

is in the form of a Latin cross surmounted by a fine dome, is composed entirely of white and coloured marble ornamented with columns and reliefs, and was in course of construction from 1063 to 1118. It has some magnificent entrance doors of solid bronze by Giovanni da Bologna. The interior is a basilica with nave and double aisles. In the cathedral there are some very fine paintings

tower is one hundred and eighty feet in height, and consists of eight storeys divided by rows of columns; these latter numbering two hundred and seven. The top storey contains seven bells, representing the seven musical notes; and from the extreme summit may be obtained a fine view of Leghorn and the Mediterranean Sea. This wonderful edifice is constructed of the same material as the cathedral.

THE QUIVER SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

FOURTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	206	14	8½
Per H. L. Whitehurst, Weston-super-Mare	0	3	4
K. S. and W. R.	0	5	0
Per Grace M. Hull, Stoke Newington	1	3	0
Christian Dale, Redhill	1	1	0
Per Silvia Smith, Cheltenham	0	2	0
Per Annie and Mary Goddard, Woodbridge	0	14	0
Mrs. E. Brooks, Doncaster	0	10	0
Per Bella Baird, Lurgan	0	7	0
Per Miss M. Swanson, Salt River	1	0	0
Per Phyllis Dorrell, Woking	0	13	0
Mrs. Cummings	0	1	0
Per A. Sympathiser	1	15	0
Per G. C., Chelmsford	0	6	3
Per Horace M. Stidston, Finsbury Park	1	0	0
Per Eleanor and Eva Hawkins, Harrow	0	12	0
Per E. Shawyer, Cardiff	1	1	0
A Brighton Reader of THE QUIVER	0	2	6
W. E. T.	0	6	0
Per E. T. Jenkin, Durham	0	2	0
Per Mrs. Tranter, Chipstead	0	11	6
Per Evelyn Siddons, Oundle	0	2	1
Anon., Oakland, California	1	0	6
Per M. M. Burnham	0	4	0
Per Blair Bond, Londonderry	0	5	9
Per Louisa Bugwell, Stockton	0	12	0
Per Alice Jobson, Hove	0	12	6
M. L.	0	10	0
Little Pat	0	1	0
Per M. W., Wilton Crescent, S.W.	1	4	0
Per S. Hall, Norwich	0	3	6
Per Alice Gale	1	11	0
T. D. P., Duddingston	1	1	0

£226 0 7½

All amounts of £1 and upwards will be separately acknowledged through the post. If such acknowledgment of smaller amounts is desired, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed. A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All collections, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of

THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and marked, on left hand top corner of envelope, "Widows' and Orphans' Fund." Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

List of contributions received from January 27th, 1900, up to and including February 28th, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For "The Quiver" *Waifs' Fund*: J. McE., 2s.; Mrs. L. (1th donation), 5s.; Readers of *The Christian*, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott, £5; M., 2s. 6d.; The Twins, 1s.; G. T. Cooper, St. John's Wood, 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (117th donation), 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: E. G. P., 2s.; M. A., 5s.; A Brighton Reader, 2s. 6d.; M., 2s. 6d.; An Irish Girl, 3s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d. We are also asked to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts, sent direct: Otto, £1; J. S., 10s.; South Ayrshire Dairy Farmer, £10; A Maidstone Woman, 10s.; G. C., 3s.; M. W., 10s.; S. U. T., 5s.

How Decided.

THE question how much of the Old Testament has permanent value for the Christian Church, must always be decided by agreement or disagreement with the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. We read in the Gospel how the living Word of God set aside the word that had become a dead letter. The law had said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," but Christ superseded this tit-for-tat, give-as-good-as-you-get rule by the Divine principle of forgiveness. The real morality of the Bible is its final morality, and it is by the light of the Gospel that we should interpret hard parts of the Old Testament. Like a parable comes to us the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration, when St. Peter wished Moses and Elias to remain, and a voice from Heaven came out of the cloud, saying, "This is My beloved Son; hear Him."

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

61. What is one of the greatest proofs of our blessed Lord's resurrection?
62. What was the first occasion on which Jesus spoke of His Apostles as "My brethren"?
63. What lesson do we learn from Christ's resurrection?
64. What was there in Christ's risen body which specially assured His disciples that He had risen from the dead?
65. When did our Lord first give to His Apostles their commission to preach the Gospel?
66. With what words did Jesus rebuke St. Thomas for his want of faith?
67. In His conversation with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus what does our Lord say concerning His life on earth?
68. What reason does St. Mark give for the two disciples not knowing Jesus on their way to Emmaus?
69. Our blessed Lord taught us to "be of good cheer." What is the ground of this joy of the Christian?
70. Quote passage in which we have our Lord's authority for belief in His incarnation, death, and resurrection.
71. From what circumstance should we gather that it was some days after His resurrection before our Lord visited Galilee?
72. What lesson do we learn from the words, "Feed My lambs," which Jesus addressed to St. Peter?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 480.

49. He made a great feast, to which he called a large number of his friends the tax-gatherers, to take leave of them (St. Mark ii. 15; St. Luke v. 29).
50. He declared Himself to be the great Physician of men's souls (St. Mark ii. 17).
51. Because the bottles, being made of skin, when they became old could not resist the fermentation of the new wine (St. Mark ii. 22).
52. In Syria, because the people came to it from Galilee, Decapolis, and beyond Jordan (St. Matt. iv. 24).
53. Lowliness in one-self, mercy and kindness towards others, and readiness to suffer for Christ's sake (St. Matt. v. 3, 7, 9, 10-12).
54. The prophets of old (St. Matt. v. 12).
55. Because, owing to our own failings, we are not able to give a fair judgment (St. Matt. vii. 3-5).
56. St. Matt. vii. 7.
57. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (St. Matt. vii. 12).
58. By showing that, as an earthly father is kind to his child, much more is our Heavenly Father ever ready to give good things to them that ask Him (St. Matt. vii. 9-11).
59. That the ancient prophecies concerning Christ might be fulfilled (St. Matt. xxi. 4, 5).
60. By cleansing the Temple, and then healing the blind and lame who came to Him (St. Matt. xxi. 12-14).





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TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD

(From the Picture by Fulero)

LOOKING AFTER THE LADS

A Chat about our Boys' Brigades.



AN INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN.

(A Contingent of the Church Lads' Brigade at Osborne House.)



WHAT to do for a very large class of lads, and how best to do it, has been a difficult problem, and it is only during the last few years that a practical elucidation has been not only attempted but arrived at. Such philanthropists as the late Earl of Shaftesbury and General Gordon had done much for the boy of the submerged tenth: but the boy of the office and workshop had been, generally speaking, left much to his own resources. This, too, at a critical age, when a distinct hold should be kept of him. He had just left school, where he had been subject to a certain amount of discipline: the Sunday school and the Band of Hope were shunned as only for youngsters: he was partly emancipated from home control by reason of his

business advent; he was thrown amongst new companions, older and wiser in the ways and wickedness of the world, and he was in a state of thorough transition and vacillation. He acted the man on every possible occasion, smoked his cigarette, read his halfpenny paper—with a preference for the sporting column—and would even make a small bet when the state of his pocket allowed. He would spend his evenings at some favourite street corner, or perhaps in the gallery of a music hall, and in short—because it was “manly”—he would waste his hours and his opportunities of social and business advancement. All this, and often much worse, because there was no one to take a real interest in him, and provide him with healthy and rational amusement and recreation.

It must not be assumed for one moment that all boys fall into evil ways. Such a conclusion would be entirely erroneous. Many of them come from homes the

heads of which recognise the duties and privileges of parents, and carry them out. The home circle is happy and bright, the boys' amusements as well as their studies are promoted and encouraged, and self-respect is inculcated. Then there are outside interests—and highly commendable ones—which occupy much of their leisure, all of which causes in the aggregate would combine to turn out honest, upright citizens and God-fearing men. Still, an ounce of preventive work is worth much more than a pound of rescue work; and, as everyone knows, "union is strength." The banding together of the many thousands of boys under various Brigade flags is surely one of the most hopeful signs of the times, especially considering that membership is purely voluntary.

To Glasgow must be given the honour of having initiated a movement which has grown to enormous dimensions, and is still growing. In that northern city a Boys' Brigade was first formed in 1883, and from that has sprung the numerous Brigades now in existence. The senior organisation, which has its headquarters at Glasgow, still flourishes exceedingly,

the Canadian has five thousand members, while in the United States the number of all ranks is no less than twenty-seven thousand. Altogether the Boys' Brigade—started less than seventeen years since by an earnest minded Sunday school teacher—now shows the magnificent total of upwards of sixty-eight thousand members! "The advancement of Christ's Kingdom amongst boys" is its watchword, and right nobly has this been borne in mind by its Executive and officers. Who can tell what marks in the future history of mankind will be made by the lads who have been brought under the Christian and manly influence of this beneficial and far-reaching organisation? The Brigade is entirely non-sectarian, connection with some Christian organisation and general good conduct being the only qualifications.

Although there are several Boys' Brigades of various kinds now in existence and in active working order, they are all run on much the same lines, and to describe one is practically to describe them all.

Next in order, and very significant in importance, must be mentioned the

Church Lads' Brigade. This was inaugurated in 1891 by the formation of the Pioneer Company, with Mr. W. M. Gee—the present Brigade Secretary—as its captain. The movement quickly became popular, and in the course of a few months several companies were formed on a similar basis. At the end of the same year meetings were held which resulted in the regular formation and incorporation of the Church Lads' Brigade. This organisation in one year succeeded in firmly establishing itself in the good graces of the



(Photo: G. Gray, Finsbury Park, N.)

GOING TO BATTALION INSPECTION AT BARNET.

(21st Company Boys' Brigade, Finsbury Park Station.)

having companies in all four corners of the Kingdom, in the Colonies, and in America. The South African contingent numbers upwards of one thousand, including several companies of black boys;

public, and additional importance was given to the Brigade by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught graciously consenting to become its President. At the present time there are one thousand

and eighteen companies in good working order, each company containing from twenty-four to one hundred boys, all of twelve years of age and upwards. These companies are not only distributed throughout England and the sister isles, but also exist in the Colonies; thus

slight, just enough to give the lads a smart appearance, and it must in all cases be obtained from headquarters. In permitting the boys to wear their own clothes on parade, it is generally conceded that a more *permanent* spruce appearance is secured. If the boys appeared



A CHURCH PARADE.

Sydney, Cape Town, St. Helena, British Columbia, and Nova Scotia all have splendidly organised companies of good numerical strength.

A special feature of the Brigade is the fact that the supreme control of each regiment is in all cases vested in the bishop of the diocese in which it exists, and each company has for chaplain the incumbent of the church where it has been formed. The benefit and wisdom of this is obvious, as the movement is the work of the Church amongst Church lads.

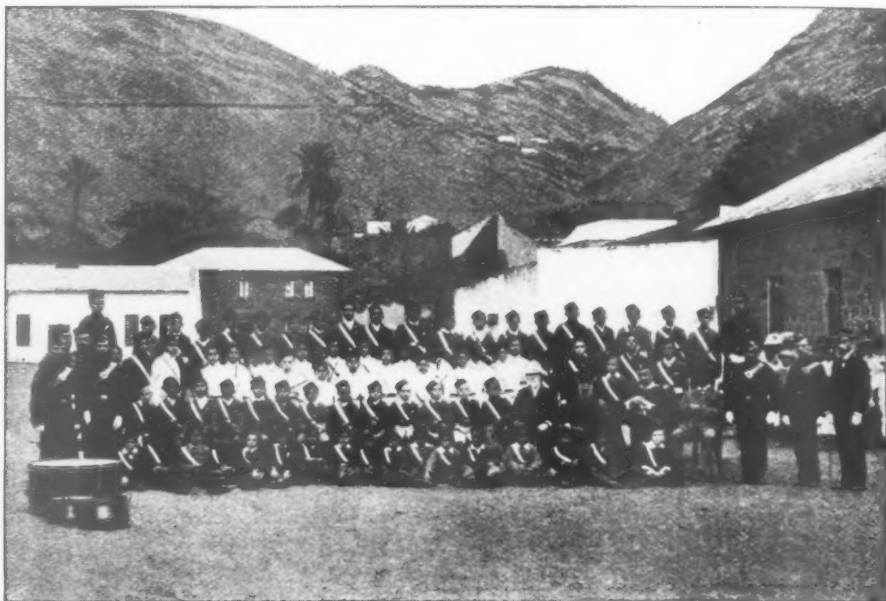
The organisation is worked on military lines, and the army infantry drill is strictly enforced. The uniform worn is

in full uniform, the tendency would be to make a faultless appearance for the occasion only; whereas, when their ordinary clothes are so often subject to close inspection, they must be kept up to the mark—clean, well-brushed, and not devoid of buttons. They are encouraged to do this work for themselves, and not to be dependent upon mothers and sisters.

But the real aim of the Executive is "to inculcate in the lads the spirit of God-fearing Churchmen." Thus regular and punctual attendance at the Sunday afternoon Bible class is insisted upon, various forms of instruction and recreation being instituted for the week night

meetings in the church rooms. Amongst these may be mentioned night schools, temperance societies, ambulance classes

organisation gives them something which hitherto has been denied them—something of the free discipline, the manly games,



(Photo: B. Grant.)

THE ST. HELENA COMPANY, CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

penny banks, and cricket, football, gymnastic, and social clubs. The Brigade has a serious purpose. It aims at teaching the great lessons of order, obedience, and discipline voluntarily submitted to, and endeavours to turn out into the world strong, true, upright, and Christian men.

Very properly the Brigade sets itself steadfastly against "treating" and bribery in religious matters—a system graphically described over the "herring pond" as "spiritual racing." Unfortunately there is too much of this in connection with many religious movements for the young; free teas and excursions often being the fundamental motive for joining this, that, or the other. Here the boys *must* pay the small weekly subscription, and a spirit of self-reliance and independence is fostered.

The Brigade has been very aptly termed one of England's great public schools. All its members have enjoyed an elementary education, more or less sound; but this

the opportunities of wholesome society enjoyed by all the public school boys. The lads are taught that it is a privilege to belong to the Brigade, and that it is only by systematic good conduct that they can retain their places in the ranks. This being well understood and widely known, the very fact of their membership is a recommendation to employers. If no other plea could be advanced on behalf of the Brigade, this would be a very valuable one.

Occasional attendance by amalgamated companies at the various churches of the different districts has the effect of stimulating the movement, and a regimental church parade is a sight to be remembered. But the great event of the year is the summer camp, when the boys go under canvas—very much to their benefit, physically and morally. One has only to glance at them on their return, and it will be quickly conceded that the sea breezes, regular food, and regular hours have done wonders for them. The camps are

run on strict military lines, unquestioning obedience being the first order of the day. A special feature of the Brigade is that the camps and general parades are always under the command of a military officer. Many such men, who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, have come forward and offered assistance which cannot be too highly valued—an example which, it is hoped, others will follow. Bishops and chaplains also go under canvas with the boys, and, I believe, enjoy it quite as much.

Perhaps the lads appreciate the camp the more, inasmuch as they have contributed to it from their own pockets; for it is a rule that they pay a weekly subscription towards it if they wish to enjoy its benefits. "What is not worth paying

questionable luxuries of the nature of sweets or ice cream.

The annual or special review is another strong point; to such the boys have come up in large numbers, and highly successful have been the results. The Jubilee review of 1897, held by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught in Hyde Park, was the most noteworthy one yet held. Two thousand eight hundred and four of all ranks were on the ground; and, to show the deep interest taken in the Brigade by the Church, it may be mentioned that, in addition to a large body of clergy, more than sixty bishops were present. The Jubilee festivities, of course, accounted for so large a number of bishops being in London. It was a red letter day for the Church Lads' Brigade, and everything went off magnificently; Major-



DEDICATION OF THE COLOURS BY THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

(At Wells Palace.)

for is not worth having." The Brigade does not believe in pauperization. Nearly all the members are working lads, and the money paid in only means a little self-restraint, and the denial possibly of

General Lord Methuen and his staff (Home District) contributing largely to the success by undertaking the military programme, and marching by at the head of the Brigades. The Duke of Connaught

received the royal salute, and gave the boys an encouraging and inspiring address. But a still greater honour had been already conferred upon the boys: no less than an inspection of a contingent five hundred strong by her Majesty the Queen. It was, indeed, a signal mark of the deep interest taken in this branch of junior Church work, when her Majesty invited them to Osborne, inspected them, received their salute, and at the close had them despatched to the highly appreciated refreshments she had specially and thoughtfully commanded to be served to them. Patronage from such a quarter could not fail to recommend the work to all classes of the community, and doubtless it did much to secure the active co-operation of those who could best help by work and influence.

One other point must be mentioned, and that is the proposed privilege of endowment and sick benefit which the

Secretary has for some time been endeavouring to secure for the lads. What impressed the practicability of this idea on his mind was the very large percentage that had to be paid by industrial insurance companies for the collection of premiums, whereas in the Church Lads' Brigade this could be done at the weekly parades for nothing. It is gratifying to be able to report that a very prominent London actuary has cordially taken up the scheme as a matter of philanthropy and is now working it out, and it is hoped ere long that this endowment and sick benefit scheme will be open to the lads in return for a small extra payment. It is believed that when this is perfected it will be one of the most powerful agencies in popularising the Church Lads' Brigade amongst the parents, and it will at the same time doubtless strengthen the whole of the work.

Taking another organisation, we will

glance at the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, some four thousand strong. The members of this are London diocesan boys exclusively, and the boys wear a fuller uniform than those of the more comprehensive Church Lads' Brigade, but the work is carried on in a similar manner. This also takes the boys just at the right age (twelve to seventeen), and enrolls them half on military and half on social lines—for the first, introducing discipline, obedience, and army drill; for the second, providing social clubs, libraries, concerts, excursions, cricket, football, and gymnastics. Here, also, regular and punctual attendance at the Sunday afternoon Bible class is insisted upon, so that the lads are kept in actual touch with the Church on Sunday and weekday. The different companies occasionally meet on



AN IMPROMPTU TENT CONCERT.

summer Sunday afternoons, headed by their band, and march to some church in the neighbourhood, where a special service is held; or sometimes forces may

The Working Boys' Camp—open to London boys of good character—is another organisation which must be mentioned. It is really carried on under the auspices



(Photo: Robt. mu, Landpost.)

SECTION OF 'HORNSEY COMPANY, BOYS' BRIGADE, IN CAMP AT HAYLING ISLAND.

be joined for a week-night gymnastic display at some central hall. One was recently given at the Mansion House, when the Lord Mayor appeared in state.

Another feature, too, is the annual Whit Monday Parade, when several hundreds of the boys are under the inspection of a military officer of distinguished rank. But the great event of the year is the seaside camp, when they go down in sections to camps which are pitched for the two best months in the summer. Here the lads lead an ideal life, bathing, swimming, sailing, tramping round the country, playing all sorts of games, often finishing up the day with impromptu concerts in the tents. Any boy with anything of a voice is sure of a hearing, providing his repertoire is wholesome, up to date, and lively, and there is, above all, a good stirring chorus in which the entire assembly can join.

of the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, and boys go down in large numbers to Bexhill or Winchelsea from July to September. The cost is only five shillings per week, and the benefit incalculable. Many are confined in office, factory, or workshop day after day, month in and month out, with very little that is healthy or elevating to vary the monotony of their lives; often, too, they are inadequately fed, and their hours of rest are by no means sufficient. To such the camp life is an immense boon, and the value to working boys cannot be over-estimated. The Brigade discipline is strictly enforced, and the boys do not show the least objection to it, but cheerfully obey orders, take their turn in performing the necessary duties, and enter heartily into the various games and entertainments provided. Some of them go down rather shy, but judicious officers in

charge and a few hours under canvas soon dispel all this, and they become the jolliest of good fellows with each other; the only regret manifest being when the last day comes and they have to march back to the railway station. There are very few of them who do not look forward hopefully and audibly to "next year."

There is another work for boys which is far too little known, considering its great importance. I refer to the Gordon Boys' Home.

The Home, which is situated at Chobham, near Woking, is an extensive range of buildings of barrack-like formation, with accommodation for two hundred and forty boys. The chapel—a memorial to his late Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence—the schoolroom, gymnasium and swimming baths, and a range of workshops, are additions to the residential portion. The boys are under strict military rule, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker being the Commandant; and while the religious, physical, and social training of the lads is thoroughly taken in hand, their future occupations receive a large share of attention. Each lad may choose his own career—military or civil.

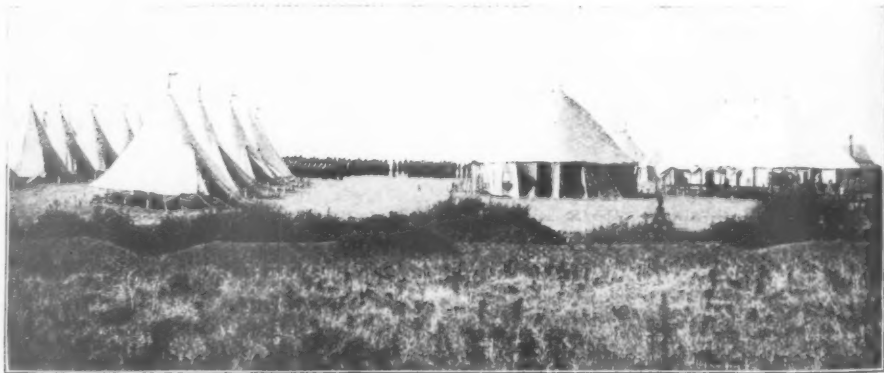
For those who choose a civilian life special facilities are accorded; qualified instructors are retained, and in the workshops the lads are found busily engaged as tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, carpenters, bakers, and smiths. In the

two former shops the clothes and boots for the entire establishment are made and mended, while the bakery turns out the bread for the entire establishment. In addition there is also the cookhouse and the laundry, where all boys have to take their turn. Musicians are also trained, for the Gordons have a very fine band, under the instruction of a former regimental bandmaster. So good is the training and the conduct of these young musicians that it is quite an ordinary event for colonels of regiments to apply to the Home for lads to fill up vacancies in their bands.

Out in the large gardens of the Home another troop of boys are deep in the mysteries of horticulture and agriculture. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the variety of occupations.

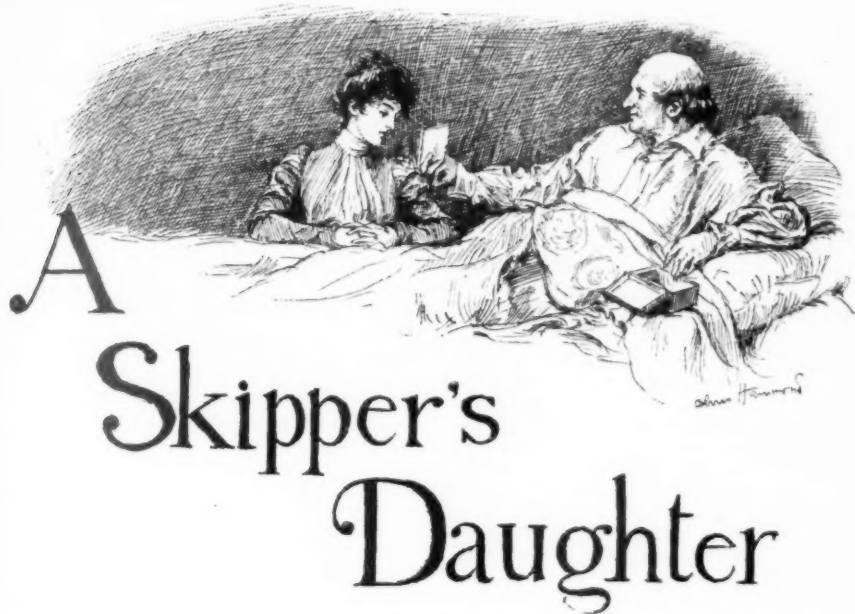
After-results are the great tests of thoroughness. Take one year's reports of boys who had left the Gordons and gone out into the world. Commanding officers and employers had been appealed to as to the general conduct. Two hundred and thirty-five such reports had come in, and out of this total *not one was marked bad, and only three indifferent*. These facts speak for themselves, and nothing more is wanted to prove that the Gordon Boys' Home is thoroughly and successfully carrying on the splendid work so dear to the heart of the man whose illustrious name it bears.

M. SPENCER WARREN.



(Photo: Bradshaw, Hastings.)

IN CAMP AT BEXHILL
(London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade.)



By Lucy Hardy, Author of "The Fortunes of the Fairlies."

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE SEA CHEST CONTAINED.



F the maid had only been a lad!"

Kitty Tregarth had heard this remark so often upon her father's lips during her eighteen years of life that she sometimes felt as if she herself were, in some manner, to blame for

the unfortunate accident of sex, over which her parent so openly lamented.

Yet Captain Jabez Tregarth was, in his way, both fond and proud of his pretty daughter, who was, indeed, as fair a specimen of sweet English girlhood as any father's heart could desire.

Kitty and her father were alone in the world. Mrs. Tregarth had died during the former's infancy, and the child's early years had been spent under the care of kindly neighbours; afterwards, as she grew older, at a school in the nearest town to the Cornish fishing village which had been the girl's birth-place—a school described by its mistress as

"genteel and select," at which the daughters of the wealthier farmers and local tradespeople received their education.

"I've spared naught upon the maid," Captain Tregarth was wont to remark in a tone of pious satisfaction, as born of a feeling of duty fulfilled.

Tregarth was the captain, and part owner, of a small coasting vessel; and, for the first sixteen years of Kitty's life, her father was more frequently afloat than ashore. But advancing age (the captain had married late in life) and increasing rheumatic twinges had lately made themselves felt, and Tregarth, about a couple of years before our story commences, had retired from active work and settled down in a tiny cottage, where his income from his savings just sufficed to provide for himself and his "maid."

At Miss Pearson's, in Truro, Kitty had picked up a certain smattering of accomplishments, but the girl's best education had been given in the houses of the notable housewives with whom her father had boarded her before she was sent to the "genteel" seminary.

"The Captain he sometimes grumbles that the maid ain't a lad," remarked one of the village neighbours, "but, seeing as he's only got one child, 't is a real mercy as that child's

a darter. Would any lad keep his house trig and tidy as Kitty does, baking and cooking and mending for him as she do? Boys is well enough in their way; but there, give me a handy lass in the house for comfort."

Certainly the Captain's modest abode was kept in apple-pie order, although Kitty had no help save that of an occasional visit from a charwoman to do the rougher portions of the housework. The girl's active little fingers cooked, and made, and mended; and her father, smoking the pipe of peace in his tiny porch, would often say approvingly:

"You're a good maid, Kitty; but," in an undertone, "I do wish thee'd been a lad, all the same!"

Kitty Tregarth, on her side, simply adored her father, the only relative whom she had ever known. In his daughter's eyes the weather-beaten old captain was a hero; her greatest delight was to listen to the tales of adventure (possibly a little "touched up" for her benefit) which the old man loved to relate by the winter fireside or in the honeysuckled porch; Kitty ever and anon laying down her needlework as she listened, with breathless interest, to the Captain's slowly detailed stories.

Tregarth had once been in the Royal Navy, and had, as he phrased it, "knocked about a bit in the world" before he became captain of the *Saucy Nellie*; and, to a girl whose life had hitherto been bounded by such narrow limits, there was something inexpressibly fascinating in hearkening to her father's tales of adventure by land and sea, narratives to which she listened as eagerly as did Desdemona to the adventures of Othello.

"Maybe father thinks that, if he'd had a son, a boy could have gone out into the world as he did," Kitty would sometimes say to herself with a stifled sigh at her own inferiority of sex; and then would endeavour, by additional attention to her home duties, to at least make her father as comfortable as was possible for a "maid" to do.

Neighbours openly prophesied that "when Kitty Tregarth was wed, as so proper a maid was sure to be before long," the Captain would find out what a treasure he had lost from his home; but the parting between father and daughter came about in another manner. It was the old captain who was the first to leave the honeysuckled cottage.

A chill, contracted during an exceptionally cold winter, settled on the old man's lungs; and, when spring came, it was evident that the Captain "ud never climb May Hill," as visitors, after the outspoken country fashion, scrupled not to inform him.

Jabez received the tidings with equanimity, and talked composedly about it to his "little maid," who was less calm in the matter.

"Doctor and neighbours are right," remarked the old man. "I'm about setting sail for my last voyage, I take it. Well, I ain't young now, and the rheumatics is cruel bad at times, and I don't owe nothing to no man, and there'll be a bit of money for you, my maid, and I've settled everything except—" Here Tregarth suddenly made a pause.

"Don't, father, *don't!*" cried Kitty in a tone of bitter pain, lifting up her head, which she had buried in the bed-clothes. "Doctor's clever, and may pull you round yet; and, oh, I can't do without you!"

With unwonted tenderness the old man stroked the girl's bright hair with his wrinkled hand.

"You've no call to take on like this, my maid," he said gently. "Bless you, child, you've always been a good darter to me. I hope when you're wed, and have little 'uns of your own, that they'll be the same to you. There, there, flesh is grass, Bible says, and I've lived out my threescore years and ten and over. You're my good maid—but I wish you'd been a lad!"

"Oh, father, don't keep on saying that!" sobbed poor Kitty, goaded at last into remonstrance. "I've tried all I could to make you happy, and I didn't ask to be born a woman!" added the girl, in sudden defiance.

A slow smile rippled over the Captain's face. "That's true enough, my maid; I wasn't blaming you."

"And most like a boy would have gone away from home and left you by yourself," pursued Kitty, self-defending at last.

"I've no fault to find with you, my girl; and if I've wished, as I have sure enough, that the Lord had made you a lad, 'twas as much for your sake as for mine," said the old man gravely, while Kitty again buried her head and wept.

Suddenly her father fumbled amid the bed-clothes and produced a key.

"Unlock my sea-chest, Kitty, my maid."

The girl obediently opened the huge chest, a relic of her father's sea-going days, which stood against the wall, and into whose interior she had never hitherto been privileged to look.

Following her father's directions, Kitty searched amid the miscellaneous contents of this chest, in which clothing, charts, nautical instruments, and all manner of odds and ends, were mingled, until she came upon a small box which Tregarth now took eagerly in his trembling hands and opened by pressing a spring.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "'tis all safe, though it's some dozen years since I looked at 'em. Kitty, my maid," and here her father's voice sank almost to a

whisper, "if you was only a lad, there's that in this box as 'ud make your fortune."

With natural curiosity Kitty gazed into the box; to note, with some disappointment, that it only contained a folded slip of discoloured paper written over in fine characters, and a small square piece of some white metal, upon which figures and marks had been rudely scratched as with a pin or penknife.

"It's twenty-five—no, twenty-six years come Michaelmas since the Spanish sailor gave me them things, and blest if I know more about the meaning of them now than I did then, though there's a fortin in 'em, if one only knew how to look for it," said the Captain dreamily. His strength had been failing a good deal throughout the day.

Kitty smoothed out the paper, but the language in which the words upon it were written was unfamiliar to her.

"This isn't English, nor yet French, I think," she said hesitatingly; for though Miss Pearson's academy professed to give some instruction in foreign languages, the French taught there was but a smattering.

"It's written in Spanish, I take it; the man was a Spaniard who gave it to me," answered Tregarth; and then slowly, from the lips of the dying man, came the following narrative.

While in the Royal Navy, Tregarth's vessel had called at a South American port; and, when on shore in the town, the Captain—who was younger and stronger then—had rescued a Spanish sailor from some drunken roughs who had attacked him. The Spaniard had already been "knifed," as Tregarth phrased it, and, in fact, died of his injuries some days later; but he was effusively grateful to his would-be preserver, and, on his death-bed, had presented him with what he solemnly assured him was the clue to a hidden treasure.

"Treasure trove" stories are common enough, but there seemed a certain "method in the madness" of this one. According to Diego Gomez's narration, his father had been a confidential servant in a Spanish family, which had been forced to hurriedly quit one of the South American republics in consequence of finding themselves upon the losing side in one of those revolutions which so frequently occur in these petty states. Don Louis de Salamanca, the head of the family, had been known to possess a considerable sum in gold and jewels, and to have carried this treasure with him in his flight back to Spain, where Don Louis and his two daughters now took up their abode in a small country town, with their faithful servant in attendance. Misfortunes still pursued the family. Both the daughters died soon after their arrival in Spain, and their father (who

was said to have become somewhat affected in mind by his troubles) dismissed his servant, and lived an absolutely recluse life in his lonely house, after a most miserly and miserable manner.

Diego had been very reluctant to quit his old master, and still occasionally paid him visits, one day discovering the old man in a dying condition all alone in his abode. And then, in gratitude for his retainer's fidelity, Don Louis had sent for the village notary, and made a will bequeathing to him "all the hidden treasure" which he had brought with him from America. The will was duly drawn out and signed in haste, for time was evidently pressing; and the testator signified that full particulars regarding the whereabouts of his treasure hoard would be found in a certain casket to which he pointed. The old man to the last appeared reluctant to disclose the secret of the hiding place of his treasure.

Death was less hesitating, and Don Louis expired before he had given any information which would furnish the clue to this mystery; for the indicated casket only contained a square of metal bearing marks and figures which were possibly comprehensible to their designer, but hopelessly enigmatical to all others. The disappointed legatee vainly searched in every nook and corner of the small abode, puzzled and perplexed himself over the markings upon the metal, and finally was forced to accept the notary's theory, that Don Louis had long ago realised and spent his "treasure," and that it was only a delusion on his part that it was still hidden. In this belief, Diego Gomez the elder lived and died; and when his son, in later years, made an expedition to the town in Spain where his father's master had dwelt, he found that the house in which Don Louis had formerly resided was pulled down, which seemed to put an end to all hope of recovery of the supposed treasure trove. But Don Louis' will, bequeathing "to his faithful servant Diego Gomez, and to his heirs," the "hidden treasure," was all in due order, and a copy of this document was in Tregarth's box. Diego the younger had, in turn, made a will bequeathing this hypothetical "fortune" to his English rescuer, and Tregarth had preserved all the necessary documents and memoranda to support his claim if—the treasure ever came to light!

For there was one very important thing lacking in all these arrangements—the presence of the money or jewels which two testators had thus, in turn, solemnly bequeathed.

"Oh, father, haven't you ever inquired about this for all these years?" exclaimed Kitty, who had been listening open-eyed to this strange story.

Tregarth coughed drily.

"Well, to tell you the truth, my maid, I never thought at first there was any one word of fact in the story. I won't say that the poor fellow who gave me these here"—and Tregarth touched the box rather slightly—"was lying on purpose; but he'd been badly knifed, and men sometimes think queer things when they're as sick as he was."

"But the man's father—and Don Louis de Salamanca!" cried Kitty.

Tregarth feebly intimated that, in the language of the immortal Mrs. Gamp, he "didn't believe" such personages ever existed.

"You fancy it was just a delirious fancy on the man's part?" said Kitty in a disappointed tone: "but, then—see, there's this copy of the Spanish gentleman's will."

"And maybe the poor fellow as died wrote it all out of his own head. I tell you, my maid, folks do queer things in that way sometimes. Why, I've heard of sailors giving themselves up for mutinies and murders as they'd never committed. No, I thought it was all just fooling at the time, and so I chucked the box into my chest, and never troubled about it until later on. But, after I was wed and you was born, I began to turn over things again a bit in my mind, and to wonder if there mightn't be something in the story after all. I never named it to your mother. I didn't want to have all the neighbours talking about it; but many's the time I've thought, if so be as you'd been born a lad, I'd have sent you out to Spain to see if you could ha' found out anything."

"You never went out yourself?"

"No. I'd my work here, and couldn't afford to chuck it up, and of late I've been too stiff to do much, and 't was only fooling, most like, after all."

Kitty sat gazing at the box with dilated eyes. She was more imaginative and excitable than her father, and there seemed to her some chance of this strange story having a foundation in fact.

"I dunno if I'm doin' right in telling you all this, Kitty," said Tregarth feebly; "maybe I've only put worrit into your head. I can tell you, many's the time I've wished I'd never seen that blessed box myself; and you're only a maid, and couldn't do nothing about finding anything out. So put the story out of your mind, Kitty—that's what I say."

The story of the supposed treasure trove and of everything else was banished from Kitty's mind a few days later when, for the first time in her young life, she looked upon death. The girl had loved her father devotedly, and when the old man "slipped his cable" (as he had told his daughter he was shortly expecting to do), grief for her bereavement swallowed up all other thoughts in the girl's heart. Neighbours were kind, and came and went, with well-intentioned

attempts at consolation; but there are sorrows beyond human aid, and Kitty, like the bereaved mother in the Scriptures, still wept "and would not be comforted."

CHAPTER II.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

THAT he was leaving his little maid comfortably provided for had been a consoling reflection to Captain Tregarth as he lay upon his death-bed; and it was, indeed, through no fault of the worthy Captain's that these pleasant hopes were frustrated. Tregarth, like many of his neighbours, had embarked all his savings in a popular building society, which was supposed to be as stable as the Bank of England itself, but which, almost immediately after the Captain's decease, failed, and brought ruin and misery upon many a thrifty and hard-working household. Kitty was roused from her grief by the shock of this unexpected tidings. The girl had looked upon herself as a modest heiress when her father's death had placed her in the sole possession of the income which had formerly supported them both; for, small as this income was, it represented comfort, if not affluence, to Kitty, whose wants were simple, and who had never known the use of larger means. But now everything, except the furniture, was swept away, and the sale of the modest plenishing of the cottage realised little more than would cover the funeral and other expenses, which Kitty had incurred upon a somewhat higher scale than she would have done had she known of her swiftly approaching money loss. From £30 to £40 was all that would remain after satisfying all claims and charges; and Kitty thus found herself at once bereft of her father and of her home.

More than one rustic suitor had already attempted to "court" Kitty, but the girl was absolutely heart-whole, and in no way minded to leave her father. She gave but scant encouragement even to such local eligibles as David Trevannion, the only son of the tidy, capable widow tenant of one of the largest farms in the vicinity. Mrs. Trevannion was proverbially the best housewife in the parish; her butter fetched the highest prices in the market, her poultry was the finest for miles around. David was her only child and her idol; to see him mated to an active, industrious girl like Kitty, who was possessed of a little dowry into the bargain, had long been the dearest wish of Mrs. Trevannion's heart. Kitty herself had a kindly, sisterly feeling towards the young man whom she had known from her childhood; but it was a great shock to her when, immediately



Stood for a while earnestly scrutinising the newcomer.—p. 591.

after the news arrived of the wreck of her fortunes, David Trevannion plucked up heart of grace to come over to her house and to ask the girl to be his wife. Shy and awkward, like many rustic suitors, David had long hesitated and fought shy of putting this crucial question; Kitty, with her boarding-school education and a certain air of dainty refinement which seemed innate in her, was such a different being from the loud-voiced, rosy-cheeked girls with whom David had hitherto been associated. In spite of all his mother's promptings and urgings, in spite of his own honest affection, David had "hung fire" as regards his proposal, until, in Mrs. Trevannion's prudent eyes, the proper time had gone by for making it.

Kitty Tregarth, with a comfortable little income, was a desirable individual enough for a daughter-in-law; Kitty Tregarth, "without a sixpence to bless herself with," as Mrs. Trevannion indignantly phrased it, was another person altogether. But, as his mother lamented to her gossips, "David had turned round just contrary," and it was now as impossible to keep him back as it had been formerly to thrust him forward.

Kitty could not but feel deeply touched by the honest fidelity of her lover, who thus came forward then, when some of her former friends were rather hanging back from her, although, at the same time, the girl stifled a sigh; for honest David had now, all unwittingly, destroyed a plan which Kitty had been making for her own future. Thinking only of the Trevannions as old friends, Kitty had intended asking Mrs. Trevannion to allow her to board at the farm until she had time to look about her and make some settled future arrangements. This idea was now, of course, rendered impossible; she could not reside as a guest in the family of a rejected suitor. For rejected poor David was, despite his earnest pleadings, and despite some genuine pain at Kitty's own heart.

"It wouldn't be just or right to you to say 'Yes,' David," answered Kitty firmly; "I've always looked upon you as a sort of brother, and I like you, as a friend, very much. But I don't love you as a wife ought to love her husband. I think"—and tears sprang to the girl's eyes—"that I never really loved anyone but father; and I'll never love anyone—in that way, again."

"I don't want you to love me, if you'll only marry me," said David desperately. "See here, Kitty; I love you with all my heart, and I only want to call you my wife and to be able to make you happy. I know I'm not good enough for you—"

Kitty laid her hand on her lover's arm with a sad little smile.

"You are good enough for any woman to be proud to marry," she said, "and I hope some day you will find a wife worthy of you."

"I've found her already—I mean, the only wife I want—and that's you, Kitty," cried David; but Kitty was obdurate, and poor David had to return disconsolate to the farm.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for Kitty that her lover's devotion thus deprived her of a home and a friend just when both were especially needed.

"I must do something for myself, of course," thought the girl, anxiously reviewing her small stock of acquisitions.

Her education had been, as she herself realised, too imperfect to allow her to undertake a governess's situation, while she somewhat shrank from entering domestic service. Yet this latter occupation seemed the only one likely to be open to her; it was difficult for a girl living away in a remote Cornish village to hear of the many "openings," as shop assistants, hospital nurses, and others, which lie before young women in a town.

"I suppose it will end in my going out as a servant," sighed Kitty, "but I shall try to get something in the nursery, for I dearly love children and babies, and a nurse isn't much mixed up with other servants." And, in pursuance of this resolution, Kitty walked down to the village post office (which was also the local "general shop"), to procure a copy of a newspaper and to search amid its advertisements.

A young man was leaning against the counter; he raised his hat as Kitty entered, and the girl recognised him as one of the "summer visitors" who, for a few months in the year, brought a little stir and liveliness into the quiet village. St. Penthran, like many another Cornish sea-board hamlet, possessed exquisite coast scenery; and a few artists, and other lovers of the picturesque, annually found their way to this retired little nook, and put up with the primitive accommodation which the village afforded. One or two of the farms kept a spare room for visitors, there was also accommodation of a rough kind to be procured at the village inn, and a tiny house upon the cliff was "to be let furnished" whenever a tenant could be found for it.

A few weeks previously a young artist, with his wife and child, had arrived at this abode. Gerald Malvern had, in strolling about the village, occasionally exchanged a few words with Captain Tregarth as the old man sat in his porch, and also, of course, with Kitty; and the artist now walked by her side as she retraced her steps up the street, with some expression of sympathy regarding her recent bereavement.

"By the way, Miss Tregarth," said Gerald after a pause, with a kindly desire to draw the girl's thoughts to other subjects, "you're an old resident here, and may be able to help me. Our nurse has been suddenly called away to her mother, who is dying, and we're at our wits' end to get someone in her place. Millie, my wife, isn't strong, and the entire charge of our little one is too much for her, especially as the only other help we have in the house is rather of a casual kind. I heard of St. Penthran's from a friend who stopped here last summer, sketching, but he said that the inn wasn't a place to take a lady to. So, finding that there was a cottage to be rented, I made a bid for it, and came off with the wife, and the baby, and the nurse, making sure that we could pick up a general servant in the village—but it seems difficult to get hold of anyone of the sort here."

"Yes," said Kitty, "the farmers' daughters think themselves above domestic service, and the fisher-girls are rough, and dislike the confinement of living as servants in families; and, besides, they couldn't cook or clean properly. I was always obliged to do a great deal myself for father, though I had a woman who came in for the rough work, like scrubbing and washing."

Gerald made a comical face.

"We've a woman, too," he said; "a good sort of soul, no doubt, though her wooden leg is rather a drawback to her activity, and her cooking—well, we won't talk about it. But now it's a question of finding someone to look after poor little Doris; I couldn't trust her to Mrs. Smith."

A sudden thought crossed Kitty's mind.

"Should I do for a temporary nurse?" she said shyly.

"You, Miss Tregarth?" exclaimed Gerald in surprise.

"I have to do something for myself," said Kitty steadily, and then went on to explain her sudden reverse of fortune.

Gerald whistled.

"Phew!" he said, "you're in the same boat with us, Miss Tregarth. Millie had a little legacy from an uncle last year, and I was idiot enough to put it all into that confounded—well, it's no use getting angry about it now—but into that rotten company which everyone said was as safe as Consols—and the thing's gone, and all our little legacy with it!"

"The failure has totally ruined many people hereabouts," said Kitty sadly.

"Well, I mustn't complain then," said Gerald, "only it is provoking to be cleared out of one's money when one has none too much of it. Such a trip abroad as I had planned to take Millie this year—well, I

must e'en settle down to work here instead, and trust to luck smiling upon my pictures of St. Penthran. But you don't really mean what you said just now—of coming to us—as a lady nurse?" he added.

"Indeed I do," said Kitty earnestly. "I shall be very glad of the employment. I am very fond of children, and have lived in homes where there were little ones, and helped about with them, before I came to father."

"I'm sure we shall be everlastingly obliged to you," said Gerald heartily, "and we'll do all we can to make you comfortable—which isn't much, I am sorry to say. And as regards money matters, Miss Tregarth"—and here Gerald coloured a little—"I wish, with all my heart, that I could offer you more, but an artist is a very struggling sort of fellow; I'm really ashamed to say what we'd settled to offer—"

"Pay me what you gave your regular nurse, and I shall be quite satisfied," said Kitty quickly.

She had always been attracted by the pleasant, boyish-mannered young artist and his gentle little wife; and, in her present circumstances, a home was what she most desired to secure.

Gerald marched her off at once, elate at having secured so efficient a helper for his delicate "Millie," and Kitty was well pleased with the kindly reception accorded her by both Mrs. Malvern and the pretty golden-haired child of three years old, who stood for a while earnestly scrutinising the new-comer, and then crossed to Kitty's side and lifted her rosy mouth for a kiss.

"You are highly favoured, Miss Tregarth," said the young father. "Doris is generally very shy with strangers, but she seems to have taken quite a fancy to you."

"I dearly love children," said Kitty, lifting the child on her knee; and thus auspiciously began a fresh chapter of Kitty Tregarth's life.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

KITTY remained with the Malverns all through the summer, and was happy in her new situation. She sincerely liked her employers, who treated her rather as a friend than as a servant, and was young enough to accept contentedly the various drawbacks which accompanied residence with a youthful pair who were sublimely indifferent to housekeeping cares and duties. As Kitty often thought to herself with a smile, Gerald and his wife were very like a couple of happy children. Both were

young—Gerald but twenty-four, his wife three years his junior—and life was but playtime to them still. Millie, who was a conscientious little soul, strove to grapple somewhat with the responsibilities of her position as wife and

reserving to himself a small pittance "for his odds and ends," as he phrased it. And with all the Malverns' scrambling housekeeping, they at least kept scrupulously free from debt.

"We are such wretched managers, Miss



"I wonder if this sketch gives any clue to the hiding place?"—p. 594.

mother, and was the purse-bearer of the establishment. "Otherwise we should never have a sixpence in the world," Gerald frankly explained; for he himself was as careless and thoughtless as a boy in his use of money—never spending selfishly, it must be said, but inclined to give, or to lend, or to purchase costly presents for wife and child, all regardless of how the claims of necessary expenses were to be met. Hence, by her husband's desire, Millie was constituted the domestic "Chancellor of the Exchequer"; Gerald handing over to her nearly all he earned, only

Tregarth," said Millie one day, with an anxious expression upon her young face, "that I have always made it a rule never to run up bills—at least we know where we are while we pay for everything as we have it."

Sometimes this wise rule resulted in curious variations of fare in the household: excellent dinners at the beginning of the week when Millie started on her housekeeping allowance, and very meagre provision at the week's end, when the money which should have lasted up to Saturday showed symptoms of giving out about Thursday. But Gerald, who, like

his wife, possessed the sweetest of tempers, never appeared in the least discontented or annoyed when Millie would remark serenely: "There is only bacon and eggs for dinner to-day, darling. We have them in the house, and I've spent all my money for this week."

Neither Gerald nor his wife seemed much to care what they ate, or whether their meals appeared at the usual hours. A tempting sunny day would beguile the pair into sallying out for a long excursion early in the morning, from which they would return, like a couple of truant children, late towards evening, happy but exhausted, having only eaten a bit of bread or a few biscuits throughout the day.

"One couldn't bother about thinking of food," Gerald would remark.

Gerald was as erratic in his working methods as in everything else. Some days the artist would labour unremittingly from dawn till dusk; on others he would be content to "laze," as he called it, reclining half the day on the cliffs in company with his wife and little Doris and Doris' attendant. Those "idle days" were treats for Kitty, for Gerald was then wont to read aloud, or to recite, and this opened a new world of delight to the girl, whose reading had been hitherto confined to the meagre stock of books furnished by the village "lending library."

Gerald possessed a beautiful voice and quick, artistic perceptions. Kitty could have sat for days, she often thought, listening to those musical tones repeating the poems of our best writers.

Summer had fled, autumn mists were settling in, and the Malverns began to speak of returning to their London abode. The nurse who had been suddenly called away to her sick mother was now, by this parent's death, free again, and desirous of resuming her place in the artist's household. Kitty, who was aware of all these circumstances (Gerald and Millie discussed all their affairs very freely before her), felt that she could not expect her new employers longer to retain her services.

"You will have no use for me now that your former nurse is coming back," said Kitty a little sadly, for she much regretted leaving the kindly young couple.

"I don't know what we shall do without you, Miss Tregarth," sighed Millie, "but I suppose we must take Harris back, as we promised to keep her place open for her—and—" Millie hesitated a moment.

"Miss Tregarth knows how it is, little woman," said Gerald heartily. "I only wish—indeed I do—that times were better, and that I could ask Miss Tregarth to remain on as a kind of governess for Doris. But we

needn't part just yet, at any rate," and the young man turned to Kitty. "Miss Tregarth, you'll have a better chance of finding some suitable engagement in London than in this out-of-the-way place. Come to town with us—we'll pay your journey, of course—and stay with us until you hear of something to do."

Kitty hesitated; the offer was a tempting one, but she did not feel justified in thus burthening the Malverns' scanty resources.

"Harris will take up her old work about Doris, of course," went on Gerald; "but, if you will agree to it, Miss Tregarth, I should be very glad to avail myself of your assistance in another capacity. I want a model for a female figure which I am working into my last picture. Your face is exactly what I require. Will you sit to me for a few hours a day while you stay with us?"

Kitty thankfully agreed to do this, though she more than suspected that the suggestion was chiefly inspired by a kindly desire to prevent her thinking herself a burthen on the little household.

The Malverns occupied a pretty house at Fulham, where they led almost as unconventional an existence as they had done in Cornwall; and Kitty was often both amused and surprised at the new society into which she was thrown. Captain Tregarth had retained the strict, orderly habits which he had acquired on board a man-of-war—everything in Kitty's old home had been kept with scrupulous neatness, and hours for meals and work punctually observed—but Gerald and Millie's artistic friends seemed as lacking in the sense of order as were the young people themselves, and life was pleasantly and good-naturedly scrambled through, as it were. And yet, amid all the "muddle," as Kitty sometimes described it in her careful housewifely soul, the girl found much that was pleasant in her new life. She daily beheld beautiful things, heard cultured conversation, read, or heard read, books which opened a new world before her; and the girl was quick and clever, and readily responded to her new education.

Gerald painted her, not once, but in many poses, and other artists were also attracted by the girl's pretty face, and asked her to sit to them. Kitty seemed in a fair way to become a regular professional model.

"But you ought to do something better than that, Miss Tregarth," Gerald often remarked, and Kitty acquiesced; but somehow the days slipped by, and no other occupation seemed to offer itself. Possibly there was something infectious in the easy-going atmosphere of the household; at any rate, though Kitty was always talking of advertising, some excuse was perpetually

found for "putting off the evil day," as Millie phrased it, and so "the street of By-and-by led into the house of Never."

Nearly a year had thus passed away, and there was the prospect of another inmate arriving in the little house, which was already only just large enough for its present occupants; Kitty must perforce make room for the expected baby. It was with deep regret that the girl decided upon leaving her kind friends; but the step had become inevitable, and it fortunately happened that a friend of the Malverns knew a lady who was seeking just such a person as Kitty, to act—half as nurse, half as companion and instructress—to her invalid little girl, a child of eight years old. Kitty applied for this engagement and obtained it, though without a personal interview with her new employer, as Mrs. Leslie resided far away in the country, and expressed herself as being fully satisfied with the references which Kitty furnished.

In the course of packing up her belongings for removal, Kitty came upon the mysterious box, the existence of which, indeed, she had almost forgotten since her father's death. She exhibited it to the Malverns. Gerald examined its contents with care.

"Your father was quite right regarding the document," remarked the artist. "I have been in Spain, and can read the language enough to see that this is a copy of the will of Don Louis de Salamanca; the paper gives a full description of his domicile. I know the little town in which his house was situated—a town not very far from Seville. Miss Tregarth, there may be something in this, after all."

Kitty shook her head.

"I don't think so," she said: "the treasure has already been thoroughly sought for, and in vain."

Gerald did not answer; he was earnestly scrutinising the lines and markings upon the square of metal. Presently he took up a pencil and drew them out upon a piece of paper, then adding a few lines here and there.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, as he held up the paper. "By adding a few lines a complete sketch is produced."

Certainly there now appeared, in outline, one of those wayside shrines so common upon the Continent.

"I wonder if this sketch gives any clue to the hiding place of the supposed treasure," said Gerald thoughtfully. "Only, as wayside shrines abound in Spain, it would be somewhat difficult to identify any particular one."

"There are some figures also scratched upon the plate," said Millie.

"'15.8.12.24,' and—stay, I think I can decipher a couple of words here"; and Gerald

took up a magnifying glass. "Yes, there are words: '*Sombra, pié.*'"

"Shadow, foot," repeated Millie, who had picked up a smattering of Spanish from her husband. "Why, what can that mean?"

Gerald shook his head as Kitty had done.

"I'm not a Sherlock Holmes," he said, "and I confess the riddle is beyond me. If Don Louis intended to leave a memorandum of the place where he had stored his valuables, he has certainly contrived to make his meaning absolutely enigmatical. I can only imagine that there is some connection between these markings and a Spanish wayside shrine."

In her secret heart Kitty doubted even this. Gerald had certainly, by a few deft touches, converted the markings on the metal into an outline sketch; but who could say that such a sketch was ever designed by the original tracer of the markings? Was it not more than likely that the whole treasure story was but a figment of Don Louis' crazy brain, that the old man had spent his hoards in his lifetime, and afterwards dreamed this vision of their concealment, even if, as Captain Tregarth had opined, Don Louis himself had not been a wholly mythical personage, born of the fever dream of a dying man?

"It would be lucky for me, if I ever succeeded in discovering this fortune," said Kitty, with a smile and a sigh.

"All things come round to him who will but wait," remarked Gerald cheerily. "You may yet find yourself a rich woman some day, Miss Tregarth. Without joking, if you were ever in the neighbourhood of Seville, it might be worth while making some inquiries; you could at least ascertain if such a person as Don Louis ever existed."

"If I am ever near Seville—scarcely a very likely contingency," said Kitty, laughing.

"Oh, I don't know; none of us can say where we may find ourselves before we die. See here, Miss Tregarth; if ever I make a good enough hit to venture upon that foreign tour I've always promised Millie, you shall come with us, and we'll go straight to Seville."

"And dig about all the wayside shrines for a hundred miles around?" said Kitty with a smile.

"And dig about all the wayside shrines," answered Gerald, with much solemnity; "and then, when you have come upon your treasure, Miss Tregarth, and are a woman of fortune—"

"I shall come back to you, or steal Doris for myself," said Kitty, lifting the child on her lap and kissing her golden curls. It was a pang to think of the swiftly approaching parting; but the severance was a necessity, and Kitty's new engagement seemed a very desirable one.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

CHRISTIAN WORK IN PARIS SLUMS.

By Sarah A. Tooley.



THE opening of the Exhibition in Paris seems a fitting occasion to draw attention to the great Christian agencies at work in the slums of the gay capital. A visit to some of the mission stations would be found to yield a delightful variety of interest to the Exhibition sights, as well as to the regulation round of picture galleries, churches, and museums to which the general visitor to Paris sets himself. Needless to say, those who conduct these missions would be greatly encouraged in their work by visits from their Christian compatriots. Speaking from my own experience, I think one cannot get a better idea of Old Paris than by investigating the centres of the McAll Mission in that locality; while a visit to Miss de Broen at Belleville would give a realistic idea of the Communist element which has



(Photo: James Ewing, Aberdeen.)

MISS DE BROEN.

played so great a part in the chequered history of Paris.

I have come to the conclusion, after



MISS DE BROEN'S ORPHAN CHILDREN.



MISS DE BROEN'S MOTHERS' MEETING.

spending some time in accompanying mission workers through their districts, that the slums of Paris are not to be compared with those of London or Edinburgh for wretchedness, dirt, and squalor. Even the submerged tenth of the French capital contrive to give an air of taste and refinement to the place which they call home, though it be but an attic on the sixth floor of a tenement building. They are also decently clad. It is a rare thing in the slums of Paris to meet a child going barefoot. In matters of food there is the same evidence of national thrift. I have seen a woman, who earned only a few *sous* a day, preparing a meal out of odds and ends of vegetables, bought for the merest trifle, with the air of an accomplished *chef*. I also saw an old *chiffonnier*, one of the poorest of the rag-picker class, who lived in a hovel with an earth floor at one of the *cités* at Clichy, presiding over his stew-pan with a lofty disdain for feminine help. He had purchased some butcher's scraps and odd vegetables, out of which he was compounding a savoury stew with great nicety. That old gentleman

was going to have a dinner; it would be no scratch meal.

It is not my purpose to deal with the mission work of the various Churches, but with that which is undenominational, and I believe that the credit of starting the first undenominational mission in the slums of Paris belongs to that noble woman, so saintlike in her unselfish work, Miss de Broen of Belleville. She is a lady of Dutch extraction, who made England her adopted country, and during the siege of Paris she devoted herself to visiting and relieving French refugees in London. She told me the story of her work on the spot where she received her "baptism of fire," close to the grim wall, *Mur des Fédérés*, in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, where six hundred Communists were shot down by the soldiers of Versailles.

It was in 1871, immediately after the suppression of the Commune, that Miss de Broen visited Paris with some friends, and came, as any other visitor might have done, to see Père Lachaise. As she stood at one end of the cemetery

she heard in the distance the wailings and shrieking of women, and, hastening to the spot whence the cries came, she found a maddened crowd of Communist women mourning their dead. Going up to one woman, who had lost both husband and son, and who was rending the air with her shrieks, Miss de Broen, then a young and delicate girl, laid her hand upon her arm and said, "Let me comfort you; I can tell you about One above Who cares for all your sorrows." And so she moved from one to another, carrying her message of God's love, until she brought a great calm into that maddened crowd. This was a revelation to Miss de Broen of the power of the Gospel, and she determined to devote herself to work amongst these outcasts of Belleville. It is impossible to describe what the district was like in those days. It was the hotbed of the most virulent anarchy. Lawlessness, disorder, and the spirit of deadly revenge seemed the natural heritage of every man, woman, and child in the place. Into the homes of these people Miss de Broen went, and by degrees she induced some of the women to join an *ourvoir* or sewing class, which she started with a view to providing the destitute with work. Miss de Broen has from the first discountenanced mere almsgiving. The rule of her *ourvoir* is that each woman shall receive a bread ticket and a meat ticket to the value of half a franc in return for three hours' needlework, the articles made being disposed of by Miss de Broen in aid of the mission.

The Government has always recognised the important influence for maintaining law and order which Miss de Broen's mission has had in Belleville, and has supported her efforts. Some ten years ago, when a law was passed for regu-

lating the collection of household refuse by the city authorities, it threw out of occupation thousands of *chiffonniers* in Belleville. News came to Miss de Broen one Sunday afternoon that the people were rising. She hurried at once to the *cité*, where the *chiffonniers* lived as a tribe apart, and she found them gathered round a chief who was inciting them to deeds of violence. "If we have no weapons, we have stones," he was saying when Miss de Broen came up.

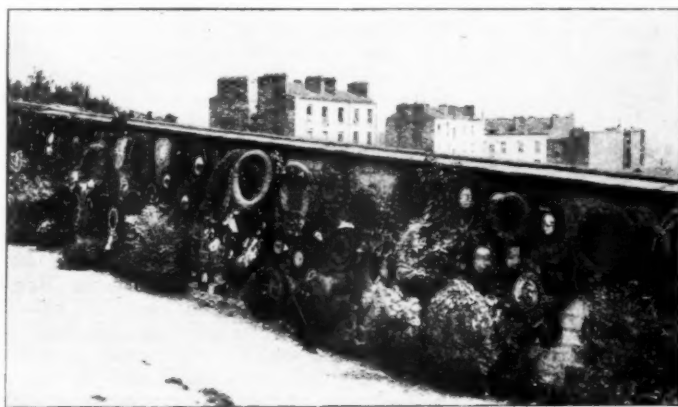
"What is the matter?" she asked.

"We have lost our work, and are starving," was the reply.

"If I give you food and undertake to get work for you, will you separate peaceably?"

"Yes," replied the better disposed, "it is only food and work that we want."

"You shall have both," said Miss de Broen, and to show that she was in earnest she dispatched a messenger to the nearest baker's shop with orders to send immediately all the bread which he had on the premises. When the cart arrived, Miss de Broen and her assistants cut up the loaves and distributed them to the hungry people, who dispersed to their homes. Next day Miss



(Photo: E. Bauteau, Paris.)

GRAVE OF THE COMMUNISTS, PÈRE LACHAISE.

de Broen presented herself at the Elysée, and asked to see President Grévy.

"The President is dining," was the reply, "and cannot be disturbed."

"Tell him that I come from those who have no dinner, and he must see me."

When she was shown into the President's room, Miss de Broen told him that there were some thousands of desperate characters in Belleville on the verge of a revolution, and work must be found



(Photo: Barnet.)

THE LATE DR. MCALL IN HIS STUDY.

for them. M. Grévy promised his help, and sent Miss de Broen round to the various Ministers to lay the state of affairs before them. All promised to see what could be done, and while the cumbrous Government machinery was being set in motion, Miss de Broen with the aid of charitable people opened a soup kitchen, and by her individual efforts fed some two thousand people for six weeks, until the Government had arranged to give them work. Needless to say, many of these people were brought under the religious influence of the mission. As I went with Miss de Broen down the narrow passages, and into the forlorn huts about Belleville, I had good evidence of the veneration and love with which the inhabitants regard her.

To briefly sum up the branches of the Belleville Mission, there are Gospel services, Sunday school classes, Band of Hope meetings, day and night schools for children and young men, and prayer meetings and the *ouvroir* for destitute women, all of which are held in the pretty little iron hall which Miss de Broen brought from London, and placed in a pleasant piece of ground, amongst green

trees, in the Rue Bolivar. The household visitation is very extensive, covering some thousands of homes yearly. There is also an agency for tract distribution and for the sale of Bibles to those who have never had them before, together with a clothing department, and in winter a soup kitchen. In connection with the mission there is also an orphanage and a seaside home at Dieppe. To support all these Miss de Broen has no regular fund, but relies absolutely on voluntary contributions. She has given freely for twenty-seven years, and has lived with her helpers in a plain house in the midst of the district where her mission lies. The late Lord Shaftesbury, Archbishop Tait, Lady Kinnaird, and many well-known philanthropists have helped in her work.

To trace the beginning of the McAll Mission which has attained to such world-wide fame we must go back some twenty-nine years. In the summer of 1871 the Rev. M. W. McAll and his devoted wife were visiting Paris, and, struck by the evidences of infidelity and utter callousness to all religion amongst the working population of the city, they determined to spend their last evening in distributing tracts amongst the *ouvriers*. They selected Belleville, the hotbed of Communism, and, taking their stand under a wineshop at the corner of the Rue de Belleville, offered tracts to the curious crowd who gathered around them. Possibly the work might have gone no further, had not a working man stepped up to Dr. McAll, and thus addressed him: "Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something of importance to say to you. At this moment you stand in a district inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of us working men. We have had enough of an imposed religion of superstition and oppression, but if anyone would come and teach us religion of another kind—a religion of freedom and earnestness—many of us are ready to listen." The appeal came to the right man, and a few months later Dr. and Mrs. McAll settled in a house in the dreaded district of Belleville and began their Evangelical mission. Miss de Broen, as we have seen, had started her work

amongst women and children in the same district a few months earlier, and she at once welcomed the new labourers to the field.

When I called at the Paris office of the McAll Mission—32, Rue Godet de Mauroy—to learn something about the progress of the work, Mr. Soltan,

Societies, and preparation classes. New churches have been established at some of the stations, and in other districts the Evangelical churches have been greatly added to by the converts. One of the most novel agencies of the mission is *Le Bon Messager*, a boat which plies on the rivers and canals, a kind of floating mission hall, to carry the glad tidings to the villages and hamlets of rural France. Some idea of the extent of the work may be gathered from the fact that during last year upwards of 15,000 meetings were held for adults, and between 6,000 and 7,000 for children. The saintly founder has gone to his reward, but



THE MCALL MISSION SHIP—AT THE RIVERSIDE

the financial secretary, spread a formidable map of the city and environs upon the table and pointed out the various centres of the missions. They now literally cover Paris. There are no less than fifteen mission halls in the city alone, and twelve more in the outskirts; and the work has spread into the provinces. In forty-five towns in France there are fifty-five halls. As Mr. Soltan reminded me, the McAll Mission has for its first object the bringing of the Gospel to the people of France. The motto of the mission is "We preach Christ crucified." The work includes Gospel meetings for adults, Bible classes, adult Sunday schools, temperance meetings, soldiers' meetings, free dispensaries, children's meetings, and Sunday schools, Christian Endeavour



ON BOARD.

(Photos: Harnelin.)

Mrs. McAll still lives to rejoice over the ever-increasing success of the organisation.

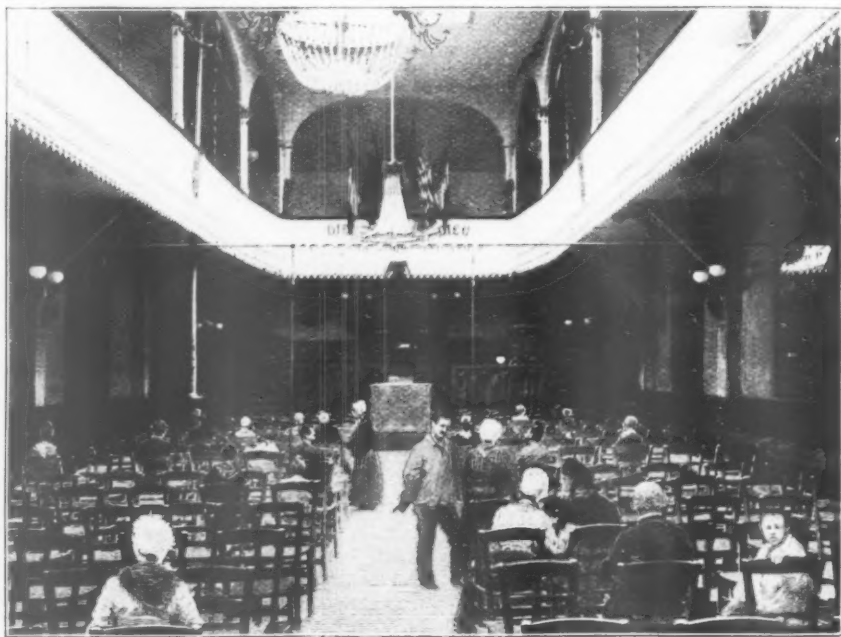
I was anxious to see something of the work in the slums, and under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Brown, one of the evangelists of the Mission, I explored the courts and narrow streets of Old Paris. It is known as the Quartier du Marais, and was in days long ago the aristocratic part of the city. Now the once palatial mansions are let out

in tenements to the poorest of the poor.

I think that the branch of the McAll Mission in Old Paris might well be termed the Mission of Palaces, for when I at length reached the hall in the Rue St. Antoine, where the services and classes are held, I found that it was no commonplace meeting house, but a stately room, which had once formed part of the palace of Queen

an organisation had a branch for district nursing, for, after all, there are times when the skilled hand of the nurse is more needed in the homes of the poor than anything else, and it is one of the best means by which the Gospel can be carried.

Close to the Grand Opera House in Paris, in a side street called the Rue Auber, will be found the headquarters



(Photo: Baccellini)

THE McALL MISSION HALL, PARIS.

Blanche. There a young French lady was conducting the day school, and in the evening there would be the usual evangelistic address. Mr. Brown told me that one of the most encouraging features of the work was that men formed the larger proportion of their gatherings. In the Roman Catholic churches it is the exact opposite. I should say that in connection with the McAll Mission there is a women's branch, conducted by a committee of ladies, of which Miss Johnstone is the head. Splendid as are the agencies already at work, one could wish that so powerful

of the Salvation Army. The presiding officers are the General's youngest daughter, Lucy Booth, and her devoted husband, Mr. Hellberg. For seventeen years the Army has been at work in France, but it is only within the last two years that it has opened slum posts. One has been established at Marseilles, and another at La Villette, Paris; and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg told me that the success of the new work had exceeded all expectations, and she believed that there was an open door for the Gospel to France through the slums. She is herself the special directress of the slum work, and the



Lucy Booth-Hellberg

(Photo: F. B. de la Roche, Geneva.)

MRS. LUCY BOOTH-HELLBERG.

costume which the Sisters wear was made from her design. It consists of a pretty pink dress, a large white apron with the comforting word "*Espoir*" ("Hope") in large letters across the bib, and a black straw hat. The French have an æsthetic dislike to the regulation Salvation Army bonnet, and it has been found necessary to modify it considerably. The slum post at La Villette is a small *appartement*, arranged with a soup kitchen and living rooms for the two Sisters, both of whom are young Frenchwomen. They receive nothing beyond their maintenance, and the whole of their time is spent in visiting the sick, the dying, and the destitute. They

are trained nurses, and it is impossible to over-estimate the comfort which they bring into homes of sickness. Money is not given, but clothing, food, and love and care are.

Under the escort of one of the Sisters, I made a tour of the slums in La Villette, and saw heart-rending cases of sickness and poverty. As we passed down the dirty, crowded streets, reeking with disagreeable odours, the Sister drew my attention to a tenement building into which some hundreds of families were crowded, and she had a startling story to tell of a man whom she had recently visited near by. He was an old soldier, who had served in the war



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

FROCKS FOR THE PARIS POOR.
(Salvation Army Sisters at Work.)

of 1870, and lost the use of his limbs by frost-bite. He managed to earn a scanty living as a tanner, with the assistance of his wife. At length illness laid them both low, and there was nothing left but misery, despair, and starvation; yet they shrank from asking for charity. When the slum Sisters found them out, they had parted with almost everything they possessed, and had been three days without food. The wants of these poor creatures were at once relieved, and the Sisters nursed them until they were able to work again.

institution much needed in Paris, where the homeless have no alternative between sleeping in the open air or in one of those miserable places called "shelters," which are a disgrace to the city.

Another very beautiful enterprise which Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has at heart is the founding of a home for motherless babes. She lost her own two little ones just after they were a few months old, and to ease the aching void in her mother's heart she is trying to succour those who have no mother. She has taken a dwelling next her own house and had it fitted



(Photo: Coxell and Co., Ltd.)

SALVATION ARMY SISTERS IN PARIS SLUMS.

(Visiting a Destitute Family.)

A second slum post has been opened in another district of Paris, and eventually Mrs. Booth-Hellberg hopes to have six started, and for this, of course, funds are needed. Mr. Hellberg has established a night shelter for men, an

up with cots, and she has also had a way made through the wall of her own house so that she can pass easily to and fro to her adopted family. One can think of no work which is more important than rescuing infants from evil surroundings.



Story the Sixth: THE DEAN'S VERGER.

CHAPTER I.



AT the north-west corner of the Abbey Yard, facing the little red-brick row known as Abbey Terrace, stood two minute houses side by side, mere cottages, prim and box-like in shape. They belonged to the two vergers, John Bourne and John Gibbs.

Though closely united in their homes and vocations, the two Johns were not united in their affections.

John Bourne, the Dean's verger, reckoned himself, by virtue of his connection with the Dean, to be head verger. John Gibbs, by virtue of his superior age and longer standing in the Precincts, counted himself to be the greater personage. Dean Winfrith tried hard, in the interests of peace, to keep the pair on an exact equality. In this aim he hardly succeeded. At best, the state of affairs was an armed neutrality.

John Gibbs had held his post for a quarter of a century. Part of his duty was to take strangers over the building; and a very unwelcome part he considered it—to be got through with as much speed and as little trouble to himself as possible. Fees having been abolished in the early days of the pre-

sent Dean, it was not a profitable duty, so far as Gibbs's pocket was concerned; and this to him made all the difference. He could run off glibly superficial details of the Abbey's history, but he resented any questions which disturbed his flow of words.

John Bourne, a younger man by fifteen or twenty years, had been less than half as long in Twychester. Originally the penniless orphan of a small shopkeeper, he had won his way, by dint of hard work and self-denial, to a responsible position. He was well read in Church history, and he took an intense personal interest in every wall and buttress of the venerable Abbey.

On the afternoon of a day in early autumn, John Gibbs scowled out upon the world from his cottage door. An elderly man, stooping in figure, with lack-lustre eyes and heavy jaw, he was the possessor of an extremely bad temper. He was also rheumatic and hard of hearing; and his deafness had reached that convenient stage which allows a man to hear just so much or so little as he chooses.

The weather was damp and chilly, and his bones ached. Though the aching was nobody's fault, he wanted to pay somebody out, after a not uncommon fashion with cranky tempers.

Something besides the chill disturbed his mind. Gibbs had been wont to add to his income as verger by waiting at Precincts dinner parties; and he had found that this autumn he would no longer be looked upon as efficient. Deafness and rheumatism both stood in his way. To be sure, he had not the added annoyance of knowing that Bourne would step into his shoes, for Bourne never waited at any dinners—except, as a great

concession, at those of Dean Winfrith. But herein, too, lay cause for displeasure. If John Gibbs had seen fit to wait at Wyrechester dinner functions for a quarter of a century, what business had that stuck-up Bourne to be too grand to follow suit?

"Nasty sort o' weather!" he growled, as the damp-laden breeze stirred his gown and brought another twinge of pain. "Wife!—I say!—wherever have you been an' gone an' put my comforter?"

"It ain't fur—on the dresser," a tart voice screamed from within. Long union with a sour nature had not sweetened that of Mrs. John Gibbs. "I'm busy. You can just come an' get it."

"I'm not goin' to come. None o' your sauce for me! You just bring it out to me, will yer! It ought to ha' been in the chair in the corner, where I always keeps it. I'd have seed it then, when I was coming out. You just bring it!" Then, as he caught sight of the other John standing inside the other front door, "Ugh! There's that feller again, idling his time. He'd ought to be in the Abbey by now. Ugh! it's beastly nasty weather, that's what it is. Wife! I say! Will yer bring my comforter, or *won't* yer?"

The comforter travelled out alone in reply, hurtling through the air with a resolute briskness which told of energy in propulsion. It caught Gibbs on the shoulder, and wound itself smartly round his face and neck. Gibbs tugged at the folds with a wrathful grunt.

"That's the way with yer. Nice temper *you've* got, and no mistake. Uncommon careful to be civil to folks *you* are. Oh, yes, no doubt about *that*."

The scathing satire met with a prompt retort. "Don't *you* talk!" she called in ear-piercing tones. "Them as live in glass-houses ain't got no business to throw stones."

"You just hold your tongue, will yer! Let me ketch you at that again, and you'll be sorry. You'd better! It's a horrid, nasty temper *yer've* got, and *yer* always had, an' always will have."

Gibbs's wife, advancing towards the door, with intent to give as good as she received, fell suddenly back. Gibbs himself came to a pause. The Dean's little daughter stood before him.

She had come through the Abbey yard, straight across from the Deanery, gliding, soft-footed, to the front of Gibbs's cottage. There she stood, motionless, her large eyes fixed upon him with an expression of grieved wonder which, as he afterwards declared, "struck him all of a heap."

"Is something the matter?" asked Rica in serious tones.

Gibbs scratched his head, and found his infirmities very trying. "It's a chill day,

miss," he said complainingly. "My lumbago's just about strewciating."

"Is that all?" Rica held him with her wide, unflinching gaze. She drew a step nearer, speaking in clear tones, which he could not pretend to misunderstand. "I almost thought it sounded as if you were angry with somebody. Is Mrs. Gibbs indoors?"

"She's busy, miss—washing up—or she'd ought to be," Gibbs was not anxious for an interview at that moment between Rica and his wife. Mrs. Gibbs, when excited, was apt to speak plainly.

"Then perhaps I had better come another day," remarked Rica, with her exquisite child-courtesy. "Do you know if Mr. Bourne is in? Or has he gone back to the Abbey?"

"He'd ought to be there, by rights," growled Gibbs, who considered that the Dean and his family made far too much fuss about Bourne. A grunt of disgust followed; for Rica, glancing up, saw the Dean's Verger within his open door, and her face brightened. Rica and Bourne were friends. In their passionate love for the Abbey they found a common standpoint. Rica loved to hear Bourne talk about the Abbey's historical past. Bourne almost worshipped the ground beneath Rica's feet.

Not that he was given to worshipping people in general. In the main he was a quiet and self-contained individual—something of a "character." A thin and narrow-shouldered man, of medium height, he had a high dome-shaped forehead, a sharp snub nose, a mouth of abnormally wide dimensions. Nature had outlined his face for the expression of pure comicality; but Nature for once had made a mistake. Bourne did not indulge in comicalities, whether or not he could appreciate them. He never for a moment forgot that he was the Dean's Verger. If a sense of humour existed in him, it was resolutely suppressed. His manner was solemn, his mode of speech was dry and terse—except on the one subject of the Abbey's story. Even with Rica his grim propriety seldom relaxed. Those, however, who knew him well understood what was meant by the faint glimmer in his eyes when the Dean's little daughter became visible.

He had not so much as turned his head at the sound of Gibbs' cantankerous tones. But Rica's voice brought him out.

"I want to speak to you, please, Mr. Bourne, if you are not busy. May I come in?"

"Do, Miss Rica." Few in the Precincts had yet begun to think of little Rica as "Miss Winfrith." It sounded too cold, too distant. She was the darling of the Abbey circle. And though on the morrow she would complete her tenth year, she might easily have been mistaken for only eight, so slight and delicate was

her frame, so pure and innocent was the little face.

Bourne led her indoors and offered a chair in his orderly sitting room. He was an unmarried man—not without desires in the direction of Holy Matrimony.

Bourne signified his readiness. No relaxation took place in the immobile features; but the small keen eyes, with their upturned Japanese slant at the outer corners, watched her every look and movement.

"It's my birthday to-morrow, you know.



"Please don't stand."

Rica seated herself, laid a bunch of flowers on the table, and said sweetly, "Please don't stand."

Bourne obeyed, as everybody did obey Rica. She smiled towards the flowers.

"They are out of my own garden, and I have brought them for you." It was a habit of Rica's to carry her "own" flowers to poorer friends and neighbours. Not that she thought of Bourne as in any sense "poor." He was to her simply a part of the Abbey. "And, please, Mr. Bourne, I want to ask you to do something."

And my treat is to be a dinner for the children—the coachman's and the gardener's, and two or three others. It was all arranged. And we meant to be so happy. And now——"

The brown eyes were like lakes, full almost to overflowing.

"It can't be the same—now. My mother has had to go away this morning. She couldn't help it. A friend of hers is in great, great trouble, and she wants my mother. So, of course, mother had to go. I've never had a birthday before—without——" Rica stopped. "I think perhaps I'd better not talk about

that. It makes me feel like crying. The children will have their dinner, of course. And then——"

"Yes, Miss Rica." It went to Bourne's heart to see her struggle to be brave.

"My father has to be away all the afternoon. And Mac won't be free either. And I always go to Evensong on my birthday. But after Evensong I want you to talk to me about the Abbey. That will help me to forget."

"I'll find something interesting to tell you, Miss Rica. I'd settled to go off for the night by the 6.50 train. But if that won't do——"

"I think it will do nicely," Rica stood up, with one of her graceful little movements. "After half-past six I shall have to get ready for the evening. I'm going to dine with my father and Mac. Thank you very much. That will be so nice."

She went out smiling, though with wet eyes. As she reached the road, Mac rushed up. He had grown fast lately, and was shooting into a fine lad, with the same honest, freckled face as of old.

"Hallo, Rica! what are you after? Come with me. I say, you've been crying."

"No, I haven't, Mac. Not proper crying."

"Well, you're not to cry, mind! You'll have your presents all right. And I'm to come to dinner. We'll talk about what you and me mean to do by-and-by."

"When we get married," assented Rica, brightening.

"Yes. And you won't cry then at not having her, so you needn't cry now. We haven't settled all about our drawing-room furniture yet, you know."

Rica looked round upon him tenderly and murmured, "Dear boy!" in a maternal fashion.

"Don't talk rot!"

"But you *are* a dear boy. You can't help it."

"Rot! I'm just like other boys. That's got nothing to do with our furniture."

"I think we'll have it blue. And, Mac, you'll promise me—faithfully—to live here always."

"You can, if you like. I shan't, most certainly. I'm going away to fight. When I've lost both legs, then perhaps I'll come back, and let you nurse me."

"I should like that. But must it be *both*?" demanded Rica, in all seriousness.

"If I'd only lost one, I could go on fighting. No, we won't have blue furniture. It's got to be red. I like red. It's the soldier-colour."

But the prevailing tint of the Deanery drawing-room was blue, and Rica held to her point. A smart discussion followed. Rica, with all her angelic sweetness, had a will of her own, and this question of the future drawing-room furniture touched her closely.

So there was a mundane side even to her nature; and she and Mac were getting through their preliminary love quarrels at a very early stage. This afternoon a decided tiff took place. Mac at last flung away in a temper, and Rica walked sorrowfully home alone.

CHAPTER II.

"I'M so unhappy, Mary!" sighed Rica.

Mary Stevens, Mrs. Winfrith's maid, was a fine young woman, of substantial make. She had fluffy, fair hair, which refused to be kept under entire control, and a solid, comely, good-humoured face. She had not gone with her mistress on this sudden expedition. An extra maid is not always welcome in a house where sickness and trouble reign.

Rica sat before her small dressing-table, with a pensive look, and Mary busily brushed the child's golden-brown head.

"Well, but I wouldn't be unhappy, Miss Rica, if I was you. There ain't no use, you know. A birthday's a birthday."

"Oh, I don't mean only because of mother having to go. I do mind that—dreadfully. But I've been cross to Mac. And I know he's got a present for me. And that makes me feel so bad. He *would* have it that our drawing-room furniture was to be red, and of course I mean it to be blue. When we're married, you know."

Mary giggled.

"You needn't laugh, Mary." Rica's dignity was not impaired, as a grown-up person's might have been, by the fact that she wore a dressing-gown. "There's nothing to laugh at. People do marry when they grow up; and Mac and I are growing up—very fast. We mean to have a house in the Precincts, quite close here. Of course, it's best to settle all about our furniture beforehand. When are *you* going to get married, Mary?"

Mary giggled again. "Oh, I'm in no sort of hurry, Miss Rica."

"You don't know exactly who you mean to marry yet, do you? But I've known for a long, long while—ever since Mac and I were quite young."

Mary was in danger of choking with smothered mirth. Like the rest of the Tychester world, she doted on Rica; but, none the less, she had many a laugh over the child's quaint chatter.

"Mac does get very positive sometimes. Don't you think he does? But I suppose he can't help it. And he's such a dear boy. I ought *not* to have been angry with him. Nobody ought ever to be angry with anybody. Mr. Gibbs is cross sometimes. I

heard him scolding away at his wife, in such a tone. He said it was his lumbago, but, of course, I knew better. I'll never, never scold dear Mac when we're married. Mr. Bourne doesn't get cross. I shouldn't think *he* would scold his wife, when he's got one. Should you?"

Mary sniggered afresh. "He'd best not, Miss Rica."

"Mrs. Gibbs must be a very, very unhappy person," sighed Rica compassionately.

"Oh, she's none so badly off." Mary tossed her head. "It's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Rica pondered the description, and reached a right conclusion as to its meaning.

"Perhaps, if he's very disagreeable, she scolds him a little too, sometimes. Of course, she oughtn't. Mr. Bourne likes you, Mary. He told me so one day. He said there wasn't a handsomer young woman, to his knowledge, in all Twychester."

"He ain't no beauty himself, Miss Rica."

"No, I s'pose not." Rica spoke slowly. "He hasn't got a *very* pretty nose or mouth." Mary had difficulty in withholding an explosion. "But he can't help that. And he does talk so very nicely. I like Mr. Bourne. Don't you?"

"He's well enough." Mary was a discreet young woman, not to be drawn into imprudent admissions. She was a very superior person in every way; the only daughter of a most respectable small farmer; trained in dressmaking; particularly pleasant in manner.

It was an open secret that Bourne's matrimonial inclinations pointed towards Mrs. Winfrith's maid; and Mary had long known herself to be admired by the Dean's Verger. But she was not to be easily won; and thus far she had kept her adorer on the tenterhooks of uncertainty. There was no need, as she often said, to be in a hurry. She had a second admirer in the shape of the Deanery butler, who during ten years of service had cultivated an exact imitation of his master's manner, with much additional stateliness. Of Mary's two lovers, the butler was the more imposing man, bodily; while Bourne held a better position. Mary had, up to this date, diffused her smiles impartially—sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other.

Rica's birthday dawned, and all the Precincts kept the fact in mind. Presents poured in upon the child from early morning. Nobody, high or low, forgot her. When Mac turned up, gift in hand, he had forgotten all about their little tiff, which in Rica's feminine imagination had grown to large dimensions. She begged his pardon, and cried, and smiled, and clung to him.

All the same, she had not the least intention of giving up her blue drawing-room furniture.

Preparation for the children's dinner kept her busy; and at mid-day she was the happiest little maid conceivable, seated at the head of a well-laden table in the house-keeper's room, around which appeared a line of well-scrubbed and beaming faces. Flowers crowned her hair, and the sweet, grave eyes were alight with satisfaction.

Bourne came to help at the small function. Though strictly he only "waited" at Deanery dinners, anything to do with Rica never failed to draw him.

He and Mary Stevens met in a passage, nobody else being nigh. Mary greeted him with unusual cordiality, perhaps softened by what Rica had reported. She would have made fully two of her lover in breadth and solidity; but if he did not mind, the contrast was not likely to weigh with her.

"Good-morning, miss," remarked Bourne. His Japanese eyes regarded her with meaning. He thought the blue bow at Mary's throat was the most becoming bit of colour he had ever seen.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bourne. So you are off for a jaunt?" The voice was a good deal less soft than that which Mary addressed to Mrs. Winfrith or Rica.

"Not much of a jaunt. I've got to see a man on business to-night, and I'll be back the first thing in the morning. There's nothing I can do for you, miss, in the town?"

"Miss" thought not, but she glowed agreeably on her admirer.

"Don't little Miss Rica look like a queen?" Bourne knew one road to Mary's heart.

"I should just think she does. And she is one, too—the dear! Now, Mr. Bourne, don't you go and put it into her head that she's got to go to the Abbey this afternoon. She'll only sit and cry. I mean to send her off to watch the cricket, down by the river. There's others going; and that'll do her a lot of good."

Bourne gave the promise asked. He would have argued the point with anybody else.

He took the opportunity to say a tender word, and was smartly rebuffed. Mary had no time for nonsense of that sort—not she! Mr. Bourne had better be off upon his business. Anyway, she meant to be off upon hers—saying which she disappeared.

With Rica, in the afternoon, her efforts seemed to be successful. Rica had intended to go to Evensong, as in past years she had gone—always with her mother. Mary's opposition made her for the moment yield; and she started off, fully meaning to join the little Pratts, and to watch the match then going on.

But habit was strong upon the child. As

she passed the Abbey, the bells were ringing, and Rica turned in thither, as if drawn by invisible cords. She would not go as usual to the stalls. She did not want to be seen, in case a few tears might insist on having their way. So she hid herself in a corner, close to one of the massive pillars; and there the little figure stayed while the congregation dispersed. It was a very thin congregation that day, and nobody happened to be near Rica.

After this she met Bourne, close to an aged and defaced monument—the recumbent figure of a knight in armour lying, with shut eyes and crossed legs. Rica knew well the history of that brave crusader, who in days long past had gone to the Holy Land, to help in carrying out the chief aim of mediæval Christianity.

"Well, Miss Rica, and what am I to do?" asked Bourne.

"I've been thinking; and I should like, please, to go into the crypt. I haven't been there for such a very long while. And you can tell me about the time when it was a little Saxon church."

Bourne had had another plan, but he at once fell in with the child's idea, abandoning his own.

Already the entire congregation had vanished, and the Abbey seemed to be empty. They went to the door which led to the crypt, and Bourne unlocked it, conducting Rica carefully along the narrow dark passage beyond, till a second strong door was reached, which also he unlocked. Both the vergers had keys to all parts of the Abbey; and Bourne to-day had charge of locking up before night.

As he opened the second door, he heard Canon Hardy call, and turned back, to find him looking worried and ill.

"Bourne—I thought I saw you come this way. Can you lend me the keys for ten minutes?—unless you would rather come with me. I must get at a document in the Chapter House, and I'm very seedy and can't wait."

Bourne disliked to let the keys go out of his possession, but Rica's face fell, and he objected yet more to disappoint her. "I've promised to take Miss Rica in here, sir. It's her birthday. I don't know if Gibbs has gone home."

"Yes, he has. I've a wretched headache, or I would go after him. I don't know what has come over me to-day. One of my bad turns, I suppose. If you want to lock up before I come back, you'll find me and the keys in the Chapter House. But I shall not be more than ten minutes."

The Canon hastened off, keys in hand, and Bourne led Rica to a spot near the inner door, where matches and a candle were kept in readi-

ness for use. Having set light to the candle, he went yet farther with her, following the crooked course of a slanting stone passage, till the crypt itself was reached—a rugged, ancient place, stone-walled, stone-roofed, stone-floored. Nothing much to be seen there, beyond bare stone, and two or three little niches, which probably had once held figures. An antiquarian eye would have detected signs of a former dividing wall between chancel and nave, with a doorway in the centre; but not much of the wall now remained.

"How long ago was it a church, Mr. Bourne?"

This was a subject which always held Rica's attention. Her face shone expectantly in the dim light of their one candle. Bourne placed it in a niche, and began to talk of the past, to pour out interesting scraps of information, worded in simple language. He tried to bring before her childish imagination the days when no stately Abbey had stood in this place, but only a tiny stone church, wherein a few Christian folk might meet, gathered perhaps from crowds of semi-heathen people around. A different England then from the England of to-day.

Though the two were equally intent—so intent as not to mark how the moments flew—it was hardly after the same fashion. Both loved the Abbey; both rejoiced in the Abbey's history; both were proud of the Abbey's beauty. Yet there was a difference. To Bourne the Abbey was an historical embodiment of national and ecclesiastical greatness, and a matter for personal congratulation, because of his own connection with it. To Rica the Abbey was—vaguely, and in a childish fashion—an expression of the living Presence of Christ among His people. Neither could have defined the distinction, but it existed. Bourne's interest was largely archaeological; Rica's interest was largely spiritual.

The heavy bang of a door aroused them both. "That's Canon Hardy," observed Rica.

Was it? An uncomfortable doubt assailed Bourne. "Hallo!" he called. "Hallo! We're here!"

CHAPTER III.

NO reply came to Bourne's shout, but a second and more distant bang was heard. Bourne caught up the candle and hastened along the passage, drawing Rica with him. He called loudly as he went. When they reached the innermost door it was firmly shut. No amount of shaking would stir it.

Bourne did his best. He hammered, kicked, yelled—in vain. The sounds fell back upon himself. Then he saw Rica's perplexed face.

"Has Canon Hardy locked us in?" she asked.

"Somebody has. Foolish thing to do!" Bourne was much annoyed, not least with himself for having allowed such a blunder to become possible. "Don't you mind, Miss Rica. It'll be all right directly. If the Canon has forgotten, he'll remember in a few minutes. And if Gibbs has done it, the Canon will be bringing back my keys."

"Will he know we're here?"

"I'll keep on shouting to let him know. Don't be frightened, miss. You just sit down, and I'll make a noise."

Rica obeyed. A narrow ledge in the wall served for a seat. She did not seem alarmed, but she sighed, and murmured to herself: "I'm not having a very nice birthday."

Hardy's ten minutes were long past. That he should have unthinkingly locked the two doors himself was not, perhaps, an impossibility. He was famed for absence of mind. But had he done so, and walked off, keys in hand, he could not have failed to recall the state of the case. The very keys that he held must have reminded him of what he had done.

On the whole, it seemed more likely that, for some reason, Gibbs had returned, and, finding the doors unlocked, had hastily locked them, supposing nobody to be within. A more than stupid act on the part of Gibbs, if it were so. He certainly ought to have taken it for granted that the crypt doors would not be open unless somebody had gone through them. Gibbs, however, was both stupid and crabbed,



The Canon fell to the ground in a swoon.—p. 611.

Bourne kept his promise of making a noise, and he kept it in vain. Nobody came in response. The locked door remained fast shut. He shouted and hammered, till from sheer lack of strength and voice he had to pause. After a short rest he began anew, and by-and-by arrived again at the same condition. Still no answer from without. Still no sign of rescue.

The thing seemed inexplicable. Canon

and in a fit of ill-humour he was quite capable of acting thus.

Of course, the Canon would shortly have returned from the Chapter House; and, on finding the crypt door locked, he might have resolved to go home, taking the keys with him. A more business-like man would have taken the keys at once to Bourne's cottage; but the Canon was not business-like, and also he was not well.

In any case, nothing worse could lie ahead than an hour or two of detention underground. So Bourne told himself and Rica. They had to make the best of a short imprisonment. When once Rica should be missed, the news would spread like lightning, and the Canon then would give the needed clue to her whereabouts. Meantime he doubtless supposed that Bourne had used Gibbs' keys, and had gone home. This theory seemed more probable than that the Canon should have locked the doors and should not afterward have recalled his mistake.

Such conjectures were all very well, for a while. But as one quarter of an hour after another slid slowly by, and nobody came to their release, Bourne became not only perplexed but concerned. Whatever the cause might be, it was evident that their position had not been discovered.

What if a sudden and imperative message had summoned the Canon to a distance, and he had gone off, leaving no clue to the whereabouts of the captives? Extremely unlikely—yet Bourne could think of no explanation that was not more unlikely still.

The evening came on, and no welcome sound of voice or footstep could be heard. By this time the Dean must have returned; Rica's disappearance must have become known; the Precincts must be in a stir from end to end about the child. In some extraordinary way the fact of her visit to the crypt must have failed to transpire. Indeed, except Canon Hardy, it was probable that no one had any idea of it. No one else had seen her with Bourne near the crypt. No one else was likely to guess her presence there. Sometimes for many days the crypt was never entered, the doors were never unlocked.

Bourne began to realise that the affair might prove serious. A night in this underground place, without food or wraps, for a delicate child like Rica, was to be dreaded. At any moment rescue might come; but, on the other hand, they might wait long for it. He felt that the first thing to be done was, if possible, to make Rica forget herself in slumber. He took off gown and coat, folding the latter into an apology for a pillow, wrapping the former round and round the child. She submitted so far, with troubled eyes; but when he laid her down, and bade her "go to sleep," she burst into a flood of tears.

"Must we stay here all night? Oh, *can't* you get me out? I want to go home. I want my mother!"

Bourne tried his best to comfort her. He was anxious to put out the candle, which had shortened greatly, and which might be more needed later, but Rica's distress was not easily stilled. When at length he hoped that she was a little cheered, he extinguished the

light; and this was a signal for a fresh outburst of weeping.

"I don't like the dark! Oh, I don't like the dark! Please light the candle again. Please, Mr. Bourne! I'm frightened!"

"I wouldn't, Miss Rica, dear. There's no need. It's only just to wait a while, you know. Nothing will hurt us here."

"Are you quite sure? It seems as if God was such a long way off," sobbed the child.

Then, in a short pause, came the faint muffled sound of the Abbey chimes, far above, followed by the striking of eleven. Only one hour before midnight. Rica grew suddenly more calm.

"That's the clock," she said, with a catch of her breath. "Father can hear it too."

"Yes, and he's thinking of you, Miss Rica. I'm sure he is. You're not going to be frightened, are you? There's no need."

Rica whispered a quivering, "I'll try not."

The long, long night was over, and morning had come. Bourne knew the hour by those faint murmurs of the Abbey chimes, only to be heard when they both kept very still. His watch had run down, and he had not the key to wind it up.

The strong door remained fast shut. No amount of hammering brought any answer from the outside world. Rica had slept by snatches, lying close to Bourne for warmth. It was very chilly, and lack of food made them chillier. Neither had tasted aught since early dinner the day before. Bourne was savagely hungry. Rica looked white and pinched, and her little limbs ached painfully from lying on the hard stone floor.

The candle lasted yet, for Bourne husbanded it carefully, lighting it now and again for a few minutes, to cheer his companion.

She was very patient, poor little maid, more patient than he would have expected a child to be. She clung to him for comfort, and hardly complained. Often he knew that tears were dropping, and sometimes there was the sound of a sob. No wonder! The hours were terribly long. No food; no drink; lips parched; throats dry; the craving worse each hour. Bourne had had no sleep at all; and Rica's power to sleep was at an end. She dozed a little now and again, but she did not lose consciousness.

"Will they ever let us out, Mr. Bourne? I can't think why nobody comes. Shouldn't you think Canon Hardy would remember?"

"I'm pretty sure he must have been telegraphed for to a distance. He wouldn't forget, if once he heard you was missing. He's called off sometimes, you know, just

for a night. But he can't be gone long, and when he gets back it'll be all right."

"It's almost like those people who used to be in the catacombs," murmured the child. "Only they had food, hadn't they? If we have to stop here till we starve—" She gave a dry little sob.

"Don't talk of such a thing, Miss Rica."

"But we might have to, mightn't we? I don't think I should be afraid of dying—if only it wouldn't be very long. Would you mind? Mr. Bourne, if we do, I shan't say good-bye to you. When people are going to be drowned together, they sometimes say good-bye first. I can't see why."

"It's natural, Miss Rica."

"Is it? But we should both be going. I don't see why we should say good-bye, if we're both going. I wonder if we should keep together on the other side. The angels know about that, don't they? I think I'd rather keep with you; it wouldn't feel so strange."

Bourne was not a romantic man, but he lifted the little hand to his lips in the darkness. A grave wonder passed through his mind. Would they two indeed go on together when the river should have been crossed, supposing that they crossed it in company? Or would his destination beyond be different from that of Rica's?

"I've got a little sister there, you know. I wonder if she'll be sent to meet me. Should you think she would? And there's my guardian angel, and yours too. I always feel as if I knew mine—quite well. Don't you? And then there'll be Jesus—His face. And that will be the very best of all, won't it? Have you got a lot of friends waiting for you, Mr. Bourne?"

Bourne was silent. Rica hardly seemed to expect a reply. She went on dreamily—

"I s'pose we should be taken to the Holy City—straight—the first thing. I do want to see that City. Do you know, when I was quite a little girl, I used to think that the pavements were truly made of gold; and I used to wonder if they wouldn't be very slippery to walk on. I don't think that now. Only, I do wish—I do wish—it didn't mean being very long getting there. I feel so bad now. And I suppose it'll mean—being ever so much worse." Rica broke into sobs. "Mr. Bourne, if you and me have to die here, I shan't see my own mother again. And I want her. I do want her so dreadfully!"

Bourne took the slight figure into his arms, and again strove his utmost to cheer the child. It was no question of dying, he said. It was no question of starvation. Miss Rica must not talk like that any more. They just had to wait patiently, and someone would soon come to them.

Rica listened, and sighed. "Yes, only you don't really and truly know," she replied mournfully. "You say that because you want to make me happy, Mr. Bourne. And people have sometimes been shut up just like this, and they have died of starvation. I know, because I've read about them."

CHAPTER IV.

TWO or three events took place which could not have been foreseen.

Canon Hardy, having possession of the keys, went off to the Chapter House, and let himself in. He found the paper he wanted, spent five minutes over it—and then fell to the ground in a swoon. He was a delicate man, given to occasional attacks of sudden illness. When he came to himself he felt extremely ill, and he had totally forgotten about Rica and Bourne in the crypt. The keys, which he had unknowingly allowed to slip under the table, had also passed out of his mind.

He mechanically put the paper he had been studying into a drawer, and staggered off, with failing limbs, to his own house, where for a second time he swooned, and was put to bed with all possible despatch by his wife. She did not send for the doctor, being used to this kind of thing; but she allowed no one to go near him that night, and whatever might disturb his mind was studiously kept from him.

Somewhat earlier in the afternoon, during Evensong, Mrs. Gibbs met Mary Stevens, and was casually informed by that young woman that Bourne was off for the night, starting by the 4.40 train for the nearest big town. Mary was not good at recollecting figures.

"Why didn't he tell Gibbs he was changing of his train?" demanded the verger's wife. A little later, at the close of the service, when Gibbs had grumbled and growled himself into the cottage, Mrs. Gibbs tartly informed him that "he wouldn't see no more of Bourne *that* night, for he was off by the 4.40. Oh, you needn't scold me! It's none o' my fault," she added. "It's Miss Stevens as told me, and she's like to know, if anybody is."

Gibbs was supremely disgusted. "Why, he'd ought to lock up to-night. What's the feller after, not to say he was going earlier? Thought I wouldn't let him, I s'pose. Nor I wouldn't neither, if I'd known." Gibbs was extremely rheumatic, and by no means desirous of turning out again. But, of course, he had no choice. If Bourne were already off to catch the 4.40 train, Gibbs would have to attend to the locking up.

He resolved to get it over unusually soon, trusting to the probability that nobody would



Nobody needed to be told that it belonged to Rica!

wish at this hour to see anything in the Abbey. If folks did wish it, they would have to appeal to him; and then the iniquity of Bourne's conduct would become known.

So he hobbled off with sundry grunts of dissatisfaction; and the open door leading to the crypt claimed his attention first. Gibbs went along the narrow passage, locked the inner door with a preliminary bang, and performed the same office for the outer door. Bourne's distant shout failed to reach his dulled hearing. He went next to the Chapter House, found, to his surprise, that door open, as well, locked it also—failing to see the bunch of keys upon the floor—and finished the round of the Abbey. Then once more he stumped homeward, to pay out upon Mrs. Gibbs the extra bother to which "that feller" had put him.

For a while nobody missed Rica. Mary supposed her to be in the cricket field. Bourne was understood to have taken his departure.

The Dean returned from his engagement, and Rica was still absent. Mary expected her now, to be dressed for dinner. But no Rica came. Mac appeared, extra early; and at once the household was in a stir of uneasiness. Mac had not seen Rica. It came out that she had not joined the Minor Canon's children. Nobody had observed her in the field. Nobody had noticed her in the Abbey.

Uneasiness grew fast into alarm. Every room and corner in the Deanery was searched; at every house in the Precincts inquiry was made. But Canon Hardy, who alone could have supplied a clue to the mystery, remained in ignorance of what had happened.

Since Rica had left Mary to go to the cricket field, nobody seemed to have talked with her; everybody had supposed her to be with somebody else. One old woman, indeed, now came forward, professing to have seen the child at Evensong; but she was a person famous for inaccuracy, and since she spoke of Rica as in an unaccustomed seat her belated evidence carried no weight.

Of course, the Abbey was searched; and it was searched in vain. No one thought of the crypt. No sounds were heard from there. If Bourne's voice or hammering could have penetrated the two closed doors, it did not do so. Perhaps at the moment when the searchers passed near he happened to be quiet; perhaps in their anxiety they talked so much as to drown the feeble sounds.

At all events, they went out of the building having discovered nothing. Rica's intention of a talk with Bourne had been kept by the child a secret, even from Mac. She was always reserved where keen feeling was concerned; and she had not cared to speak of how she missed her mother, or of how she had meant to get through the worst hour of the day.

Another and a more terrible dread arose than any felt hitherto. An under-gardener stated that he had seen Rica alone, on her way to the river, just before Evensong. The fancy may have been born of the fact that Mary Stevens had persuaded her to go to the cricket field. He may have seen some other child, and have mistaken that child for Rica. Either way, he held to the idea.

Everybody knew that Rica had, down by the river-brink, a favourite retreat, shaded by small trees, to which she would often go on a summer day. Perhaps, in her childish sadness over her mother's absence, she might have wandered thither, instead of to the cricket. Rica was a singular and independent little being, with her own modes of action, unlike those of ordinary children.

Had she gone there, she *might* have slipped and fallen in. The river just now was unusually full, and the banks were slippery.

Dean Winfrith was the first to think of this, when told that she had, possibly, been seen on the path leading thither. General North had tried to keep the report from the Dean, but others were less circumspect.

Late though the hour was, they went thither at once—the Dean, with his staunch old friend General North, and others. On getting to the spot, lanterns in hand, a search was made. Some were wondering whether, improbable as it seemed, Rica could have fallen asleep by the water.

They did not find her; but they found something. General North's keen eyes were arrested by a gleam, and he picked up a small, old-fashioned steel purse.

Nobody needed to be told that it belonged to Rica!

And none of them knew that she had lost it the day before, having dropped it here, half under the shelter of a big stone.

Dean Winfrith took the little purse into his hand, and gazed upon it with dim eyes. This, for the moment, was to him the death-knell of his home happiness. Somewhat later hope would revive; but he believed then, as an almost certainty, that Rica was dead. "Her poor mother!" were the only words that passed his lips.

General North's arm came through his in support. "No—we do *not* know," the General's firm tones said. "This of itself tells nothing. Children are always dropping things."

But the Dean seemed crushed, and the General led him away while they dragged the river. Nothing was found. That said little. The body might have been carried far down.

Had it not been for the prevailing notion that Rica was drowned, somebody might have thought of the crypt. Unfortunately all attention was drawn in the wrong direction.

It was a night of despair in the Precincts. The Dean did not go to bed. General North never left him. Mary Stevens wept her eyes out. Rica's mother, mercifully away, was spared the long agony.

In the morning still the same heavy weight was on them all, drawing the whole Precincts together in bonds of love and unity. Had they never known it before, they knew now that they were one—that the happiness or sorrow of each meant the happiness or sorrow of all. Nothing else was thought of, nothing else was spoken of. None could look at the Dean's calm but changed face without tears. He was at Matins as usual—pallid, mournful, courageous. Not yet would he send to his wife any intimation of what had come upon them.

Canon Hardy had been ill all night; not ill enough to see a doctor, in the opinion of his capable wife, but had enough to make her keep from him all worries. Once or twice he vaguely recalled the incidents of the preceding afternoon, and drowsily hoped that Bourne had found the keys without trouble. But he put no questions, only craving to be left in quiet.

Before mid-day he managed to fall asleep, and he woke up better. Then his wife ventured to leave him for an hour; and the old cook, who had known him from boyhood, and who had her own ideas about things, made prompt use of the opportunity to tell her master of the extraordinary disappearance of Rica and Bourne, of the prevailing fear that Rica was drowned, and of the Dean's deep grief.

"Drowned!" the Canon exclaimed, roused in a moment. "When did you say? Down at the river, was she? That she was *not*, up to—what time was it when I came in? I saw her myself in the Abbey after Evensong—she and Bourne just going into the crypt. I took the keys. Don't know what I did with them either. Gibbs must have locked up. Good gracious, woman! Why, they're in the crypt!"

Ten minutes saw the Canon out of bed and dressed, haggard and shaky, but bent on flying to the rescue. He was too late. The old cook had started the cry, and like wildfire it spread through the Precincts. "To the crypt!" was heard on all sides. In less time than imagination can well picture, every man and woman and child within reach had crowded into the Abbey.

Gibbs grunted ponderously along, keys in hand. The other bunch still lay where Canon Hardy had dropped it. But Gibbs' movements and grumbling incredulity were too slow for the impatient throng. A dozen hands tore the keys from him, and the doors were flung open.

"They're here!" a chorus of voices exclaimed as the cadaverous visage of Bourne was seen, with Rica, white and starved, by his side.

A swaying motion took place among those around, for the Dean was come. He hurried breathlessly forward, and caught up his darling, for the moment voiceless. Rica smiled, and laid her head weakly on his shoulder. Everybody present was ready to break into sobs of heartfelt sympathy, when a diversion occurred. Mischievous Mac fought his way through the concourse, shoving folks aside with small ceremony, till he could seize Rica's little hand.

"Rica! Rica! You're all right?" he cried, with an audible choke which he meant everybody to read as a cough. "Was it uncle who locked you in? I say—what a shame! I'll give it him, see if I don't. Rica, you *shall* have blue furniture in our drawing-room. You shall have every single thing you like."

A ripple of smothered laughter brought a general sense of relaxed tension, and the world was grateful to Mac. Then the Canon came up, outwardly dishevelled and altogether apologetic; though, as soon appeared, Gibbs was the man to blame. Mrs. Hardy followed her husband with a tumbler of milk, which she held to Rica's lips. The murmur of delight at this prompt action would have been a cheer outside the Abbey walls.

"Thank God, her mother has not had it to bear!" murmured the Dean.

All eyes and ears were bent upon him and Rica, and at first Bourne was scarcely noticed. But somebody thought of him. He found Mary Stevens by his side, her comely, plump face reddened and swelled with the distress of the past night and morning.

"How ever in the world you could go and get shut up there!" she said reproachfully. "I thought you was a sensible man, that I did, Mr. Bourne. But come along, do, and have something to eat. You'd best come to our kitchen. Why, you must be just ravenous. Come along."

For during past hours of suspense Mary had conclusively discovered that the Dean's verger, not the Dean's butler, was the man best fitted to render her future life happy. Less than five minutes from the moment of his release Bourne knew himself to be the chosen individual.

Six weeks later, by which time Rica had shaken off the ill effects of her night in the crypt, Dean Winfrith officiated at a wedding in the Abbey, to which all the Precincts came. If no other good result followed upon a very unpleasant experience, Bourne at least had reason to be grateful for Gibbs' blunder.

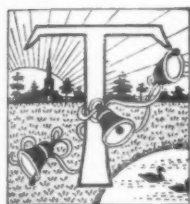
"For if you hadn't gone and been locked up, I don't really know as I'd ever have made up my mind that I liked you sufficient. John," his buxom wife often said in after years.

NATURE'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.



AFTERGLOWS.

By the Rev. Dr. McPherson, Science Examiner in the University of St. Andrews.



O the untutored mind, the majesty of the sun eclipses all creation; accordingly, the highest worship is given by the savage to the orb of day. The sun is likest a god, shedding, on its passage of glory, beauty, life and joy in unlimited profusion. To the eye of the artist, nothing can compare to a sunset at certain seasons. And to the educated theists, the sun is the

"Creator's crest upon His azure shield, the heavens."

By the sun's benignant beams of light and heat the earth rejoices to-day as it has ever done since, in obedience to the divine fiat, it became the centre of our system. The sun is always the joy-inspiring element in Nature—the source of the rainbow colours on the dark cloud. And no man has more graphically described the sun than did the poet-king of Israel in those beautiful words: "The sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

A glorious sunset has always had a charm for the lover of Nature's beauties. The zenith spreads its canopy of sapphire, and not a breath creeps through the rosy air. A magnificent array of clouds of numberless shapes come smartly into view. Some, far off, are voyaging their sun-bright paths in silvery folds; others float in golden groups; some masses are embroidered with burning crimson; others are like "islands all lovely set within an emerald sea."

Yet the degree of light and colour is

continually changing. It is not fixed. The changes suggest a very apt illustration of the dark theory of the "Becoming," as laid down in outline by the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus. The observer sees the gorgeous colours of sunset gradually melting away before his eyes, till, in half an hour, all the glorious tints have faded into a dull, ashen grey. And the reason tells the eye that, even for the shortest time that can be named or conceived, the observer never sees any abiding colour, any colour which truly is. Within the thousandth part of a second



"A GLORIOUS SUNSET HAS ALWAYS A CHARM."

the whole glory of the heavens has undergone an incalculable series of changes. One shade of colour is supplanted by another with a rapidity which sets all measurements at defiance. Before any colour has had time to be that colour, it has melted into another colour; and that other colour has, in like manner, melted into a third before it has attained to any degree of fixedness or duration. The eye seems to arrest the floating pageant, and to give it some continuance; but the reason says it is only a series of floating colours, not one of which *is*. As the circle is traced by a pencil moving continuously in a straight line, and out of it at the same time; or as the acceleration of a falling stone is produced by the velocity being fixed and increasing at the same instant, so the gorgeous lights and colours of sunset proceed from a blending of fixity and non-fixity. They illustrate the philosophy of the Becoming instead of the Being.

Changeable and fickle are these gorgeous colours in the western heavens at sunset. Yet the Painter of all is the Unchangeable. His pencil glows in beauteous hues that ever vary; yet His unerring hand and perfectly æsthetic eye are faultless, producing the glorious *ensemble* of artistic effect from the variety of colouring. Strange, too, and shifting, are the forms of the clouds! As the breeze plays on a magnificent array, they assume the forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills, shadowy glens and groves and beetling rocks, "the dream of waking fancy." The glowing sky flushes with splendid colourings, the several layers of clouds having their characteristic lights.

The most brilliant sunsets are in the autumn. I remember one especially well, for I had my notebook in hand trying my best to fix in writing the shifting forms and colours. It was in Strathmore, the most beautifully wooded and grandly expanded strath in Britain. It was an evening intensely beautiful; an evening, calm as the slumber of a lovely girl dreaming of hope. The rich, autumnal woods, with their innumerable shades and colourings, were like an instrument at rest—"a silent instrument, whereon the wind had long forgot to play." The flood of rosy light looked as if a great conflagration were below the horizon. The setting sun shone upon the back of certain long trailing clouds which were much nearer to the observer than a range behind; and the front of these was darkly glowing, with the fringes brilliantly golden, while the front of those behind was sparkingly bright. In the time that I took to make these jottings, the sun had disappeared over the western hills and his place was full of spokes of living light. Looking eastward, I observed on the horizon

the base of the northern limb of a vivid rainbow, almost upright, and only a few degrees in length, produced, no doubt, by the refracted rays through the moist atmosphere in the west. Gradually it melted into thin air, and a hectic flush began to visit the eastern horizon—the precursor of a rich autumn afterglow.

For soon in the west the light faded, and piles of cold, neutral-tinted cloud encanopied the semicircle of pale light. The belt of cloud above the hills, which before stood out as if brushed with liquid gold, was now chillingly dark. But out of the east there came a lovely flush, and the general sky was presently flamboyant with afterglow. The front set of clouds was darker, except on the edges, the red being on the clouds behind, the horizon in the east being particularly rich with dark red hues. Ten minutes after the sun sank the eastern glow rose and reddened all the black clouds; but the front clouds were still grey. The effect was very fine in contrast. The fleecy clouds in the zenith became transparently light red as they stretched out to reach the silver-streaked west. But the front clouds that were coming east, by the gentle motion of an upper current, were dark grey, without any roseate hues. The last of the swallows were seen flying high up, as if in the gauzy clouds. Close to the southern horizon there was a deep band of red unclouded sky, against which the wooded Sidlaws looked black and sombre. The new moon was just appearing upright against a slightly less bright opening in the sky, which, with the shrill cry of an owl in the copse, had a mystic effect on the scene, especially as the moon was right over Dunsinane Hill, pregnant with the superstitious associations of Macbeth. In five minutes more the rosy colouring left the eastern horizon; but when the clouds opened in the west the flushed sky was then magically displayed. Again, in the north, east, and south a richly roseate belt was marked across the heavens. Gradually the black clouds right overhead in gauze-like texture became slightly reddened, but the front clouds then were uncoloured as before. As the colouring of the upper zenith clouds wandered to the west, where a flush of glowing was seen in the black clouds, the red in the east gradually waned. The varying shades of the different kinds of blue were now beautifully seen from the pale blue at the horizon to the deep azure of the zenith. Half an hour after sunset there was no red in any part of the sky except a lingering flush behind the western clouds. But, strange to say, within the next ten minutes a second glow commenced, very feeble, still discernible. The north and east

warmed up with a slight tinge of rosy red. Gradually the under-clouds became slightly red beneath, the back ones being dark—just the reverse of what was seen before. Fifty minutes after sunset the east was still delicately flushed, as was part of the open sky in the west, whereas the open sky in the south-west was of a pale bluish-green hue. Soon the colours collapsed, and the peaceful reign of the later twilight possessed the land.

"Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
His Maker."

Science now becomes the questioner. *Why* was the eastern horizon so flushed with crimson when the sun had sunk in the west, and silvery light alone was seen in the opening of the sky above where the sun had disappeared? Why should there be red colours in the least expected places—especially such an immense variety and wealth of reds?

About fifteen years ago there was a tremendous eruption at Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda. There was then ejected an enormous quantity of fine dust. It was computed that no less than 70,000 cubic yards of dust actually fell round the volcano itself. This will give an idea of the enormous quantity of fine dust that was showered into the atmosphere all over the world. So long as that vast amount of dust remained in the air did the sunsets and afterglows display an exceptional wealth of colouring. All observers were struck with the vividly brilliant red colours to all shades and tints, and it was considered by some that the exceptional effects were due to the enormous increase of dust-particles in the atmosphere. Experiments were made, and it was concluded that dust is the main cause of the glowing colours attending sunset. If there were no fine particles of dust in the upper strata, the sunset effect would be whiter; if there were no particles of dust, there would be no colouring at all. If there were no dust-particles in the air, the light would simply pass through into space without revealing itself; and the moment the sun disappeared there would be total darkness, as when a candle is blown out in moonless midnight.

We saw that soon after sunset, though the western sky was silvery, the sky near the eastern horizon was flushed with red. That is due to the sun's rays being deprived of all except the red, in their passage horizontally through so much of the atmosphere; and these red rays falling on the large particles low down in the eastern heavens illuminated them with red light. But how have the particles been increased in size in the east? Because, as the sun was sinking, but before

the rays failed to illumine the heavens, the temperature of the air began to fall. This cooling made the dust-particles seize the water-vapour to form fog-particles of a larger size. The particles in the east are the first to lose the sun's heat, and the first to become cool;



"THE NEW MOON WAS JUST APPEARING."

and the rays of light are then best sifted, producing a more distinct and darker red. As the sun dipped lower the particles overhead became a turn larger, and thereby better reflected the red rays. Accordingly the roseate bands in the east spread over to the zenith and passed over to the west, producing in a few minutes a universal transformation glow. The crimson seen in the east after sunset ascends in gradually paling hues, by reason of the interference of the strong, deep blue overhead, then stretches overhead on to the west, where again it becomes more golden, mixed in an aurora-like glow.

But to produce the full effect there must be, besides the ordinary dust-particles, small crystals floating in the air, which increase the reflection from their surfaces. These crystals shine far more brilliantly when suspended in the air between the observer and the sun than in any other position; hence the brilliancy of the western glow. In winter sunsets, the water-clad dust-particles get frozen, and the red light streams with rare brilliancy, causing all reddish and coloured objects to glow with a strange brightness. Dead beech-leaves, which in ordinary are not noticed in a marked degree, shine out as deeply red as those of the blood-stained maple. All the red-tiled roofs or red sandstone gables of the houses shine out brightly, as if painted with vermillion. When afterwards we find that there has been a heavy deposit of dew, we can account, by the sudden change of temperature after sunset, for some of the brilliancy of the colouring; then the air glows with a strange light as of the northern dawn. It is determined, then, that though the colouring of sunset is produced by the direct rays of the sun, the afterglow is produced by reflection, or, rather, radiation from the illuminated particles near the horizon.

Without the dust-particles there would be no afterglows and no twilight. Sudden darkness would daily startle man and beast. There would be no colouring in the heavens at all, and the charms of sunset would be gone. Strange is it that the grandeur of the heavens in sunset afterglows depends for its existence on dust-particles and water-vapour!

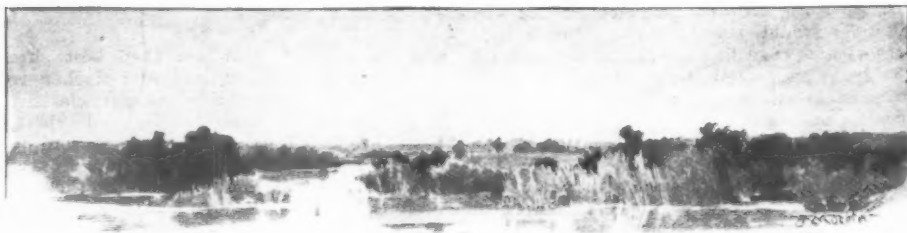
One accustomed to the study of afterglows cannot help lingering fondly on this charming subject, just as the sun lingers in their production, instead of suddenly finishing its work. A brilliant afterglow cannot fail to

entrance even the most careless observer. Thus we are susceptible to the magical spell of Nature's marvellous powers. We have to witness the sunsets at Ballachulish to be assured that Waller Paton really imitated Nature in the characteristic bronze tints of his richly painted landscapes. Then our souls rise in ecstasy at the glorious manifestations of the Creator's handiwork.

"In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God."

Witnessing a brilliant afterglow, we realise that Nature is the thin veil which half conceals and half reveals the face and lineaments supernal of our King, the modifying medium through which His glories are exhibited to man. Then the heart may give a useful lesson to the head, "and learning, wiser grow without his books." One feels that the heavens declare the glory of God and form the living visible garment of the Almighty. We feel that it is His presence which diffuses charms unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream. We realise "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused." Behind the dazzling glory of the sunset and the following afterglow there seems to be manifested a Spirit to which our own spirit thrills. Such a scene must elevate the moral tone of any man who is not soulless. The conception of the Divine rises above the material phenomena to purify, to hallow, and to calm the human spirit. The undevout astronomer is mad. On the other hand, he who appreciates the glories in the afterglow must recognise that "the hand that made them is divine." Then we discern that science becomes possessed of heavenly light, and by that light we really see light—

"Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure word by miracle revealed."



The CHRISTIAN'S BOOK of DAYS

MAY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



AFTER all the strife and bloodshed of the intervening years, it seems hard to remember that the Great Exhibition of 1851 was hailed as a "Peace Festival," and expected by some to usher in an era of international amity. But although those predictions have been falsified, the movement of which that Exhibition was the origin has undoubtedly helped towards the promotion and continuance of friendship amongst the subjects of the great Powers. In turn, most of the nations have, so to speak, played the host to the others. Our French neighbours, whose gatherings at Paris have won so much fame, have only followed in the steps of the Prince Consort and others who worked so hard to amaze the world with the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The Queen herself has given us an account of the May Day on which that Exhibition was opened. The royal procession left the Palace at 11.30, and took its way to Hyde Park, where Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace—now so familiar an object at Sydenham—had been set up. The Queen entered, led by the Prince Consort, who had the Princess Royal (the Empress Frederick) on his right. The young Prince of Wales held his mother's hand. There was an address from the Commissioners; prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the "Hallelujah" Chorus; a procession; and then the building was, in the Queen's name, declared open. The popular interest was extreme, and scarcely less curiosity was excited abroad. Some of the Continental Powers did not, however, regard the movement with sympathy. They feared, so it was said, the contact of their people with the democratic life and institutions of England. They came, nevertheless, to see that this was a mistake, and international exhibitions have since become commonplace.

No doubt the greatest of all its successors was the Exhibition opened at Chicago on May 1st, 1893. The immensity of the undertaking, the beauty of the buildings, and the enormous number of visitors exceeded anything associated with previous exhibitions.

In the bringing nearer to each other of the two great English-speaking nations how much we owe to the facilities of travel! The Atlantic voyage has become little more than an incident in a business or pleasure journey. It was not so when the sailing ship was the only conveyance, even when they crossed the ocean as rapidly as did those American clippers which competed successfully with the earlier steamers engaged in the Transatlantic traffic. It was on May 24th, 1819, that the first steamship set out to cross from America to England. She was the *Savannah*, a mere cockle-shell of three hundred and fifty tons. Leaving Savannah on May 24th, she reached Liverpool in twenty-six days. In 1825 another small steamer went from Calcutta to London in one hundred and thirteen days. The first passenger steamer to make the voyage from Liverpool to New York crossed in the year 1838. The first English owned steamer in the Transatlantic traffic left Queenstown on April 5th of the same year.

On May 9th, 1828, the Corporation and Test Acts were repealed; it was a most Christian reform. How thoroughly the nation felt that they were an outrage alike on its moral and religious feelings may be gathered from its treatment of them. For years they had been dead letters, and any breach of them was provided for by an annual Indemnity Act. What were they? Under the Corporation Act, passed in 1631, no one could legally be appointed to an office under any city government or corporation in England unless he had within the previous twelve months received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of England. So immoral and irreligious as the Act was, it never lacked defenders; but little by little

The World's Fair at Chicago.

The First Transatlantic Steamer.

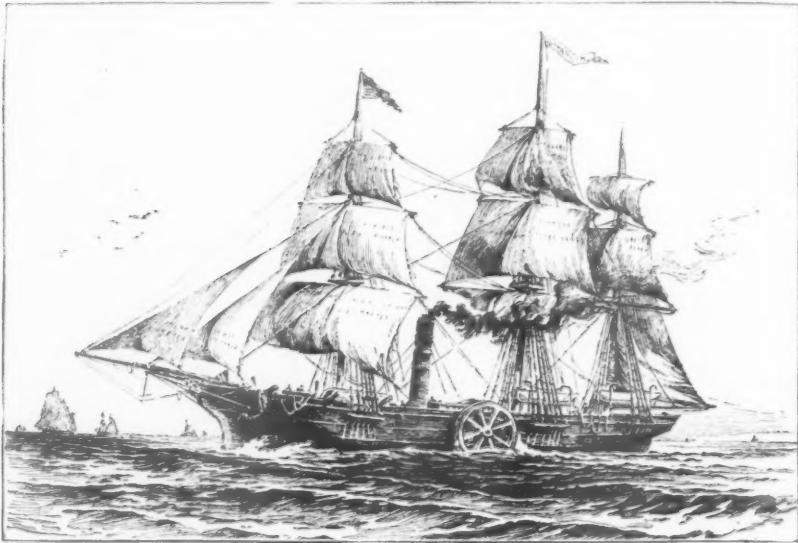
International Exhibitions.

May Day, 1851.

A Christian Reform.

the utter unspirituality of the thing, and the scandals resulting from it, worked upon the mind of the nation. It may be said with all confidence that, although aimed at Nonconformity, the Act did more harm to the Established Church than to anything or anyone else. The Test Act (1673) required all officers, civil and military, within six months of their appointment to take the oaths and subscribe a declaration against Transubstantiation, and to receive the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the English Church.

prepared for the purpose. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops sat obediently near. Then Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preached a sermon, declaring the Pope's sentence against Martin Luther, and pronouncing accursed all who kept any of the Reformer's books. As the prelate preached, some of these same books were solemnly burned. Then, the preaching and the burning both being over, "My Lord Cardinal," says a contemporary writer, "went home to dinner with all the other prelates." Two days afterwards



THE SAVANNAH.

(The first Transatlantic Steamer.)

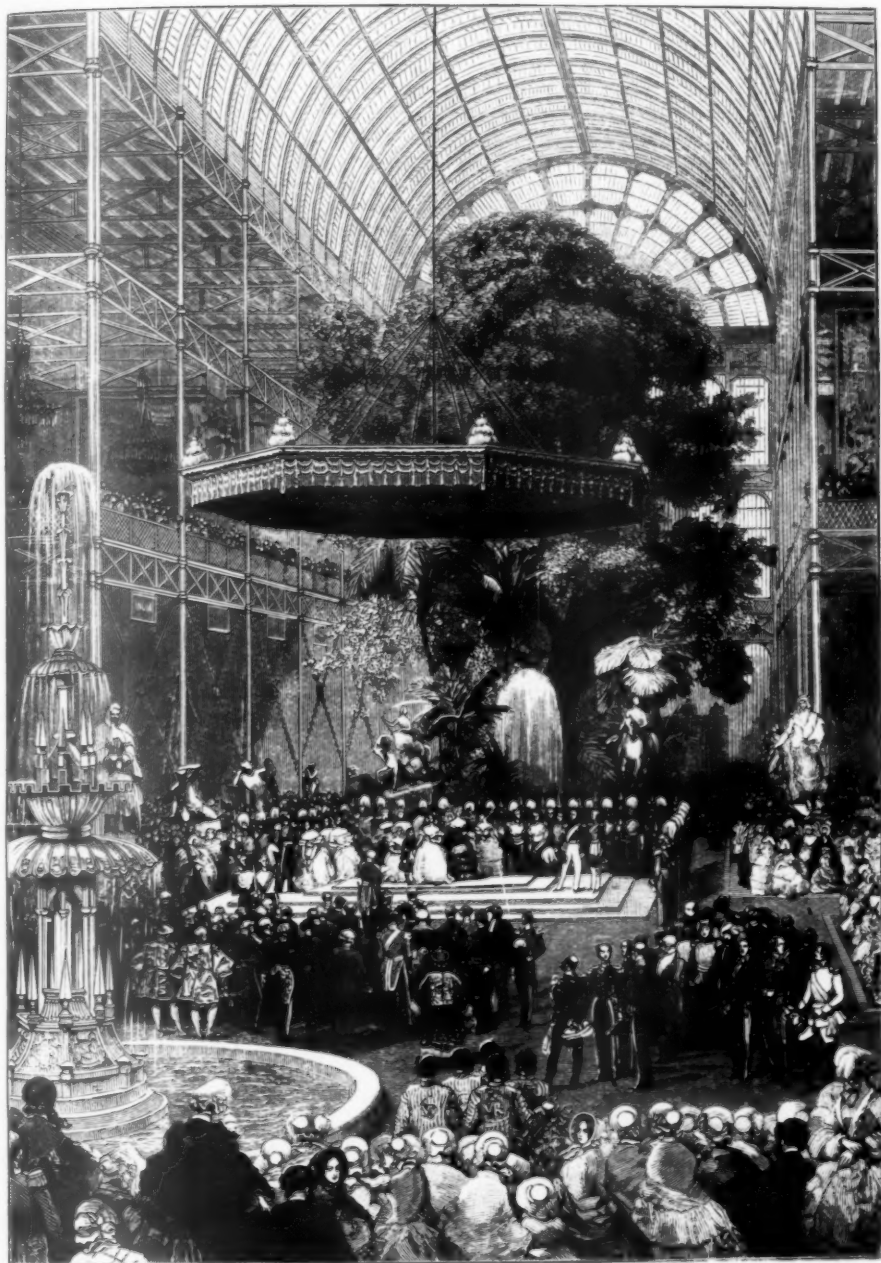
But at last Christian charity prevailed, and the Acts were repealed, the bishops in a body supporting the reform. Thus the State did a tardy act of justice to its Nonconformist members, and the Church of England was relieved of an obstacle to its progress.

There was a curious scene at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on May 12th, 1521.

**Luther
Condemned at
St. Paul's.**

Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal, Papal Legate, and Archbishop of York, attended by most of the bishops, came in great state to St. Paul's. He was "received with procession" by the Dean, and censured. Four doctors held a canopy of cloth of gold over the Cardinal's head as he moved up to the high altar, where he "made his obligation." This done, he proceeded to the cross outside the cathedral, and sat down under his canopy upon a scaffold

Wolsey issued from his house near Westminster a commission to the bishops for the further repression of any Lutheran writings. Notice was to be given in every church at Mass time that persons in possession of any books expounding Luther's views were to surrender them to the bishop or his officers. For the further enlightenment of the people, a list of some of Luther's "pestiferous errors" was also to be posted on cathedral and church doors. Judged by results, these proceedings seem to have been extremely efficacious, although hardly upon the lines expected. They acted as so many advertisements of Luther, and drew public attention to the "pestiferous errors" so soon to find the support of authority in England. Wolsey died in disgrace; Bishop Fisher was beheaded. The "pestiferous errors" flourished, and held the ground.



(After the Picture by Eugène Lambé.)

OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION, HYDE PARK, IN 1851.

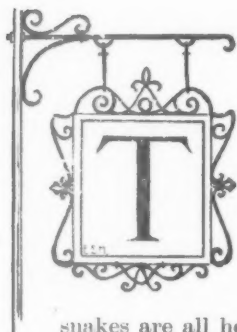
MISS MITTINS

AND THE MAJOR

By
THE REV. P. B. POWER



IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



HERE are hawks and doves in the air, and in the sea, and on the earth and under the earth, and the hawks are gobbling up the doves or little birds, and the lions and the tigers and the snakes are all helping themselves to others weaker than they are, and the big fishes are eating the little ones, and the moles are breakfasting, dining, and supping on the worms, with snacks between; and as it is with birds and beasts and fishes so it is with mankind. There is fearful gobbling up of one another amongst them; there are hawks and little birds in merchandise and love, and the hawks eat the little birds in the one and in the other.

This story is about a hawk and a little bird. The hawk was Major Slanter, and the little bird was Miss Mittins; Major Slanter, of Nowhere, and Miss Mittins,

The above is the late Mr. Power's last story, finished a few days before his death.—*Ed.*

of the semi-detached villa known as No. 1, Stanley Place. Stanley Place really consisted of these two villas, and up to the present neither of the two houses had borne any distinctive name.

No. 2 had just fallen vacant, and Miss Mittins, who occupied No. 1, was very anxious as to who should be its tenant. Perhaps someone might come with a large family of children, or someone who would strum on the piano all day—it might be a professor on the French horn, or, still worse, someone learning it—and quiet was Miss Mittins' delight.

So exercised was Miss Mittins' mind on the subject that it gradually became almost diseased upon it; so much so, that she even went so far as to imagine a burglar as taking the premises, for the purpose either of boring a hole through the party wall or tunnelling under the coal-cellar, and stealing on her in the dead of night. She even settled how he would do it. He would have a crape mask upon his face; he would put a revolver to her head, and she would be awakened by the chill of the barrel only to hear the terrible words, "Your money or your life!" Then she would have to get up and be locked, shivering, in the

bath-room, while the ruffian searched her room, having first asked her for her keys. She had heard that sometimes burglars were polite—almost gentlemanly, in fact—and requested ladies not to be alarmed, only just to stay quite quiet. Possibly this burglar might be one of this kind, though that would not mend the matter much. But then he might not be, and would not request her to put on her dressing-gown and slippers, and then she would have to stand barefooted for perhaps an hour at two or three or six in the morning on the cold oilcloth! And what could possibly follow but influenza, with all its dreadful effects? Oh! for the quiet couple who had just left, when all in the Villas dwelt in peace, as it were, under their own vine and fig tree, and no one made them afraid.

You can easily understand how, under these circumstances, Miss Mittins' head was popped up at the window of No. 1 whenever anyone seemed to be looking up at No. 2 from outside, and how she almost felt hysterical when any man came inside the garden gate, or looked at the windows, or tried the door. This last nearly secured a fit. But for a long time no one took the house, and Miss Mittins at length had brought herself almost to the belief that nobody would take it. Three or four ladies had looked over it: but they did not affect Miss Mittins seriously, for if there were any of the other sex attached to them they would be more or less under restraint. The single male was her fear, and up to the present he had not appeared.

There is an old saying concerning one thing and another that "it is too good to last"; and so was it with Miss Mittins' peace of mind. At length the fatal day dawned.

Miss Mittins had gone through all her usual little morning performances, and had settled down in the window to her day's knitting, when the garden gate of No. 2 rattled, and in a moment or two the rattler made an appearance. Miss Mittins immediately pulled down the venetian blind, and settled herself to peer through the laths.

And what met her eyes? A man! Worse than that! A military man: a man six feet high in his socks, and fully another inch in his boots. In those days it was only military men who wore

moustaches, and this gentleman had an almost ferocious pair. The gentleman looked up and down and tried the door, and finally actually sat down on the garden seat of the little bower which faced the house.

And as Miss Mittins looked she thought the military-looking man did not confine his observations simply to No. 2. No; she was certain he looked at No. 1 as well; and, partly as feeling she might possibly be in need of protection, and partly because she wished to be sure and needed confirmation, she called Bridget, the cook, and asked her to stand by her and watch.

"What do you think, Bridget?" asked Miss Mittins in somewhat of a tremulous voice. "Is he looking?"

"'Lookin',' ma'am, is it you're after thinkin'? 'Lookin'?' He's starin', wid his eyes stickin' out of his head like a boiled shrimp's! Bad luck to your impudence! Better manners to ye! Maybe ye'll know Stanley Place when ye see it agin!" And Bridget might have vituperated still more had not the six feet one got up from his seat and walked out at the gate.

"Tis well rid we are of ye!" said Bridget Delane; "and don't come back till we send for ye—and that'll be long enough!" And, after one or two more vituperations, she prepared to return to the kitchen, when she was suddenly clutched by her mistress, who seemed absolutely terror-stricken.

"Oh, Bridget! He's in at our gate! He's coming to the door! Run and bolt it!" But by the time Bridget was there, having just rushed into the kitchen to arm herself with some kind of weapon first—the nearest thing, as it so happened, being the frying-pan—the military-looking gentleman had knocked at the door.

Bridget got the door on the chain, and then parleyed with the enemy, and at the parley's end came to her mistress.

"Well, ma'am, he says he's thinkin' of takin' next door, and he wants to know if the lady at No. 1—that's yourself, ma'am—will be so good as to answer a few questions he'd like to ask, as you must know the place. He's a fine-lookin' man, as far as I could make him out through the slit. He's a little the worse for wear from the marks of a cut in the cheek; his face, too, is a trifle red,



"Single women, ma'am, must keep their heads when single men come their way."—p. 627.

especially at his nose's end; but he has a grand moustache, and he's very straight up, and no doubt he was an officer in a horse regiment, if he's not in one now. Shall I let him in?"

Dear Miss Mittins! Her gentle, kind heart could not be uncivil or seem to be so to anyone; so, on condition that Bridget remained outside the door all the time of the interview, she consented to see the interloper. The individual in question was so gentlemanly in his manners that Miss Mittins was soon comparatively reassured.

"I ventured, madam," said the military-looking man, "to call on you to know if you would be so kind as to give me some information with regard to next door, which I see is to be let. I am in search of a quiet house, and one in which I shall not be disturbed by the noise of children. I am in delicate health, and need the soothing of quietude. It is a glorious thing, madam, to serve such a Queen as ours in all parts of the world—to go round the world, so to speak, in doing so—but it breaks down the health. Even the strongest constitutions are often undermined by the effects of climate and the exposures and wounds of war; and I have been a sufferer. Might I depend upon quiet in this neighbourhood? Not many vehicles passing, and so forth?"

Miss Mittins, whose heart was of the tenderest, listened with mixed feelings to this little speech. On the one hand, her sympathies were touched, and the in-born leaning towards the distressed which is in every woman's mind made her lean more favourably towards her visitor than she otherwise would have done; but, on the other, this visitor was evidently a single man, and therefore might be a very undesirable neighbour. It would require Bridget and Mary and herself to be, so to speak, always on guard, one or other of them always keeping her eye on him—at any rate until they ascertained what he would develop into. So she said as little as she could in praise of the neighbourhood.

"I will not trouble you, madam," said the military-looking man, "on such subjects as drains and the like; I shall make inquiries about them in another quarter. One thing, however, I should like to know. Is the soil of the garden good? I am a lover of flowers. I have not had as much opportunity as I should have liked for their

cultivation, for they don't go much with military life; but now I should like to turn my attention to them. I see some flourishing in your garden—and my favourite ones, too. It would, I assure you, be quite a privilege to live next door to them."

As Miss Mittins was very fond of her flowers, and very proud of them, she allowed herself a little more latitude in speaking of them, and when she had done her visitor, with many fresh apologies for having intruded, made a low bow and took himself off.

As his card intimated, this visitor was Major Slanter, late of the Royal Engineers; and as Major Slanter turned his back on No. 1, Stanley Place, he smiled and lit a cigar, and summed up the net result of his visit in two words, being brief and to the point, as military men are expected to be, and those two words were, "She'll do."

It is now time that the reader should know a little more about this military-looking man—the Major Slanter of the recent interview with Miss Mittins.

It was perfectly true that the major had been in the Army, and also equally true that he had been turned out of it. There are several ways of turning a man out of doors. You may bow him out or kick him out. The War Office—which is supposed to be the concentrated essence of soldierdom, and therefore in its character of head "officer and gentleman" to be polite—chose the former method, and allowed the major to sell out; and on the remnants of the price of his commission, with the still unspent proceeds of his last gambling swindle, he was now on the world. There was no hope for the major in the direction of his family: they had had enough of him, and a little over. They had fetched him out of two scrapes, and this was the third, and the third is the charm—no more, thank you, of the major for them.

Now the major, being a military man, was bound to look all round and see what under the circumstances then pressing was best to be done; and this he took seriously into account. At the present time the major had come down to Townsford, in the hotel of which we find him, sitting before his refreshment and meditating over a cigar. He had come down here to see an old friend, to see if he could do anything for him, or, anyhow,

lend him a hundred or two when he had come to the extreme length of his own tether; but his friend's house was shut up and he himself was on the Continent, and no one could tell when he would come back.

"Something must be done," said the major to himself, "and I must do it. I've stuck to bachelorhood up to the present, and that's saying a good deal for a fellow, but now I must cash it up. It's always worth something. I don't mean that you can pawn it, but you can sell it right out. But that's the mischief of it. Now, if you could pawn it, you wouldn't be parting with it altogether; but if you go so far as the ring there's an end of you altogether—why, you're a regular spendthrift. You've killed the goose that lays the golden eggs, and you've been a goose yourself—and a very silly one, too.

"But it can't be helped," sighed the major as he finished his glass. "I must go in for it; and if I can find anything to suit me here, why need I go any farther?"

The major accordingly made it his business before he returned to town to find out whether there was anything likely to suit him in the neighbourhood, and if the said suitability could be made available.

The landlord of the "Royal Crown," at which the major was staying, was not averse to a cigar and its concomitants with the major, and allowed himself to be pumped pretty freely as to the ins and outs of the neighbourhood. Indeed, he used to get garrulous on these occasions, and his guest took careful note of all he said. But there was nothing to suit him, and the major had serious thoughts of returning to town, when the landlord, in the course of his gossiping, mentioned Miss Mittins.

"There's a lady here," said he, "of the name of Mittins—a single lady, and she's right well off. I should say she had quite £1,000 a year; she spends a lot of it in doing good. She'd be a fine spec for some hungry fellow; capital place that snug little house of hers for a fellow to hang up his hat in. If I were you, major, I'd take a look round in that direction; Miss Mittins would be as good as a pension from Government." And the landlord laughed at his own attempt at wit.

The major, however, took serious stock

of the landlord's words, although he professed then and there that he would never marry but for love. Love, he declared, had been the ideal of his life, and he was now a bachelor only because he had never met an ideal woman whom he could love in an ideal way. Nevertheless, he noted Miss Mittins' address, and determined to take a walk round that way.

The gallant major lost no time in carrying his determination into effect, and let no grass grow under his feet before he wended his way in the direction indicated by the landlord. And as he went he pondered. Yes, £1,000 a year would do, divided between a wife and himself—at least, as he meant to divide it. But, said he to himself, "I must not divide the bear's skin until I have killed the bear. The first point will be to get an introduction to the lady." The major was revolving many tactics in his mind, meditating even having a sudden seizure outside the lady's door, and being taken into the house while a doctor was being sent for; but all had fallen through, and nothing fresh seemed likely to turn up, at least just then, when the major arrived at Stanley Place itself. Was it one of those helpful intuitions which sometimes help loving hearts that settled for the major in one moment the plan of campaign—at least the first step in it? The major saw the bill in the window of No. 2, and the whole thing flashed into his mind at once. Here was to be his base. From this point he would direct all his forces—reconnaissances, sorties, if necessary advances in full force, could be made; in fact, it could not be better for all the operations of war. All this opened out rapidly before the major's mind as he sat in that bower; and he determined on taking the first step in the campaign at once. Hence his visit to Miss Mittins—paid under false pretences, which, however, the major did not trouble himself about, as, according to his idea, all things were fair in love and war.

That evening Major Slauter was very meditative while smoking his cigar—a good cigar, for, however low his circumstances might be, he never deprived himself of the best of all within his reach—and his meditations took a somewhat unusual turn for him—namely, that of calculation. "Let me see," said he to himself as he scribbled down a few figures

on a playbill that was lying near, "yes, there'll just be enough to hold out for six months, and at the end of that I'm dead broke. The house rent would not be due until the end of that time, nor the hire of the furniture; but I ought to be able to do it in three—perhaps less," said the major, "for I'm a fine, presentable fellow, and six feet one in his socks or two in his boots are not to be got every day. Moustaches, too, are worth something, and—Ah!" said our hero as the scar in the cheek caught his eye in the glass, "what shall I put that at? Isn't every woman a hero-worshipper, and am not I hall-marked as a hero by the scar—the genuine thing—no nickel or German silver or anything of that kind, but sterling? Why, these three form a battery in themselves; and if they don't batter and crumble down a single lady like the simple one that I saw to-day, well, I'll become a billiard marker, or go to the workhouse, or do something dreadful, and I'll lay it all down on her."

And what about good Miss Mittins? We cannot, if we be reasonable people, and at all acquainted with human nature, suppose that such an irruption as that of a military man six feet two—for he was, of course, in his boots—with mustachios of importance and a scar on his cheek, upon her peaceful and uneventful life could take place without leaving something behind it. And this Major Slanter's visit certainly did. Miss Mittins put down her knitting several times during the morning; moreover, she dropped several stitches; and she put down her knife and fork several times during dinner; and she poked the fire frequently without rhyme or reason, and looked into the coals; and full half a dozen times did she take up the major's card and read his name; and a dozen times did she call in Bridget from her work to put one question and another to her, until at last the poor woman said, in somewhat of a temper:

"I tell yer what, ma'am, I don't think 'tis right for a single woman to allow her mind to be runnin' on a chance man. I'm a single woman myself, ma'am, and even if one fell down the chimney and into my fryin' pan I'd take no notice of him, except to tell him to get out of that as quick as he got in, and to be off wid himself, or I'd call the perlice. Single women, ma'am, must keep their

heads when single men come their way, and this man that got in here this morning has upset ye altogether—worse luck! Remember, ma'am, that ye'r 'Miss Mittins,' and if 'Miss Mittins' don't respect herself no one else will. Och, but that cat 'll be at the fish! Hish, hish!" And Bridget, having heard a mew in the kitchen, rushed out to drive off the intruder.

This speech of her cook caused great searchings of heart to her mistress. It suggested something shocking. Had she been in any way light in her conversation or manner, had she not rather kept him at a distance and kept barely within the bounds of common civility? It was not because a man was six feet two in his boots that you should be uncivil to him; and surely, because the mouth that asked a question had a moustache over it, that would be no reason for one to give a rude answer. No, Miss Mittins' conscience was clear; she had acted as a single woman ought to do when dealing with a single man.

But, all the same, Miss Mittins could not quite excuse herself. She had perhaps noted him too much. When he got up from his seat, she had taken in the idea of his stature and uprightness; she had also—she could scarce say "dwelt" upon his mustachios—but certainly taken them in and admired them. She had even noted the scar on his cheek, and a sudden rush of ideas as to valorous deeds, terrible danger, horrors of the battlefield, in which no doubt her visitor had been a hero, all passed like a lightning flash across her mind; but then she could not help observing, as to the scar ideas, she had not asked for them, and as to the gentleman's card, she would put it at once in the fire—which latter never came off, for (in a fit of absent-mindedness, I suppose), she put it in one of the little racks at the side of her chimney-piece, where it remained safe and sound, and whence from time to time it met Miss Mittins' eye. We will leave it a moot point whether it should be said that it met Miss Mittins' eye or Miss Mittins' eye met it. It does not matter which it was; the fact of the meeting is the point.

During the evening of this eventful day, when an officer six feet two, with mustachios and a scar, had actually sat in her drawing-room, Miss Mittins

indulged in a quiet reverie. She went very far back, as far as the time when she was only seven years old. An event had occurred then which had made an indelible impression on her mind, and an association of ideas brought it before her now.

A regiment of dragoons passed through

it was like when horses trotted, and cantered, and galloped; and when she had to go off to bed the big man gave her a kiss, and said, "Now, little Missy, mind, when you grow up to be a big woman, always be kind to the dragoons if ever they come your way, for they're the nicest people in all the world. And



He danced her up and down upon his knee.

the town where she lived then: the men had to be billeted here and there, and the colonel was invited by her father to put up at his house. He, too, was a tall man with mustachios, and he had taken her upon his knee and danced her up and down, showing her what

when I want a little wife some day I'll come back for you."

"And I never met one since until to-day," thought Miss Mittins; "and, for all I know, this gentleman may be very nice indeed. Let me see what's on his card: 'The 50th Dragoon Guards.'" And

then in her reverie the dear little woman repeated many a heart flutter of her younger days. Ah me! Poor hearts flutter, and - are still at last."

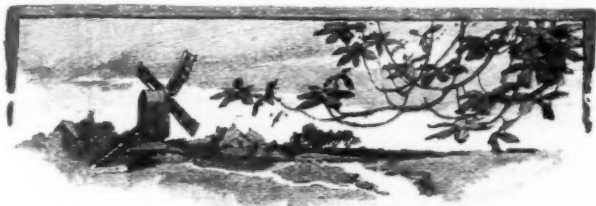
Now, you must understand, good reader, that our friend Miss Mittins' heart had had no occasion to flutter for some years, and it had settled down to a calm, even beat. Nothing could be farther from her thoughts than anything of the male kind, especially in the soldier line. Why, therefore, should she have dropped stitches in her knitting to-day any more than on any other day? Why should she find such difficulty in turning the heel of the stocking she was engaged on? Why should she not have had simply a feeling of thankfulness and relief that she had got rid so easily of her visitor? Why should she not have lit a pastille and fumigated the room after him, so that the aroma or effluvium of militarism—whichever it might be—should be dispelled? Or, still more wonderful, why was not her mind entirely occupied by the possible dangers ahead? It was because of those two psychological wonders—the association of ideas and the train of thought. These were both at work, not only on Miss Mittins' poor stocking, but on Miss Mittins herself. The quiet, peaceful-minded, simple little body, by an association of ideas, went back—back through many years—to the time when the gallant colonel of dragoons danced her on his knee, showed her how to trot, canter, and gallop thereon, and told her that when he wanted a little wife he would come back for her. And then came the train of thought. From one period of her life to another her mind passed on—from things and places to people; but no colonel of dragoons! No one, civil or military,

had ever come for her. Not that our worthy little friend was dissatisfied or complaining, or ever had been—not that she wanted either soldier or civilian now—but it was just a thought that came up in her mind. I have had wonderful crops from seed that lay for thousands of years in the coffin of a mummy—dead apparently itself, but capable of showing that it was alive; its companionship with the dead, its own apparent death, no obstacle to after flower and fruit. And thus it may be with thought seed. How long it will lie to all appearance dead! How often will it come unexpectedly to life! And when it comes to life, what then? Aye, very often, what then, indeed?

But Miss Mittins pulled herself together. All this was dreamland, and she was now face to face with one of the realities of daily life. A man—no doubt a single man, for Major Slanter had not said anything about a wife—was coming next door! Nothing but a brick with some wall paper—which latter would be no protection worth speaking of—between her and him! Miss Mittins' reverie was only a passing weakness, and "self-preservation, the first law of nature," soon reasserted itself, and she began to devise various modes of defence against what she considered "the enemy," if, indeed, he should appear on the field of action.

And in Bridget Miss Mittins had a loyal ally. "'Tis the spit I'll be takin' to him, or maybe a kittle of boilin' water, av he come here and don't mind his manners!" And thus fortified, internally and externally, Miss Mittins awaited eventualities. Her watchwords were, "No surrender!" "No quarter!" And she meant them, too.

[END OF PART ONE.]

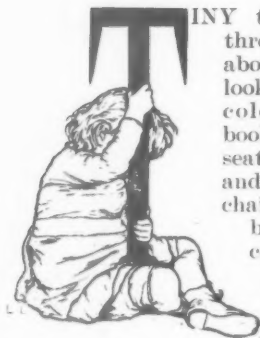


AMERICAN FREE PARK LIBRARIES.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



"The book borrowers sat out under the trees."



TINY tots of two and three years sitting about on the grass, looking at brightly coloured picture-books; older children seated in little red and green painted chairs, reading story-books; mothers in cosy rocking-chairs, reading books for people of larger growth—this was the result of a novel experiment made last summer by the Free Public Library officials of Brooklyn, which is a part of Greater New York. The experiment proved a wonderful success from the very beginning. Big people and little people were delighted with the idea of having free libraries in the different parks of the city. When the sun

was shining and the weather was warm, the book borrowers sat out under the trees and read their books, and when it turned too chilly, or the rain came down, they stayed in the building and read them.

Now, during the coming summer there are likely to be many of these out-door libraries in the parks of the various cities of the United States, and if they all prove as successful as have those of Brooklyn, it is more than possible that the idea may be taken up in London.

The idea of having free park libraries opened in Brooklyn originated with a woman, Mrs. Mary E. Craigie, who is a member of the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Public Library. Besides being a woman of intellectual gifts, Mrs. Craigie is a worker among the poor of Brooklyn, and an enthusiastic helper among the children. She has always interested herself in sending many of the poorer children away to the country for a summer holiday; and last summer, in walking through one of the parks, she noticed how many hundreds and thousands of children there were who could not be

sent to the country—children who spent their days in the public parks because it was cooler there than in their homes. Then occurred to her the idea of free park libraries, so that the children could read as well as play under the trees. She interested five other prominent women in her scheme. They held meetings in their homes for the purpose of discussing the subject, till, finally, when they felt their plan was well matured, they took it to the Park Commissioner of Brooklyn, who ruthlessly rejected it, saying he wanted the children to go to the parks to enjoy the beauties of nature, and not to read and study.

Finally, however, after much agitation of the subject by the indefatigable women, they were told that the experiment might be tried in one of the parks where there happened to be a sort of summer shelter house. This was Bedford Park. There was a great sweeping and dusting and renovating of the park shelter, and it was newly painted, inside and out. Next came chairs and tables. Then came books, newspapers, and magazines. At first the books and the magazines were only of such a nature as would be likely to interest children. The chairs also were of small dimensions. There were little bright-coloured rocking-chairs, such as small American girls delight in for rocking themselves and their dolls. There were plainer and stancher chairs for the boys. Some of the chairs were provided with arm-rests, on which there was room for pencil and paper, for such as cared to "make notes," or try to copy pictures which illustrated the books. Then, on the first sunny day, the chairs were distributed about the park, the children were invited to go in and select the books and papers they wanted, and there followed such a jolly day as Brooklyn's poor little ones had never before known. They began to invite their parents to accompany them to the library—especially the mothers, who sauntered in among the trees in the afternoons when their housework was done, many of them carrying their babies in their arms. They had a right to the privileges of the park, these mothers, of course, but at the library no reading matter suitable to the requirements of "grown-ups" had been provided. One of them made the remark in Mrs. Craigie's hearing, "It's nice for the chil-

dren. I wish I had something to read myself, and a picture to keep baby quiet with."

So Mrs. Craigie decided that these park libraries must look after the wants of everybody, without regard to age, or size, or sex. Larger chairs were bought—great comfortable willow rockers, big enough to hold both a mother and a baby; a wide range of newspapers and magazines was subscribed for, and books by Dickens, George Eliot, Cooper, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Longfellow, and the best of the latest novels, were placed upon the shelves. Books also there were



(Photo: W. H. Brettall, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

MRS. M. E. CRAIGIE.

(The Originator of the Park Libraries.)

telling how to be comfortable on a small income, how to treat the whooping-cough, how to cook the meals both daintily and economically, how to make old dresses look equal to new. There were the morning newspapers, the weekly papers, the religious and secular magazines. Especial attention was paid to the selection of books treating of the natural sciences, and the study of botany and zoology among both the children

and their parents became very popular. Babies sat on the grass and crowded over red and green pictures delineating the troubles of Old Mother Hubbard and the various tales of Mother Goose, while their mothers, keeping an occasional watchful eye on them, swung back and forth in the rocking-chairs, reading "Jane Eyre," "The Little Minister," and

books, and then the idea of forming a League of Cleanliness occurred to Mrs. Craigie. Nothing so soon promotes a desired object among children as the formation of a society or club among them and the wearing of a badge to remind them of their vows. So the "Brooklyn Public Library League," with the motto, "Clean Hands, Clean Hearts. Clean



An interesting story.

"Pickwick Papers." So very popular became the first park library that during the first week the librarian had to report to a would-be borrower that there was nothing left on the shelves at four o'clock in the afternoon but a cookery book and a dictionary.

"I'll take the dictionary, then," was the answer. "Tommy's always asking me how to pronounce words he finds in that animal book he brings home."

I should here mention that the books could be taken home as well as read in the park, the rules regulating the lending being about the same as those which govern the free libraries of London.

At the opening of the park libraries one of the most difficult problems that presented itself to Mrs. Craigie and her assistants was that of keeping the books and magazines clean. Children playing in the parks were bound to have sticky fingers when they carried various sweetmeats about with them, and they were sure to have muddy fingers when a part of their time was spent in making mud-pies on the banks of the artificial streams. Finger-marks, black and sticky, at first disfigured the pages of the prettiest

Books," was formed in Bedford Park, and all the little patrons of the library were invited to join, two cents (one penny) only being the subscription fee, this sum being charged for the badge or button which was pinned on the coats and frocks. Then, so great became the enthusiasm in the matter of cleanliness, that they, of their own accord, got rubber erasers, removing as best they could the marks they had previously made on the book pages, and never again was a soiled book to be found on the library shelves. And though the bye-laws of the League said nothing about "clean faces," it began to be thought by the children that clean hands and dirty faces did not go well together, so clean and shiny faces, all scrubbed and garnished at home, peered thereafter into the library books. Then, with clean hands and clean face, how could one appear with tangled and uncombed locks? It was clearly out of the question! One's hair must be nicely brushed and combed to match one's face and hands; and thus the members of the Bedford Park Library became the cleanest of Brooklyn's poor children.

The bye-laws of the same League

demand clean hearts. Now it stood to reason—even to a child's reason—that those who had clean hearts could not use bad language or be rough or fight. Clean hands might be used for fighting, to be sure, but never when backed by clean hearts.

Elementary books for children on the subjects of insects, birds, fishes, and animals, written in an attractive way, and often in the form of stories, became very popular with the boys and girls at the park library. There were many specimens of natural history to be found in the park, and thus the information became real and interesting. One day a brightly coloured beetle made its appearance in the grass under the very nose of a boy who was reading one of these natural history books. "I'll stick a pin through it and examine it while its wriggles," he remarked to a companion.

"Oh, no! You daren't!" was the exclamation. "You belong to the League!"

"What's that got to do with stickin' beetles?"

"Stickin' beetles hurts 'em, and when

So the clever originator of park libraries builded much better than she at first knew, and she became the leader of a moral as well as an intellectual movement among the children of Brooklyn. Three months after the first park library was opened, though the same children frequented it, they could scarcely be recognised, so great had been the change wrought in their appearance and manners. Instead of looking like poor children from the lower classes, they were clean, bright, tidily dressed children; and when this became noticed by the parents of children who might have been said to belong to the "better classes," there seemed to be no reason why their own children, from nicer homes and of better up-bringing, should not also have the advantages of the free park libraries. So, within an almost incredibly short space of time, the free park libraries of Brooklyn, though started for the benefit of the poor, became institutions of which the city grew proud. It was decided that when new branches of the city library were built, it would be better to have



"There were many specimens of natural history to be found in the park."

yer heart's clean you don't hurt things. Don't ye see?"

The young naturalist "saw," and the beetle, though thoroughly examined, was detained only for a few minutes and then allowed to go on its way unmaimed.

them erected in the different parks of the city rather than in the crowded streets along the hot brick pavements. What was at first intended for a summer library became a clever idea for all the year round. The old shelter house in Bedford

Park was, as the winter approached, fitted up with gas and steam heat and all the conveniences and comforts of a winter reading-room. Next another building was erected and made comfortable

enclosed verandah makes an admirable winter reading-room. Warm and comfortable, the children can sit with their books and papers while looking out through the glass walls at the icicle-clad trees of the



A WET DAY.

(Enjoying the Library Books in the Park Shelter.)

in Tompkins Park, and now the building of park libraries is a steady industry in Brooklyn.

The most modern and most beautiful of all the buildings is now being planned for Carroll Park. It is of octagon shape, with a glass dome so arranged that the reading-room will come directly under the dome, modelled after the style of the magnificent Congressional Library in Washington. The eight sides are to be divided off into eight alcoves, where the books will be placed, according to subject. All around the building will extend a wide verandah, open in summer, enclosed with glass in the winter and heated. This

park. This branch is expected to be in working order early this summer.

As I have stated, at first the Brooklyn Park Commissioner did not look with approval upon Mrs. Craigie's scheme of turning his beautifully kept plots into reading-rooms, but Mrs. Craigie and her assistants set about their work with such womanly tact and diplomacy that now the Park Commissioner is heartily in accord with them and renders them valuable aid and advice. The Park Commissioner liked to have his trees and his plants and his rocky knolls admired by the visitors to the parks. He liked it noticed that he and his band of workers did well the work for which the City paid them. How, then, could he fail to be pleased when he saw troops of children examining the leaves of the trees, with their books in their hands,

and shouting out triumphantly, "I've found out the name of this tree all by myself!" "I know what kind of flower that is! Here's a picture of it in my book, and here's a story all about it!" "There goes a bird! I declare I believe it's the kind like this picture. It won't build its nest out of anything but bits of rope and rags. Oh! there's its nest! Didn't I tell you I knew? But you mustn't touch its eggs, else it won't have any baby birds."

So the Park Commissioner grew pleasant, and proud of the park libraries. He has now offered a beautiful room in one of his own Carroll Park buildings, in which are to be collected all available books on forestry, trees, plants, flowers, animals, birds, and insects. Outside will be flower gardens, greenhouses, and an arboretum, where the readers of the books in the big room may examine for themselves the things about which the books tell them. The employees of the park—those who

keep the plants and grass and trees in order—will be encouraged to make use of the books in this room, and to take them home, if they desire, for study.

In the vicinity of all the parks there are, of course, numerous free public schools, and the park libraries are greatly in favour with the teachers and scholars, who now make extensive use of them.

Thus the "Brooklyn Public Library League" prospers greatly and its members increase. As a little girl wearing the button explained to an inquirer who wished to know its meaning:

"'B.P.L.L.' just means you belong to the library, and can go and sit in the park and read books, or take them home if you want to; and all you've got to do is to keep your books clean, and your hands clean, and your heart clean!"

And, after all, what more could anyone desire? Does not the principle proclaimed by the little button embrace all the "law and the prophets"?



THE FLOWER ETERNAL.

By Frederic E. Weatherly.

IN the garden of the world there blooms a lovely flower,
All men seek it for ever, for all have learnt its power;
And the hearts of those who find it are lifted to Heav'n above,
For the flower is the star of earth, it is the Flower of Love.

But the garden of the world—it has brambles and weeds and tares,
And that beautiful flow'r is choked with sorrow and sin and cares;
And the wind and the rain go moaning, the light fades out of the skies,
And the Flower of Love, it weeps, alas! it weeps and droops and dies.

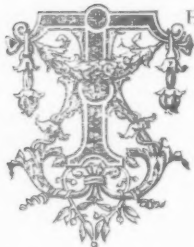
But the winter passeth away, the new world dawns at last;
The flower in chastened glory bursts from the buried past.
In the Garden of Heav'n eternal it springs from the wakened sod,
For the Flower of Love is the Flower of Heav'n, the joy and the light of God.

THE DAVENPORT BEQUEST

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD'S REFUSAL.



HE waxworks duly came off, and were a great success, despite the much-regretted refusal of Raymond to act as Mrs. Jarley. In his stead, Arthur Bent undertook to wind up the figures and act as showman, and the pretty groups, portraying nursery rhymes and fairy tales, met with well-deserved applause. Mrs. Ellis, who came swishing into the front row in a magnificent evening dress, accompanied by her husband and Raymond, reflected with complacency that her own daughters—Grace as the Sleeping Beauty, and Madge as "Mary, Mary, quite Contrary"—certainly bore off the palm for good looks. She felt herself very self-sacrificing and condescending in coming so far to patronise a cheap entertainment in an unfashionable part of Barminster.

The music was furnished by a piano, played by a dark girl neatly dressed in black; and when Mrs. Ellis was congratulating the Vicar and Arthur Bent on the success of the performance, after the audience had dispersed, she patronisingly asked:

"By-the-bye, who played the piano? She had a crisp touch."

"Oh, a Miss Haynes—a nice girl who teaches in my Sunday school. Her people have come down in the world from a better position."

"There are so many of that sort about now," said Mrs. Ellis rather slightly; but Arthur interposed: "They are very much to be pitied, I think—more so than people who have always been poor."

"Haynes?—Haynes?" said Rupert musingly. "Why—" And he checked himself with a glance at his father.

"They live in the Grove Road, at Myrtle Cottage. The father, I believe, was once fairly prosperous, and is a man of education; but he is visionary and unpractical, and I believe his children support him."

"Very creditable in them, of course," interposed Mr. Ellis blandly, as he made a determined move towards the door. "And now, Derwent, you and Bent really must come home to supper with us after your exertions. We've got plenty of room in the omnibus, and I'll send you back in the brougham."

"Yes, do come," entreated Grace.

So it ended in a very merry party going back to The Towers in the spacious omnibus belonging to the millionaire; and, as everybody was in good spirits after a successful evening, the supper went off very pleasantly. Grace and Mr. Derwent were rejoicing over a handsome sum cleared for the soup-kitchen, and had many plans to discuss for the welfare of the poor during the coming winter.

At last the ladies said good-night, and left the four men sitting over the dining-room fire smoking a cigar before separating.

"Before I go, Mr. Ellis," began young Bent, "I'd like to ask if you're not one of the Davenport Trustees?"

"I am."

"My father, of course, is another. All this is in strict confidence, please. An application was made to the Trustees the other day by a young lady who, I've every reason to believe, is most deserving of help. You know her, Derwent, for it was the sister of the Miss Haynes who played to-night; her people are in your parish, aren't they?"

"Yes, and they've attended my church ever since they came."

"The father, it seems, had a post at the gasworks, but was so erratic and unbusiness-like that they had to dismiss him, though, mind you, there was nothing else against him. There's a son, a hard-working young engineer, who bore a most excellent character at Crossley's. Miss Haynes and her sister are both in situations, but will shortly lose them through no fault of their own; and it is her wish to take Taylor's Laundry, on the Whitton Road, if she can raise about £300 to pay the first instalment of the lease. For this she applied to the Trust; but, on investigating, I find the deed expressly stipulates that one or both of her parents must have been born within five miles of Barminster, and she must have resided here at least ten years. Now the Haynes family fulfil neither of these conditions,

and yet they seem just the very sort of people the Trust was designed to help."

"Couldn't the Trustees stretch a point?" asked kindly Raymond.

"I fear not. Trust money must be carefully bestowed, and the Haynes family have not been here ten years. My father thinks it's a deserving case, and he and I, between us, would be willing to lend a portion of the capital, if Mr. Ellis would be so very kind as to promise the rest. Miss Haynes need not know but that the money comes from the Trust."

"Why, yes, father, of course you'll be delighted!" cried Raymond impulsively. But the millionaire merely knocked the ash from his cigar with a chilling smile.

"I really have so many calls upon me just now that I must decline to help perfect strangers like these. They have no

Raymond. "You used to know Mr. Haynes in former days——"

The plutocrat pushed back his chair so hastily that a little table beside him, bearing a silver set of smokers' requisites, fell over with a clatter.

"I have no acquaintance with Mr. Haynes! It is true we had some slight intercourse, years ago, but he has no claim whatever on me now."

The Vicar and Arthur wondered why his voice should be so sharp.

"Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Ellis; but, of course, there are limits even to your good-nature," said Arthur frankly. "You've always been so liberal to charities hitherto, that I hoped you'd stretch a point to get these girls their laundry. One of them has already a practical knowledge of the work, and I believe they'd make it pay."



The little table fell over with a clatter.

claim on me; and £300 is a large sum to risk."

"I don't think there would be any risk; and my father and I will contribute £100," put in Arthur.

"Can't you really help, father?" urged

"I'm sorry, too, Arthur; but really I can't undertake such a responsibility for strangers," resolutely answered Mr. Ellis. Young Bent was greatly disappointed, as he confided to the Vicar when they were rolling home in their host's luxurious brougham. "Fancy such

a rich man as Ellis not being able to afford a miserable £200! I call it absurd!"

He was quite right; the pretence was absurd in a man accustomed to give more for a carriage horse. But the mere mention of the name Haynes—unheard until lately, but now rapidly becoming hateful to him—had tightened Richard's purse-strings; and his evil genius whispered that he would never have any peace whilst Stephen remained at Barminster. If he opposed this laundry scheme, it would probably compel them to leave Barminster, and go somewhere else. It was not pleasant to have Stephen Haynes going about the roads telling all and sundry that he had been defrauded by the owner of Connington Towers. "I'll never rest till I drive him out of Barminster!" said the plutocrat to himself, with an ugly look on his usually bland face.

CHAPTER VII.

RUPERT.

IT was one of Mrs. Ellis's pet grievances against Raymond that, instead of making the most of being the only son of a millionaire, a prospective M.P., and a great catch, he invariably preferred simplicity to show, and, indeed, possessed absolutely vulgar tastes, in her opinion. Instead of spending his time hunting, shooting, fishing, and visiting at the great houses where his wealth would have made him welcome, he showed a most unaccountable fondness for poking about his father's works, and talking to the men. He was greatly interested in machinery, and would have made a capital electrician himself; but both his parents were resolute in forbidding him to indulge that taste, as incompatible with political eminence. That he cared very little for politics, and very much for engineering and applied science, was immaterial to them. His mother's family were great personages in the political world, and she wished her only son to be the same.

One pouring wet day, when even Mrs. Ellis acknowledged it was impossible to go to the meet, Raymond took the plebeian tram into Barminster, and, entering the great gate of the works, was soon quite happy in making the round of the various "shops." The roar of the machinery was music in his ears; he loved to watch the glowing furnaces in the great smithy, and see the huge engine-shafts travelling up and down with automatic regularity, always doing exactly what they ought to do, to the fraction of a second—so unlike the human beings who consider themselves the superiors of these stupendous things. "If we all did our duty as well as they do," mused Raymond, as he watched a great steel

shaft going up and down with monotonous regularity, "what a different world it would be!"

He turned to an intelligent-looking young fellow beside him, who was engaged upon some delicate little brass fittings requiring great nicety of handling, and asked a few questions concerning the working of the machine. His companion answered civilly and lucidly, going on all the time adjusting his little wheels and screws, and not making the conversation a pretext for leaving off and doing nothing, as most employees would have done. Impulsive Raymond instantly took a fancy to him. He had a good-looking and decidedly clever face, and though his clothes were hidden by the overalls universally worn in the works, his hair, his collar, and his boots were so nicely adjusted and so tidy that it was evident he took a pride in his appearance.

"I don't remember having seen you before. May I ask, do you belong to a Barminster family?"

"No, I've not been at these works very long. I was at Crossley's before I came here. We're not Barminster people, though we've lived here some years now."

"Indeed. What is your name?"

"Rupert Haynes," was the answer; and Raymond involuntarily started.

"So you don't belong to this neighbourhood?" he resumed.

"No; my father came from London originally—reversing the usual order of things."

"Yes, people generally go to London from the provinces to make their fortune, don't they?"

"Well, my father didn't make his, or I shouldn't be here now," answered Rupert expressively.

"Don't you like your occupation, then?" It must be confessed that all this time Raymond's fingers fairly itched to be fiddling with those fascinating little wheels on his own account.

"I like it immensely. I'm doing skilled labour—not the sort of work which is given to the rank and file. But when I think of the distance between this and the top of the tree——"

He broke off and bit his lip, vexed at having said even thus much to a perfect stranger. But there was something so frank and winning about Raymond that it seemed natural to confide in him, even though, as in this instance, the speaker had never seen him before, and did not know who he was.

"So you want to get to the top of the tree?"

"Yes," answered Rupert simply. "I wouldn't give much for a man who deliberately planned to remain at the bottom all his life."

"No more would I," heartily rejoined Raymond. "I'm sure I hope you'll succeed in getting to the top, some day. Many a man has, with fewer opportunities than yours."

"Now then, Haynes," said the under-manager, a stout, bustling, consequential man of forty, suddenly appearing from among the machinery. "Haven't you put those parts together yet? They're waiting for them in the testing room. Oh, good-morning, Mr. Raymond!"—with a sudden change of tone, as he perceived his employer's son.

"Don't blow up Mr. Haynes; I'm to blame for coming here chattering to him in working hours," responded young Ellis, with a good-natured nod, as he turned away. Rupert, who had hitherto been accustomed to associate his employer's family with everything obnoxious and disagreeable, was not a little astounded to find this kindly, genial, unaffected stranger was Mr. Ellis's son.

"He doesn't look like the sort of fellow to swindle a poor man out of the fruits of his labour," thought Rupert; "I wonder if he knows what a scoundrel his father is?"

Unconscious Raymond, with the very best intentions, made a sad blunder that night, when he and his father were seated by the cosy smoking-room fire, sheltered from the wind and rain which beat outside.

"I see Sir John Penistone's no better," observed the plutocrat, as he laid down an evening paper. He referred to one of the two members for Barminster, who was very ill.

But Raymond felt very little interest in Sir John. "I went to the works to-day," he began, "and I had a chat with a young fellow in the brass-working place—such an intelligent chap, called Haynes—Rupert Haynes. I wonder if he's the brother of that girl Bent was telling us about the other night? He said he worked at Crossley's before coming to our works."

"Oh, indeed! I wasn't aware we had any workman called Haynes," said Mr. Ellis slowly. He was far too great a man now to know all his employees by name, for he left all that to his managers.

"I hope he'll get on," blundered Raymond. "I think he ought, if he had fair play. His father must have been very unlucky, and is very poor, and I'd like to help his son, even if, as you say, the old man is a foolish crank. Perhaps some day there may be a better berth at the works, and you'll promote young Haynes to it?"

"You mustn't expect me to incur ill-will and the charge of favouritism by promoting a young new-comer over the heads of older workmen," answered Mr. Ellis coldly, inwardly raging at the way in which the already detested name of Haynes seemed destined to

recur morning, noon, and night. "You're so unpractical, Raymond."

"It's not *my* fault if I'm a duffer about everything relating to the works," muttered Raymond, rather rebelliously; and the subject dropped.

But there was a shade on the great manufacturer's brow the rest of the evening, which not even Grace's soothing music could charm away. "I must get rid of him!—I will! I'll have no Haynes at the works, learning my trade secrets! I'll never rest until I've driven the whole family out of Barminster, so that the evil tongue of that chattering old fool can never disgrace me and mine!" was his passionate resolve, as the solemn chords of Schumann's lovely "Nachtstück" vibrated through the great drawing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. PYNE'S GOVERNESS.

"RAYMOND," began Mrs. Ellis at breakfast a day or two later, "if you're going into Barminster to-day, will you do an errand for me?"

"Yes, mother, if it's not too impossible, like matching shades of ribbon, or choosing anything."

"It's only to call at Mrs. Pyne's. The girls and I are obliged to go to Stoke to-day, and I want to know when Mrs. Pyne can come over to settle about the stall we are to share with her at the bazaar. Ask her to come to lunch, some day this week—it's time something was done. I won't write a note, for I'd rather you saw her personally."

Mrs. Pyne was the wife of the leading Barminster doctor, a busy, energetic woman, who was always to the fore in charitable schemes. Her husband was privileged to attend at The Towers, and Raymond liked them both, for they were genuine and sincere.

He called that afternoon, expecting Mrs. Pyne would be in to tea; but she had gone to see some friends in the country, and would not be home till late. "But if you like, sir, you can leave a message with the governess," said the manservant, with becoming contempt for that functionary. Dr. Pyne and his partner were also both out.

Raymond said he would, thinking that would expedite matters. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to the schoolroom, sir," said the man; and opening a door which shut in a perfect Babel of childish voices, he announced, "Mr. Ellis."

A young lady who was on her knees before the fire making toast, rose rather hastily; but the children, who had seen Raymond before flung themselves upon him gleefully. Children always liked him.

"I must apologise," he began, bowing to the governess, whose dark, vivacious face seemed somehow familiar. "My mother wished me to see Mrs. Pyne, and perhaps you wouldn't mind giving her a message?"

"I shall be very pleased. Won't you sit down? It was so wet this morning that the children couldn't go out," she added, looking apologetically at the toasting-fork. "So, for a little treat, I promised them some buttered toast for tea. They like it so much better when it's made here, than when it comes from the kitchen."

"Cook always burns it, and puts on such a little butter!" added ten-year-old Nora, in her childish treble.

The tea-tray was already placed on the centre table. "Pray don't mind me," entreated Raymond. "Let the children have their toast—my message can wait."

"Yes, we'll finish toasting, and Mr. Ellis shall have some, too. Do stay for tea with us, Mr. Ellis," begged Amy, aged eight.

"And then we can ask Mary for some apricot jam," cried Nora, with the air of a subtle diplomatist. "Can't we, Miss Haynes?"

"Nora, you're very like a fashionable hostess, if you only knew it," laughed Raymond. "You make your guests an excuse for indulgences you really desire for yourself. I wish you'd let me do that," he added, as the governess put another slice on the toasting-fork. "I haven't made toast for ages—not since I was a fag at Eton, I believe—and I should love to do it."

"Very well," said Jessie, with a slight flush; and the children all came clamouring round, charmed at the novelty of having Mr. Ellis to toast for them. Afterwards, the apricot jam having been duly produced, besides some cake, they sat down to the table, a merry party. The novelty of the thing was pleasing to Raymond; for there was an artificiality about the atmosphere of The Towers very uncongenial to his straightforward nature. He was too loyal a son to admit that his parents were selfish and scheming; but he felt the difference between afternoon tea in the drawing-room at home and tea with these simple-minded children. They seemed on very good terms with their governess, he noticed.

"Do you know, I've been puzzling to think where I've had the pleasure of seeing you before, Miss Haynes," he said. "You played the piano at the waxworks at St. Jude's school-room the other night, didn't you?"

"Yes, we go to St. Jude's," she answered quietly. "Nora, dear, you have had quite enough jam—that will do."

"Only one spoonful more, Miss Haynes—please."

"No, that's enough."

Raymond quietly drew away the tempting

dish. "It's best to be out of temptation—eh, Nora?"

Nora pouted. "Mr. Ellis has never had tea with us before!"

"But, my dear child, is that any reason why you should make yourself ill with too much jam?" laughed the bright young governess. "What a bad compliment to your guest!"

"Derwent's an awfully good fellow," continued Raymond. "We don't go to St. Jude's, for it's too far away; but we help him as much as we can. I'm glad the waxworks made nearly £20 for the soup-kitchen."

Even when tea was over, Raymond still lingered, to please the children, who were wild for a game of romps with him. The cosy schoolroom was more inviting than the damp night outside; and they had a merry game until the clock struck half-past five, when the governess rose and said she must be going home. Her neat walking things were lying on a side table, and she commenced putting them on as she spoke.

"It's very dark," observed Raymond. "Have you far to go?"

"To Grove Road. I'm not the least afraid of the dark."

"Well, I left the dogcart at the King's Head, and if you'll allow me I'll walk round by Grove Road with you—it's quite as near," said Raymond; though it really was not. But, somehow, he did not like to think of Jessie's slight figure being jostled by rough workmen leaving their work, or herself being annoyed by the impertinent stares of better-educated youths, to whom an unprotected girl was fair game. So they set forth together; though Jessie, whilst giving him credit for kind intentions, would have preferred his absence. Between her and the Ellises there was a gulf fixed, which nothing could ever bridge over. It was not because she was poor and they were rich, for at heart she considered herself as good as any Ellis who ever stepped; but from a child she had been taught to loathe the name, and an inherited prejudice is hard to overcome.

Nevertheless, she was agreeably surprised to find him so natural and unaffected. "What jolly children the little Pynes are!" he began, thinking that a safe remark.

"Yes; they are going to school after Christmas, and I shall not be required any longer."

"You have a brother at our works, haven't you, Miss Haynes? I had a chat with him the other day, and he struck me as a particularly nice fellow, who ought to get on."

"Do you ever go to the works?" she asked in surprise.



"I must apologise"—he began.

"Oh, yes—often. I should have liked to be an engineer myself, but father has *set* his heart on having me in Parliament, and if I do get in, I shall work hard to make a name for myself."

"Oh, no doubt you will be a great man some day, and look down on all of us humble Barminster people!" she returned with pardonable bitterness.

"Now, Miss Haynes, I hope you don't think I'm like that? I hate all side and pretension—I do indeed. Why should I look down on Barminster?"

"Because you're an Ellis!" was on the tip of her tongue; but she checked herself in time.

"I should think it a great honour to represent the old city in Parliament," he added, as she was silent.

"Well, I hope you may—some day," she felt obliged to say; but he detected the dryness of her tone.

"I should like to see more of your brother—will you tell him so?" said Rupert, with an effort. "Mr. Derwent wants to get up a Social Club and Debating Society in connection with St. Jude's, and perhaps he would like to join it, and speak sometimes. We want to have really pleasant, sensible evenings, with interesting lectures and discussions."

"Yes, I will give him your message," said Jessie, as they paused before Myrtle Cottage. "Thank you for coming out of your way to escort me, Mr. Ellis, though there was really no need. I'm quite accustomed to going about alone, and always have been! Poor men's daughters must learn to take care of themselves, you know!"

As he frankly extended his hand, she was obliged to take it; although two hours ago the idea of exchanging clasps with an Ellis would have seemed preposterous. But, somehow, there was something so taking and agreeable about Raymond that it was difficult to realise he was the son of their arch-enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

"TOO BAD!"

RICHARD ELLIS was far too clever and cautious to allow his enmity to the Haynes family to be clearly seen; but he instantly turned his attention to secure Rupert's dismissal in a quiet way. He conferred with his manager, Mr. Mowbray, the result being that the department wherein Rupert worked was completely reorganised; which resulted in the discovery that more men were employed than were needed. Business just then was very slack in

the engineering trade; and Mr. Ellis, with a sudden zeal for economy, remonstrated against employing unnecessary hands. When it came to weeding them out, it was obvious that such a very recent acquisition as Rupert could not expect to be retained in preference to older hands; and therefore, on being paid his wages one Saturday, he received a week's notice.

He was simply thunderstruck; for he had always given satisfaction, and never expected dismissal. The flimsy pretence of economy could not deceive him; he detected in it an artful scheme to get rid of him without such glaring injustice as might have angered his fellow-workmen. But what could he do? Poor, obscure, and unbefriended, how could he oppose the rich and powerful Mr. Ellis?

He returned to Myrtle Cottage heavy-hearted, and, though resolved not to inform his father at present, he broke it to his sisters when they were all in the kitchen tidying-up after the early dinner, and Stephen was reading his weekly paper in the little sitting-room. Long ago Stephen's children had ceased to acquaint their father with their troubles, for he increased them tenfold by complaints and bewailings.

"What *is* to become of us!" sighed Stella despondently.

"I believe that horrid Mr. Ellis has dismissed Rupert out of spite!" cried shrewd Jessie.

"I didn't think he knew I was there; he hardly ever enters the workshops himself. And I had been hoping for a rise next year! But if I can't find other work, I shall emigrate; I can't bear to live on you girls."

The imperative shout of Stephen, for somebody to find his slippers and bring him a matchbox, ended the colloquy. Whilst the girls flew for the required articles, Rupert sallied forth to find what comfort he could in a brisk walk.

It was a bright winter afternoon, and at any other time the invigorating air and sunshine would have revived his spirits; but he plodded on despondently through the fashionable part of the town, making for a favourite country road. Splendid carriages dashed by, the pavements were thronged with well-dressed people, the shop windows offered enticing wares, and every face looked glad and happy but his own—or so it seemed then, in his morbid mood. The sting of the whole lay in the reflection that, but for the trickery of a villain, he and his sisters would be mingling with this gay throng on equal terms, instead of, as now, cut off by poverty from the society of their equals by birth.

On the doorstep of the Club, the fashionable rendezvous of the wealthy citizens, some half-dozen men were lounging, exhibiting the

latest triumphs of the sartorial art, and exchanging jokes and comments on the passers-by. Somehow, their presence irritated Rupert; it seemed like a deliberate reminder of his poverty. And he was never more surprised in his life than when one of them, on seeing him, stepped down on the pavement and arrested his progress.

It was Raymond Ellis. "Good afternoon, Mr. Haynes. Will you walk a little way with me? I have something to say to you."

Rupert could not very well refuse, so they strolled on together, and it was impossible to deny that the advantage of looks was not with the millionaire's son; for beside Rupert, in his well-worn but neat tweed holiday suit, Raymond did not shine. He felt it himself, as he began about the Social Club, which he invited Rupert to join.

In the latter's circumstances, the invitation seemed nothing but a mockery. "I don't know whether you are aware, Mr. Ellis, that I have other things to think of now. As your father has given me notice to leave his employment—"

"Given you notice!" cried amazed Raymond. "When? Why?"

"Changes are being made in my department, so that fewer men will be required, and this morning Mr. Mowbray gave me notice."

"Oh, but this is too bad!" cried the warm-hearted Raymond. "Surely one man more or less cannot signify in our huge works! It must be a mistake."

"If you ask me," returned Rupert bitterly, "I believe it is because your father has a dislike to the very name of Haynes. How he became aware of my insignificant existence, I can't say; but I suspect he doesn't wish to employ me."

Raymond reflected, with very uncomfortable feelings, that it was he himself who had innocently informed his father of Rupert's presence at the works. Certainly, Mr. Ellis was not a man given to petty spite; but Raymond was beginning to suspect that his dislike to the name of Haynes was not a mere myth; and the suspicion was a very unwelcome one. "You don't know my father if you think he would do anything so underhand," he nevertheless assured Rupert, like a loyal son. "There must be a mistake; and it is a fact that business is rather slack now. Believe me, I wish anybody had been dismissed rather than you."

"Please understand that I have not told you this hoping you will intercede with Mr. Ellis to cancel the notice! Nothing would induce me to remain at the works now."

"I wish I could help you to another berth, though. It seems a shame for a fellow like you, who, I should say, is certain to rise, to be wanting employment."

"It is very kind of you to flatter me, Mr. Ellis," Rupert answered drily.

Raymond gave a good-natured laugh. "You think fine words butter no parsnips? If you knew me better, you'd be aware that I never pay idle compliments. I hope you *will* know me better some day," he added, as Rupert stopped at the gate of the Recreation Ground, which he had to cross.

"I must say good afternoon. Once again, Mr. Ellis, I request you, on your honour as a gentleman, not to say anything to your father. He, of course, is acting within his legal rights in dismissing an employé; and you are not responsible for the management of the works."

They parted, and Rupert continued his solitary walk with oddly mingled feelings. "If it were not that he's an Ellis—a son of that arch-soundrel—I should say there isn't a straighter, better-natured fellow to be found in a day's walk. But how *can* he be honest with such a father?"

CHAPTER X.

RAYMOND TO THE RESCUE.

ON leaving Rupert, Raymond Ellis called upon his friend Arthur Bent, whom he found at his father's fine house on Priory Hill, a fashionable suburb of Barminster. Mr. Bent, senior, was still confined to his room, so it was easy to secure a private conference.

"I want to know whether anything can be done about helping that family called Haynes out of the Davenport Trust?" began the young visitor. "You remember you asked my father to make them a loan, but he—he couldn't see his way to it."

"No; unfortunately, there's no possible loophole by which they can benefit under the Trust, as they're not Barminster people, or eligible under the conditions. I'm sorry to disappoint Miss Haynes, and I intended to go round this evening to tell her the truth, so as not to keep her any longer in suspense—though I must say I don't much fancy the job," he added, with a sudden recollection of Stella's winsome face.

"Now look here, Arthur. I've been thinking it over, and it does seem hard such a deserving family should be disqualified by such a trifle. I'd a small legacy this year from a great-aunt, and I propose to grant £300 or so to them *sub rosa*, without appearing at all in the matter. Then they could take the laundry at once."

"It's awfully good of you, old fellow; but it isn't fair to leave it all to you. As Mr. Ellis has declined, my father says he doesn't care to risk any capital by advancing it to

perfect strangers; but I know it's a genuine case, and I'd gladly lend £100."

Raymond looked embarrassed; for his real motive was to make some restitution for the treatment Stella's family had received from his own. Although he attached very little importance to Stephen's wild accusations,

Arthur immediately promised, pledging himself, moreover, to inviolable secrecy; and Raymond departed, glad to have done something to repair the injustice of Rupert's sudden dismissal, but little suspecting he was doing the very thing to most displease his father. It never entered his straightforward mind to



"I do believe you are doing all this yourself, Mr. Bent."

Rupert had certainly not been treated well at the works, and he wished to atone for it as far as he could.

"It's most generous of you, Arthur; but I have reasons for preferring the affair shall be mine throughout. But if you'll be kind enough to see the thing through without charging law expenses, I shall feel indebted to you. And will you tell Miss Haynes the loan isn't rigidly limited to £300; so if they want a few pounds extra, they can have it?"

imagine that Mr. Ellis wanted to drive the Haynes out of Barminster. He suspected that his father personally disliked the family, but between that and deliberately plotting to destroy their prospects there was a wide difference.

To lose no time, Arthur at once took a cab to Myrtle Cottage, thinking as he drove down Grove Road, with its struggling shops, inferior dwelling houses, and everywhere the shrieks and yells of unkempt children, that any

change would be pleasant after living in such a locality.

"Oh, good gracious! There's somebody at the door!" cried Stella to Jessie, as Arthur's knock resounded through the little house.

"You must open it—my sleeves are rolled up! Father's out—he went to get some more tobacco."

Although somewhat embarrassed at finding Arthur on the doorstep, Stella controlled herself to greet him with composure, and ushered him into the shabby little sitting-room. Without appearing to do so, his keen eyes instantly took in all its sordid details; and he thought how unsuitable it was as a background for a refined girl like Stella.

"I've called to see you about the Davenport Fund," he began, when he was seated. "I'm very sorry to say, Miss Haynes, that I've made inquiries, and I find you are not eligible under the terms of the bequest. But—"

Stella's face, which had been falling more and more ever since he began, became quite piteous at this, and she had much ado to restrain her tears at such a cruel disappointment. Until now, she had not realised how much she had been building in secret upon this last desperate hope. It never entered her mind that anybody else might advance them the money.

"But a friend of mine has—has a sum of money which he wishes to invest, and is willing that it should be advanced to you to take the laundry," hastily added Arthur, seeing her distress. "He will require three per cent. interest"—for the young lawyer well knew that these independent girls would never consent to take this money as a charity.

Stella, nevertheless, looked very doubtful. "We would so much rather not be indebted to any stranger. It makes us seem like unfortunate beggars."

"Why so? My friend will get interest for his money, so there can be no possible obligation. He may as well invest it in a laundry as in anything else," persuasively urged the young lawyer.

"Well, I should like to consult my sister before I say anything more," returned she; and, opening the door, she called "Jessie!"

In a very creditably brief space of time Jessie came in, not the least hint of household occupations visible about her trim little figure. Stella introduced Arthur, who explained that any sum up to £350 was at their service, as soon as they chose.

"It's very kind of you," Jessie said gratefully. "But it is one thing to borrow money from the Trust, and another to take it from any private individual. Suppose we should never be able to pay it back?"

"The laundry will always be there as security, Miss Haynes. Besides, there's no

doubt you will make it a success, with energetic management."

The girls looked doubtfully at each other, their prudence contending with their pride. For they were very proud, this unlucky Haynes family—proud in a way which haughty Mrs. Ellis at The Towers could never have understood.

"I do believe you are doing all this yourself, Mr. Bent," cried Stella suddenly, flushing to her forehead. "It is you who are going to advance this money."

"Upon my word it is not," he returned, so earnestly that the sisters could not but be convinced. And, for some inexplicable reason, Stella's tell-tale face immediately brightened. She could not have said why; but, nevertheless, the idea of being under a pecuniary obligation to Arthur Bent was distasteful to her. "But," he added, rightly divining that the necessary legal forms might be an impediment to the sisters, who naturally dreaded a long lawyer's bill, "you had better leave the negotiations about the laundry and the payment of the money to me. My friend wishes me to conclude the business on his behalf, without additional cost to yourselves."

"How truly kind of him!" cried impulsive Jessie. "Isn't it, Stella?"

"It is, indeed," responded her sister. "Don't you think we ought to go round and secure the laundry at once, before anybody else takes it?" she added anxiously. Her eyes were dancing and her cheeks glowing at the delicious prospect of really having some object in life at last; and Arthur was quite astounded at her beauty. "What a shame she hasn't a happy home like other girls!" was his indignant thought.

"Oh, don't be in too great a hurry; nobody's likely to snap it up before Monday," he said reassuringly. "I'll go myself and see the place and the people, and take care they don't cheat you."

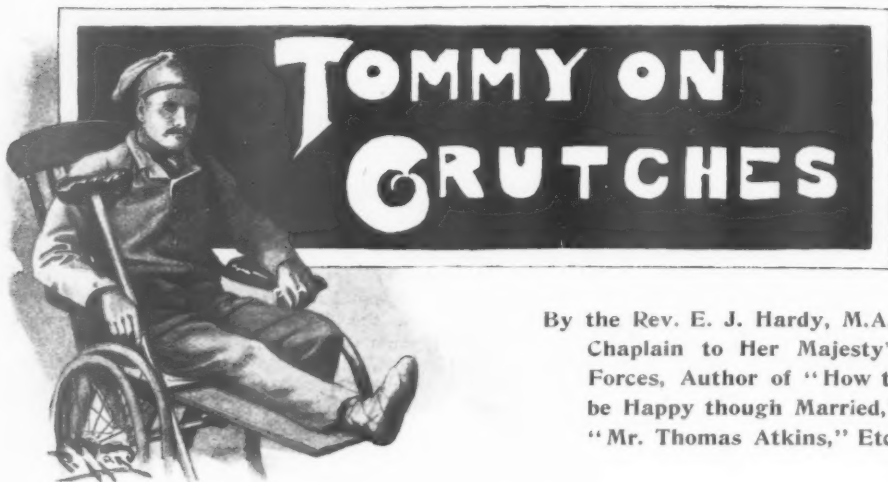
He arranged to call again when the negotiations were accomplished, and went away amid a chorus of thanks, well pleased at his success in persuading the sisters to accept the loan.

As to the girls, they were overjoyed at this solution of all their difficulties. "I'll tell you what it is, Stella," Jessie suddenly said. "Mr. Bent denied that he had a hand in it; but I believe that, after all, his father is lending us this money. I've heard that old Mr. Bent is very kind-hearted."

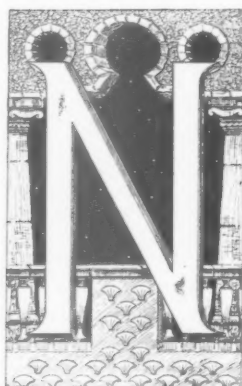
"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if that is it," musingly assented Stella. "I can't think of anybody else likely to do it. But how good of old Mr. Bent, when he doesn't even know us!"

Neither of them for one moment suspected Raymond's instrumentality.

[END OF CHAPTER TEN.]



By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A.,
Chaplain to Her Majesty's
Forces, Author of "How to
be Happy though Married,"
"Mr. Thomas Atkins," Etc.



NETLEY HOSPITAL is not only the largest palace of pain, but the largest building in England. As it stands out on the margin of Southampton Water, so it will, as has often happened before, come well to the notice of the British public, now that

wounded men are coming to it from the war in South Africa. When I was chaplain there some years ago, it used to be an event in the rather monotonous place when a large consignment of sick came from a transport that had arrived from India or elsewhere. At one such disembarkation there was a rather amusing incident. A staff officer was superintending the landing of time-expired men, invalids, and other soldiers who had just arrived from India. The officer went up to a party of men drawn up on the jetty waiting for orders, and asked them, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" "Please, sir, we

are the lunatics," was the startling reply. These lunatics were on their way to the military asylum at Netley, which is situated a short distance from the Hospital.

The men who come to Netley Hospital from South Africa are not lunatics, but in too many cases they are merely remnants of what they were when, as strong in mind and body as they were full of hope and desire to serve their country, they left the same Southampton Docks for the seat (by no means an easy chair) of war. The hasty methods of a modern campaign are shown by the short time that intervened between the going out of men, pronounced by doctors fit for anything, and their returning as the "wastage" of war, in some cases not fit ever again to earn their living. And yet in this short time, how much each wounded man heard, saw, smelled, and felt of the horrors of war! He had traversed twelve thousand miles of sea, he had covered thousands of miles of ground in trains, and on his feet he had assisted at perhaps several battles, and all in three or four months!

It is rather painful to compare the enthusiastic send-off our soldiers had to the war, and the chilling or, at least, tepid reception they have on returning to be healed of their wounds. I hope that it does not make them think that they are considered "returned empties" or sucked oranges that may be thrown away. It

is as though we should vociferously applaud an actor going on the stage, and when he had played his part splendidly, take no notice of him on leaving it. This is very much what is done when people marry. We load them with congratulations and presents before we see how they use their matrimony, and whether they make it a success or a failure.

It is not true, however, that we are guilty of the horrible ingratitude of regarding Tommies on crutches as unpicturesque objects, to be kept as much as possible in the background, in order to make room for war in its more spectacular aspects. We were only fearing that, to a sick man's fancy, there might seem a disappointing contrast between the fuss that was made about our soldiers when they left and the want of it when they return wounded. This, however, is entirely owing to the fact that the men left in large bodies, and that the time of their departure was generally known. Now they are coming back a few at a time, and people do not know on what ship to expect them. The magnificent response that has been made to the several war funds shows that the public are not ungrateful; and the Queen herself has recently visited Netley Hospital to personally welcome back and thank, in the name of the country, those who risked life and limb to further its interests.

The more of active service a man has seen, the less inclined he is to talk about it. I have known half a dozen Victoria Cross men, but never heard a battle yarn from one of them. I remember trying to draw from a friend who had distinguished himself in the battle of the Alma, where he had two horses killed under him, something as to his feelings and experiences in an engagement. All I could get from him was, "A battle is a very disagreeable place to be in. Come, and I'll show you my pigs." Some of the results of battle which I saw afterwards in hospital,

enabled me to understand my old friend's willingness to speak of pigs, or of anything else, rather than of "glorious war." My romantic feelings about war vanished after seeing a large ward full of wounded men, the majority of whom were to undergo some terrible operation when they had regained sufficient strength.

Awful sights are seen on a field of battle, but those who have been there only throw out hints about them. One man, however, did casually remark that he saw a soldier cut in two by a shell as he was mounting a horse, one half falling one side and the other the other. From a physical point of view, however, this is probably an easier death than most of us will die. Worse, it seems to me, is the state of many who are



"The one-armed man helps the one-legged man."

rendered comparatively useless, and perhaps the victims of constant pain, by a war which has long ended and is nearly forgotten. Interviewers and other gentlemen of the press, then, need not expect that the maimed warriors who come back will be inclined to talk much of the war and of their own doings in it; but an occasional retort like the following may be heard. A wounded man, amongst many others, was being helped from an ambulance waggon into an hospital. A soldier, looking on, asked, "Have you got any loot?" "Yes, in my leg," was the grim reply. Quite a number of Tommies on crutches there are, now returning home, whose loot is in the same place.

From my own experience at Netley, Plymouth and Portsmouth Hospitals, to which soldiers returning sick and wounded from South Africa are being sent, I know that the patients are not so reticent with the chaplain, and am therefore not surprised that the present occupant of that office at Netley was able to send to me a few of the sayings of a recent importation of Tommies upon crutches. And first about the crutches. The captain of the ship (the *Aurania*) which brought back the batch of men of whom we are thinking, set the carpenters to make crutches, and presented one—on which was marked, "With Captain McKay's compliments"—to any man who required it. The men spoke much of the kindness they received from this gentleman during the voyage, and said that the Christmas dinner he gave was "all gay." There were several men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and yet (at the time of writing) it is only about ten weeks since I heard Lord Roberts make a parting speech to the regiment, which was 1,045 strong before they left Dublin full of hope and courage! A bullet hit a sergeant of this splendid corps in the face, with the result that he cannot smell anything and sees double with one eye. Well, it must be some consolation to him to think that he escapes bad odours, and to be different from lazy people who only see and observe as they go through life half as much as they might see.

Most of the men said that at the time they were wounded they felt little or no pain in the part struck, but that afterwards there was in it a feeling of

being paralysed. The sea voyage had done them all much good, and they were looking forward to returning to the front.

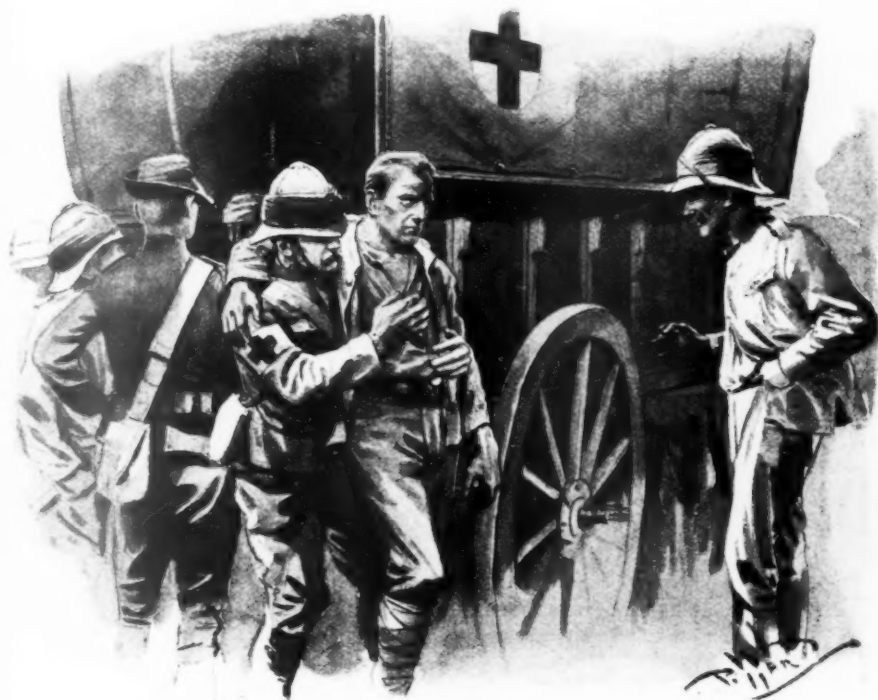
Our readers will remember the soliloquy of Falstaff: "Honour pricks me on. Yea; but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, 'honour'? Air! A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Why? Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism." Those who converse with our soldiers know that they never put themselves through such a catechism as this. They think of being maimed in many cases with as much coolness as did Lord Raglan, who, while the surgeons were amputating his arm before chloroform was discovered, did not utter a groan or say a syllable until he saw the dismembered limb being removed, when he called out, "Don't take that arm away until I have taken off the ring." I have often been surprised at the grim jokes our Tommies upon crutches make, and reminded of an officer, before surgery was made easy, saying to his servant, who was moaning for him, "Stop that, you hypocrite; you know that you are delighted because you will have a boot less to clean."

A man who had grumbled about having bad boots was made ashamed by seeing someone who had lost his feet. It would be an excellent tonic for people with the usual number of legs (four in some cases), but without a contented mind, to study soldiers upon crutches. They bear sickness and wounds as bravely as women would do if they were in their circumstances. I mean this for a compliment, for as a rule women endure suffering better than do men. What a case of "much ado about nothing" it is when a strong man, a champion, a record-breaker, gets a cold!

And yet "the courage that bears and the courage that dares are really one and the same." I know a case in which

these words were greatly blessed to a man who had a leg amputated in Netley Hospital. The leg would not heal for a long time, and the patient suffered greatly. The chaplain's wife put the words in large coloured letters where the man's eyes would continually fall upon them. They brought him to the

from the front—blood-stained and some of them terribly disfigured. They give to the men meat extract, milk and soda, pieces of muslin soaked in eau de Cologne, and anything else they can think of for their comfort. There is no doubt that many women in England wish they were six thousand miles nearer the battlefields,



"Have you any loot?"

Father Who had been teaching the lesson which He teaches to all Tommies on crutches, that the courage that bears and the courage that dares are really one and the same.

And this is a lesson, too, which women with husbands, sons, and brothers in danger of all that may happen in war, have to learn. How dreadful is the uncertainty and suspense, how heart-rending the visit to the "Chamber of Horrors," as that hall at the War Office where people go for news may be called.

I see that ladies of Capetown meet the trains bringing the wounded straight

so that they could join their Capetown sisters in this good work. Well, but the Tommies on crutches who do arrive home may be made to feel that they have passed from the kind hands at Capetown into as good hands in England. "Men must work (and fight) and women must weep," but in war time perhaps this division of labour presses harder upon the latter than upon the former. Women have not excitement to keep them up. They do not know what men mean by the "wild pulsation and rapture of strife," but they do know what anxiety and hope deferred mean in reference

to this war. They do know what it is either not to receive their beloved home at all, or only to receive a fractional part

poor fellows eyed each other until the soldier could bear it no longer. "Sister," he called, "give him two cigarettes out



A cripples' handicap at Wynberg.

of the man he was when he started for "glorious war."

I have often admired the kindness which crippled soldiers show to their brothers in adversity in hospital, the one-armed man helping the one-legged man and *vice versa*. The following shows that they have a fellow-feeling for their enemies also. One of the Gordon Highlanders had his arm amputated at Ladysmith. A Boer in the next bed had his arm taken off in exactly the same place. On the latter becoming conscious, the two

of my box, and tell him I sent them. Here is a match. Light one for him." "I took the cigarettes and the message to the Boer," says the Sister, "and he turned and looked at Tommy in amazement, and then, quite overcome, he burst into tears. Tommy did the same, and I am afraid I was on the point of joining in, but time would not permit."

If it were not that room has to be made in the hospitals in South Africa for fresh casualties, it would be better to keep the wounded in that excellent climate and

not bring them back here in the trying weather of early spring. Still, the voyage does them much good, and could hardly fail to do so, considering the comfort and even luxury of the *Princess of Wales*, the *Maine*, and the other hospital ships in which it is made.

Patients who have travelled on these hospital ships are giving such glowing accounts of the eau de Cologne, worked slippers, novels, fruit, wines, sweetmeats, and other luxuries placed at the disposal of Mr. Thomas Atkins that no doubt the lips of their companions water, and

they determine to give the Boers an opportunity of wounding them so that they may have a share of these good things.

The Queen received at Windsor the nurses on the *Maine* before the ship started. The Princess of Wales, when inspecting at Tilbury the final arrangements of the ship called after her, brought some down-stuffed pillows, on each of which was the inscription, "A gift from the Princess of Wales."

Then, of course, there is, as has been said, more accommodation for the wounded



The "Maine" nurses at Windsor.

at home. Besides the great hospital at Netley for soldiers, many large station hospitals, and Haslar for sailors and marines, there are ten seaside barrack homes which accommodate 3,500 convalescent soldiers.

So much for what is "under Government." Private individuals, however, all over the country are inviting wounded soldiers to stay at their houses or are placing the whole or part of mansions at their service. Sir Richard Tangye, for instance, offered his Cornish house with spacious annexe, set in lovely scenery, to the War Office for convalescents. How much better all this is than the old plan of invaliding crippled soldiers out of the service, or of giving them sick furloughs to the homes of relatives, where they could not get the attention needed!

The great hospital at Wynberg, near Capetown, accommodates men who are crippled for the present, but who are expected after some time to be able to return to their regiments at the front. It would seem that the Tommies on crutches there are managing to keep themselves cheerful. "The other day," says a correspondent, "they had a fifty yards' cripples' handicap, which was a great success." Needless to say,

the race was held without the kind permission of the medical authorities.

But a soldier may be crippled in the discharge of his duty in peace as well as in war, and if ever a man deserved a reward for distinguished service in passion or suffering, it was a rough-rider in the Royal Artillery of whom I am thinking. A horse he was training reared and, falling over on him, broke his back. The man was such a good soldier, and had such bright prospects, that his case brought out much sympathy. Fever came on, but even in the depression it caused the patient never murmured. There were other bad cases in his ward, and he always said that he was better off than they were. A little while after the accident he had severe domestic trouble, and this also was borne in the same spirit. No wonder that a few days before he died one of his officers, who knew all he had gone through, said to him: "Taylor, you have taught me one great lesson, and that is patience." Yes, he had himself learned, and was able to teach, that the courage that bears and the courage that dares are really one and the same, and that to get this we must go on crutches, or in some other way, to the "God of patience and consolation."



Visiting a wounded chum in hospital.

A BACKSLIDER.

A Sketch-Story. By C. Winne.



HERE is one cottage in Burnthwaite, standing on the side of the little mountain stream which comes rushing down among the boulders. The old green-painted door opens right on to the path, fringed with tall ferns, that runs by the side of the beck.

Behind the cottage the mountains rise up in their deep purple

against the sky, shutting in one end of the peaceful valley, which lies at their feet, dotted here and there with little white cottages, each sending up its thin wreath of blue smoke.

In spite of all the beauty around, there was something that always made me shudder when I went to Jane Hunter's cottage.

Perhaps it was the intense stillness and loneliness of the spot, for her house stood by itself at the end of the valley, and the only other building to be seen was the tiny village chapel, walled in all round as if the villagers had meant to protect their place of worship well, but had suddenly changed their purpose when they came to the gate, which hung loosely on its hinges, and was tied together with string. The grass, too, had begun to grow on the little gravel path, and the storms which came sweeping down the mountain-side had cruelly shaken the little chapel, damaging windows and roof.

The road which led past Jane's cottage on the other side of the "beck" (brook) was only used now and then, by men bringing pine wood down from the mountains.

Jane Hunter and her old husband had not always lived in such a lonely spot, or perhaps they would not have fretted as they did now and then. They could not read, and made few friends, so there was little to break the monotony of their lives. The old man could earn just enough at the quarries to keep them, with what they were able to grow in their little garden. They were "turrible fond o' ta'ties," so their living did not cost much.

Some years before I knew them, their life had been a different thing. Sunday was then the day of excitement, which shed its glory over all the rest of the week. The clogs were put on one side, and Jane wore a pair of real shoes. The white sun-bonnet, which generally shaded her rugged face and firm-set mouth, was exchanged for a wonderful and very ancient erection of rusty-black ribbon.

And then, with a large print copy of Wesley's Hymns, and a few extra-strong peppermints, Jane walked with her head in the air to the chapel by the beck. For years she had kept her one special corner under a side window, where she could look out on her own apple-trees and watch the buds breaking, and then the flowers turning to fruit, which ripened as the autumn came. The seat was almost part of her religion; she felt she could not have worshipped so well in any other corner of the chapel, so that when the chapel keeper's silly, giggling young daughters took a fancy to her seat, and Jane found them in possession one summer morning, she turned and walked out of

the chapel, and had never been inside again up to the time when I first knew her. The chapel had been almost deserted of late years; people preferred to walk to the new church

back those happy Sundays long ago; but nothing would persuade her to go near the little chapel again.

"Nay, nay, I wunnot gae, I wunnot, I



They attempted to get into the kitchen.

some miles away, and many had fallen into the habit of staying at home in their own little gardens.

Jane's heart had grown hard, her faith had become very dim, and she always told me she was "a backslider; it was nae use taalking." Once the tears came into her eyes when I sang her a hymn, which brought

saay," and the firm mouth looked firmer than ever as she pressed her lips together.

But she would drink in eagerly every word I read her, and sometimes I heard a deep sigh as she listened to the tender words, "Return unto Me, and I will return unto thee."

One day I knocked at the green door, but

received no answer; so, after waiting a long while, I went down into the village to ask if anyone knew what was the matter.

There had been a special gift the week before of ten shillings each to the oldest people in the village, and it was a sad story I heard concerning this present to my two old people. Jane and her husband had spent the whole sum on spirits, locked the cottage door, and had not been seen for days. It was their only way of getting a little excitement into their fearfully quiet lives; and I learnt that now and then they "broke out" like this, and all the village knew what was going on behind that mysteriously locked door.

I was more sorry than ever for my poor, desperate old Jane; but a long spell of terribly stormy weather prevented my seeing her for some time. Meanwhile there had been a "revival" at the little chapel. The gate was mended, and the grass had disappeared from the path, while night after night the place was crowded with young men and women, as well as old people, eagerly listening to the simple Gospel sermons given by a gentle-faced old man, who knew how to reach these dim, unlearned minds. But after this outbreak Jane was harder than ever, and the door was always tightly shut in the evening, lest she should hear the singing she once loved so much.

One night the storm burst with double fury; the rain poured down, and the little beck rushed madly along, carrying with it sheep and great trees, earth and boulders.

I heard the story of that awful night from Jane's own lips.

The two lay awake hour after hour, listening to the roaring waters outside, as they rose higher and higher, and at last came pouring into the kitchen, shaking the very foundations of the poor, tumble-down cottage. Louder and louder roared the swollen beck, while the two trembling old people sat gazing at each other with white, drawn faces.

Jane was the first to act. "James," she said, "t' watter's coomin' oop t' stairs. Aye, aye"—as a great crash was heard above the booming of the water—"their gaes t' brig (bridge). We'll juist be drooned, James; we maun faice it bravely."

"Aye, Jaane, Jaane, dae ye think sae?" cried the poor, fearful old man.

"Yis, James noo, an' ye needna tak on sae sair!"

She opened a drawer in the old chest, and took out a long rope.

"We maun tie oorselves together, James lad, an' then we'll no be divided wan t' watter cooms in, an' they'll find oor bodies a' the sooner when they coom to late (seek) us."

And so, bound together, they waited two nights and a day, patiently watching for someone to save them from their awful fate. But they were completely cut off, and their only hope was that the water might subside before the cottage was swept away or they both died of starvation.

The second day the deafening noise grew less and less, and the water began to sink. They attempted to get into the kitchen, but found the water was still very high. Gradually the beck returned to its usual course, leaving the bank covered with great boulders torn from the mountain-side. Then men came and dug a way to the door, bringing food and water with them—and hope. Jane soon revived and set to work, scrubbing day and night to get rid of the foul mud left by the water.

When Sunday came the little cottage was almost clean, and the path outside mended, while measures had been taken to prevent the water reaching the house again in case of another flood. On Sunday morning Jane came down in a pair of shoes. Her husband had been listening for the clatter of her clogs on the cobbles, and he gave a great start when he saw her in the room.

Her mouth had a set look which "James" knew well of old.

"Git tha Soonda ewoat (Sunday coat), James, an' coom wi' me. I'se goin' tae t' chapel."

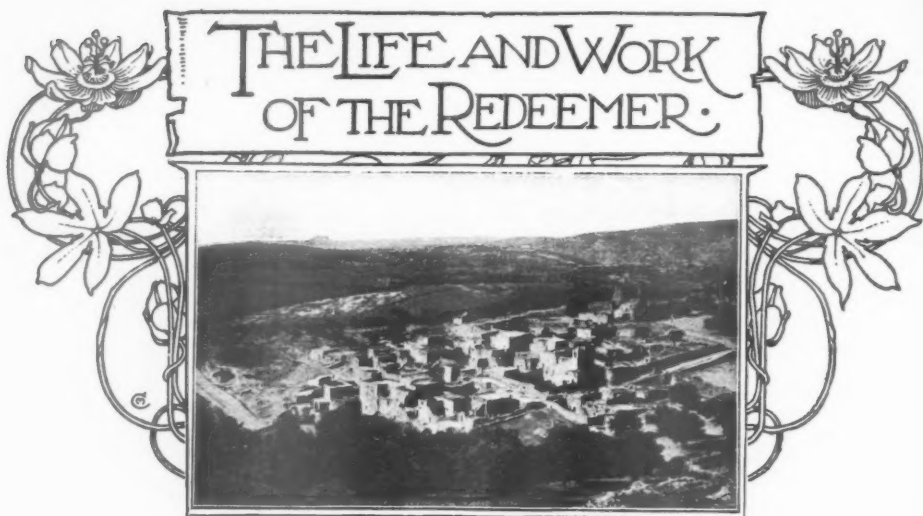
"Aye?" gasped her husband, almost fancying his wife had lost her reason.

"Yis, I'se been a wicked wumman, an' th' Almighty sent t' flood as a joodgment. I axed Him that neet tae give me yan mair chance tae worship Him, an' He toorned t' watter and heered ma prauyer. Coom, Jamie lad, t' bell's stoppit."

So they went along the beck-side and in at the little chapel door, and as I came in they were standing together, sharing the big-print hymn-book, and singing in their quavering voices:

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears
He shall lift up thy head."





BETHANY.

(Photo: Baugh.)

THE PRIVATE PERSONAL INTERVIEWS OF OUR LORD.

By the Rev. Professor Handley C. G. Moule, D.D.

PART THE SECOND.



I HAVE pictured a case and character akin in its main circumstances to that of the Sychar woman. There is little need to show at any length how she stands, meantime, for innumerable

cases and characters much less like hers on the surface. She represents not only such a life and heart as that which I have just supposed to be met with by the pastoral visitor, in the village, or in the alleys of the town. She is a reminder to us of all soured and disappointed spirits, ranging from the most ignorant to the widely and deeply cultured, and of all who have fought with conscience on the moral field, and conquered, with the miserable victory which gives in to pollution. And this means many a case beyond those which the world labels, or has any right to label, as disreputable. She represents all in whose inner world exists just enough religious knowledge to excite occasionally a languid curiosity, to suggest a

carping question, to point a loveless criticism, to accentuate a sense of disappointment; but not enough to sway the will effectually for a single step. She is the type of all who find that the human heart gets very tired of coming to draw at the wells of this world, but who have not found Him Who can give them something better. She leads up to our observation what is thus a great multitude which no man can number, of every race, and every rank, who more or less feel themselves bitter, and broken, and polluted, and disillusioned; yet with a feeling which has no tendency to seek relief in virtue and in God, but rather to turn inward with renewed gloom, and then outward again with a willingness to blame and to wound.

So the woman comes to the well of Sychar. And the Lord Jesus Christ, in *His* fatigue, is there. How does He meet her? He knows all about her, with that mysterious super-human knowledge which shines out ever and again from His Deity, without one moment's interference with the entireness of His Humanity. He knows exactly how often she has been married, and that her present union is unlawful. He most assuredly is quite cognisant of all the unloveliness of her mind and of its moods, and sensitive to any, even the slightest, word or action which speaks her indifference or dislike. But, with all this present to Him, He is at once at the poor

woman's service with the full resources of His insight, wisdom, power, sympathy, and love. We saw Him in the previous scene giving Himself freely out to the rabbi who reserves himself so much. We see Him here, in a way if possible more beautiful and wonderful still, giving out His sacred mind and heart, largely, freely, with a patient concentration, as if there was nothing else to think of or to do, to this common, provincial woman of shaded character, who has scarcely a civil word for Him when He accosts her with a request for water.

What an interview it is, as we study it in order to see HIM in it! If the word *tact* is not irreverent (as it certainly is inadequate), I venture to say that the perfect tact of His dealing with her is in itself a deep study. He approaches her first with a common request, perfectly natural and, of course, sincere (He was undoubtedly very thirsty), yet just such as would lead easily and gently to what He had in store to say about the living fountains. The "tact" is, as the highest sort of tact must always be, just the expression of sympathetic kindness. He is so remotely far from dislike of the woman, or the wish to be rid of an unpleasing interruption, that in sentence after sentence He takes consummate pains to meet her thought, to lead it upward, and (as one deep requisite to her finding blessing) to lead it inward. Let us be sure that it was never a *light* thing with Him, Who would not "break the bruised reed," to expose sin to the sinner, or to tell unpalatable truth to the mistaken. It was an *effort* of His compassion to say, "He whom thou now hast is not thy husband"; it cost Him dear to say it, and it was said only because His love was in earnest for the unhappy woman's good, and He knew that the shame of detection was necessary to a saving conviction. It was not *nothing* to Him to say of her and her compatriots, "Ye worship ye know not what." Can we doubt for a moment that He (unlike too many of His servants, some of them very noble and brave servants, too, in their battles for truth) said those words with a full sense of the dark *pathos* of religious delusion, and only because to expose the fact of error was the surest way in that case to lead the wanderers to the rest and joy of truth? True, He *does* here insist, in terms which many of His later disciples would call painfully narrow if He had not used them, upon distinctive, revealed facts of faith. His loving-kindness is as different as possible from a vague liberalism; but His insistence is, again, only the expression of a love too much in earnest not to take the pains, not to bear the pain, of exhibiting the error that it may be forsaken for the truth. He greatly desires that this

poor and unhappy being should return to purity and honour; so He lays His hand firmly upon her defiled life. He would rejoice with holy joy to see her and her neighbours (to whom He is about to devote two of His inestimable days) worshipping the true God truly in the Spirit; so He takes care to say that they worship they know not what, and that salvation is of the Jews. In His very chidings He is *devoting Himself* to the un-hopeful soul and to the schismatic place. He is beginning the work of love which is to be now immediately carried on in that two days' visit, in which the happy people, who have recognised in Him "the Christ, the Saviour of the world," find Him so wonderfully willing as well as able to be the Saviour of themselves, the blessed Friend and Deliverer who had told them about their delusion only to pour into the void the living Truth, Himself.

But if this was the true spirit of the Lord's severer and more negative words in His interview by the well, what shall we say of the words of life eternal, open and abundant, spoken there to this same most unworthy hearer? Already He begins to "tell all things" to her, just as she is. He assures her that for her, upon the asking, He has then and there the gift of "living water, springing up unto everlasting life"; nothing less than this; no remote, elementary, preparatory mercies only, but the very fountain from the throne, the life of holiness and joy in the Lord, for this poor, ignorant, narrow-minded, captious woman, schismatic from the Church of Israel, full of all the prejudices of her traditions and surrounding, and living in sin. The Lord will give her the inmost blessing, if she will only ask; so near has He come to her, so much does He yearn for her. And then, training her already for His bounties by taking for granted to the utmost her conscience and her capacity to understand truth about the true God, He goes on to speak to her—not to a select spiritual and intellectual circle, but to her—about the Eternal Nature and the mysterious "seeking" by "the Father" of worshippers who "in spirit and in truth" shall worship Him who is "Spirit." Many a saint and servant of that Instructor would have thought such words dangerously premature; they would have practised an elaborate "economy" perhaps, and advanced slowly with such a hearer towards what is purely spiritual. Jesus Christ thinks otherwise. He has placed Himself so near this soul, He is so unutterably in earnest for it, that He gives her welcome *at once*, if she will take it, into the *sanctum sanctorum* of blessing, and calls her at once to worship close to the throne.

Such an interview is recorded not indeed that

it may be artificially copied by the Master's messengers; it is not for that purpose that we have dwelt upon it. Deep and subtle are the differences between case and case of inquiry and of impression; it may not be always best to come at once to the heart of things, though it is best to do so far oftener than many of us think. But the interview by the well is precious above all things because it reveals to us the Lord Jesus Christ. We see Him there in His loving glory as the Holy One Who years over the sinful one—the sinful one who appears at His side without one smallest recommendation in the way of what is interesting or picturesque; with no beautiful outbursts of aspiration or ideal to decorate, as it were, and soften the deformity of evil. He finds a most unprepossessing case. And He applies to it His ever-blessed Self with all the skill and all the love which delights to save what is really lost.

To Him let us come, and come again and again, "just as we are," in our moment of deepest self-discovery, "waiting not to rid our soul of one dark blot."* We feel that not one trait of personal attractiveness can we present to the Son of God; and very likely we are right. But we have this attraction for Him, that we are human sinners, while He is—HIMSELF. Let us hail—in prostration, but with undoubting expectation—the private personal interview. We shall go forth from it with something worth the saying about Him Who has "told us all that ever we did," and has given us all that is in His heart.

III.—THE INTERVIEW WITH MARY MAGDALENE. (JOHN XX.)

One more private personal interview calls for our meditation; a brief interview, and to be briefly treated, but carrying with it messages full of "everlasting comfort and good hope through grace."

It presents some striking differences when compared with the scenes we have already studied. In the first place, it is an incident of the Lord's Resurrection life. He has done with weariness and sitting down to rest. He is standing in the glorious and tranquil power of an endless life, on the other side of Gethsemane and Golgotha; no sorrows, no pain, no death, lie any more between Him and the joy, and the throne, set before Him. And on the other side, the favoured sharer of the interview is not an inquirer from outside, a rabbi anxiously feeling the way and testing the ground as he approaches Jesus Christ, or a woman ignorant of Him, casually brought near Him, drawn unawares to listen

to Him with unaccustomed ears. Mary Magdalene is one of His own. He has done great things for her (Mark xvi. 9), and she well knows it; He has set her free from an awful inward bondage, into the blessed liberty of loving and serving Him; and she has long loved and served Him now. She knows Him, and He knows her; though His knowledge of her is perfect, and hers of Him is but a fragment still.

Let us approach the blessed garden, and the open door of the tomb dark and void at the back of it, and the weeping woman just outside. She has seen the pure brightness of the seated angels in the dusky cave, and has turned away. She is aware that someone, not an angel, is on the path of the garden beside her; the interview is about to begin.

"She supposed Him to be the gardener"; remarkable words, which I note now only by the way for a special purpose. This small self-substantiating detail of impression conflicts totally with Renan's thin and miserable theory to account for the belief that Jesus rose again—the theory that an "hallucinated woman," eager and in an almost trance of longing, mistook whispering leaves for words and the morning sunlight for face and form. "She supposed Him to be the gardener"; an hallucination, certainly, but one which betrays anything but an exalted imaginative state of mind. Could any mistake be more prosaic, with the prose of a heart which is far too sad to be poetical, and is expecting nothing but a beloved corpse, which has disappeared, and which she wants to see again, that she may do the last honours to it? But this is only a passing note.

As before, we study the interview that we may see in it the Lord. Mary we observe (as she would wish us to do) only that we may observe Him the better. And in her we see just the human heart, acquainted in some measure with the Lord Jesus Christ, and so made conscious (in spite of great and serious imperfections in the acquaintance) that He is its Supreme Good, and that nothing else can satisfy. Her misconceptions about Him are still profound, for she cannot see through His death at all; it is just His departure from her! But He is her "Lord" still, she is quite sure of that: "they have taken away my Lord." And when the angels, with their heavenly friendliness, loving the stricken friend of their King, accost her, and assuredly let her see tokens of what they are, in their mysterious radiance, they are nothing to her as substitutes for Him. His corpse is more to her than their living, immortal beauty. "She turned herself" away from them. To remember Him was better than to keep company with even angels.

* I quote the second stanza of the great hymn, "Just as I am"; a stanza which I grieve to say is omitted in some hymn-books, but which is quite vital to the true message of the hymn.

To her thus loving and thus inexpressibly alone Jesus Christ draws near; "this same Jesus," in the unknown new conditions of His Resurrection, but in His ever-blessed Self the same. His private interview begins simply indeed. He hears Mary out, in her artless appeal to the imagined gardener; He lets her utter all her bewildered heart, every word showing equally how much she loves Him and how greatly she has mistaken Him. And then—He calls her by her name. To Him in the endless, the "indissoluble, life" (Heb. vii. 16), amidst conditions full already of the things unseen and eternal, in all the majesty of His conquest of death, His finished work as the Sacrifice for the sins of men, she is still *Mary*. The individual relation is absolutely unbroken. The woman's personality is as sacred and as dear to Him as ever. He forgets nothing besides, in heaven or in earth—but not one whit the less He remembers her, and all He is to her, and all she has coveted to be for Him.

The answer is immediate and brief as the address—"Rabboni!" No word besides is recorded on Mary's part, now she knew it was not the gardener. One word is enough to express the absolute and astonishing blessedness of having Him, restored, and so much more than restored; her Master risen, immortal, victorious; her King, her God (can we doubt that she knows it?), now and for ever. No word besides; only she would seem, if we explain *His* next words aright, to have sought to aid her eyes and ears by her hands, stretching them out to feel His holy feet, to assure herself by the contact that it was "a sober certainty of waking bliss." So He speaks again: "Do not be touching Me, feeling Me." As much as to say, "I am here indeed, not yet passed into the heavens; it is no phantom, it is fact. But go and carry your joy to My brethren; tell them that I am risen, on My way to rise yet higher; I ascend unto My Father and your Father, unto My God and your God."

She obeyed, and was the first messenger

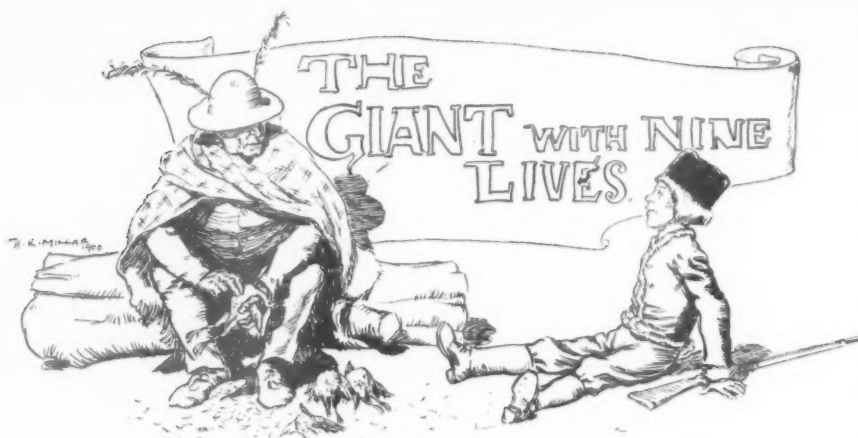
of the Gospel of the Resurrection, Apostle to the Apostles, to tell them she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her. So began the transmission of the message which is penetrating the whole human race to-day.

Wonderful is the Lord Jesus in this colloquy with His desolated friend, as He turns her desolation into joy unspeakable and into a service which is such joy's truest and noblest utterance. His last words in that singularly brief interview take us (as His brethren) to the heaven of heavens, to the bosom of the Father, to the majesty on high, to the sublime relations between the eternal Sender and the eternal Sent One, to the relations (rooted in them) between the whole multitude of the family of faith and the ever blessed God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. But all this is in the closest, deepest, most living connection with the one word *Mary*. The being whom He sends to carry that unfathomable and world-embracing message to others has been first, and in order to her mission, called by her personal name, and assured of the personal love of her risen Redeemer.

Even so now, Lord Jesus Christ. As yet, for a little while, we see Thee not; in the evening chamber, in the field at noon, under the trees of the garden as the dews glitter upon them in the morning sun, we do not see Thy face and form. But "these things hast Thou spoken in the world, that we may have Thy joy fulfilled in us" (John xvii. 13). Thou hast called Mary by her name that we may know Thou knowest our names, one by one, and carest for us with an individual love, and biddest us witness of Thee as those who are personally dear to Thee. For us too the private personal interview, over the Word, in the Spirit, in secret, in the throng, at sacred times and at secular, is ever possible by faith. And we, by Thy grace, will seek it and use it every day, till it passes into the open sight and intercourse of glory.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.





A Canadian Fairy Parable. By H. A. Kennedy.

OLD Chief Kickapoo lived by himself in a cave on Turtle Mountain, and Bobby MacFee lived in a little log-house in the valley below. They saw a good deal of each other, for Bobby's father used often to go hunting on the mountain, and Bobby went scrambling along beside him with the bow and arrows that Kickapoo had given him in exchange for half a pound of tea. But somehow, when they passed the friendly old Indian squatting at the door of his cave, and said "How d'ye do?" or "Fine morning," they could never get a word out of him but an "Ah!" or an "Oong!" or some other friendly grunt like that. So they thought that Kickapoo could speak no English.

One day, in the fall of the year, however, Bobby was scrambling about the mountain all by himself, because his mother wanted a grouse-pie for Sunday, and his father was tired with harvesting the oats. The grouse were very silly, and let Bob shoot so many of them that he thought he would give some to Kickapoo on his way home. Kickapoo was sitting in the sun outside his cave, smoking a long wooden pipe, and looking at a little fire of sticks that he had kindled on the rock beside him.

"Good-day, chief," said Bob very politely.

"Ah!" said Kickapoo.

"Have you cooked your supper?" asked Bob, pointing at the fire.

The chief shook his head, and his body and blankets with it, but he only grunted "Oong, oong!"

"Will you have some of these?" said Bobby, dangling half a dozen birds by the legs,

"Thank you," said Kickapoo. "You're a good boy, Bobby. I hurt my leg on the rocks yesterday, so I couldn't go hunting; but I knew some white hunter would come by to-day or to-morrow, so I got the fire ready."

Bobby was very much astonished.

"I didn't know you could speak English," he said.

"Ah," said Kickapoo, "many moons have set since I learnt English, listening to the English hunters, and telling them stories by the camp-fire at night."

"I wish you'd tell me stories sometimes," said Bobby mournfully. "Father doesn't know any, and mother never has time."

"Perhaps white children don't like Indian stories," said the chief.

"Oh, don't they, just," said Bobby, smacking his lips. "You tell me one now, that's all, and see if I don't like it."

"Well, give me the birds."

So Bobby handed over the grouse, and Kickapoo began to pluck the birds and tell the story at the same moment.

This is the story he told:—

There was once a terrible giant who lived in the middle of Turtle Mountain; and every week he came out and picked up one of the Indians who lived in the foot-hills, and took him back and ate him.

At last the chief of the tribe called a council of all his head-men. There were nine of them. They all came and sat round the council-house, looking very wise; but they did not know that the giant's scout, the little humming-bird, was listening to everything they said, though he pretended to be very busy catching flies outside.

"My friends," the chief said, "shall we sit here to be eaten one by one, or shall we eat the giant instead?"

Then they all spoke together. "Let us eat him," they said; and then they sat thinking how good he would taste, till the chief said: "Perhaps we had better kill him first." "Yes," said they; "perhaps we had better kill him first." They were not so wise as they looked, those head-men; but each of them had a strong friend to help him, and they were not afraid.

The first to offer to kill the giant was called Long-tooth. He said he would get his friend Rainstorm to fill the mountain with water, so that the giant would be drowned; and then Long-tooth would turn himself into a beaver, and swim in and cut the giant's head off. There was a great deal of strong magic round here in those days.

Then the humming-bird swallowed its last fly, and flew away into the dark mountain, and told the giant all he had heard. So the giant turned himself into a frog; and when Rainstorm poured in, and the mountain was full of water, the frog swam about laughing inside his mouth. When the beaver thought the giant must be well drowned, he swam in to cut off his head. But the giant had laid a beaver-trap, and the beaver swam right into it, and when the water had gone down the giant made a nice head-dress out of the beaver's fur.

The chief was very sorry to hear that Long-tooth was killed, but he called on Red-arrow to go and fight the giant next. So Red-arrow went and fetched his friend Fire-flame, and then turned himself into a wood-worm, and bored a hole right into the mountain, through earth and through rocks, screwing himself round and round like a whirlwind, and telling Fire-flame to follow him as soon as he had time to finish the hole. But the humming-bird knew all about it; and when the wood-worm had finished the hole, and was going to creep out of it into the giant's cave, the

little spy pecked his nose and drove him back into the hole; and Fire-flame came rushing through in such a hurry that he burnt up his friend the wood-worm before he could stop himself; and then silly Fire-flame began to cry and put himself out with his own tears before he could burn up the giant.

The next head-man who went against the giant was called Soft-step, and his great friend was the Queen Bee. So she brought all the bees from the forest, and they swarmed into the cave, buzzing-buzz-buzz, and stung the giant up and down till he howled and yelled with pain. But the humming-bird flew out



The giant's legs were frozen hard in the ice.—p. 662.

and came flying back with all the other humming-birds, and they darted about like green lightning till they had swallowed up every one of the bees. When Soft-step thought the bees must have done all they could, he turned himself into a monstrous serpent, and slipped in to give the killing sting; but the humming-birds pecked his eyes out, and then the giant threw a great rock on his head, and that was the end of the serpent.

Then Crafty-man said he would go and kill the giant; and he turned himself into a little red fox, and hid in the bushes by the mouth of

the cave, while his friend Pesty-plague sneaked in and slipped softly down the giant's throat. Very soon the giant felt terribly ill, and lay down on the ground, groaning and grovelling; but the humming-bird flew out and came back with the medicine root that grows by the beaver-dam; and the giant swallowed so much of the medicine root that there was no room for Pesty-plague in all his big body. Then Pesty-plague flew up and out of the giant's mouth, and tried to fly out of the cave; but the fox was standing at the door of the cave with his own mouth so wide open that Pesty-plague flew right down his throat before he could stop himself. So the fox rolled over and over, twisting and squirming, till he died.

When the chief saw what had become of Crafty-man, he called up the next head-man, whose name was Dive-in-the-river. So the head-man turned himself into a loon, and swam about on the big river in the valley till the giant came along and began to wade across. Then the loon whistled to his friend North-wind; and North-wind came whistling down and froze the river all up, and the giant's legs were frozen hard in the ice so that he couldn't move. The humming-bird flew off in a great hurry, and presently South-wind came humming back with him, and melted the river, and the giant waded ashore; but the loon had been diving after a trout when North-wind came, and he couldn't come up again before the water froze, and so he had to stay underneath and be drowned.

"Never mind," said Long-legs. "You'll see what I can do, with my friend Lightning." So Long-legs called to his friend, and turned himself into a tall pine-tree and stood by the door of the mountain to see what would happen. But the humming-bird had heard what Long-legs said, so he flew to the chief of the bull-frogs, and the chief of the bull-frogs came hop-hop-hopping in with his mouth full of water and squatted just inside the door of the cave. When Lightning came flashing along he darted right into the bull-frog's mouth, and darted back out again as quick as he came, sputtering with rage, and burnt up the first thing he found outside, which happened to be his friend the pine-tree.

"Ah," said Short-legs, "that's what comes of boasting." Then he turned himself into a bear and shouted to his friend Thunder. Thunder came boom-boom-booming up the valley, and gave the mountain such a kick that he broke his own toes, and then he drew his foot back in such a hurry that his heel struck the bear on the nose; and the bear's skull was broken into as many pieces as there are pebbles on the beach. Thunder ran grumbling and tumbling down the valley, and the giant came out laughing and made steaks out of the bear's body.

Then Haughty-chin, the eighth head-man, turned himself into an eagle, and flew screeching up into the sky to fetch his friend Whirlwind. In less than a minute Whirlwind came screeching down out of the sky, and whirled in at the door, and whirled round and round inside the mountain, and made the giant spin round and round like a dog after its own tail. This time the giant was really frightened; but the humming-bird had got out before Whirlwind got in, and had gone off to fetch Kulloo, the great bird who lives on the other side of the world. Kulloo was such a monstrous bird that one night she mistook the moon for her own egg, and sat on it for an hour trying to hatch it, so that there was darkness on the earth. When the humming-bird came and perched in Kulloo's ear and told her about the impudent eagle, Kulloo spread her wings and flew round the world to Turtle Mountain. Whirlwind stopped whirling when he heard the storm of her wings coming round the corner of the world, and rushed out to escape, so the eagle was caught between Whirlwind and the storm of Kulloo's wings, and nothing was ever seen of the eagle again, except a few feathers.

When the chief found that eight of his head-men were gone he mourned and mourned. Only one was left, and that was the poorest fighter of all, so that all the other eight had despised and laughed at him whenever they came together in the council-house. He was called Whisperer, because he had such a gentle voice. While the chief sat grieving with his chin on his breast, Whisperer slipped out of the village and began to climb the mountain. He had no great friends, like the other eight head-men, and he had no magic to turn himself into anything. He just climbed the mountain with his feet, and when he got to the mouth of the cave he pulled himself up into a tree with his hands, and sat among the branches. There he sat, and there he sang so sweetly that the giant sat down to listen, with the humming-bird sitting as still as an owl on his shoulder; and all the birds in the forest came flying to find out what creature could sing such a beautiful song. There Whisperer sat, and sang till the giant lay down and went to sleep under the tree; and the humming-bird went to sleep, too. There Whisperer sat and sang, and as he sang the ugly old giant slowly turned into a great green mound, with a bright blue flower growing where the humming-bird had gone to sleep.

"So that was the end of the giant," Kickapoo added, as he finished plucking the grouse. "Now gather a few more sticks for the old Indian's fire, like a good little white boy, and then run away home, or your mother will think you've gone home with a grizzly bear."

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

MAY 20TH (ROGATION SUNDAY).—Prayer (II.).

Passage for reading—*St. Matt. vi. 5-15.*

- POINTS. 1. Prayer must be sincere.
2. Prayer must be in accordance with God's will.
3. Prayer will be answered in God's way.



ILLUSTRATIONS. Praying to

Chance. A lady who had forsaken God and become an infidel was crossing the Atlantic Ocean. She asked a sailor one morning how long they would be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will," he answered, "we shall be at New York."

"If it is God's will!" said the lady. "What a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?" A few days after a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror. The same sailor came by. "What do you think?" she said to him; "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last some time, madam." "Oh," she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His reply was, "Madam, shall I pray to chance?"

Answer to Prayer. A widow at Folkestone kept a small grocer's shop, but owing to misfortune got into debt. Her quarter's rent was due, and she knew not how to pay it. Her landlord wrote to her naming the day and the time when he would call for payment. He was a hard man, and would have thought little of turning her out of her home. The day and the hour had arrived. She had nothing to pay, but she thought of her Father in heaven. Kneeling down, she laid her case before Him, and prayed Him, for the Saviour's sake, Who worked with His own hands at Nazareth, to help her, a poor working woman. She had just risen from her knees when she heard footsteps in the little shop. She expected to see her creditor, but, to her great surprise, about a dozen sailors were there just going to start on a voyage and come to buy various things they wanted. The amount they spent came to rather more than the rent that was due. So praise soon followed prayer, and her trust was strengthened in God Who defendeth the cause of the widow.

MAY 27TH.—Ascension of Christ.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xxiv. 45-53.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ's last blessing from the pierced hands.
2. Christ's last command—to preach the Gospel to all.
3. Christ's last promise—His abiding presence.

ILLUSTRATIONS. That Wonderful Hand of Christ.

It was that same hand which had been so quickly stretched out to rescue Peter when sinking in Galilee's waves. It was that same hand which incredulous Thomas must see before he would believe its risen power; it was that same hand which was extended to him, not only to see, but to touch the nail prints in its palm. It was that same hand which the disciples last saw uplifted in a parting blessing when the cloud separated Him from them. It was only after ten days that they realised the fullness of blessing which came from that extended pierced hand of Christ. Peter at Pentecost must have preached with that last sight of it fresh in his memory when he said, "God hath made that same Jesus, Whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." That hand, with its nail prints, knocks at the heart's door for entrance. That hand, with its deep marks of woe, beckons on the weary sinner in the heavenly way.

The Gospel for All. On Christmas Day, 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, a large group of Maories in New Zealand were gathered round Samuel Marsden, a clergyman from Tasmania, then called Van Diemen's Land. He was chaplain to the convict settlement, and was on a visit to New Zealand. By means of an interpreter he preached a sermon to them. There were native chiefs in the group—tall, fine men, their faces marked in regular lines with the tattoo, ornaments of sharks' teeth in their ears, war feathers in their hair, cloaks of native flax dyed in many colours around them. They sat on the ground listening attentively to the white preacher, whose fair skin was a great contrast to their own copper colour. There could be but one text on Christmas Day. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Their hearts were full of war and bloodshed; their delight was to feast on the dead bodies of their enemies, but when they heard the tale of the Saviour's love their hearts were melted, and one after another became converts to the new religion. In forty years the whole nation had become Christians. The arts of peace were introduced and flourished. Churches and schools were built, the land was cultivated, and from these shores missions have been planted in many other islands of the South Seas, till now the sound of prayer and praise is caught up from shore to shore all round the world, and goes up to the ears of our God Who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

The Presence of Christ. It is told how in one of the Duke of Wellington's battles a part of the army

was giving way under the charge of the enemy, when he rode into the midst of them. A soldier called out in ecstasy, "There's the Duke—God bless him! I'd rather see his face than a whole brigade"; and these words, turning all eyes to their chief, so reassured his comrades that they repulsed the foe. They felt, "He is beside us who was never defeated yet, and who will not be defeated now." A military friend, with whom I conversed on this subject, said that the presence of the distinguished General was at any time worth five thousand men.

JUNE 3RD (WHITSUN DAY)—The Coming of the Holy Spirit.

Passage for reading—Acts ii. 1–11.

- POINTS.** 1. The Holy Spirit is a Person.
2. The Spirit gives wisdom.
3. The Spirit gives power.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Spirit a Person. A young divinity student preparing to enter college was accosted by an unbeliever, who sneered at the idea of the Holy Spirit being a person. "The Spirit a person!" said he. "Why, the spirit is wind, breath, air; the Greek word for it shows you this, for it simply means wind." "Be it so," said the student. "Then be so good as to tell me the meaning of these words: 'Except a man be born of water and of wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind.'" The sceptic could make no answer, and the student added, "Your words are born of the wind, but not of the Spirit of God."

The Spirit in the Soul. Can I see the dew of heaven as it falls on a summer evening? I cannot. It comes down softly and gently, silently and imperceptibly. But when I go forth in the morning after a cloudless night, and see every leaf sparkling with moisture and feel every blade of grass damp and wet, I say at once, "There has been a dew." Just so it is with the presence of the Holy Spirit in the soul. It refreshes the heart, cheers the downcast, gives grace to the sinner and wisdom to the simple. It sends the Christian man to his daily duties with fresh vigour and zeal and is the constant renewing of life to his soul.

The Spirit's Power like the Wind. As the wind bloweth, so is the Spirit. How often have we felt on some fine morning in April the soft, balmy air of spring. As it has come floating up from the west laden with sweet scents, we have seen it lightly stir the leaves of the wood, or make a slight ripple on the quiet lake—everywhere doing a gentle work, everywhere purifying and renovating the air. But when He Who walks upon the wings of the wind has other work for it to do, then the soft air which gently fanned our cheeks has changed into the mighty hurricane. By its power the black clouds have been driven hither and thither in the heavens. By its power the waves of the sea have swelled and rage horribly, while the mighty ships are tossed to and fro and stagger like a drunken man. Even so is the Spirit of God. Now gently it blows upon the heart of some Lydia and turns it to the Lord. Now, as on the day of Pentecost, it blows mightily, and carries all before it. Dead souls are stirred with

new life. Slumbering consciences are awakened. The power that does this is not of man, but of God. It is now as it was in the days of Zerubbabel: "Not by might, nor by power (of man); but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

JUNE 10TH.—One God but Three Persons.

Passage for reading—St. Matthew iii. 11–17.

- POINTS.** 1. God the Father—Creator of the world—owns Jesus as His Son.
2. God the Son—Redeemer—fulfils all righteousness.
3. God the Holy Ghost—Sanctifier—comes upon God's children.
4. Three Divine Persons—One in power, wisdom, and love.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Wisdom of Creation. Look at the wonderful manner in which God our Father has contrived a supply for the thirst of His children in hot countries. He has placed amid the burning sands of Africa a plant whose leaf, twisted round like a cruet, is always filled with a large glassful of fresh water. The gullet of this cruet is shut by the end of the leaf itself so as to prevent the water from evaporating. In the same hot land God has planted a great tree, called *Boa* by the natives, the trunk of which is of great size and hollowed like a cistern. In the rainy seasons it is filled with water, which continues fresh and cool in the greatest heats, by means of the tufted foliage which crowns its summit. In some of the parched and rocky islands of the West Indies there is found a tree, called the *Water Lianno*, so full of sap that if you cut a single branch of it as much water pours forth as a man could drink at one draught, and it is perfectly pure and good. Is not God a loving Father thus to provide for His children's wants?

Christ our Example fulfils all Righteousness. There is a baptism of fire as well as of water. When Alexander the Great marched through Persia, his way was through ice and snow to such an extent that his soldiers were worn out and would have gone no further. Alexander, perceiving this, dismounted from his horse and made his way on foot through them all to the front, making himself a path onward with a pickaxe, at which, being ashamed, they all began to follow him—first his friends, then the captains of his army, and last of all the common soldiers. So must all men follow Christ their Saviour by that rough and hard way of the Cross which He has traversed before them.

"Christ leads us through no darker road than He went through before;

He that into God's Kingdom comes must enter by the door.

The Holy Trinity. St. Patrick is said to have convinced the Irish of the truth of the Trinity by holding up a shamrock leaf of three parts in one. Illustrations of this truth are numberless. Three parts—body, mind, and soul—go to make one man. Three things represent the life of a tree—the blossom, the fruit, and the seed. There are three parts of time—the past, present, and future. Three ages of man—youth, manhood, and old age. God is One, but there are Three Persons, Whose will is one, but yet they act apart at will. Thank God that the grace of the Father, the love of the Son, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost are all for man!

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

READING TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.



(Photo: W. Salmon and Co., Reading.)

MR. JOHN EGGINTON.

(President of the Reading Temperance Society.)

THE thriving town of Reading has a splendid Temperance record, owing in no small degree to the fact that the captains of its leading industries have thrown themselves into the movement with great heartiness and goodwill. Huntley and Palmer's biscuits and Sutton's seeds have carried the

fame of the town to the ends of the earth. These large employers of labour have by precept, purse, and example given the utmost practical support to every effort to popularise Temperance work in the town. The lamented William I. Palmer was one of the most munificent supporters the Temperance cause has ever had. His contributions to the work through his long life must have reached an enormous total. Nor was he content to give simply pecuniary aid. Few men of his wealth and position have ever devoted more time to practical philanthropy. He attended scores of meetings, and his rugged, persuasive speeches made him a great favourite with working people. He was the founder of the "Help Myself" and "Help One Another" Societies, and did excellent work in London as Chairman of the National Temperance League. Born in a little village, he never lost his interest in village life, and did much to keep alive the flame of Temperance work in the Berkshire and Oxfordshire villages. This is not the place to speak of his position as the leading townsman of Reading. His munificent gift to the municipality of an Art Gallery, and his various benefactions, were on a truly regal scale; and his Temperance labours are to be commemorated by the "W. I. Palmer Memorial Buildings," now nearing completion in West Street.

A VENERABLE SOCIETY.

Mr. Palmer was for many years the revered President of the Reading Temperance Society,

which was founded so far back as 1832. Upon his death, the Committee wisely decided to secure the freehold of the West Street Hall, with which he had been so intimately associated for upwards of thirty years. The premises being old, it was determined to erect an entirely new building, steps being taken, however, to preserve the beautiful terracotta porch which had been Mr. Palmer's personal gift in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Reading Temperance Society. The old premises were the property of the West Street Rooms Company, Limited, and at the time of his decease Mr. Palmer held nearly two-thirds of the shares. These were most generously given to the Society by the residuary legatees, Messrs. George and Samuel Palmer, who also presented the Society with the shares they personally held, other members of the Company generously following this good example. The new buildings have been designed by Mr. F. W. Albury, F.R.I.B.A., and comprise a Hall capable of accommodating



READING TEMPERANCE HALL.

600 persons, a Temperance Café, Club Rooms, and other departments. The active Chairman of the Committee is Mr. John Eggington, and the Hon. Secretary is Mr. William Welman. Both gentlemen have been associated with the Society for very many years, and are held in high esteem by their fellow-townsmen. The operations of this venerable Society comprise a very wide field of effort, special prominence being given to the educational and missionary phases of Temperance work.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

Reading is also to be congratulated upon having the largest parochial branch of the Church of England Temperance Society in existence. It is connected with St. John's parish, of which the Rev. F. T. Colson, M.A., is vicar. According to the latest returns, there are upwards of 1,300 members in good standing, and a few weeks ago the Primate paid the branch the signal compliment of taking a special journey to Reading in order to preach a sermon in its behalf. It is needless to say that this act of the Archbishop of Canterbury was highly appreciated.

Mr. Colson is President of the town Band of Hope Union, which is also in a flourishing condition; and as the Women's Associations are also thriving, Reading may be taken as a fine example of a town doing its best to further the temperance movement.

COMING EVENTS.

On the eve of the May Meetings it will be sufficient to say that there is every prospect of some really capital gatherings this season. The C.E.T.S. Fête at the Crystal Palace on May 12th bids fair to be the best ever held by the Society. The National Temperance League's great Bazaar and the Temperance Congress combine to make next month specially noteworthy. Sermons are to be preached in connection with the Congress at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and many other places of worship, several of the most brilliant of the Nonconformist divines being among the preachers. The social functions of the Congress give promise of unusual interest. The Women's Total Abstinence Union has arranged for a Summer School to be held at Torquay from June 18th to the 30th. There will be a Quiet Day for C.E.T.S. workers in St. Paul's Cathedral on November 8th, conducted by Canon Scott Holland.

A HINT TO POETS.

Canon Hicks, of Manchester, whose Temperance labours have made his name a household word in the North, has been publicly lamenting the dearth of hymns and songs for Temperance meetings, and he affirmed that he had for some time contemplated

requisitioning the pen of Rudyard Kipling! Well, it is no use disputing that there is a dearth of good Temperance verse, and yet not a few of our best hymn writers have done something for the Temperance cause. One wonders if the Canon can put his fingers on the Temperance verse of the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, the late Canon Ellerton, the late Frances Ridley Havergal, the Rev. S. J. Stone, the Rev. G. R. Prynne, the late Canon Bell, the late Rev. Robert Maguire, the late T. B. Pollock, the late W. C. Bryant, Canon Rawnsley, the Rev.



(Photo: W. Adams, Reading.)

MR. WILLIAM WELMAN.

(Hon. Secretary, Reading Temperance Society.)

Frederick Langbridge, and "Marianne Farningham." Surely Lancashire has not forgotten its early Temperance poet Anderton, and its versatile Critchley Prince?

TEMPERANCE PICTURES.

The opening of the doors of the Royal Academy once more suggests that those who have to make speeches on the Temperance question, will do well to pay an early visit to Burlington House. No doubt, as in previous years, there will be some pictures well calculated to point a moral and adorn a Temperance tale. It would be interesting to know how many artists of the first rank are in sympathy with Temperance work. Cruikshank is the stock artist whose name most frequently leaps to the front in Temperance oratory. Herkomer's testimony to the early training of his honoured father, is well known; his brother-Academician, Horsley, has upon many occasions shown his interest in the Temperance work of Kensington Parish Church; and the two Dadds, so

well known for their black-and-white drawings, have pretty close ties with the Temperance world. Some of the foremost Temperance leaders have been great patrons of art, and the coming men in art circles might do worse than keep this fact in mind.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

Few things are more uncertain than Parliamentary procedure. No one could have foreseen that the Children's Bill would have reached its second reading so early in the session. Thanks to the united efforts of the Temperance men in Parliament, who stuck to their guns most valiantly, this important

measure for raising the age to sixteen as the limit below which publicans must not sell intoxicating liquor to children was pressed to a second reading. So far so good. The necessity of always being on the watch was abundantly shown in this case. A similar remark applies to the Monmouthshire Sunday Closing Bill. Here again union proved to be strength. Members of all parties in the House cast their votes in favour of the second reading of this Bill. If we cannot get Sunday closing for the entire country all at once, we must be content to take it by instalments. "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

God is in His Holy Temple.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

Music by ROLAND ROGERS, Mus.D., Oxon.
du.

1. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Full of awe let all be here;
2. God in Christ re - veals His pres - ence, Throned up - on the mer - cy - seat;

Wor - ship Him in truth and spi - rit, Rev - rence Him with god - ly fear.
Sin - ners, come, ye need not trem - ble! Fear not thus your God to meet:

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord of Hosts, our Lord ap - pear.
Low - ly, low - ly, Bow a - dor - ing at His feet.

3. Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to His glorious gospel
While the preacher's lips expound:
Blessèd, blessèd,
They who know the joyful sound!

4. Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
O Thou great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell:
Hear us! Save us!
God with us—Immanuel.

SHORT ARROWS

Notes of Christian Life & Work.

Monument to Christopher Columbus.

THE finest statue which has been erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus stands, a conspicuous monument, near to the railway station at Genoa—that city renowned for its palaces and its beauty of situation; comparable only in Europe to Naples and Constantinople for its picturesque loveliness. It is open to dispute as to the exact spot where the intrepid discoverer of some of the West Indian Islands and the New World was born, but the



MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

best authorities agree that it was at Genoa. At any rate, he had residence there both in his early life and later on when he had attained notoriety for his successful voyages. The building in which he then resided—known as the Palace of Columbus—is proudly pointed out by the residents of the city, and it stands quite near the statue, a photograph of which is here given. This exquisitely wrought monumental work was executed by Lanzio in 1892. It is of white marble, and is surrounded by sitting figures, representing Religion, Wisdom, Force, and Geography; between these are reliefs depicting subjects taken from the life of Columbus. On the summit is a full-sized statue of the discoverer himself; it rests on an anchor, and a figure of America kneels at its feet. The monument is surrounded with bronze pedestals and light chain-work; the cypress and oleander trees near, throwing the beauty of the polished marble into strong relief.

"My Life in Christ."

A GREAT Scottish preacher has well said that we may claim good "Father John," of Cronstadt, for all sections of the Church of God. When his book, "My Life in Christ," was first issued the religious world gladly welcomed a priceless addition to our devotional literature, deserving to rank with the writings of Thomas à Kempis, Bishops Hall and Wilson, and the author of "The Christian Year." A new edition of the authorised English translation of "My Life in Christ" (Cassell and Co.) has just appeared, and will no doubt be in great demand. A fount of piety, at once simple and profound, is here opened to the Christian reader. We must, of course, be prepared to meet with and dissent from occasional expressions which are out of accord with the teachings of the reformed faith; but apart from these there is an abundance of spiritual refreshment. Most of these devout meditations are very brief, and can be profitably used in spare moments—a great boon to those whose lives are full of activities, public and private. No minister or teacher can well afford to be without this book, while all Christian readers will feel refreshed and strengthened by the perusal of the thoughts of one whose "life is hid with Christ in God."

Two Suggestive Headlines.

On the 1st of November, 1890 (writes an Army Chaplain), when the newspapers recorded a telegraphic explanation of the capture by the Boers at Ladysmith of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Gloucester Regiment, a headline on one of the boards was "Mutinous Mules to Blame." It is not only in South Africa that mutinous mules are to

cartridge they had was fired. We, on the contrary, often surrender at the first demand of temptation without firing a shot.

An Ancient Chapel.

ONE of the most historic and interesting chapels extant is that of Lambeth Palace. The walls,



(Photo: J. T. Sandell, Taken on North.)

THE CHAPEL, LAMBETH PALACE.

blame. Half the misery that is found in Church, in State, in domestic life, and in ourselves, is caused by the fact that some men are self-willed, disobedient, and generally mule-like. Another headline on the same board was: "Resisted to the Last Cartridge." What a lesson is here for us in reference to the fight we ought to be carrying on against sin! These two regiments did their best not to surrender; they only gave up when every

shaft, and window places of the building are the remains of Boniface of Savoy's Chapel, which he finished in 1250. The present roof, however, is modern, and of extreme beauty. The screen was placed where it is by Archbishop Laud. Previous to the Civil War the windows consisted of painted glass of great richness; they had been put up by Archbishop Morton, and represented the whole history of man from the Creation

to the Day of Judgment; but when Colonel Scott occupied the place during the Commonwealth the beautiful windows were altogether destroyed, the decorations of the place much defaced, and it was even turned into a dancing room. Nor did the emissary of Cromwell stop short at this, for he dug up the remains of Archbishop Parker, who had been buried here in 1575, took them out of the leaden coffin—which latter he sold—and threw them out on to a rubbish heap. The body, however, was found after the Restoration, and again interred in the chapel; an inscription now records the burying-place, for the monument which formerly stood in the chancel was also destroyed by Scott. The building is lighted by lancet-shaped windows of beautiful stained glass; in the east by a window of five lights set in deep masonry. The dimensions are not large, measuring only some seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. The carved screen before mentioned divides it into two parts, one of which is surmounted by a gallery. The entire interior is fitted with a range of stalls on either side; these are for the officers of the Archbishop, with seats below for the household domestics. The reredos is of the Corinthian order, inlaid in marble and gold mosaic, the floor of the chapel being of black and white marble. The roof is adorned with figures of saints and apostles, and further decorated in an artistic mingling of red, blue, and gold. The Archbishop's throne seat is just inside the entrance to the right, and there is also a throne chair within the sacarium. At the west end of the building is a pretty gallery, which was formerly an organ loft, but at present the organ stands in a small chamber immediately over the right of the chancel. This is one of the rooms that Cranmer built; in fact, the whole of the tower in which this is situated was built by him, and in it he seems to have principally lived, as on the second floor may still be seen his sleeping apartments, together with those appertaining to some of his household. More than four hundred bishops have been consecrated within the walls of this chapel, as well as many archbishops. Here Wycliffe underwent his second trial in the days of John of Gaunt, his judge being Archbishop Sudbury, who ultimately died at the hands of Wat Tyler. Once Peter the Great was present here to witness an ordination, and Archbishop Laud in his diary speaks of marrying Mary Villiers at the Duke of Buckingham in his chapel at Lambeth House, and adds, "The King [Charles I.] was present to give the bride away."

Bird-Witted

THE carrier pigeons did not prove altogether a success in the war between Spain and America. About fifty per cent. of the birds released by the ships on the Cuban coast went astray—tempted, it is supposed, by the delicious fruits of Cuba and Southern Florida, which were more attractive than the United States Government rations. For pigeons thus to go astray is excusable. We can make allowance for their being bird-witted, for their

putting pleasure first and duty afterwards; but what are we to say when human beings go astray because they cannot say "No" to temptations of the flesh? A convict who had been influenced by a mission in his prison wrote afterwards as follows:—

"I am going to try, though ever so dry
(This mission has made me think);
And I'll mend my ways in the future days,
And give up the weary drink.

As long as this poor fellow was led astray by the "weary drink" he was as "bird-witted" as the carrier pigeons. It was only when he came to himself and made this resolution—which, if not very poetical, is very pathetic—that he acted like a man.

The Last Beatitude.

WHEN Dr. Thomas Arnold was suddenly stricken with his mortal agony, he was seen, we are told, lying still, with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." This is the last, but not the least, of the Beatitudes.

Books to Read.

WITH the publication of the fourth volume the autobiography of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon is completed. To many this last volume will be the most interesting, as it not only covers the period of his later years (from 1878 to his death in 1892), but includes several chapters outside the routine of the life-story, on such subjects as "Mr. Spurgeon as a Literary Man," his "Opinions on Subjects of General Interest," and "The Growth of the Spurgeon Institutions." The compilers of this authorised biography have spared no efforts to make the work in every way a worthy memorial of the great evangelist, and have been ably seconded by the publishers (Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster), who are to be congratulated upon their excellent presentation of the several volumes.—Like Mr. Spurgeon, the late D. L. Moody had a host of friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, who will appreciate the short "Life," by Messrs. W. R. Moody and A. P. Fitt, recently issued by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. This little work touches on the most important events in the crowded life of the late "Bishop of Northfield," and forms an admirable prelude to the more complete and comprehensive official biography from Mr. W. R. Moody's pen, promised by the same publishers.—"Helps to Faith and Practice" (Elliot Stock) is the title of a compact little volume of devotional readings, selected and arranged by the Rev. J. H. Burn, B.D., from the writings of Canon Scott-Holland. Each reading is short and complete in itself, and there is not a page which does not contain a helpful thought or an inspiring message.—From Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert, of New York, we have received what is fittingly described as "a mother book," entitled "Sunday Afternoons for the Children." The author, Mrs. E. F. Soule, gives an amount of valuable advice

and many bright and ingenious suggestions to mothers for interesting their little ones in Bible work, which should prove of real benefit.—Attractive alike to children and their elders is the volume of "True Stories of Heroic Lives," which reaches us from the Funk and Wagnalls Company, and records the heroic courage and devotion displayed by such notable men and women of the nineteenth century as Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, Garnet J. Wolseley, William Lloyd Garrison, and others. The only regret is that many of the chapters are so short. From the same publishers comes a series of fifty-two Scripture studies arranged for every week in the year by James M. Campbell.

Tregross, once well known as a minister of the Gospel in Exeter. At last he was converted under God by a sermon preached by himself from the text Luke xii. 47.

Gaza.

GAZA, which means "strong," was one of the most important cities in Palestine, and the frontier fortress on the Egyptian highway. It is frequently mentioned as one of the five great Philistine cities. The latest Biblical notice of it is in Acts viii. 26. The site of modern Gaza is nearly as large as that of Jerusalem. The greater part of the houses are of



A GENERAL VIEW OF GAZA.

(Photo: Bonfil.)

bearing the title "Bible Questions," which will be found of great service for both private and family devotion.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "The Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord" (Elliot Stock)—a consecutive narrative compiled from the four Gospels; a biographical sketch of the devoted missionary labours of "Emma Herdman," in Morocco (S. W. Partridge and Co.); a useful little treatise on "Our South African Empire, and How We Made It" (C. Arthur Pearson); and a further number of Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward's practical handbooks on arts and handicrafts, including "Church Decoration," "Marquetry," "Pyrography," and "Fret Cutting."

Converted by His Own Sermon.

It is possible to talk and preach about religion for a long time without having any root of the matter in us. This was the case with the Rev. Thomas

mud and wood. There are several large mosques, and a fine Government house. In the plain round the city there is an ancient race course, the corners which are marked by pillars. On one of these is inscribed, in Greek, Psalm xxiv. 1: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." This may refer to the fertility of the beautiful suburban gardens. There are only a few palms; but olive, apricot, and mulberry trees abound. Gaza was always the base of operations against the Philistines.

A Testimony.

A FRIEND of Archbishop Leighton said that, in free and frequent intercourse with him for twenty-two years, "I never knew him say an idle word, or a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that I wished to be in at the last moment of my life."

THE CENTURY NATIONAL PRAYER UNION.

OUR readers will be interested to know that our Prayer Union is gradually becoming representative, for in addition to a large number of members in the United Kingdom we have also received entries from India, Russia, South Africa, the West Indies, and elsewhere. The rules of the Union (which were published in full in our February number) explain that its object is the daily offering of prayer for the Divine blessing on our own country and on all nations, both now and during the coming century, and it is also hoped that it may lead to the revival of family worship in the many households where this practice does not obtain. To encourage the commencement or resumption of family prayer a *Penny Book of Daily Devotion* has been issued from this office, which has secured hearty approval from the Christian leaders of the country, as the letters we published last month abundantly prove. We have since received the following kind words from the Marquis of Northampton, sent from Egypt: "Lord Northampton is very grateful to the Editor of *THE QUIVER* for *The Penny Book of Daily Devotion*, which has been forwarded to him. Anything which can be done to influence households to have family prayer must receive the approbation of all God-fearing men. *The Book of Daily Devotion* is within the reach of all, owing to its very low price, and to those who have not already their books of prayer and praise it should be a real help."

A copy of the regulations of the Union, together with enrolment forms, will be gladly sent, post free, on application to the Editor of *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. We would remind our readers that membership is entirely free, and that no names will be published.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

73. Which of the apostles speaks of faith as a necessary accompaniment of true prayer?
74. What assurance does our Lord give us that our prayers shall be answered?
75. What did Jesus mean when He said, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name"?
76. To whom did our Lord command His apostles to preach the Gospel first of all?
77. What special gift of wisdom did Jesus bestow upon His apostles before He ascended into Heaven?
78. What did Christ promise His apostles as an encouragement to them in preaching the Gospel?
79. Why was the feast of Pentecost instituted?
80. Quote passage which sets forth the personality of the Holy Spirit.
81. Why was it that so many strangers were present at Jerusalem when the Holy Ghost gave power to the apostles to speak in divers languages?
82. What proof of our Lord's divinity was given at His baptism?
83. In what way was the presence of the Holy Spirit manifested when Jesus was baptised?
84. When did our Lord speak of the existence of the three Persons in the Holy Trinity?

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from March 1st, 1900, up to and including March 31st, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

OUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

FIFTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	226	0	7½
Per H. J. Pilbrow, London	0	10	9
Miss Wood, Doncaster	0	2	6
Per C. H. Gillett, Bampton	1	0	0
E. W. and C. M.	0	5	0
C. E. W.	0	2	6
Per Master P. Weir, Sulby	3	0	0
Per Miss E. Gough	0	7	0
Per J. E. Lucking, Kensington	0	7	0
Per Ernest W. Dunn, Jamaica	0	13	0
Miss M. M. J. Prichard, Bournemouth	1	0	0
Per Miss Beatrice Jewell, Southsea	1	0	10
"Lisle"	1	0	0
Per Miss Mary Adams, Andover	1	15	6
Per Miss Tiny Hartnoll, Southampton	0	7	6

£237 12 2½

All amounts of £1 and upwards will be separately acknowledged through the post. If such acknowledgment of smaller amounts is desired, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed. A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All collections, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and marked, on left-hand top corner of envelope, "Widows' and Orphans' Fund." *Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application.*

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: The Twins, Brighton (4th donation), 1s.; A Glasgow Mother (118th donation), 1s.; J. McE, (12th donation), 1s.

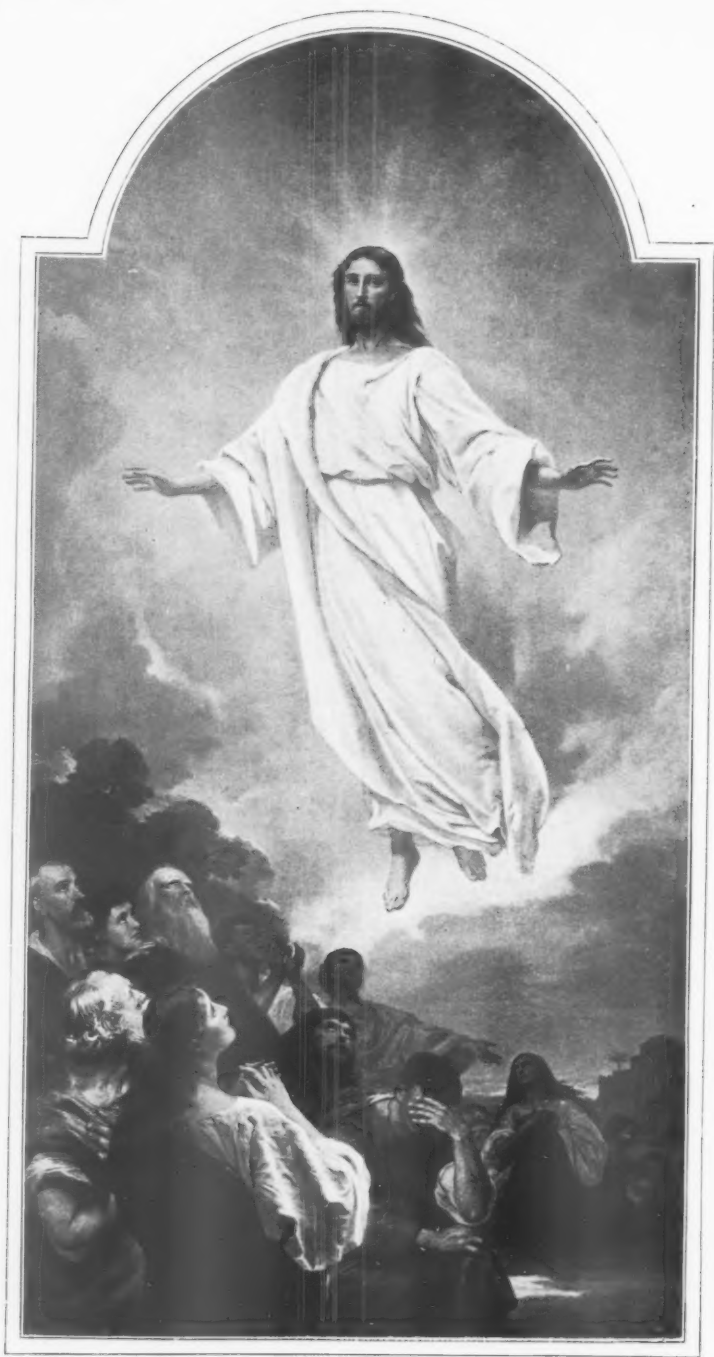
For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, 3s. 6d.; Phil, 5s.; A Sympathiser, 10s. We are also asked to acknowledge the receipt of 10s. from A. P. F. and 10s. from A. B. S., sent direct.

For *The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund*: Phil, 15s.; S. E. M., 5s.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

61. The saying of the soldiers, as reported among the Jews, that the disciples had stolen the body of Jesus while they slept (St. Matt. xxviii. 13-15).
62. When after His resurrection He sent a message to His disciples by the women who came to the sepulchre (St. Matt. xxviii. 10).
63. That, as Christ rose from the dead, so shall we rise (1 Cor. xv. 13-22; 1 Thess. iv. 14).
64. The marks of the nails in His hands and of the spear in His side (St. John xx. 20).
65. At His first appearance to them after His resurrection (St. John xx. 21, 22).
66. St. John xvi. 29.
67. That His life was intended to be a life of suffering, as Isaiah foretold (St. Luke xxiv. 26; Is. liii. 3-11.)
68. St. Mark says Jesus appeared to them "in another form" (St. Mark xvi. 12).
69. Christ's victory over sin and death: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (St. John xvi. 33).
70. St. John xvi. 28.
71. St. Peter and other disciples went fishing as a means of livelihood (St. John xxi. 3).
72. The duty of caring for children and looking after their spiritual and temporal welfare (St. John xxi. 15).





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THE ASCENSION.

(By Ernst von Liphart.)

FAMOUS PICTURES OF THE ASCENSION.

THE principal events in the life of our Lord have through all periods of art furnished themes for the painter; but, curiously

enough, that great concluding event of His earthly career, the Ascension, has been the least represented of all. The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that the human side of our Lord's nature, and the incidents more directly connected with it, have appealed to a greater extent to artists than did this manifestation of His Divinity. Then again, of course, there is the great technical difficulty involved in the representation of a material body rising through space without visible aid; and this difficulty, we venture to think, has not been successfully solved in any of the pictures we reproduce. The figure of Christ, in nearly all of them, merely seems to be sus-

pended over those of the Apostles and other witnesses of the scene. Some painters have tried to evade this difficulty by representing our Lord ascending on a cloud—a distinct departure from the narrative, for therein we are told that "a cloud received Him out of their sight," inferring that up till then He was in full sight of the witnesses.

The subject is, indeed, full of difficulties; it does not afford the opportunity for varied treatment as do other Gospel

records. A walk through our National Gallery will show to the observant visitor numerous renderings, for instance, of the scene at Bethlehem, every

one of which is totally different from the others. But in dealing with the Ascension the artist has not the same scope for imaginative effects. Only in the great Central Figure does he obtain his opportunity—that of presenting his idea of Christ; and, by the way, it will be seen from the illustrations how closely through all the ages artists have adhered to the one type of face.

Italy, the birth-place of Christian art, has given us the greater number of the pictures of the Ascension. The early painters there worked entirely for and on behalf of the Church; their interest in their art was entirely religious. Their efforts appear to us ungainly,

clumsy—their attempts to render the beautiful were oftentimes very wide of the mark—but we have to remember that they were the pioneers of all subsequent art. Crude and ill-formed as are their figures, they stand in the same relation to the world's masterpieces of art as do the illegible scrawls of a child to the hand-writing of his maturity. They are the feeble attempts of infancy which must necessarily precede the triumphs of manhood. Considered in this light, the



THE ASCENSION.

(From the Painting by ORCAGNA in the National Gallery.)

crudities sink into insignificance; we see only the heartfelt endeavour of the artist to give expression through the medium of his brush to the aspirations and ideals of his soul.

Art was then the handmaid of religion. The painter was the servant

are to our eyes grotesque, but to those for whom they were painted they were wonderful. They had no books. A picture was a revelation; the painter a hero.

Cimabue, who lived in the thirteenth century, painted a picture for the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. The work was esteemed so marvellous that it was an object of the profoundest admiration to the people of that city. When it was to be deposited in the church, it was carried in triumph from the painter's house through the streets. Trumpets were blown, and civic dignitaries escorted it in solemn procession, and the painter was highly honoured and rewarded for it. Moreover, a king who happened to be visiting Florence, was taken by the authorities, "among other marks of respect," as Vasari tells us, to see the great work.

There was simplicity in the work, the painter, and the people, nay more, for Ruskin would have us believe that both painter and people were stronger in the simplicity of their religious faith than are the people of our own day. In "The Stones of Venice" he wrote: "In the modern religious mind, the capacity of emotion, which renders judgment uncertain, is joined with an incredulity which renders



THE ASCENSION.

(From the Painting by RUBENS.)

of the Church. His it was to give to the worshippers representations of the forms of the Divine personages around Whom was centred their belief, and in Whom reposed their faith. He pictured to them the Divine Child, saints and angels, and on the walls of the churches attempted to depict scenes and incidents in the lives of our Lord and the saints. But it was to the representations of the infant Christ that they devoted their greatest efforts. The results in many instances

it severe; and this ignorant emotion, joined with ignorant observance of faults, is the worst possible temper in which any art can be regarded, but more especially sacred art. For as religious faith renders emotion facile, so also it generally renders expression simple; that is to say, a truly religious painter will very often be ruder, quainter, simpler, and more faulty in his manner of working than a great irreligious one. And it was in this artless utterance and simpler acceptance, on the part of both the

workmen and the beholder, that all noble schools of art have been cradled."

One of the earliest representations of our subject is among the wonderful mosaics in St. Mark's at Venice, in connection with which the foregoing words of Mr. Ruskin were written. It occupies the whole of the central and principal cupola of the roof. At the highest point of it Christ is represented as rising into the blue heaven, borne upward by four angels. He is seated upon a rainbow. Beneath Him is shown the Mount of Olives, on which stand the twelve apostles, and in the midst of them are the "two men in white apparel" who appeared at the moment of our Lord's disappearance, and asked the question, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

These mosaics were executed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The first actual painting of the Ascension of which I can find a record is one in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Arena at Padua, the work of Giotto. This artist lived between the years 1266-1336, and was a pupil of Cimabue, to whom I have already referred. He it was who, as a boy, was discovered by Cimabue drawing with a pointed stone upon a smooth, clean piece of rock a representation of one of the sheep he was minding. The master artist was astonished at the skill displayed by the lad, and took him away to Florence to teach him the secrets of his art. Giotto was such an apt pupil that his reputation is now equal to that of his master. It was he who, on being asked for a specimen of his skill, so that a certain patron of art might know the extent of his artistic knowledge and capability, took a sheet of paper, dipped his pencil into a red colour, and, resting his elbow on his side, drew, with one turn of his hand, a perfect circle. Vasari, the old chronicler of the doings of these early artists, thus summarises Giotto and his work: "Having passed his life in the production of many admirable works, and proved himself a good Christian as well as an excellent painter, Giotto resigned his soul to God in the year 1336, not only to the great regret of his

fellow-citizens, but of all who had known him, or even heard his name."

Our first illustration is a reproduction of the only picture in the National Gallery which treats of the Ascension.



THE ASCENSION.

(From the Painting by BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.)

It is the work of Andrea di Cione, or as he is more generally known, Orcagna, which name is a corruption of Arcagnuola—the Archangel. He was a Florentine painter, sculptor and architect, who lived in the twelfth century. His chief work as a painter consists of a series of frescoes in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. This picture of the Ascension is one of nine small pictures which he painted as a re-table for the Florentine Church of San Pietro Maggiore.

It is a typical example of the work of the period. It is more a decoration than a picture, with the merest suggestion of a landscape, and none at all of sky.

In the museum at Lyons is an "Ascension" which is a very fine example of fifteenth century Italian painting. It is

year he was apprenticed to a painter at Perugia. He was really only a shop drudge, but at any rate the desire was kindled within him to become a great artist, and he applied himself with diligence to learning the rudiments of his art. After a time he wended his way to Florence, where artists most did

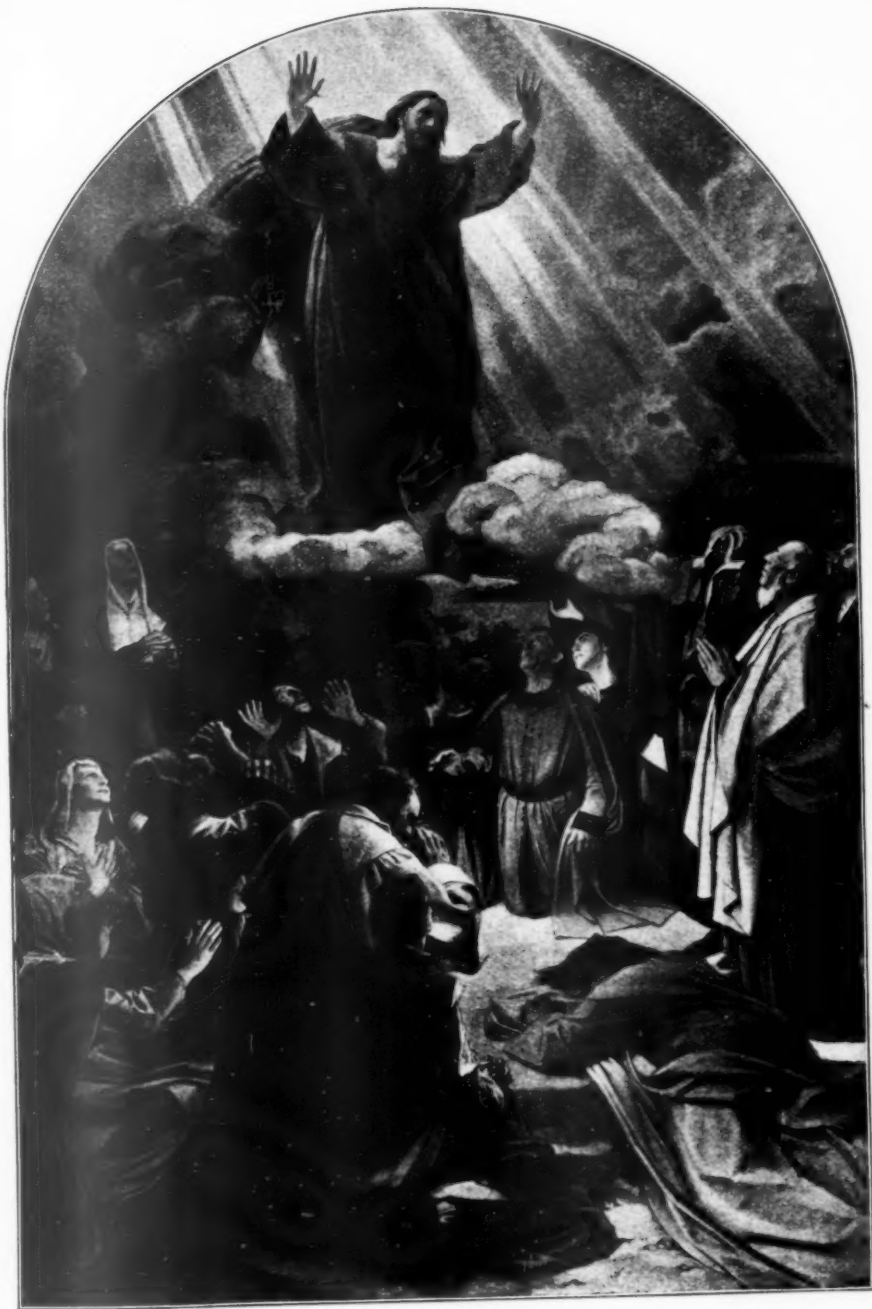


THE ASCENSION.

(A portion of a window in Holy Trinity Church, New York. By HENRY HOLIDAY.)

the work of Pietro Vannucci, better known as Perugino, a name derived from Perugia, the principal city of the district in which he was born. He lived between the years 1446-1524, and was the immediate predecessor of those giants of the Renaissance, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. His career was a strange one. His parents were poor, and before Pietro had reached his ninth

congregate at the time, and endured a season of heart-chilling poverty. For very many months he did not even possess a bed, and had to sleep on a wooden chest. But he worked hard and long; he did for Italy what Jan Van Eyck did for Holland, by introducing the art of painting in oils, and in course of time became famous. To him came as a pupil Raphael Sanzio, whose reputation was



THE ASCENSION.

(By E. V. GEBHARDT. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

ultimately to exceed that of his master. His picture of the Ascension was painted for the Church of San Pietro of Perugia.

Passing over a few works by the less important Italian painters, I want to mention a wonderful painting of the Ascension by Correggio (1494-1534). It is executed on the cupola of the Benedictine Church of St. John at Parma, and owing to the fact that it is darkened by the smoke of countless tapers, and to the consequent difficulty in obtaining a good photograph, we are unable to illustrate it here. The painting is a fresco; that is, it was executed on the plaster of the ceiling, and when it is considered that there is no direct light on it, there being neither skylights nor windows to the cupola, the difficulties under which the work was accomplished can be slightly estimated. More than this, Correggio was the first artist to undertake such a task, and so could not have the benefit of the experience of other artists who had painted under similar circumstances. Titian, when he saw the work, is reported to have said, "Reverse the cupola and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth."

The next picture I want to note is one by Jacopo Robusti, or as he was more generally known, Tintoretto, one of the greatest of the artists of Venice. He was born in 1512, and was the son of a dyer, or "tintore," whence came his nickname of "Il Tintoretto," the little dyer. When he was a boy, he showed the bent of his talent by daubing on the walls of his father's workshop. His father, wishing to encourage him, took him to the great master of Venice, Titian, then fifty-six years of age. He only stayed there for ten days, however; for Titian, some say from jealousy of the talent he showed, sent him home. His finest works are in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, and among these is the Ascension. It is painted on canvas, and Christ is represented ascending to Heaven escorted by angels.

Leaving Italy, let us turn now to the great Flemish master, Peter Paul Rubens, or, properly speaking, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, for he received the English honour of knighthood from the hands of Charles I. in 1630. He was one of the most prolific and skilful artists of all time, and nothing in the domain of art

presented difficulties to him. He could design a triumphal arch as well as he could paint a picture or decorate a church. It was in the last connection that he executed his "Ascension." In 1616, a year of peace, there was work in plenty for artists, and Rubens, who was then in Antwerp, came in for his share. The fashion for decorating Gothic churches was then at its height, and the ecclesiastics in Antwerp determined that their great church should be decorated throughout. The commission was given to Rubens, and all the works were designed by him and executed under his superintendence. But alas! in 1718 all were destroyed by fire, and among them the picture of the Ascension. It had, however, been engraved by the engraver Bolswert, and our illustration is made from his plate.

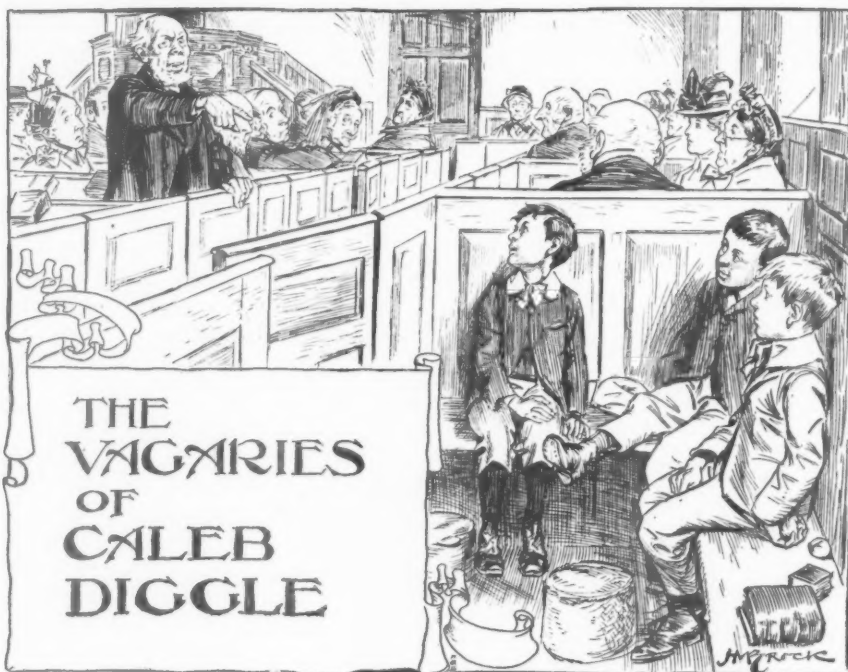
To our other illustrations of pictures little reference may be made. With the exception of that by Benjamin West, the American President of the British Royal Academy, they are by modern painters, and serve but to show the treatment of the subject by them in comparison with that accorded it by the Old Masters. It is curious to find that the subject has been avoided by English artists of repute. Even in these days of the revival of church decoration I find by communication with the leading decorative artists that the Ascension has not come in for extensive treatment at their hands. Mr. Henry Holiday, one of the most refined of our designers for stained glasswork, has, however, executed two or three versions of the subject, and he has kindly consented to the reproduction of his latest treatment of it in this article. The window is to be placed in Holy Trinity Church, New York. There are, of course, windows innumerable in churches throughout the country representing the Ascension; but, like many other modern ecclesiastical decorations, they are for the most part productions of manufacturers—stereotyped of design and often lacking in any artistic qualities. Perhaps the time will again come when the artist will be called in to give the best of his work to the adornment of our places of worship, and the machine-made decorations, the commonplace stencillings, and Brummagem metal-work shall give place to the creations of the artist's own hands.

ARTHUR FISH.



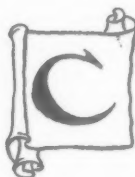
THE ASCENSION.

(From the Painting by J. TISSOT. By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)



THE VAGARIES OF CALEB DIGGLE

A Story of Chapel Life. By Harry Davies.



CALEB DIGGLE was undoubtedly one of the most bombastic, assertive, and self-important men in the whole countryside, and that was why 'Liza so loved to take him down and make him look small. He was a veritable little peacock of conceit and a firebrand of dissension, with his big airs and his hallucination that he was a great man in the church, and his readiness to rush into a quarrel, whether he had anything to do with it or whether he hadn't. His way of hectoring people—so censorious, so overbearing, and so infallible in its superior virtue—was laughable and exasperating at the same time. It was laughable in its sheer pretentiousness and pompous assumption of authority, just as a quarrelsome bantam cock, taking upon himself to crow shrill defiance to the farmyard at large, is laughable. It was exasperating in that Caleb never confined himself to what he was sure of, or what he knew anything about, or what he had anything to do with, but rushed into every quarrel and argument in the most aggressive and provoking manner. He sniffed the battle afar off, and plunged

into it, so to speak, with a whoop of exulting fury, getting himself embroiled with everyone in the most needless way. In the course of the memorable dispute anent the proposal to re-seat the chapel, Caleb Diggle offended more people, caused more personal quarrels, and, generally speaking, "raised his horn on high" more furiously and unnecessarily than all the other members put together. Not that he was one of the leaders in the dispute, for poor Caleb would never have been accepted as a leader of anything or anybody, but simply that it was his nature to be in the thick of the fray, pulling everyone by the ears and making a great fuss and pother out of the smallest question. "What I says is *this!*" was his favourite declamation, and at the word "this" he would bring his fist down with a great bang on the table, or beat it with a ringing thwack into the palm of his other hand. It did not matter in the slightest degree that nobody had asked him what his opinion was. The smallest dispute, argument, or disagreement on any subject whatever would bring Caleb Diggle to the spot with his bang on the table or seat-ledge and his "What I says is *this!*" and if people were not listening to

him, or were talking to one another, he would go on declaiming, his voice getting shriller and more nasal in "twang," until they paused and gave him a hearing for very weariness.

And yet the bubble of Caleb's blatant assumption was easily pricked, as all bubbles are. The minister or one or two of the older members had only to ignore him, to "take him down," to chide him seriously, and he would fall into a state of disconsolate collapse, which would, generally speaking, last for a week or two. Then he would recover himself, and would be as perky, as quarrelsome, and as aggressive as ever. He was delightfully inconsistent in his ways. He would rise to his feet impetuously in the midst of the service and publicly censure small boys for talking (gloating all the while in the sound of his own voice), and ten minutes later would be peacefully sleeping in the corner of his pew. If you met him on his own ground in argument, and confounded him completely, cutting his position from under his feet and showing him clearly that he was wrong, he would turn on you suddenly and say with asperity, "What's that got to do with it? I don't know what you're talking about!"

Why did the church bear so patiently with Caleb Diggle's vagaries? It was because they had a warm corner for him in their hearts, despite his exasperating ways. They had grown up together in fellowship, he and the other members of his day. They had found out how many good qualities he had underneath his quarrelsome exterior, how kind he was in sickness, how loyal he was to his minister and his church. He amused them with his pretentious ways, even although they knew he would mortally offend them before long; and they grew to tolerate him, and to listen to him with smiles as he passionately declaimed, or rushed into disputes with which he had nothing whatever to do.

Caleb, for instance, was one of the most excited disputants in the controversy which arose over the leadership of the choir, when James Foulkes was finally elected as against his rival, George Matthews. Now Caleb did not know a note of music, and how he should have managed to squeeze himself into a dispute with which the choir was chiefly concerned passes comprehension. But manage it he did, and he succeeded in working up both sides to a white heat of passion by his inflammatory ways and speeches. Nor did he cease enjoying himself with zest in the matter until the minister gave him a sharp lecture one evening on the way home from the weekly prayer-meeting.

"I am surprised at you, Caleb Diggle," said

the minister very severely, "meddling in matters which don't concern you in the least. What business is it of yours, I should like to know, whom the choir select for their conductor? But *that* you don't care about in the least. You simply go amongst them, adding fuel to the flames, just for the love of dispute, and nothing more!"

Caleb tried to speak, but the minister would not let him get in a word edgewise. He knew full well how to manage Caleb; he knew that only sledge-hammer blows of blame or ridicule would take any effect upon him, and that if he spared him in the slightest Caleb would take advantage of it. Caleb went home from that lecture like a limp rag, and for a fortnight he was very mild and subdued, and did not once attempt to speak on any subject whatever. But the next dispute that arose found him crowing as loudly as ever and ordering people about as though he were the minister, or senior deacon at least. He was simply incorrigible, in fact, and people were often obliged to laugh at him even in the midst of their resentment.

It was when the minister was away that Caleb was at his worst. He loved to pose as a man of authority, and when the minister's quelling influence was removed he broke out worse than ever. He would stand up in the after-meeting, appropriating nearly all the time to himself, and would harangue the church on some shortcoming or another until it became a marvel as to how they could bear with him. He always tried to "loom large" in the eyes of the supplying minister as a man of consequence, and once on such an occasion he even ordered Aaron Lees, one of the oldest members, to close the window opposite the pulpit. Aaron, in his surprise, actually complied like a lamb, whereupon Caleb looked up at the strange minister with an air of pompous importance, as who should say, "There! You see I'm somebody, I am!"

Such was the man whom 'Liza delighted to take down—to make "look small." 'Liza was a shrewd, sensible, stern-visaged woman, with a sharp understanding and a sharper tongue, and a wonderful knowledge of Scripture. Even the minister would look uneasily from the corner of his eye at 'Liza's pew when he had made a slip in the pulpit in quoting Scripture, for he knew that he would hear of it when next he went over to her farm. As for the mischievous boys in the gallery, one little movement of 'Liza's bonnet, as stiff and stern and uncompromising as herself, was enough to make the smile fade from their faces, and to cause them to sit up and look at the preacher with preternatural solemnity. Under all her acidity and sternness of mien 'Liza had a wonderful fund of

common-sense, and Caleb's bombastic ways were to her as a red rag to the bull. She would purse her lips and grind her teeth together when Caleb was declaiming, like the inveterate wind-bag that he was, and would mutter "Little donkey!" to herself. She took a savage pleasure in thrusting at him with her biting wit, and confounding him with her quickness of repartee, so that he looked foolish and tried to escape from her.

Time was when Caleb, in the fatuity of his own conceit and self-confidence, thought he was a match for 'Liza, and he attempted to take a very high hand with her, until she gave him one or two such sharp lessons that he grew to dread her attacks and would sneak away, if he could, from the encounter. In the midst of his worst outbursts of fiery declamations, nothing made him collapse so quickly as to see 'Liza advancing towards him down the aisle with an ominous light in her eye. She took him so neatly, with such a smiling mien, and such imperturbable good humour concealing her fell intention, that poor Caleb, whose mentality was not equal to subtleties of this kind, would get confused and incoherent, and seize at any straw as a means of escape.

I remember the first great fall which Caleb experienced at 'Liza's hands as clearly as though it were yesterday. Despite his inflated ways, Caleb was really a big ignoramus. You might have thought from his bearing that he knew everything under the sun, but he was, in fact, as shallow as a babbling brook. Agile he might be, especially in covering his own ignorance, but still woefully shallow. How he could have had the hardihood and stupendous assurance to enter the lists against 'Liza, with her wide range of Bible knowledge, on such an abstruse subject as Justification by Faith passes comprehension; but he certainly did so, and the result was that he got such a drubbing as he had never had in his life, and was so humiliated and disgraced that he was quite downcast and silent for three weeks.

It began in this way. Caleb had not the slightest particle of tact in his bombastic composition, and he had a most annoying habit, after a visit from any strange minister, of belauding that individual's sermon to the skies at the after-meeting on the next Sunday evening, or the "Society" meeting on Wednesday. It would seem from Caleb's enthusiastic encomiums that it was the best sermon they had ever had, and a rare treat such as they were never used to; and he would go out of his way to pat the preacher patronisingly on the back on some question of doctrine respecting which Caleb knew nothing whatever. All this, in the presence of his own minister, was at least invidious, if not in

bad taste; and although nothing was further from Caleb's thoughts than to convey any reflection upon their pastor, yet this persistent habit of his was most objectionable to the other members, and especially to 'Liza.

One Wednesday evening Caleb delivered a more enthusiastic oration than usual respecting a sermon which had been preached there on the previous Sunday by a callow young student. Caleb, by the way, had been especially pleased because the young man had evidently been impressed by his position of authority and influence in the church (it was on that Sunday he had ordered Aaron Lees to close the window opposite the pulpit).

"What I says is *this*!" exclaimed Caleb, in the course of a fiery speech, the minister sitting in the big chair under the pulpit meanwhile, and gazing imperturbably at the ceiling. "I says as that there sermon was a grand lesson to some of us, an' a lesson as some of us ought to take to ourselves. Ef we can't see the lesson in that there beautiful sermon, we be still blind and walkin' in darkness. I says as there be some members in this 'ere church as wants wakin' up to their duty. Let them think over that grand sermon, an' p'raps their eyes 'll be opened for 'em! An' I says further as I quite agreed with the doctrine in that there sermon. It was a good piece of doctrine an' argyment, an' I wish as some people had bin 'ere to 'ear it!"

And so on, and so on, until the patience of the minister and everyone else was nearly worn out. Whom this unprovoked attack reflected upon no one knew; and perhaps Caleb did not know himself. It was simply his way, as censor of things in general, and he sat down with a grunt of satisfaction, thoroughly pleased with himself. He little knew that he had invited and sealed his own doom. He little knew that Nemesis was waiting for him in the person of 'Liza. He little knew that as he sat down in the corner of his pew, looking round him pompously, as much as to say "There! Beat that, if you can!" 'Liza was grinding her teeth together, and saying under her breath, "Little donkey! Just you wait a few minutes!"

The members of the church never had a more entertaining half-hour than the one which 'Liza gave them at Caleb's expense after that meeting was over. She lay in wait for her prey in the aisle near the door of the chapel, under the pretence of talking to Mrs. Lees, Aaron's wife; and as Caleb came towards her, with the minister and several others, pluming himself upon his speech and looking very important and self-satisfied, she casually addressed him.

"Good evening, Caleb!" she said.

"Good evenin'," answered Caleb, with that

tone of patronage and dignity which, as a small man, he always affected.

"I 'm glad to find," said 'Liza pleasantly, "as there is one man in the church as goes

them all! He visibly swelled. And then, led by 'Liza and his own conceit, he fell into the trap like the simplest child. It was the rarest treat to them all to watch how 'Liza played



Turning round hastily, he strove to delay the minister.—p. 685.

below the surface of things and takes such keen note of doctrine. Now I dessay you have thought a lot on that subject of Justification by Faith!"

Caleb was pleased; Caleb was flattered; Caleb's vanity was immensely gratified. Here was a testimony to his critical acumen, his mental power, his perspicacity! And before

with him. She drew him on by the most subtle devices, and Caleb, ever a wind-bag, became an easy prey. He made a long speech on the subject, betraying the most lamentable ignorance. He committed himself right and left. And 'Liza exultingly let him flounder amidst his own verbosity, with an air of respect for his opinion. Then, with the most pleasant

manner possible, she placed the thumb-screw for operation. Yes, quite so, but she did not exactly follow *all* his opinions. He had said so-and-so, for instance. Now, where was his authority for that in Scripture?

Caleb skilfully avoided the point by talking on volubly, and 'Liza proceeded to turn the thumb-screw—still with the most pleasant and amiable bearing.

"Yes; but Caleb had not answered her question. Where was his authority in Scripture for saying so-and-so?"

Caleb was a past-master in slipping out of an awkward corner and, so to speak, drawing a red herring across the trail by creating a fresh diversion in the direction of some quibble or side issue. He wanted to know, pompously and overbearingly, if 'Liza could tell him of any passage as was *against* his view. It would be quite time then for her to ask him for his authority. But 'Liza knew her victim, and she nailed him down to the point with pitiless tenacity, only letting him go after she had exposed his sheer ignorance—to nail him down again almost immediately. She played with him like a mouse. She let him ramble in his aimless way until he had committed himself to some foolish statement, and then she impaled him without mercy. When he tried to wriggle out of her grasp, she followed him up determinedly and tightened her hold, and would not let him go until she had made him look utterly ridiculous. She bewildered him with Scriptural quotations and references. She confused him with the quick-firing battery of her attack. She put him out of countenance by her witty repartee and her sarcastic interpolations. Every moment Caleb looked more abject and foolish. He grew red, and then he grew incoherent, and then he began to wander, and finally tried to escape by muttering that it was time to go.

"No, no, Caleb," they all exclaimed in chorus, as they sat or stood around, listening to the battle with the greatest amusement and delight. "No, no, Caleb! No slipping out of it! Argue it out to the end!"

And, figuratively speaking, they took poor Caleb by the shoulders, and pushed him back, a disheartened and unwilling warrior, into the bewildering vortex of 'Liza's attack. Vainly he tried to recover himself and maintain his fast-oozing dignity. Vainly he tried to create diversions in his own favour and stem the impetuosity of 'Liza's assault by quibbles and side sallies. 'Liza was not to be balked that way. She kept him to the point with grim determination. She corrected him and tripped him up at every other word. She showed up his ignorance mercilessly. She drove him inch by inch into the uttermost corner of his resource, and would not even give him a chance to escape. At last Caleb

got into a hopeless muddle of confusion, contradictions, and bewilderment, and he collapsed utterly and entirely—collapsed with the most pitiful abjectness. At this point he was only able to ejaculate feebly—

"I didn't say that! No, I never said that!"

'Liza looked round deprecatingly at this, and there was a chorus of voices.

"Oh, yes, Caleb, you did say it! Come now, Caleb, you said it right enough."

'Liza bore down upon him suddenly from another point, and still the miserable Caleb replied:

"No, no; I never said that! No, I didn't say that!"

Then came 'Liza's final and triumphant retort, her finishing thrust, which entirely pulverised Caleb and left him utterly routed.

"That 's six things as you haven't said!" she remarked quietly. "Will you tell us, then, what it is you *have* said?"

The roar of laughter which followed this sally gave Caleb ample time to consider his reply, but the expectant silence which ensued found him abjectly dumb. He had no reply to make. He could not think of anything. He did not know what he had or had not said. All he knew was that he wanted to get away. And a compassionate movement on the part of the minister rescued him from his misery.

For days afterwards people were talking of the great debate between 'Liza and Caleb, and of the decisive manner in which Caleb was defeated, and for weeks Caleb could not raise his head amongst his fellow-men. He recovered himself, as usual, in time, and was as fiery, as aggressive, as blatant and pompous as ever. But he never forgot the humiliating experience which he had had at 'Liza's hands, and although he bore her no ill-will—for he had not the slightest trace of viciousness or malevolence in his nature—yet nothing would induce him to enter the lists with her again on any subject or pretext whatever. If, after a particularly meddlesome or irritating speech from Caleb, 'Liza thrust at him with her caustic irony and made him look ridiculous, Caleb would back out of the position with as much dignity as he could possibly command, and would even beat a palpable and shame-faced retreat rather than be drawn into 'Liza's grip again. Nothing was more effective in bringing Caleb down precipitately from the high horse, or suddenly causing his manner to become mild and inoffensive to a degree when in the midst of a heated diatribe, than the sight of 'Liza coming towards him with a pleasant smile on her face and that ominous light in her eye.

Yet there was one occasion when by a happy inspiration, born of desperation, Caleb not

only saved himself from humiliation at 'Liza's hands, but actually gained the advantage over her. It was on a Sunday when the minister was preaching anniversary sermons in a neighbouring county. In his place a strange minister, lately come to the town four miles away, was officiating at our little country chapel. Caleb had behaved insufferably all day. He had monopolised the minister from the very commencement, taking him, so to speak, in charge, and appropriating him as though he (Caleb) were the senior deacon. Thus he had coolly, and without the slightest apology, ousted Abraham Brimble from his proper position, and Abraham was very sore about it as he went home. Furthermore, Caleb had conducted himself with such a high hand, bearing himself so pompously, and putting on such airs of bombastic importance and fussiness, that the strange minister evidently thought he was the chief man of the church, and actually consulted him on two or three matters, which was annoying, to say the least, to the others.

'Liza was boiling over by the end of the evening service at Caleb's cool audacity. She looked at him with grim intent as she rose to leave her seat. "Pride goeth before a fall," she said to herself. "I'll give thee a tumble, my little man."

She was waiting casually at the door of the pulpit seat, talking to others, as Caleb, greatly puffed up with the sense of his own importance, was in the act of strutting out at the minister's side. There was menace in the very feathers of her bonnet, and Caleb, seeing her eyes fixed on him, began to smell danger. Turning round hastily, he strove to delay the minister by calling his attention to the carving of the oaken pulpit.

"That's a fine bit of carving," said he.

The minister was in a hurry to get home, and was not inclined to linger.

"Excellent!" he replied, moving away. "I was looking at it this morning."

Caleb caught hold of his arm.

"What do you think of this 'ere carpet?" he asked, pointing to the pulpit stairs.

The minister made haste to admire, but still walked on.

Thereupon Caleb hung back and pretended to search for a book in the cupboard underneath the pulpit. The group, now augmented by others, was meanwhile holding a general conversation in the aisle.

"Come along, Caleb," James Foulkes ex-

claimed rather impatiently. "They are waiting to turn the lamps out."

Unable to delay with decency any longer, Caleb came forward reluctantly. He could clearly discern the intentions of his tormentor, and, after the inflated manner in which he had been comporting himself all day, it was too humiliating to be made to look ridiculous before the minister. Small wonder that poor Caleb hung back! But 'Liza was pitiless. She was still boiling over at the memory of Caleb's bombastics, and was determined not to spare him. She made a direct descent upon him as he came slowly towards the group, and in a loud voice, which arrested the attention of all present, she said:

"Caleb Diggle, I must say as your doctrine has taken a very funny turn to-day. Now, that remark about Election as you made in the after-meeting—will you tell me on what passage in Scripture you bases your argument?"

There was a dead silence, and not one of them listened more intently than the strange minister. It was a critical moment for Caleb. His prestige in the eyes of the minister was hanging in the balance and trembling. He knew that if he entered into a discussion with 'Liza he was lost; yet it would be equally disastrous to let such a direct challenge pass unanswered.

It was in this desperate extremity that inspiration came to Caleb and saved him from disgrace. A retort so brilliant, so crushing, rose to his lips that 'Liza was utterly taken aback and confounded, and could not find a word to say. No, not even 'Liza's keen intellect and nimble tongue could find an answer to that pulverising piece of repartee, and for a long time afterwards Caleb's conceit and bumptiousness were past all bearing.

"My good woman," he said in a tone of asperity, "when you ask me questions in a proper sperrit, I'll answer 'em; but when you ask me in a sperrit of malice and fault-finding I refuse to give you the information."

And no one was more ready to admit than 'Liza that on this occasion Caleb had got the best of it. She laughs heartily when she tells the story.

"I reckon the bumptious little man just saved himself that time," she says. "But as it was before a strange minister, I wasn't so sorry after all."



OUR WOUNDED HEROES:

What we are doing for
them at Wynberg.

By a Cape Resident.

(Illustrated from Photographs
by Alfred Hosking, Cape
Town.)



AT WYNBERG STATION.

(Arrival of Ambulance Train from Modder River.)



NE of the sights consequent upon the cruel war at present raging within a few days' journey of us is the arrival of the Ambulance Train, and although frequent repetition has robbed it of

the element of novelty, the presence of the sympathetic crowd which never fails to gather in the Station Road when the wounded officers and men are expected shows that the liveliest interest is still aroused by the spectacle.

A couple of mounted policemen are, however, sufficient to prevent any undue thronging upon the bearers of the stretchers as they come through the little gate opening upon Station Road. But they are not all recumbent figures which issue from the carriage—no, thank goodness! Active,

sunburned warriors many of them are, with perhaps a hand in a sling, a bandaged arm, or leg, or head, and one realises with the keenest satisfaction that the list of wounded, which sounds so disastrous when the bare figures only are considered, is not so very startling after all. For if "Tommy" has the top of his thumb blown off he is still technically a wounded soldier, and "they've got him on the list," and sent him down to recover, which he will probably do in a day or two, and you may be sure that he will be up at the front again at the earliest opportunity.

In the meantime, we are all vying with one another in providing him with necessaries, comforts, and luxuries. Vegetables, fruit, flowers, and all kinds of nutritious and stimulating dainties are daily delivered at the hospitals. There was some danger at first that all the good things so liberally provided for our wounded heroes might not be equally distributed, so depôts have been instituted with a full staff, and every effort is made to carry out the benevolent

intentions of the public without waste or partiality. The coloured people in and around Wynberg are most constant in sending the produce of their gardens and poultry yards, and even the lepers on Robben Island send their contributions to the comfort of the "Soldiers of the Queen," of whom they are proud to acknowledge themselves the loyal subjects.

The Hospital Camp at Wynberg is ideally situated for the comfort and enjoyment of the patients, nestling as it does amongst the pine, eucalyptus, and oak trees, which afford a pleasant shade,

turesque and healthful. Inside also everything is as it ought to be: the wards, both for privates and officers, are spacious, well ventilated, and beautifully kept.

Those of the inmates who are approaching convalescence are provided with arm-chairs, books, newspapers, and periodicals, and their bright, contented appearance, as they sit in groups reading or chatting, is a guarantee that the work of caring for them is being carried out with intelligence as well as *con amore*.

Amongst those who are but slightly



LIFTING THE WOUNDED FROM THE TRAIN TO THE AMBULANCE WAGONS.

yet which are placed so as to leave a sufficiency of space to allow of free circulation of the air.

No surroundings could be more pic-

wounded, or who are sufficiently recovered from severe hurts, sports are organised, and great interest is taken in handicapping fairly those who are to

compete in the races and other friendly contests with their more or less disabled comrades.

This Hospital is a sample as far as

the *Princess of Wales* hospital ships; then there are the new military hospitals in the course of erection; various temporary buildings are rapidly approaching



INTERIOR OF A WARD, WYNBERG HOSPITAL.

possible of those which, although not so beautifully situated, are as well provided by the authorities and an enthusiastic public, with every possible comfort and luxury calculated to brighten the weary way to convalescence.

Not every suburb of our Cape metropolis, and certainly not the metropolis itself, can rejoice in the balmy, health-giving air of Wynberg, which the doctors and surgeons consider largely instrumental in the many instances frequently commented upon of rapid recovery from gunshot wounds. But one can rejoice in the fact that wherever Fate and the exigencies of the occasion may station those who have won these glorious scars in fighting for the Queen and British supremacy in South Africa—be it at Wynberg, Cape Town, or on the floating hospitals now lying outside the docks—every mitigation of their suffering it is possible to provide may be safely relied upon.

It is no doubt known to the public how thoroughly well fitted with every necessary appliance are the *Maine* and

completion, which are sure to receive the same amount of attention from a grateful and enthusiastic populace as has already been awarded to existing institutions.

One fact must impress itself upon every observant and thoughtful mind, *i.e.* the universally increased anxiety that our brave brothers in arms shall have every attention when the fortune of war may send them maimed and crippled from the battlefield.

This was not always the case, however. Formerly the accommodation for the wounded was of the most rough and ready description, medical outfits and surgical appliances were glaringly inadequate at the military hospitals, and mismanagement and red tape held sway to such an extent that even when sorely needed supplies were within reach of the soldiers they could not be distributed, because the duly appointed official was not ready to sanction their distribution.

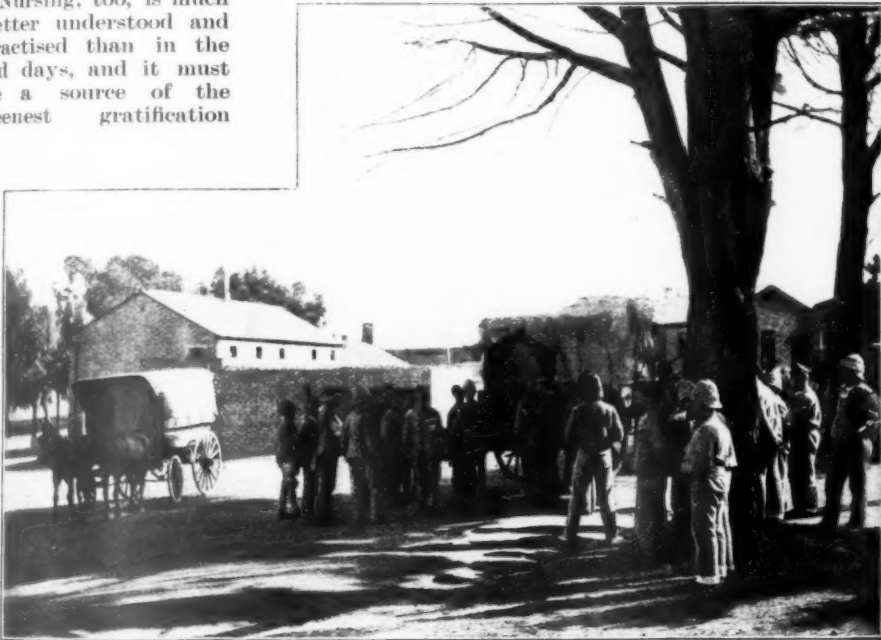
It is recorded of Florence Nightingale that, taking an orderly with her, she

demanding the delivery of the stores, and was at first met with a request to mention her authority. She, however, declaring that she would be responsible if her act should be called into question, succeeded in obtaining her demand. Such a hitch as the foregoing would now be practically impossible, the Imperial Authorities having provided most perfect hospital equipments, which are equalled, to say the least of it, by our local and colonial institutions.

Nursing, too, is much better understood and practised than in the old days, and it must be a source of the keenest gratification

anxious to be at work again as soon as possible.

In one instance a patient to whom the doctor promised a sojourn at Green Point as a pleasure in store replied, "Oh, no, sir, please don't send me there; I don't care for them convalescing homes. I want to get back to the front to join my chums and give them 'ere Boers fits for serving me this way." Oh,



ARRIVAL OF THE WAGONS WITH WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT WYNBERG HOSPITAL.

to the noble woman whose bright example is now so widely followed, to hear of the numbers of highly trained and efficient nurses who are ready and willing to devote their energies to the task of nursing in the local military hospitals, as well as the more dangerous work of mercy at the front.

We have also a convalescent camp at Green Point, where the bracing sea breezes complete the cure begun at the hospitals. This is an institution which might encourage loafing if our men were inclined to shirk fatigue and danger, but they are made of sterner stuff, and are all

the pity of it! If that threat had only been left unspoken — if the idea of devotion to duty had inspired the poor brave lad without the additional motive of revenge!

But there are not wanting those who strive to cultivate a nobler feeling, and there are many satisfactory proofs that such a feeling does not exist in the behaviour of our brave fellows to the wounded and the Boer prisoners.

A word here may not be out of place as to what is done for "Tommy Atkins" before he is wounded, in order to prepare him mentally and physically for the

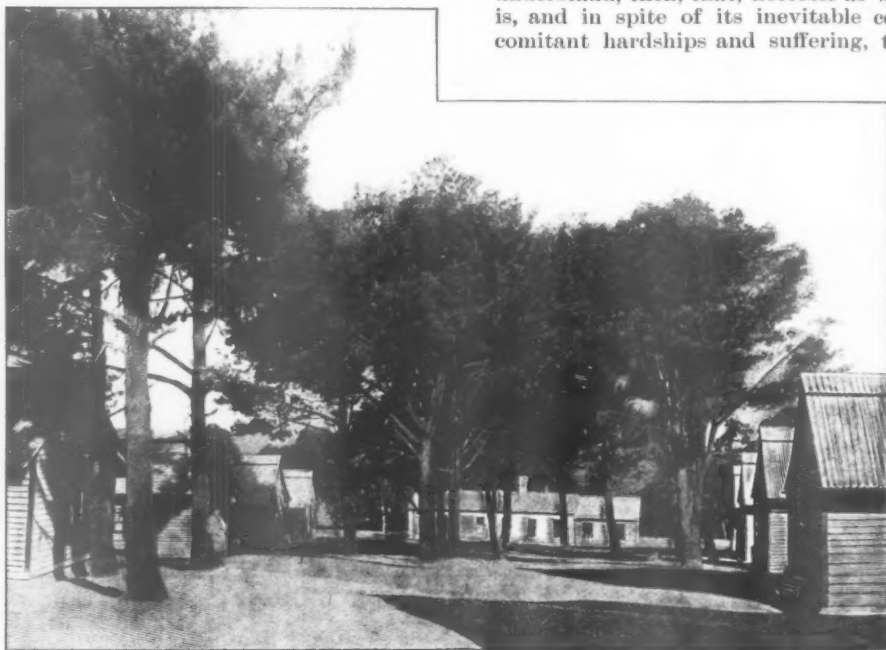
arduous task awaiting him at the front.

On his arrival in the dock at Cape Town, as he steps off the vessel, he is met by a committee of ladies who have established a refreshment stall at the South Arm. Here he is provided, gratis, with tea, coffee, cooling drinks and cakes, cigars, tobacco, and stationery, several of the ladies also signifying their readiness to take charge of letters, and money, and see that they reach their destination.

At Maitland Camp also there is a tent,

well provided for, and he knows and thoroughly appreciates the fact. Several grateful letters have appeared in *The Cape Times*, *Argus*, and other papers from officers on behalf of their men, and in some instances from the men themselves, which testify to the consequent good feeling existing between the civilians and the fighting forces.

The Widows' and Orphans' Relief Fund is also receiving worthy support, so that our soldier lad feels that he and his are cared for, and that the care bestowed is considered by the public as a sacred duty. We can, in a measure, understand, then, that, horrible as war is, and in spite of its inevitable concomitant hardships and suffering, the



VIEW OF SEPARATE WARDS AT WYNBERG HOSPITAL.

provided by the Cape Central Mission, with light literature, papers, periodicals and stationery, where the men can write their home letters in peace. Another tent is provided with cooling drinks, cakes, tea, and coffee—a very wise and benevolent provision, minimising the temptation, so great in this thirsty land, to indulge in something stronger.

Generally speaking, "Tommy Atkins" is, as he well deserves to be, very

period of active service is anticipated by many of the men with actual enjoyment. Their loved ones provided for, not as dependents upon charity, but as receiving the fruits of their honest and honourable work, our gallant soldiers are able to look forward with brave and cheerful hearts to the uncertainties of battle, the possibility of glory, and the satisfaction of doing their duty to Queen and Country.

RUTH MITCHELL.



THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER

JESUS CHRIST AS MISSIONARY.

By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., of New York, U.S.A.

PART THE FIRST.

IN such a work as this it is inevitable that the different writers should duplicate each other's views or possibly sometimes contradict each other. For no one aspect of Christ's life and character can be exclusive of all other aspects. Jesus Christ as a Missionary is not essentially different from Jesus Christ as a Teacher, a Wonder-worker, or a Conversationist. His teaching, His wonderful works and His personal interviews, were all parts of His missionary activity. This is, however, rather an advantage than disadvantage in the method of treatment proposed by the plan of this book. For it is quite certain that no man, however scholarly or devout, can present a complete portrait of the life and character of Jesus Christ. He has been followed, loved, worshipped, described for eighteen centuries, and yet His life and character are no nearer being exhausted to-day than they were when Mark wrote the first of the Four Gospels. I gladly acknowledge that I know Him only in part, and can describe His life only in part, and for this very reason I am the more thankful to unite with men so eminent in Christian scholarship and piety in an attempt by a co-operative work to afford some light on a life and character which is certain to prove in the future, as it has in the past, an inexhaustible source of inspiration alike to the student and the man of action.

The phrase "Christ as Missionary" does not indicate any special aspect of

the character or even of the life of Jesus Christ; it is generically descriptive of His office. A missionary is defined as "one sent upon a mission; especially one sent to propagate religion." Whichever of these clauses we accept as the proper definition, Jesus Christ was, from the manger to the cross, a missionary. He was sent by His Father into the world, and came to do His Father's will. As a boy of twelve He wondered that His parents should have looked for Him anywhere else but in the Temple, or thought of Him as doing anything else than inquiring, in the one university of His time and country, about the Father's business which He had come to do. In the midst of His work, and that it might be better carried on, He appointed and sent out as subordinate missionaries, at one time twelve, at another time seventy, to carry to others the message which He had not the time and strength to carry Himself alone. In the last unspeakable anguish, when His heart dreaded lest His human strength should be insufficient to endure the ordeal which was set before Him, His one prayer was that He might be so strengthened that He should be enabled to accomplish without fail the will which He had been sent to accomplish. After His resurrection He breathed upon the eleven, imparting to them the spirit of holiness and constituting them missionaries in His place, with the commission, "As the Father hath sent Me into the world even so send I you into the world." And His last word to them, when He was received up out of their sight, was the command, "Go ye into

all the world, and preach the Glad Tidings to every creature. And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His Church, if it be true to His commission, is always a missionary Church, and He is ever present with it, Himself still a missionary.

If we accept the second clause of the above definition, "one sent to propagate religion," this equally clearly defines His life work during His short dwelling in Palestine and His larger life work since His resurrection. What was He doing during those thirty years but propagating religion? For what did He appoint first the twelve and afterwards the seventy but to propagate religion? For what did He teach either in public discourses or private interviews, heal the sick, or feed the hungry, or comfort the sorrowing, or forgive the sinful, but that He might thus propagate religion? For what else was He born, for what else did He suffer and die? That for this propagation of religion He was sent into the world, that this desire to inspire all hearts with true religious life animated all He did and said, He has made explicit in the opening words of the sacred prayer which John has recorded for us: "Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that the Son may glorify Thee; even as Thou gavest Him authority over all flesh, that whatsoever Thou hast given Him, to them He should give eternal life. And this is life eternal, that they should know Thee the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." This is and always has been the faith of the universal Church. It interprets and always has interpreted Christ's incarnation, humiliation, passion, and death as the fulfilment of a Divine mission, as the accomplishment of His Father's will, by One Who had been sent into the world to do that will, and that will the propagation of the religion of love and service and self-sacrifice. "I believe," says the Nicene Creed, "in one Lord Jesus Christ . . . Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate."

By what methods and in what spirit did Jesus Christ fulfil this mission which had been committed to Him by

His Father? Answering this question we shall at the same time answer another: By what methods and in what spirit are we who call ourselves followers of Christ to fulfil the mission which He has committed to us? I do not assume either the intellectual or the spiritual ability to answer this question; I only offer some suggestions in answer to it. The problem in its largeness is one which the Church in all ages is endeavouring to answer, and which can be fully answered only by the contribution of many minds and many lives.

In the accomplishment of His mission, Jesus Christ went where men were. He did not wait for them to come to Him; He went to them. He therefore did not confine Himself to religious assemblies and religious occasions, nor rely upon them as His sole opportunity. It is true that He went up to Jerusalem on the great feast days; but this was apparently not to offer sacrifice Himself—if He did offer such sacrifice we have no record of the fact—but to seize the opportunity to give public instruction to the crowds which thronged the great capital. The outer court of the Temple was a gathering place where men came and went, much as they did in the market-places of the Greek and Roman cities. Hither He went; here He taught such as would come to Him—sometimes willing and even eager auditors, more often such as were bitterly hostile. It is true also that He went, apparently with considerable regularity in the early days of His ministry, to one of the synagogues where the Jews were accustomed to meet on the Sabbath day to worship, to listen to the reading of the law, and to receive such interpretation of it as might be afforded by some Jewish rabbi. The nature of this public teaching, as it was originally designed, is indicated in a graphic picture of the first preaching, which is furnished by the book of Nehemiah: * "So they [the scribes] read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." But when Christ went into the synagogue it is evident that He went there because the people were there, and there He could reach them with His message. What new significance He gave to old

* Nehemiah viii, 8.



"He breathed upon the eleven, imparting to them the spirit of holiness."—p. 691.

and familiar scriptures is clear from the brief report which Luke gives of His first sermon in the synagogue at Nazareth* and that which John gives of His sermon on the Bread of Life preached later in the synagogue at Capernaum.†

But Christ did not confine His preaching to such places and such occasions. So far as the record indicates, He preached more frequently and to greater throngs outside of sacred edifices and without the accompaniment of public worship than in such edifices and with such accompaniment. Then, as now, there were multitudes of men who never attended religious service. Then, as now, much of the so-called religious instruction failed to instruct, illuminate, or inspire. Jesus Christ spent no time in discussing the question, Why do not men go to church? He never rebuked those who did go for the neglect of those who did not. He went where the people were; and thousands, who would never have heard Him in the Temple or the synagogue, heard Him in the streets and the fields. His most famous sermon is known, from the place where it was delivered, as the Sermon on the Mount; perhaps the next most famous one is equally known, from the place where it was delivered, as The Parables by the Sea Shore. Any place was sufficiently sacred to serve Him as a place for religious instruction. He did not rely upon the place to make His teaching sacred; He made the place sacred by His teaching. His pulpit was now a stone by the roadside, now the prow of a fishing boat, now a seat at a dinner table. Wherever people were willing to listen He was willing to preach. He did not wait for great congregations—apparently did not covet them; was as willing to preach in a private house which, crowd it as they might, could hardly hold over a hundred auditors, if so many, as in the fields where the throng was estimated at five thousand men beside women and children.

But not only did Christ go where men were, but He talked to them on topics which concerned their life, and in forms of instruction which they could understand; never in terms of scholastic theology about problems in abstract philosophy, always in concrete illustration about problems of actual, vital experience.

* Luke iv. 17-27.

† John vi. 32-59.

He entered into the life of the people, talked of truths which the people could understand, and illustrated these truths by figures which made the profoundest truths comprehensible to the people. All His teaching circled about and interpreted two fundamental truths: the Fatherhood of God; the Brotherhood of Man.

From the Fatherhood of God He deduced the help which God will give to His children in their need. The Father cares for His children; numbers the hairs of their head; counts them of more value than many sparrows; gives good gifts to them more readily than a father gives to his child; forgives them with unfailing forgiveness; receives them when they repent without reproaches; does not wait for them to return to Him, but sends His only begotten Son after them; illustrates and demonstrates His love by giving His Son for them as their ransom. And these truths concerning the Father, Christ made clear by illustrations drawn from the generous creditor, the unwearying, life-giving shepherd, the welcoming father, illustrations which the common people could readily understand.

Christ's simple counsel is, "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'" Christ entered into men's lives, and talked of the profoundest truths in terms which they could understand. "When ye pray": what the heart wants is not a philosophical definition of the Infinite and the Eternal, but a way of approach to Him in the time of need. "Say, 'Our Father.'" Charles Dickens has illustrated how this single sentence gives such a way of approach:—

"'Jo, my poor fellow.'

"'I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand.'

"'Jo, can you say what I say?'

"'I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good.'

"'Our Father.'

"'Our Father! yes, that's verry good, sir.'" *

Thus the great novelist illustrates how saying "Our Father" gives, even to the most ignorant, a way of approach to the "heart of the Eternal, which is most wonderfully kind."

From the Brotherhood of Man Jesus Christ deduced all the duties which man owes to his fellow-man; I need not try

* "Bleak House," chapter xlvii.: Death of Little Jo.

to set them down here—that belongs to other contributors to this volume. It must suffice to say that they are clear and simple duties, easily understandable by any, possible to be practised by all. The religion which He taught included toward God reverence, humility, directness of approach, and welcoming acceptance of help and forgiveness from the Father; toward men, good-will, service, helpfulness, self-sacrifice. All of theology and all of casuistry that lay outside these two great teachings He left outside His teaching. They belonged to the traditions of men, whereby the Pharisees set at naught the simple law of love, in which He summed up all the laws of God. Nor need I stop here to lay emphasis on the fact that this law of love in service and self-sacrifice He illustrated by the most simple and common operations of life; by a husbandman sowing seed diligently, by a steward faithfully discharging his duty to his employer, by a traveller stopping in his journey to help one who had been robbed and beaten and left half dead by the wayside.

In this His ministry Christ went to all classes: He never for a moment conceded that there is or can be any class excluded by the limits of God's grace or self-excluded by its own ignorance and superstition from admission to the Kingdom of God. Nor was this because the prejudices against Him and His teaching were less than they are in our day. On the contrary, they were much greater. Several times attempts were made to mob Him because His teaching was so directly contrary to popular sentiment. The ignorance was as dense as the prejudice; His own disciples seemed often incapable of comprehending His meaning. To get behind this breastwork of ignorance and prejudice He employed parables. I have to speak to them in parables, He said, "because seeing, they see not, and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand." Sometimes the parables were used to make clear His meaning, sometimes to veil His meaning, because if the meaning had been made plain at the outset He would have been refused a hearing. But neither ignorance, superstition, stupidity, nor open and vehement hostility, prevented His endeavour to tell the people, and all classes and conditions of people, the glad tidings of

the Gospel of God. It was a surprise to the religious teachers of His day that He should thus assume the capacity of all classes, all men, and both sexes, to receive the message of human duty and the revelation of Divine love. His disciples wondered that He talked to a Samaritan woman; the Jewish village would not give hospitality because He was on His way to and through Samaria; the Pharisees condemned Him because He preached to the non-church-goers of His time—the publicans and the sinners. The religious teachers of the age believed in a very narrow doctrine of election, and did not merely look without favour, they positively condemned all efforts to carry religious instruction to those outside the recognised religious classes in the community.

We cannot say that this narrow conception of the grace of God—or perhaps of the capacity of men to accept it—has no parallel in our times. At least in America—how it may be in Great Britain I do not know—the lack of faith in the Church of Christ seems to me in nothing more strikingly illustrated than in its apparent assumption that the Gospel of Christ is only for certain classes. It is common to hear it said by ministers in public discussions concerning home missionary operations, that it is useless to attempt to carry on a mission in a certain section of the city because all the residents are Jews, or Roman Catholics, or German infidels. It is impossible to reconcile this frequent attitude of mind with either the example of Christ, the commands of Christ, the history of the Apostolic Church, or our professed faith in our foreign missionary work. Jesus Christ began His ministry by declaring that God loved the pagans as well as the Jews, and that pagans as well as Jews were to be obedient to His word. He told His disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature. They preached the news of the Kingdom in the synagogues to Jews when they were much more hostile to Christianity than they are now, and in the market-places of the city to pagan populations much more ignorant and superstitious than any populations that can be gathered in similar places in London or New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.



The Davenport Bequest

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTHING GOOD OF AN ELLIS.



THE standard of happiness differs so much that probably you, dear reader, would consider what seemed marvellous good fortune to Stella and Jessie Haynes a very dreary prospect indeed. To work hard to make a laundry pay would not be everybody's idea of bliss; but it seemed like Paradise to them.

To begin with, there was a comfortable house where they could all live together; with a large garden and orchard, where they might raise their own vegetables, and keep poultry and pigeons. All this seemed very delightful after their cramped quarters at Myrtle Cottage. Even Stephen shook off his discontented apathy in planning improve-

ments in the garden; and the machinery in the laundry, which had suffered from bad usage, offered Rupert enough employment to keep him from brooding over the loss of his situation for some time to come.

It was so new to have anything definite to hope for in their dreary lives that they counted the hours until they could enter upon their new property. Thanks to Arthur Bent, the legal preliminaries were speedily adjusted; Mr. Derwent, Mrs. Pyne, and other leading residents promised their patronage; so the humble venture augured well.

Raymond Ellis, whom Arthur kept acquainted with all this, was pleased that matters were progressing so well, and mentioned that he would like to see the place himself before the new tenants came into it. Accordingly, Arthur suggested that Raymond should drive him round there in his dog-cart on a certain morning when he felt pretty confident all the Haynes would be out of the way. The Taylors had already vacated the premises.

Even in winter, Raymond perceived as they

drove up that there were charming possibilities about the place. Arthur unlocked the door with a key he still retained, and unsuspectingly they walked into the little dining-room—to find themselves confronting Stella and Jessie, who were measuring the windows for blinds.

It was a sufficiently awkward encounter for Raymond, who, conscious that he had no shadow of excuse for intruding, felt uncomfortably out of place. But Arthur gallantly came to the rescue.

"My friend Mr. Ellis and I were driving by, Miss Haynes, and I thought I'd just look in to see that things were all right. I didn't know you and your sister were here."

"Mrs. Pyne has taken the children to her sister's for the day, so I have a holiday," said Jessie brightly, as she shook hands. "And Stella, of course, is a lady at large until we start the machinery again. How much is five times sixteen, Mr. Bent?"

Some elaborate calculations ensued, in which Raymond was very helpful; and after some laughter and talk, Stella proposed a walk round the place. So they set forth, two and two; and as Raymond came behind with Jessie, he began eagerly: "I hope you don't mind my coming in upon you uninvited, Miss Haynes?"

"Oh, no; it's very good of you to take an interest in the place," answered Jessie, who in her new-found content could hardly feel uncharitable, even to an Ellis. "No doubt it seems very poor to you, but it means a great deal to us. Kind as Mrs. Pyne is, I should be truly sorry to be a governess all my life; it leads to nothing."

They strolled round the garden and orchard, for which the girls were full of delightful plans. It was evident that they saw, instead of the weed-encumbered walks, leafless boughs, and general decay of late November, the whole place beautified by summer sun, ripe fruit clustering on the trees, the climbing roses on the house laden with perfumed blossoms, and prosperity and order everywhere. It was impossible to resist the infection of their enthusiasm; and Raymond felt intensely glad to think how much good he had done by lending his £300. How often he had thoughtlessly thrown away large sums without really benefiting anybody!

"When do you intend to commence operations?" Raymond asked Jessie, as they strolled on together.

"Next month, if we can; we have retained all the old staff of workpeople. The only thing I regret about this place is, that we shall be too far away to go to St. Jude's. Our nearest church, now will be St. Margaret's."

"Why, that's where we go!"

"Is it? It's a very rich and fashionable church, of course; and I'm afraid we shan't feel at home there, being neither ourselves."

"For my part, I hate and detest all fashionable flummery! Why can't people lead simpler lives? The great gulf between rich and poor would seem less unbridgeable then."

She turned her bright eyes upon him rather maliciously. "Ah, it's all very well for a rich man like you to say so, Mr. Ellis, but if you hadn't all the good things you've always been accustomed to, I'm sure you would miss them."

"In other words, you think my sentiments are a sham."

She did not say "No"; and, remembering that she had probably been brought up to have little faith in anybody of the name of Ellis, he came to an awkward pause. At length he broke it in characteristic fashion.

"Miss Haynes," he said, his honest eyes meeting hers unflinchingly, though his freckled face was flushed all over, "I can quite understand why you should think I don't practise what I preach. But please remember I am not responsible for the past. If you ask me whether I think your brother was well treated at our Works, I must say I don't; though I believe he was dismissed entirely through some misunderstanding. And as to what may have occurred years ago, between our respective fathers—"

Jessie checked him by a dignified gesture of her small hand. "I can't see that it would serve any useful purpose to go over that now, Mr. Ellis. What is done—is done."

"But I am not to blame," he urged, still gazing into her beautiful eyes. "Do, please, remember that! I would do anything to serve you, if I could."

But just then Arthur, breaking off from what was seemingly a most interesting conversation with Stella, called to his friend: "We really must be going, Raymond, or we shall be late for luncheon. I hope Miss Haynes will allow us to come again, and see the place when all the improvements are completed. I'm sure it will be very pretty in summer."

Stella made no direct reply, and, as the visitors were whirled away in the smart dog-cart, she drew her sister back to the house. "Yes, it's all very fine, but I don't mean to be too friendly, when we don't know either Mrs. Bent or Mrs. Ellis. It isn't likely either of them will ever call on us; and I don't care about knowing men when we have not been introduced to their womankind."

"No, of course not. Mr. Bent, though, will have to come sometimes on business; but as

for Mr. Ellis, I don't care for a man who says one thing and does another. He professes the kindest intentions towards us, and yet he lives in luxury on the proceeds of father's invention, and allowed Rupert to be turned out of the Works without trying to prevent it."

"Perhaps he doesn't know what a wretch his father is," sagely suggested Stella.

"It's much more likely that he considers the opinion of such insignificant beings as we are entirely beneath his notice!" retorted Jessie bitterly. Never, never could she bring herself to believe anything good of an Ellis.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHAT WITH FATHER CHRISTMAS.

A FEW weeks passed, and the Haynes family found themselves happily established at the laundry, where the greatly increased space and purer air were advantages more than counterbalancing the hard work from morning till night. For, in spite of a nominally competent staff, the girls soon found that, unless they personally supervised everything, they could not hope to succeed better than the Taylors, who had entirely failed through slovenly management. But the delightful feeling that they were at last their own mistresses, and with a competence awaiting them as the reward of their toil, helped them through the hardest day's work. Even Stephen, for whom his daughters contrived to find many congenial little tasks, grumbled less, now that he had something to do; and Rupert, who had spent many anxious hours over the machinery, was invaluable as chief engineer, though an occasional moodiness of manner showed that he did not altogether relish his occupation. Electricity was still his hobby, and his fingers simply tingled to be back among the delicate machinery at Ellis's Works once more.

In his character of self-constituted legal adviser to the family, Arthur Bent paid fairly frequent visits to the laundry, being graciously tolerated by Stephen, who was glad of a break in his monotonous life. He listened with a smile of indulgent pity to Mr. Haynes's inevitable recital of his wrongs; for he had met misanthropes of his type before, and set down his account of the Ellis meter as pure hallucination. The owner of Connington Towers was too well known and too widely respected for Arthur to believe him capable of such a shameful fraud.

But Raymond, though he was eager to know how his *protégées* were succeeding in their new venture, could not well devise a pretext

for calling. He felt sure he would be unwelcome to Stephen, whose hatred of the very name of Ellis, justly or unjustly, would be an effectual bar to friendly intercourse. It hurt Raymond to feel this; for he had an uneasy consciousness that his father had not treated the Haynes family particularly well, especially as regarded Rupert's dismissal from the Works. He made the most loyal excuses for his parent, but, nevertheless, he would have been very glad to do something himself to make amends.

He unexpectedly met Stella and Jessie Haynes on the occasion of the annual Christmas tree for the school children of St. Jude's parish. Raymond, who was admirable in dealing with juveniles, had consented to act the part of Father Christmas; and Mr. Derwent had prevailed on the Haynes sisters to assist in making tea and playing with the children afterwards.

Madge and Grace Ellis, who had contributed most of the gifts on the tree, were also present, exquisitely arrayed in quiet but costly winter dresses, which, though not too fine for the occasion, made every other girl present give a hopeless sigh of envy. They made tea at the principal table, assiduously assisted by the Vicar; and Stella and Jessie presided at a second table, reserved for the younger children.

When at length the youngsters could eat no more cake, Grace sat down to the piano and played merry airs whilst the tables were cleared and folded away; after which the Christmas tree was stripped to a ceaseless accompaniment of delighted laughter. Even prejudiced Stella and Jessie could not but admire the happy tact and geniality which Raymond showed as he handed the presents to the children. He was evidently very popular with them, and no wonder.

Then such games as blind-man's buff and hunt-the-slipper began. Grace Ellis went back to the piano, and Madge joined in the fun agreeably, though a trifle condescendingly. Stella also took her part; but Jessie, who was very tired after a long day in the laundry, had just sat down in a quiet corner for a little rest, when Raymond Ellis advanced with the evident intention of speaking.

Jessie little guessed what real cause she had for feeling grateful to him, and unkindly thought, as he approached, how very plain he looked in ordinary morning dress.

"Good evening, Miss Haynes. It seems a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you find your new venture flourishing," began Raymond heartily, as he sat down beside her in a cane-seated chair.

"Oh yes, thank you. There seems every prospect of the laundry doing well."

"I'm very glad to hear it. Your brother is not here to-night, is he? He has not joined our new social club yet, and I never seem able to get hold of him."

Jessie would not explain that the mere fact that Raymond was interested in it kept Rupert away from the club. Since his summary dismissal from the Works, his detestation of the Ellises had become almost as great as his father's. "He has been very busy helping us with the machinery. What we should have done without him, I don't know."

"I met him in the street the other day, and was going to speak to him, but he cut me dead," continued Raymond.

"Surely, Mr. Ellis, with all your aristocratic acquaintances, you can afford to dispense with the notice of such insignificant people as we are!" cried Jessie, with a mutinous lifting of her dimpled chin which made her look very pretty.

"Oh, of course I understand that none of you like me; but it's rather hard to be blamed for what really isn't my fault. I've been very uncomfortable ever since your brother left our Works, and I've written to a firm in London who are friends of my father's—Morrison and Lucraft, in Charing Cross Road. Do you know them?"

She did, by repute, as a most eminent firm of electrical engineers.

"And they have a vacancy for a competent man, if your brother would care to apply for it."

Had the offer come from anybody but an Ellis, Jessie would have eagerly expressed her pleasure. As it was, she promptly began to pick holes in it. "Thank you; I will tell Rupert what you say. But it seems very hard he should have to go away to London, for we need him so much here in looking after the laundry."

"I'm very sorry I couldn't get him anything at Barminster; but of course he needn't go to London unless he likes," returned Raymond, a little stiffly. He had taken a great deal of trouble to serve Rupert, and he thought Jessie might well have been a little more gracious. "I should say your brother's certain to get on, if he could once get a start."

"With fair play," responded Jessie deliberately, looking him full in the eyes as she spoke, "I'm sure he would."

And man as he was, with wealth, position, and popularity at his back, Raymond was conscious that his own eyes fell beneath the reminder conveyed in the dauntless girl's direct gaze, that fair play had not always been accorded to the Haynes family in the past. He took a sudden resolution.

"Miss Haynes!" he exclaimed eagerly, "can't you let bygones be bygones? I know the story of your father's early days, and it seems to me he must be under a delusion. I have asked my father for an explanation of his connection with the Ellis meter, and he assured me in the most positive manner that the invention was his, and that Mr. Haynes has no claim upon it."

"In plain English, you accuse my father of telling a falsehood!" flamed Jessie.

A wave of crimson covered Raymond's honest, freckled face. "Don't you see that either Mr. Haynes must be making a mistake or else my own father is a rogue? Could you expect me to believe my father—my kind, indulgent, honourable father—capable of such incredible meanness as stealing another man's invention?"

"As I said before, Mr. Ellis," answered Jessie freezingly, "what can the opinion or the approval of such very insignificant people as we are, matter to you, who have everything it is possible to have in the way of luxury and position?"

He rose abruptly. "Do you know that when you talk like that, Miss Haynes, you wound me very much?" he said, with a glance which made her, all at once, feel uncomfortable and compunctious. He walked away to join the others, whilst she sat wondering whether she had not been foolish and unkind in repelling the advances of a man who had certainly tried to help Rupert. But then came the recollection of his mention of her father's great grievance as "a delusion."

"In plain English, a lie!" she said to herself bitterly. "My poor, dear, ill-used father is deluded!—and Richard Ellis is a noble character, a genius who has made his fortune by honourable industry! If that's your opinion, Mr. Raymond Ellis, I don't want to have anything more to do with you!"

And she sat and watched him from her corner, like a spiteful fairy godmother, as he entered with zest into all the children's games, and became the life of the whole affair. Not another word passed between them that evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

THE breakfast-room at Connington Towers was a noble apartment, oak-panelled, with an embossed ceiling, and a projecting bay-window from which an enchanting view was obtained. Around the beautifully appointed table, with its delicate hothouse flowers and massive



It was easy to see they were genuine documents.—p. 703.

silver urn and dishes, the Ellis family, with the exception of the mistress of the house, was gathered on the morning after the entertainment at St. Jude's. Mrs. Ellis usually breakfasted in her own room, for, like many rich and idle women, she fancied herself delicate.

Grace presided over the tea and coffee, and the table, as usual, was littered with the friendly notes, and cards of invitation, which the post had brought to the much sought-after Ellises. Through the mullioned window the beautifully kept grounds spoke eloquently of wealth lavished upon them without stint; and Raymond's thoughts, by some odd association of ideas, had travelled to the laundry on the Whitton Road, which Stella and Jessie Haynes—poor things!—considered such a Paradise, when Madge abruptly asked:

"By-the-bye, Raymond, who was that girl in dark blue you were talking to for so long last night? I seem to remember her face quite well."

"Oh, that was a Miss Haynes."

"And pray, who is Miss Haynes?" pursued the rich man's daughter judiciously. Her keen eyes had noticed their conversation, and she wondered what could be the topic they evidently found so absorbing.

At the name of Haynes, Richard Ellis looked up hastily from *The Times* he was skimming, and waited with secret impatience for his son's answer. "Well, they're people Derwent knows very well, for they used to live in St. Jude's parish. They've taken the steam-laundry the Taylors used to have in the Whitton Road."

"What? Laundry maids?" cried fastidious Madge, with becoming scorn.

"Laundry maids, no!" he answered indignantly. "Once they were in a much better position; and many ladies keep laundries nowadays—there's nothing *infra dig.* in that!"

"Are these the same people who applied for assistance to the Davenport Trustees, and were refused?" interposed Mr. Ellis, very sharply.

"Yes, father."

"How in the world did you get to know them, Raymond?" pursued Madge.

"I've seen them at the St. Jude's entertainments, and one of them was governess to Mrs. Pyne's children, and I met her there."

"Really! Well, I can't say I admire your taste, for I positively thought, from the way in which you were talking to that girl last night, that she was a lady!"

"She *is* a lady!" cried Raymond hotly.

"What! when they keep a laundry for a living? Don't talk such nonsense, Raymond!"

"There, that will do Madge," peremptorily interposed the millionaire. "Another cup of coffee, please, Grace, not quite so sweet. What are you girls thinking of doing to-day?"

As usual, half a dozen delightful projects were open to the rich Miss Ellises, who had to choose between a meet of the hounds, a luncheon-party, a fashionable wedding, a musical "At Home," a reception given by the Mayoress of Barminster in the Town Hall to meet a famous explorer, and a dinner-party at Barminster Castle. The *pros* and *cons* of each of these entertainments were gravely argued, with a view to getting as much enjoyment as possible out of the twenty-four hours, such being the chief aim in life of the millionaire's daughters.

"Raymond, I want to speak to you," said Mr. Ellis, when he rose from the table; and he led the way into the library, followed by his son.

"I want to know how the Haynes found the money to take that laundry?" began Richard abruptly. "I thought they were desperately poor; and they were not eligible for the Davenport Bequest."

Raymond reddened. "Well, father, I don't mind telling you in confidence. I thought it awfully hard lines for them not being able to borrow the money, and so I—I advanced it myself, with Arthur Bent's assistance, taking care not to let them know from whom it came."

The plutocrat angrily drummed one foot on the carpet, turning first so red and then so pale that Raymond was quite startled. "You mean to tell me you did this, knowing Stephen Haynes is my bitterest enemy?" he cried passionately. "He's an ill-conditioned dog, who would injure me, if he could! And you know it too! I didn't think my own son would turn against me like this!"

And, deeply agitated, he began to pace about the room.

"I'm very sorry, father, but I never thought you'd take it like this," urged Raymond. "I felt sorry for the Haynes girls, and the son, Rupert, was employed in our Works, and suddenly dismissed, which I thought rather too bad—"

"If he were dismissed, you may be sure there were good reasons for it! It is not for you to dictate to me what workmen I shall employ, Raymond. Surely, the mere fact that Stephen Haynes dared to bring a shameful accusation against your own father ought to be enough."

"Yes, but of course there wasn't a word of truth in it, and, really, I think the poor old chap's hardly accountable for his words. If it had been true, father, it would have been very different; but as it isn't, surely you can afford to be magnanimous and ignore his bad

behaviour? After all, Haynes's children are not responsible for their father's animosity."

"You may argue as much as you please, Raymond, but I consider you did a very shabby thing in helping these people behind my back. You should have consulted me first."

"And so I would, if I'd known you would mind about such a trifle," answered Raymond, more and more puzzled at the heat into which his usually indulgent parent had worked himself. "I'd no idea all the Haynes were so obnoxious to you personally. Bent and I were obliged to keep the matter very quiet, as we didn't wish anybody to suspect from whom the money really came. If I hadn't advanced the loan, I believe he would; he was quite as keen about helping them as I was."

"Then I wish Arthur would mind his own business," muttered the plutocrat wrathfully. "Lawyers are not generally so free with their money!"

"But, father, the circumstances were so exceptional," pleaded Raymond; but without waiting to hear more, Mr. Ellis strode from the room, banging the door after him with great force. Bewildered Raymond, left alone, tried to battle down an ugly suspicion which would thrust itself upon him—namely, that his father's rage was caused by his desire to get the Haynes family out of Barminster, a desire which his son's action had unwittingly frustrated.

But why should he be anxious to get such unknown, obscure people out of Barminster? Raymond would have given five years of his life for a reassuring answer to that tormenting question.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

IT may be safely said that never in his life had Richard Ellis received such a blow as had been dealt by Raymond in showing kindness to the Haynes family. Of course his son had acted in all good faith, but what the result of his impulsive generosity might be it was impossible to foresee. There were moments when the wealthy, popular Richard Ellis grew cold with apprehension, lest the ugly secret he had thought for ever hidden from the light of day should be revealed at last. He had fervently hoped that after Rupert's dismissal from the Works the family, finding it impossible to make a living at Barminster, would leave the place for good and all.

But now, thanks to Raymond, they were established almost at his very door, and probably for life! There was nothing to

prevent Stephen from telling his story to everybody; and though most people would doubtless disbelieve it, still, if only mud enough is thrown, some is sure to stick. Wild visions of trying to bribe or threaten his old enemy into silence crossed Richard's mind, only to be instantly rejected. He clearly perceived that to offer any bribe to Stephen would be tantamount to the admission that his story was true. To threaten him with an action for libel would only lead to the whole affair coming out in the Law Courts. To try to cajole him was hopeless. No man ever more thoroughly realised how hard is the way of transgressors than Richard Ellis at this juncture.

But a diversion was given to his thoughts by the death of Sir John Penistone, the senior member for Barminster. An influential deputation of townspeople invited Raymond to contest the vacant seat, and Richard flung himself heart and soul into the preliminary arrangements. To have his son in Parliament would be an additional and powerful claim on the respect of the neighbourhood, and might be useful should Stephen Haynes prove troublesome. So an address to the electors was drawn up, meetings were arranged, and Mrs. Ellis and her daughters, arrayed in bewitching toilettes, and wearing their sweetest smiles, relinquished all other engagements to personally canvass the electors.

The laundry was situated in that division, and, all social animosities and distinctions being for the time obliterated, it was early visited by the fair canvassers. They reported themselves puzzled by the reception they met with. The Misses Haynes had been polite, but distant; but their father—such a strange, wild-looking man, with piercing eyes, and an untidy, bristly chin—had spoken very oddly, and finally said that if the candidate himself would go—alone—and see him that evening, he would give Raymond an answer about his vote. Be it observed that the ladies of Mr. Ellis's household knew nothing whatever about the invention of the meter, or the wrong done to Stephen Haynes. They were quite unaware that he had been a friend of Richard's in early youth, or that he cherished a deadly grudge against the owner of Connington Towers. Mr. Ellis would have greatly preferred that his son should not go to see Stephen; but it was impossible to say so without laying himself open to inconvenient questions, and Raymond accordingly went.

He was shown at once into the little dining-room, where, on the table, lay a shabby portfolio of papers; and pacing up and down the narrow limits, like a wild beast in a cage, was Stephen Haynes.

He took no notice of Raymond's outstretched

fingers, but went up and laid a powerful hand on each of the young man's shoulders, directing a gaze into his eyes the while which his visitor returned unflinchingly. "You look honest, although you *are* Richard Ellis's son," he said at last. "I thought so last night at the meeting which I attended, and at which you spoke. I recognised you then as the young man I once met outside the Towers, and to whom I told my opinion of your father in plain terms. You think me mad—a crank—a fanatic, no doubt. But because you've got an honest face, I'm going to give you one more chance—just one—before I—do what I had intended to do. For though you seem honest yourself, you are a swindler's son. I, and not your father, invented the meter which made his fortune; and I'm going to prove it to you to-night."

Without knowing why, Raymond turned deadly white. There was something in this strange man's manner which made his heart beat as it never beat before.

"The original working model of the meter which I constructed, and which I showed to my—then—greatest friend, your father, who must have secretly copied it, was long ago destroyed in the frequent removals I have had. I did not think of preserving it then, being too poor to patent it, and not realising how valuable it would be some day. But I have preserved the rough drawings I made."

He opened the portfolio, and placed several sheets of diagrams, some very rough, others more finished, and with marginal notes, before Raymond's bewildered eyes. It was easy to see they were genuine documents; they were yellow with age, and torn at the edges with much handling.

"Of course you've only my word for it that these represent the Ellis meter at all. You are not a practical engineer, or you would recognise the principle at once. I don't ask you to take this on trust. You shall give me a formal receipt for these papers, to be witnessed by my son; and in company with any expert electrician you may choose, you shall take them to the Patent Office in London, to compare them with the model and the drawings registered there in your father's name. If you fail to find your father's meter, in every essential detail, the very duplicate of my design—then may Heaven judge me for a shameless pretender!"

His gaunt hand, impressively upraised during most of this speech, dropped heavily at his side; and for a few minutes there was profound silence. At last Mr. Haynes added: "To be quite candid, I did not know I had actually preserved these drawings, or I might have taken action before. It was only in clearing out a cupboard on removing here, that the portfolio came to light."

"And—and if the drawings are genuine, what do you wish me to do?" hoarsely asked Raymond. He believed in his heart that they *were* genuine unfortunately.

Stephen smiled grimly. "Prove their genuineness first! When you return from London, you can decide upon your course of action."

"My time is very much taken up with political meetings; but of course the sooner this is settled the better. I'll go to-morrow, and will explain my reasons to my father."

"On no account," interrupted Stephen. "Tell nobody anything until you have been to the Patent Office. Otherwise you will drive me to the step I have hinted at, which you will regret for the rest of your life."

"What step?" asked Raymond uneasily.

"I cannot tell you. But take my word for it, if your father refuses to make restitution now he will be for ever branded in the eyes of honest men. This is his last chance."

There was something so impressive in the calm determination of this usually excitable man that Raymond fairly shook with fear—not for himself, but for his father. He promised to go to London next day with Mr. Mowbray, the manager of the Works; and did so, in spite of the amazement and inconvenience occasioned to his political supporters, who thought he must be mad.

CHAPTER XV.

DISINHERITED.

THE blow had fallen, and Raymond Ellis knew the worst when he alighted at Barminster station. Mr. Mowbray, entirely ignorant of the history of the musty old drawings his employer's son so unaccountably required him to compare with the Ellis meter in the Patent Office, unhesitatingly affirmed that the finished model differed in no respect from these plans. The germ of the inventor's idea, gradually evolved, with one improvement after another, was, as he remarked to Raymond, most interestingly manifest in these drawings. He believed the sketches to be Mr. Ellis's own, not noticing a tiny monogram "S.H." in the corner of each, with a date of twenty-eight years back. "A wonderful head for mechanics, your father's," he repeated several times in the train, whilst Raymond watched the landscape flitting by as if in a nightmare. He greeted Barminster station as a criminal might the sight of the dock; for the most painful crisis of his life awaited him, and he knew it.

He left Mr. Mowbray at the station, and drove home at once in the dog-cart. He could

not face Stephen Haynes yet; he must see his father first.

In the luxurious library of the Towers, before the crackling wood fire, Raymond, still very pale, briefly announced to his father what his errand to London had been, and the conclusion to which he had unwillingly come. The blow was an utterly unexpected one to Richard Ellis—that was manifest; but he defended himself eagerly.

those drawings was quite conclusive to Mowbray, who is. Father, you will still be a rich man, even if you restore the profits of the meter invented by Stephen Haynes to their rightful owner. Make him restitution, confess your error, and you will, I'm sure, be a far happier man than you have ever been in your life before."

But the earnest, pleading tones, instead of appealing to Mr. Ellis's better feelings, merely



"Go! Go!" shrieked his father furiously.

"Have you lost your senses, Raymond, to believe the word of a crazy idiot and a few yellow papers—forgeries doubtless—against your own father? You can have no respect or affection for me if you credit such a vile libel! My only son ought to defend me from my enemies instead of siding with them."

"Father," answered Raymond, with deep emotion, "believe me, I would have suffered any personal loss—I would have *died*—rather than inflict such pain upon you. But, alas! I can no longer refuse to believe Mr. Haynes's story. I have had evidence of the dislike you bear to the whole family, and though I am not a practical engineer, the evidence of

increased his anger. "Have you taken leave of your senses? If I were to truckle to this foul-mouthed libeller now, I should be ruined in the estimation of the world for ever! Just think what it would be if the whole thing got into the newspapers! I will never acknowledge that the story is true! I'll fight it out to the last, and if he chooses to go to law—though I don't see how such a penniless beggar can afford it—I'll engage the best counsel, and resist to the uttermost, if I spend every farthing I have! You must be insane to talk of allowing all this scandal to be raked up on the very eve of your standing for Parliament!"

Raymond folded his arms with an air of

sad determination. "I shall not stand now, father. I can't, after this."

"You can't?"

"No, not until restitution is made. I shall write to the Committee to-night, and withdraw my candidature unconditionally."

"Oh, this is beyond all bounds!" cried the plutocrat chokingly. "And when you were certain of being elected, too! Can't you see that for me to have a son in Parliament would be a splendid help against the malice of my enemies?"

"I can't stand, father, knowing that our money was made out of another man's invention, and that whilst we're living in luxury Stephen Haynes and his family have been nearly starving. I don't feel that I've any right to a seat in Parliament now; and, what's more, I'm certain that not a man in Barnminster would vote for me if he knew what we know."

"Well, I can only wash my hands of you, and trust that you'll come to your senses some day!" cried Richard, pale with fury. "I have been the kindest and most indulgent of fathers, and have never denied you anything—and yet this is my reward! However, since you refuse to accede to my just demands, I've done with you. If you persist in madly flinging away your chance of getting into Parliament, you may go and live somewhere else; I won't have a disobedient son here defying me! And to-morrow I shall make a fresh will, leaving you nothing."

But Raymond never flinched.

"Very well, father," he said gently. "I regret, more than I can say, that all this unhappiness should arise. In anything else I would have obeyed you, feeling it my duty, but I can't consent to let Stephen Haynes be deprived of his own any longer. I warn you, you will still have to reckon with him, if I go.

He is a dangerous man to quarrel with; if you take my advice, you will make terms with him while you can."

"Go! Go!" shrieked his father furiously, pointing to the door. And, after an instant's pause, Raymond complied.

In the hall he encountered his mother and Grace, just returned from a long morning's canvassing, and jubilant at the result. "Oh, here you are back again, Raymond! It was too bad of you to run away when you had promised to address that meeting at Stanby," began Mrs. Ellis, as she kissed him. "Surely you might have put off going to London for a week or two?"

"Mother," said Raymond, in a tone of keen pain, "I'm very sorry to disappoint you and the girls, after you've taken such pains, but circumstances have arisen which will prevent my standing for Barnminster now. I'm going to write to the Committee to-night."

Quite overwhelmed, Mrs. Ellis sank into one of the old carved oak chairs which stood about the Turkey carpet, interspersed with tall palms, groups of statuary, antique cabinets, and all the luxurious adornments of a rich man's hall. "Raymond, you must have gone mad!" she gasped. And Grace, in consternation, added her dismayed voice to her mother's.

But further speech was checked by the apparition of Richard Ellis, who, hearing voices in the hall, flung open the library door, and white with anger, stood confronting the group. "Gertrude," he said in a loud voice, "I have to announce to you a change in our plans. Your son has abandoned his intention of standing for Parliament, but it need make no difference, as the writ is fortunately not issued yet for the election. I now intend to stand myself!"

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN.]

MEDITATION IN A NIGHT OF PAIN.

By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A., Author of "The Church's One Foundation," Etc.

"Neither shall there be any more pain."—REVELATION XXI. 4.

T IS peace in pain to know that Pain
Secured us pain's eternal end;
And that the more exceeding gain,
To which by grace our souls ascend,
My great Redeemer won for me
By more exceeding agony.

'T is true my pain is still my pain:
Heavy its hand on thought and prayer!
But while that Love to me is plain
It lays its hand upon despair:
And soon I know this faint 'How long?'
For me may quicken into song,

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Beholding Thee—in what repose,
By what still streams of Paradise—
Beholding memory of Thy woes
Still in those deep pathetic Eyes:—
Ah me! what blest exchange for pain,
If I attain, if I attain!

Am I too soon in love with death?—
I know not if 't is ill or well:
If ill, then, Master, stay this breath,
Deny mine ear the passing bell!
One thing I ask, since I am Thine:
Thy Will be done, Thy Will be mine.

Strangers Within Our Gates.

SOME STRAGGLERS IN THE GREAT CITY.

By A. Wallis Myers.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A FREQUENT LITTLE VISITOR.

IT has been said, and perhaps with some justification, that every fifth man one meets in the Whitechapel Road is a foreigner—a native of another land sifted through to the great centre of civilisation as a natural consequence of poverty. Certainly an observant wanderer along that and other broad East End thoroughfares may notice the high cheekbones and thickened

lips of the Russian or Polish Jew, the darker complexion and unmistakable nose of his Austrian co-religionist, and here and there, perhaps, a group of men—"strangers within our gates"—who have wandered from the docks along the Commercial Road. Garbed in their scarlet fez caps and flowing robes, they add a dash of colour and original relief to the sordid scene.

By far the larger majority of the straggling aliens in the capital of the world locate themselves, when not out and about in search of their daily bread, in the poorest districts of the East End. If East London has less than its proportionate mixture of country ingredients, the deficiency is more than compensated by the excess of foreigners. It is the great centre of the foreign

residential population. A cursory glance at the relative figures, showing the influx of population for the past ten years, will plainly reveal that Germany is by far the largest contributor to the foreign population of London. There is no district in the East—or, for the matter of that, the West—without a large contingency of German inhabitants, most of them, alas! hopelessly poor. Poland runs the Fatherland hard, and in Whitechapel has a large majority; in Spitalfields alone there must be 1,800 Poles, and in Mile End, 1,600. St. George's in the East, be it said, is the recognised German quarter; here it is that those dauntless and long-winded musicians chiefly reside whose peaked caps threadbare coats, and haggard looks characterise them at once as members of that somewhat elastic orchestra, the "German band." The Dutch are chiefly conglomerated in a small district of Spitalfields, where the principal industry is cigar-making.

As we depart from the centre of Whitechapel, the foreign element considerably dwindles, and we get further away from Poles, Russians, and Hollanders, though in Shoreditch three-quarters of the foreigners are Germans. The lower-class Jews—and there are 40,000 of these erstwhile Hebrews in the Metropolis—frequent Houndsditch and Aldgate, while in the West, in Soho, and in the East, in old Ratcliff Highway, they form the predominating population. Italian musicians and ice cream vendors cling with all the domestic tenderness that is in their power to the precincts of Hatton Garden. In this district, within the narrow limits of about a score of small courts and alleys, is an Italian population of several

thousand men, women, and children. It is a queer place, with dilapidated houses and but ill-kept pavements, and so narrow that three men could stretch across the street. Wonderful is it to consider how these Italians crowd together within the narrow limits of their courts and alleys. Generally a house is hired by an old *padrone*, who sublets it to as many of his countrymen as he can respectably squeeze in. The men will sleep in the cellars, and the women and children where they can, only to get up in the morning, and, generally breakfastless, at once proceed, the latter with their singing birds, and the former with their barrows or organs, to tread the streets in search of those scanty coins of the realm which may or may not be placed in their way by benevolent householders or passers-by. A whole family, consisting of a husband and wife and eight or nine youngsters of various ages, will often sleep together in one small garret or cellar. When these circumstances are considered, it is a matter for surprise how many of the women can present such a clean appearance and dress so picturesquely when they ac-

company the men with their piano-organs or hurdy-gurdies; generally doing more handle-turning than their male companions, who take excellent care they get all the money. In an alley situated near Leather Lane, there is a large rackety room, into which a few beams of light filter through two or three dingy windows. Here is stored quite an army of piano-organs, which, on certain days, receive the attention of experts, who fit in new airs, mend broken notes, tune, and play their *répertoire* to the criticising ears of the unmusical Italians proposing to hire them. A narrow wooden staircase in this organ warehouse leads up to a larger and lighter room, divided off by glass partitions. This is the sanctum of the manufacturer, who is assisted by several Italian clerks, busy entering figures into large ledgers and checking off the hiring fees of the various "professionals." I believe I am not far wrong



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

AN ORGAN GRINDER WITH PERFORMING MONKEYS.

in saying that a piano-organ may be hired for about eight shillings a day, sometimes less for an inferior instrument; but the price is a substantial enough figure, leaving but a very narrow surplus of the earnings to the man who drags the organ about. There are smaller organs, which possess but one familiar leg, to be had at a cheaper hire, but these scarcely emit sufficient noise to attract financial attention, unless additional interest is maintained by the presence of

Experience seems to point to the conclusion that there is more to be made in the street out of saleable objects, hawked from street to street, than there is from instrumental or variety entertainments, though in many of the latter cases the daily outlay on the "show" is practically *nil*. The average public are, it seems, more ready to purchase a plaster image or a cake of hokey-pokey from vendors of such superfluous articles than they are to give assistance to an organ-



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

"HOKEY-POKEY, TWO A PENNY!"

a red-coated monkey, which apparently exists on nothing—unless it be nuts—but the benevolence of children. Why Italians possess such a tender affection for these hairy little animals it would be difficult to exactly say, but suffice it to mention that scarcely one is hired, as they are the property of the itinerant organ-grinders. One Italian, the possessor of eight children, two piano-organs, and three monkeys, told me that very rarely did the last-named live more than three years—a fact which, considering the terrible exposure to all sorts of weather, and lack of adequate nourishment, it is not difficult to understand.

grinder, the German band, the concertina soloist, or the fortune-teller. The reason is not far to seek. Apart from the fact that nine Englishmen out of ten want something for their money, the trading methods of the former class are not half so objectionable and irritating as the ways employed by "entertainers" to seek our alms and attention. It is well-nigh impossible to be melancholy in the presence of the facetious salesman of the streets, with his unfailing native wit. Hone tells us of a mildly humorous character, a foreigner who, while dispensing oranges, was given to varying the description of his fruit as circumstances demanded: as, for instance,

announcing "oratorio oranges" and so on. Most of us know by sight the penny Jack-in-the-box seller, whose cry as Jack pops up on the spring of the lid being released, is a peculiar double squeak, emitted without movement of the lips. The cry is supposed to belong to the internal economy of the toy, and to be part of the pen'north; but alas! Jack, once out of the hands of his music-master, is voiceless.

Much has been said in the public press and elsewhere, concerning the injurious qualities possessed by the ice cream and hokey-pokey hawked by foreigners, and one cannot do better than on every possible occasion condemn what has unfortunately become one of the easiest and best-facilitated methods of spreading infectious diseases



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

STREET MUSICIANS.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PLASTER-CAST SELLER.

among children. The buyers of the so-called penny ices sold in the London streets during the summer are charged only a halfpenny; and the numerous Italian vendors need no cry; for the *gamins* and errand-boys buzz around the barrow like flies about a sugar barrel. For obvious reasons, spoons are not lent. The soft and half-frozen delicacy is consumed by the combined aid of tongue and fingers. "Okey-pokey," which got its name for some reason or other difficult to tell, is of a firmer make and possibly different material than the ices of the Italians, which it rivals in public fancy; and it is built up of variously flavoured layers. Sold in penny and also in halfpenny paper-covered squares, kept until wanted in a circular metal refrigerating pot surrounded by bits of broken ice, hokey-pokey has the advantage over its rival eaten from glasses, as it can be carried away by the purchaser and consumed at leisure. It is, however, dreadfully sweet, horribly cold, and hard as a brick.

The itinerant foreigners, traders who carry about little plaster images and statues, get most of their stock from the neighbourhood of Leather Lane. The proprietor of the principal shop is a fine old

Italian, with grizzled hair, who retails to his numerous customers a strange variety of statues, ranging from Queen Victoria and Lord Salisbury to heathen gods and goddesses and Greek wrestlers. The old *padrone* has a large staff of art craftsmen, who work in a well-lighted room over his shop. Here they sit moulding the casts, designing new models, dipping the figures into plaster, or cleaning up old stock.

When a customer enters the shop, wishing to inspect the casts, the old *padrone* shouts out, "Ela, ola, eli!" This brings the workmen above hurrying down with specimens of their handicraft, which are exhibited clean and bright to the customer. But there is a decided falling off in leather-lunged itinerants, who make a speciality of these plaster-cast images.

tained from foreign itinerants. They are more likely, if they are bought at all, to be purchased direct from shops, where the price is found to be cheaper.

The different grades of street musicians are too well known and too well commented upon inside the house to need much reference here, but it will be seen from our illustrations how serious and yet how comical most of them appear. Italy and Germany may be said to claim a vast majority of these sore-footed individuals; and from these countries it is that they bring over those queer-looking instruments which combine, under one performer's hands and feet, the by no means dulcet melodies produced by the flute, the bagpipes, the drum, and the cymbals. Of harmony, it is unnecessary to say, there is practically none; and when one considers the inevitable accompaniments of cart-wheels



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

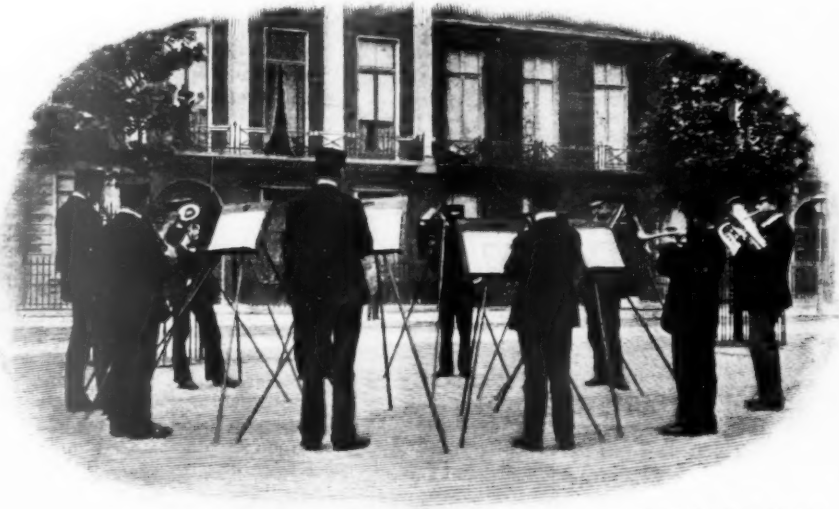
"THOSE QUEER-LOOKING INSTRUMENTS"

They have discovered that Villadom is quite sufficiently stocked with household ornaments not to require many more statues of even passing celebrities; so trade in this artistic channel has gradually been diminishing, until it is questionable whether twenty per cent. of the images purchased at the present day are ob-

and hoops, errand-boys and costermongers, the effect in some of our crowded thoroughfares can hardly be termed congruous to the ear. And yet these wasted, weary, and unmusical players manage to earn their bread and butter, thanks, in most cases, to the

humane desire of inmates of respectable houses to be left unattended by such weird sounds; hence the frequent bribes to "go elsewhere." The daily "takings"

to this country do not, alas! fare much better, though the novelty of their entertainment naturally possesses a great attraction for penniless children. Always



(Photo. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A GERMAN BAND.

of a German band amount in the season (the winter and the spring) to something like three to five pounds, and this last sum is by no means uncommon at a busy seaside town. Say there are ten members of the band, each will get from twenty to thirty shillings a week—perhaps the best wage received by any itinerant foreigners in London. As to the quality of their music, you have possibly heard, at some remote period of your existence, a German band in tune, but only for a brief interval. Most of the instruments, hired for a season, are more or less defective.

There is some considerable difference in size and habits between a painted bullfinch and a dirty brown bear; and yet both of these classes of "property," held in captivity by foreigners, return to their owners practically the same daily profit—by no means a large one. Italian women can, with good fortune, make eighteen-pence a day out of their fortune-telling birds; and the Russians who bring dancing and performing bears

muzzled, firmly secured by a chain, and fed chiefly on fat, Bruin cannot be said to experience a very agreeable existence. He is called upon to perform with his pole in nearly every street he treads. Yet more life and change of scenery is visible to his bleared eyes than falls to the lot of the most valuable "whitecoat," who feeds substantially on buns at the Zoo. It may be of interest to know that performing bears are trained for their unenviable positions by the exercise of much patience and, it is regrettable to add, by the occasional use of red-hot irons.

It is with a sad and pitiable life, entwined with disease and vice, that most of the children of foreign stragglers are acquainted. Strange to say, there are but few infants among these immigrants when they arrive in this country, yet infant mortality has a very important effect upon the death-rate in London. The newcomers are, in fact, of selected ages, generally between twenty and fifty, and scarcely ten per cent. ever reach the age of seventy-five. But the attraction



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

FORTUNE-TELLING BIRDS.

of these people to London is not altogether for evil. The movements of population are of the very essence of civilisation, though, perhaps, not always of moral benefit to the wanderers themselves. It is sad to contemplate what religious and mental poverty prevails in the hearts and minds of these stragglers in a foreign land, who might, with but just a little more enterprise, have been thriving citizens, honoured and respected in their native towns.

The wonder is, how all the aliens who find an asylum in London exist at all. Friendless they arrive, and friendless more often than not they die. And

yet many a kind heart beats under the rugged and unkempt exterior. Italian organ-grinders have been known to share a hard-got meal with a shoeless tramp on the roadside; even the Russian bear-tenders will entertain a penniless group of urchins out of pure generosity; and the German astrologer, anxious to bring your eye under his defective telescope in the street, has frequently given gratuitous demonstrations to impecunious pedestrians, rubbing his hands in self-satisfaction when the befriended star-gazer merely withdraws his eye and says, "Wonderful! You can see the mountains quite plainly." More, you rarely meet a street musician who presses his claim for remuneration a second time. Shake your head decisively, and he leaves you. Give him a penny, and his acknowledgments are so profuse that you feel tempted to give him another. Is it not so?



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE DANCING BEAR.

MISS MITTINS

AND THE MAJOR

By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., Author of "The Oiled Feather," etc.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



THE major, remembering how little cash he had left and how quickly that was going, determined to take the field at once. He therefore set off forthwith to the house agent to engage Stanley Villas No. 2. No difficulty was found with that gentleman, who was rather slack in requiring references. In fact, the major, who was a past-master in palaver, quickly talked him over. He managed to bring the scar to the fore, and interest the easy-going man in an account of the battle of Boscombe, in which he led the regiment to victory after the colonel had had his head shot clean off by a bombshell. It seemed almost like serving his country to let a villa to such a man. Moreover, there was the 50th Dragoon Guards on his card, and the undoubted military bearing of the intended tenant; and these, connected with the fact that he did not want anything done to the villa, but would take it just as it was, and was ready to pay the first quarter's rent in advance, settled the matter. Thus the major cut, as it were, the first sod in the approach by which the siege of Miss Mittins and No. 1 was to be carried on.

"So far, so good," said the major as he strode away. "Now for the furniture, for I can't sleep on the bare boards. Let's

see—a camp bedstead and a chair and table would do for me; I've been used to roughing it now and then in my soldier days. But there's the drawing-room. Someone from next door may peer in at the window and see it bare, and that would never do; that must be furnished well. And there's Parkins, my old servant, he's discharged now; I must get a shake-down for him. He'll lend a helping hand. The fellow who brought home a goose and a gander slung over his shoulders, and a duck and a drake tied to each of his stirrup leathers, and an entire side of bacon across his saddle in front, isn't the man to come short in helping me to forage for myself, especially when he knows that he'll be doing a little for himself at the same time.

The furniture man was, of course, all smiles—he, too, was impressed with the military bearing of his customer; and arrangements were soon made whereby the requirements of the major were to be met. The customer's own needs and his servant's did not entail much choosing, but the drawing-room was a very different thing.

"The furnishing of the drawing-room," said Major Slanter, "I shall leave, sir, entirely to you. As you see, I am a military man, and have not been accustomed to many luxuries; therefore my bedroom is comparatively bare. But you know, Mr. Wood, there are such people in the world as ladies, and if I should be favoured by the company of any of these—the flowers, sir, of our race—I must soften down the roughness of the soldier by the elegance of the furniture, and leave the impression on their minds of my being not only a man of war, but of peace. I confess, however, I am inexperienced in such matters, and you must

* The above is the late Mr. Power's last story, finished a few days before his death.—E.V.

exercise your judgment in furnishing this room. By the way, is there a Mrs. Wood?" The furniture dealer bowed, and said he was happy to say there was. "Excuse my having asked you," said the major; "it was giving you unnecessary trouble to answer: your happy face might have told me that you had a wife—and a good one—and, if I might make

personal belongings with which he intended to ornament the house and carry on the siege against his unsuspecting neighbour. When Parkins arrived, he brought with him pretty nearly all the major's belongings; these consisted of mementoes of his military life in the shape of his helmet, haversack, gauntlets, sword, and spurs. These the major had



"A small investment in garden tools."

a guess, a beautiful one, too. But I asked in the way of business, for I am sure she will help you to select the furniture." And so it was all arranged; and the major made his way back to his hotel, saying to himself, "He'll repeat all this to his wife, and she'll do the choosing, and No. 2 drawing-room will beat No. 1 all to fits."

Mr. Wood told his wife what the military man had said about her, and under her inspiration the drawing-room of No. 2, Stanley Villas, was furnished in a style which made the major open his eyes.

But the furniture dealer was not able to do all; the major himself had some

fixed against the wall in the hall in the form of a military trophy, and these he intended to be a masked battery, to be brought to bear against No. 1 as soon as there was opportunity. If Miss Mittins surrendered to these, or were struck in any way, and, so to speak, wounded by them, she would not be the first.

All these preparations having been made, Miss Mittins, if only she knew it, was to consider herself in a state of siege. She was now closely invested. She was to be approached by sap and mine, by zigzag and parallel; rifle-pits and mines, as opportunity afforded, were to be round about her in all directions. Parkins was

detailed to engage Bridget, and he himself was to sap and mine Miss Mittins. Whether she was to be taken by storm in the end, or would capitulate without such extreme measures, he could not tell; but the sap and mine were the proper things with which to begin.

"It will be necessary, first of all," said the major to himself, "to lull the enemy into a state of security"; and for this he laid his plans.

At times he was to be seen sitting somewhat abstractedly in the garden bower—never looking rudely (though sometimes under his eyes) in the direction of No. 1—and now and again he slowly and meditatively smoked a cigar in the same place. The major could see a great deal under his eyes, and he could see that the enemy—as he chose to designate his neighbour—was always on the alert; in fact, planted in the window, only sitting, as a single lady should, a little back.

Then a small investment was made in garden tools—a rake, and hoe, and spade, together with a basket for the weeds, and a watering-pot—the expense of all which the major intended to be reimbursed a little farther on; and it was quite touching, Miss Mittins thought, to see the military man six feet two handling little packets of seeds, and watering, and pulling up weeds. The major thought that the book and the garden were calculated to make his neighbour form a favourable estimate of his home-like qualities.

Then there were times when the major set out a chessboard on the little arbour table, and played, or appeared to play, with himself for an hour together. Moreover, having a very good voice, and being an excellent whistler, he frequently both sang and whistled "Home, Sweet Home"; and, the party wall between No. 1 and No. 2 being very slight, Miss Mittins not only heard the singing because she could not help it, but in the course of a little while began actually to expect it.

And all this time Major Slanter never interfered with Miss Mittins in any way, nor did he give Bridget any occasion for assaulting him with the spit, or for "pourin' boilin' wather" over him, after the fashion of old times, when they poured down molten lead upon the besiegers' heads.

But the major was really and success-

fully carrying on the siege, nevertheless. And poor Miss Mittins!—she was sitting (a little back) in that window to be shot. As she sat, and as she knitted, she speculated and mused, and thought now one thing and now another, and dropped stitches, and now and again appeared to look at someone or something very far off, or looked into the fire as if she expected to see someone or something there. Not that the major or his proceedings had anything to do with all this; if you had suggested this to Miss Mittins, she would have been indignant, or have worked up indignation, and said, "Nothing of the kind." Surely people must think, and use their eyes and ears to see and hear.

And these were some of Miss Mittins' thoughts. The major was seen reading a book; and Miss Mittins reflected: "Well, now, I've heard that Army gentlemen are a fast lot, that they never read anything but the papers; but here is an Army gentleman of a different sort. I daresay he's the exception that proves the rule. I daresay he used to be persecuted when he was in the Army by those who never took a book in their hands. I'm very fond of reading myself, so I can feel for the poor gentleman if he couldn't enjoy his book in peace. I wonder, now, what he's reading?—something improving to the mind, no doubt, for he stops to think. Well, even if I don't know him, 'tis pleasant, and perhaps safe too, to have as your next door neighbour in rather a lonely road like this a gentleman who reads. Perhaps he and I like the same books; it would be odd if, being neighbours, we did."

One afternoon the major played chess with himself; and Miss Mittins sat in the accustomed spot, and thought and speculated and wondered, and let her imagination take the bit in its teeth, until it ran quite away with her, and she had to rein it in with a jerk. "Well," said the lady to herself, "what is he going to do now?" as, for the first time, the major produced the chessboard and set out the men.

"Going to play chess with himself! I wonder, now, how a man can do that? It must be a great puzzle to wish who'll win, or to beat oneself. Chess," thought Miss Mittins, "is a very scientific game; I know just the moves and scholar's mate myself, and when to

ery check. I'm glad he's not playing cards. Playing chess with oneself makes me think that a man must have some mind. I should say this gentleman had; and no doubt he suffered when he was in the Army from preferring chess to cards. I'm sure he cannot be a gambler, or, indeed, a loose character of any kind, if he likes chess; he must be something superior, I should say a man of refinement. How long is it since I played chess—at least, so far as I know it? Not since Aunt Jane was here; and now she's gone I wonder if I shall ever play again? I should like to do so—that is, if someone would take the trouble to teach me.

"I wonder, now, if that gentleman ever taught anyone? He must be very clever, he stops and thinks so long between the moves. I wonder if clever men like him ever have the patience to teach a stupid like me? He's evidently a very patient man. Men aren't always patient with women—they leave most of the patient doings or bearings to women—but I think he must be very patient, and I daresay he'd be so with me. I don't like to see the poor man playing by himself, it looks so lonely. Ah! and I often feel myself lonely, so I can feel for him."

But here Miss Mittins had to pull herself up sharp, for she caught herself thinking that a chessboard was not a great interval between two people, and a thought had crossed her mind that she should like her new neighbour very well to take her in hand and teach her. This was too much for Miss Mittins, as she had been and ought to be; and she pulled herself up with a great jerk, and baffled the enemy by hastily pulling down the blind.

Then there was the whistling and the singing—Miss Mittins took an interest in both. The singing could not well be done out of doors, but the whistling could; the singing, however, was to be heard continually indoors, and it was ever the same tune—"Home, Sweet Home." The major knew that what we are accustomed to we look for and like, and miss if we do not have it; and he gained his object in impressing on his neighbour, who was becoming quite susceptible, the idea that, though apparently a single man, he had family proclivities, and home in its social aspect began to steal into and finally lodge itself in Miss Mittins' mind. She wondered whether

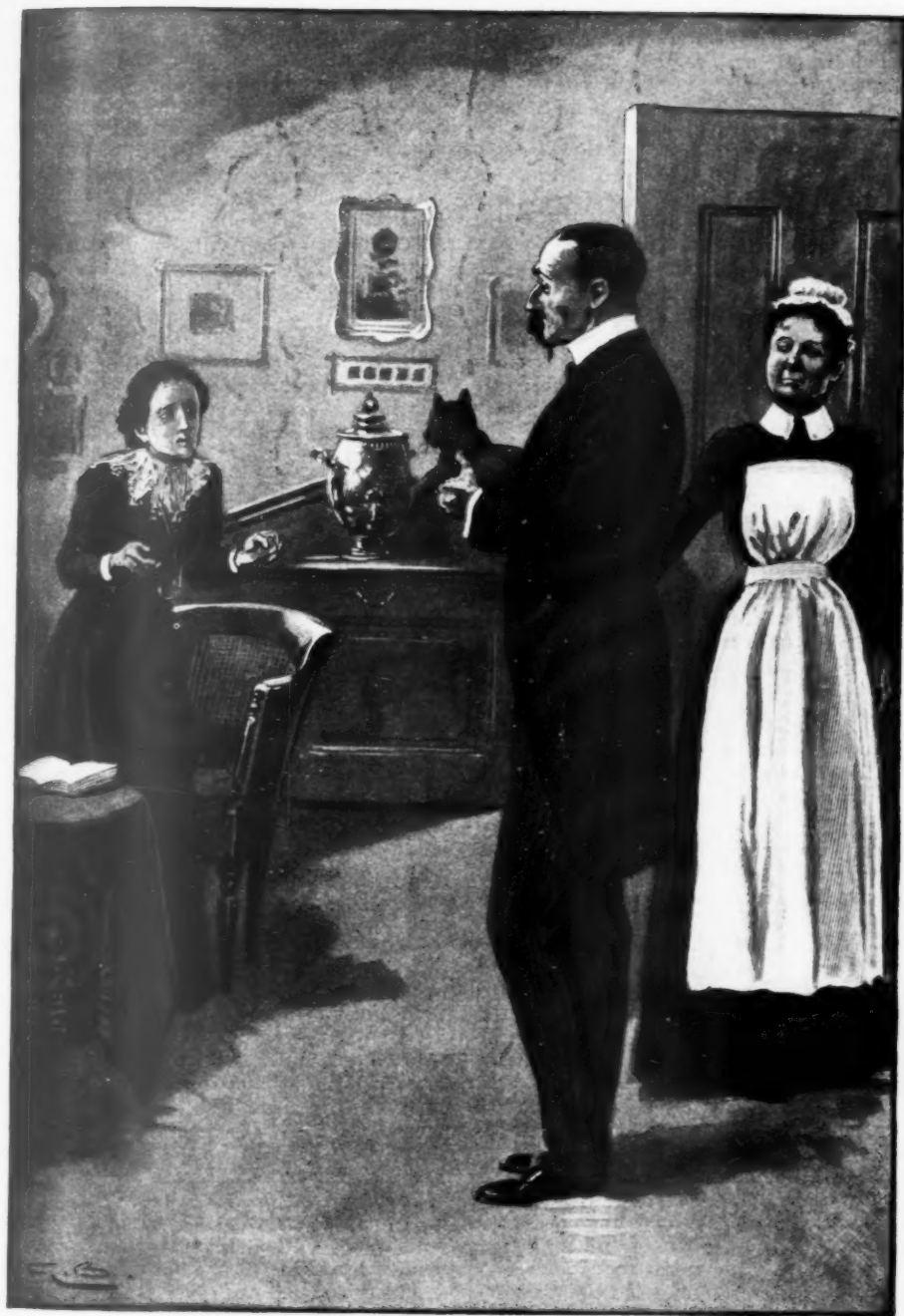
her neighbour were lonely; she wondered whether family ideas ever entered into his mind; she became quite troubled when evening closed in at his home, being without a lady—and by an association of ideas her mind took in the idea that her own was without a gentleman.

"Dear me!" said Miss Mittins to herself, "the world is very odd: one meets odd people every way. Now wouldn't it be much better if the world were more even, more full of evens?"

And, as the speculative little woman allowed her mind to run on, she thought that some day, perhaps, the major might call on her, and she might, at any rate, have the pleasure of inviting him to dinner and—well, there was a good deal after that—no less than asking the major every morning at breakfast what he would like for dinner that day.

For you must know, good reader, that, with the exception of leaving his card, the major never crossed Miss Mittins' door but the once. It was no part of his policy so to do. He meant to have that £1,000 a year, but he knew well that sapping and mining were more effectual than taking by storm; and poor Miss Mittins was being sapped and mined, and with her that £1,000 a year.

There was yet one practice of the major to which I must briefly allude; that was that he smoked a cigar from time to time in the arbour, on which occasions he often folded his arms and looked up meditatively as he sent the smoke wreathing artistically into the air. Now Miss Mittins hated smoking, and at first she used to call to Bridget to close up all the windows, so as not to let in the horrid smell; but after a little while she began, first of all to wonder at, and then to admire, the way her neighbour curled that smoke upward; then she liked to watch him doing it; then she thought that there was a great difference between a cigar and a nasty pipe; then she thought the tobacco the major smoked must be of some extraordinarily good quality—it was almost a perfume; then she wondered what he could be thinking about, he looked so calm and placid when he took the cigar out of his mouth and watched the wreathing smoke. She wondered now, if she were sitting with him in that bower, would she share with him in both the aroma and the sentiment? She should like to try. She had



The major himself carried the wounded cat in his arms.—p. 718.

heard of ladies lighting cigars for gentlemen; she even thought she could light a cigar for the major. It would be rather dreadful, certainly; but still she would like to do it, even if after it had been done she had to run away.

You will wonder how Miss Mittins came to see all Major Slanter's proceedings so plainly, but there was a little secret about that. She had invested in a little opera-glass—a little thing in ivory, which when pulled out was only some two inches in length—and with this she could see every feature of the major's face. It was quite true that she told Bridget, who asked her what it was for, that it was to keep her eye on her next-door neighbour; but when Bridget looked through it for herself she said:

"Well, ma'am, 'tis thrue ye can keep yer eye on him, but—take care that, widout a glass at all, he doesn't keep his eye some day on you. This little thing is bringing him too close to us entirely to please me. 'Tisn't for the likes of me to go out of my place and tache you, but 'tis a quare kind of thing to have a single woman's eye at one end of two inches and a dragoon six feet two at the other end. If I were you, I'd just lock this thing up in the plate chest and put it with the silver we never use."

But Miss Mittins did not follow this good advice.

Time was running on, the major's small remainder of cash was running out, and he was thinking that it was time to make the assault itself. The major was a deep man; he had been playing a deep game; he had speculated on what he knew—mind, I say on what *he* knew—of woman's nature, and so far thus successfully. But the final assault, without which all this sapping and mining would be in vain, how was this to be done?

While meditating on this problem the wily man met with an unexpected stroke of fortune. The major was meditatively smoking his cigar, with Pincher, his little fox terrier, at his feet, when Miss Mittins' cat leaped over the dividing wall and appeared in the garden of No. 2. It was the work of a moment for Pincher to assert his doghood and seize the trespassing animal, to which he had given two or three good shakes before the major could come to the rescue. This he did

at once, and happily in time to prevent any really serious damage being done; but the episode proved a very important factor in the siege, for the major himself carried the wounded cat in his arms into No. 1, where, for the first time since his visit of inquiry as to No. 2, he came into personal contact with his neighbour.

Whatever wrath may have arisen in Miss Mittins' breast (and that was a good deal), it was wholly disarmed before the major's profuse apologies and the tender way in which he stroked the poor afflicted cat.

"Did you see, Bridget," said the lady after the major had left, "how tenderly he stroked poor Pretty? And when he put her into my arms you wouldn't believe what a soft hand he had. But it all happened because, though we're neighbours, we're not acquainted with each other. If I knew the major, Pretty would, of course, have known the major's dog, and we'd have been all friends together."

A breach was now made in the walls, and in the major's estimation it was high time to enter in; so he backed up his visit with a note of deep regret for what had happened, and a request that he might be allowed to call and inquire after the suffering cat. He put all the blame on Pincher, whom, he assured her, should be severely chastised. And Miss Mittins replied. She spent an hour in choosing the colour of her note-paper—now mauve, now yellow, but at last rose colour—and spent another in spoiling half a dozen sheets before she settled on an ending and signed her name. But at last the rose-coloured note was folded and sent in; and if Pincher could have read it as well as his master, it would have much relieved his mind, for in it Miss Mittins took all the blame off his shoulders and laid it on poor Pretty, who would be seriously admonished for trespassing. And as to the major's coming to inquire about the cat, Miss Mittins took it very kindly, and would be very happy to see him whenever he called.

And the major did call, and asked permission to call every day until Pretty was quite convalescent, which convalescence, according to the major's reckoning, took up some time.

Now, to all his other excellences, was added, in Miss Mittins' mind, that of tenderness—tenderness and manliness. If

Major Slanter was thus to a cat, what would he not be to a wife?

Alas! Miss Mittins, the end had come!

It was only a month from then that Miss Mittins, accompanied by an old friend, who was very nearly both blind and deaf, and therefore eminently fitted to be a kind of chaperon, was found at an early tea in the major's drawing-room. He had recently been to a similar entertainment in her house. She noted the old china bowl which Mrs. Wood, under the influence of what her husband had told her, had insisted on putting in the Major's room. "It's plain," said she, "that he's a gentleman who goes in for what's beautiful, and you mustn't give him only so many sticks." She had seen also the trophy composed of the major's sword, gloves, helmet, and spurs; and such a conjunction of military prowess and elegant domesticity helped to make poor Miss Mittins a ready victim to her impending doom.

Events now hurried on. The major's money was running out—there was no need for further delay. The finishing stroke was now at hand, and it was given in this form. The major called on his dove-like neighbour, having first written to say he wished to consult her on a little matter; and a pink note, smelling strongly of jessamine, told him how happy Miss Mittins would be to see him. She would have dashed "how," even with two dashes, if she might have ventured, but she simply sighed and let it alone.

"My dear madam," said the major—Miss Mittins noted the adjective—"I contemplate changing the name of my abode. 'No. 2, Stanley Villas,' seems to me to be a prosaic kind of name, and I like to feel I am living in the poetic, in name as well as in deed. Excuse my saying so, but the latter I have for some time felt, I might almost say ever since I became your neighbour. Hence, to be living in simply No. 2, Stanley Villas, has not come up to my ideal of sentiment; and I now propose to change its name, and henceforth to have it called 'Union Villa.'"

Miss Mittins fluttered internally, and bowed externally.

"I hope," continued the major, "that you consider the name unobjectionable. May I go farther—that you will consider it suggestive?" and the major put his hand on his heart. Miss Mittins saw the major

do this outwardly, but she felt him laying it on hers inwardly. Ah! the end of the siege had come, and the six feet two of humanity, the trophy with the vision of the man animating it, the scar on the cheek, the certificate of valour—all, all were hers; and Miss Mittins, with her £1,000 a year and all its possibilities of no more duns, the best cigars, first-class living, and so forth, all were his.

From this day forth the major was Miss Mittins' sole adviser, and by his advice she put the marriage settlements in the hands of his lawyer in London. She confided, of course, to her intended husband a statement of her affairs, and left it to him to give such instructions as he saw fit; which made her own snappish old bachelor lawyer say that every woman who had anything to settle should, when she was proposed for and about to accept the man, be brought before a British jury, or, anyhow, have to pass through the Court of Chancery.

The settlements were drawn after the major's instructions, and Miss Mittins was ready to sign them without even reading them at all. And they would have been signed had not the major suddenly felt rather queer. He had gone to London to fleece an unsuspecting victim, but a Nemesis, in the shape of a small-pox microbe, was waiting for him there; and in a few days after his return to Union Villa he was down with the disease. During the incubation, and while the microbe was engaged with preliminaries, his intended did all for him that an intended could well do; but when the disease declared itself unmistakably then matters had to assume another phase.

Things were serious. Nurses were not to be had in those days as they are now; and was the major to be left to die? "Never," said Miss Mittins, "never! He's mine. Aren't even the marriage settlements drawn?" (She did not know what was in them.) "I'll nurse him myself, no matter what people say." And the brave little woman rang the bell for Bridget.

Now Bridget, on the occasion of the betrothal, having had bright visions, and promises too, as to a kind of trousseau for herself on the occasion, and also having—as a kind of retaining fee—had from the major a couple of his few remaining sovereigns, was not at present the termagant she had been in earlier

stages of this affair, so she was prepared in a wonderful way to rise to the occasion.

"I'll nurse him myself," said Miss Mittins, walking the room in a state of great excitement; "and, Bridget, you can leave, if you're afraid to stay here, and come back when he gets well. I'll pay you your wages, and board wages besides, for you've been a good servant—yes, friend—to me; though, if you weren't afraid to stay, you could help by making jellies and soups."

"Is it lavin' ye I'd be," said the once unruly cook, "like an old shoe thrown into a ditch? Isn't the blood of the O'Haras runnin' in my veins? Niver! Here's me hand on it," said the worthy woman; for the woman, not the termagant, was uppermost in her now. "I'll go halves wid ye all through the night work and the day work, and the soups, and whatever comes the way." And so she did.

And a terrible time the two women had of it; but Parkins, who continued faithful, and they held out, and that successfully, to the end. Poor Miss Mittins' heart was wrung when she had to sew up the major's hands in what might have passed for boxing-gloves, to keep him from scratching his "dear face"; and, alas! what a come-down from the gauntlets in the trophy, from the martial visage which must once have struck terror into the enemy when surmounted by that tremendous helmet!

And Bridget had been faithful all through. She remembered that she had the blood of the O'Haras in her veins, and acted accordingly. "The weddin' will come off yet, ma'am," was her oft and chief encouragement to her mistress. "And 'tis handsome he'll look intirely, if only we can keep him from scratchin' his face. Av we could put those things in the hall upon him, he'd look grand by yer side. Good luck to him!"

The terrible disease ran its course; and when the major came quite to himself, and realised the whole situation, he began to do what he had done very little of in his life before—that was to think, to think seriously and soberly and with a conscience. Often when he seemed to be asleep, and Miss Mittins was by his side, either with a little sip of something or a spoonful of jelly or chicken broth, he was thinking, thinking, thinking; and often, to his in-

tended's great distress, when he had looked at her for a few moments he turned away his head. Once or twice, when the sick man seemed fast asleep, the faithful woman ventured to kiss the scar on his cheek. Oh, wouldn't she have nursed him when the enemy had treated him so badly! But he had not been asleep at all, and he took it all in. And the major talked within himself, and said:

"And I, mean dog as I am, would have swindled the woman by those marriage settlements out of almost all she had. Poor little woman! Poor little woman! I, a man of the world, have been playing the hypocrite and taking advantage of her simplicity and laying traps for her, into which she has fallen. And now she has risked her life in my behalf, and I see her face worn and wan; and the doctor tells me I owe my life to the way in which I have been nursed. And good Bridget too, and Parkins—all good; and John Slanter the only mean dog in the place. And what a life you've led, John Slanter! But it must be all changed—all changed!"

"Parkins," said the major as he was alone with his man for an hour, which he was allowed to be with many injunctions from Miss Mittins, "you'll find a square package in the top drawer of the chest. Bring it to me, and make up a good fire." And when the fire blazed well the major committed the marriage settlement, which would, in fact, have almost made a beggar of Miss Mittins, to the flames. And as the flame and smoke curled upward a great load seemed to roll off the sick man's mind.

It was not long before the major's nurse was in her accustomed seat by her patient's side again; and now he put out his hand, and when she took it he gave it a little pressure, which repaid the nurse for all her long watchings, and he said, "Dear woman!" If you, my reader, are a woman, you can understand what Miss Mittins felt; if you are a man, it would be hopeless for me to try and make you do so. It was, in truth, the first term of endearment the major had uttered, which his intended set down to his being a military man, though she hoped that he felt all the same. But now no civilian could have said it better, and for many days and nights of weary watching she was repaid.

And in many a kind word and deed

were Bridget and Parkins also repaid in their future service; but "dear woman" was for Miss Mittins alone.

It was by the express desire of the major that Miss Mittins went alone to her old solicitor to give instructions for

better for her solicitor than for his to draw up the settlement.

A little time passed, and the major was on his legs again; but Miss Mittins was in a bath-chair recovering from a nervous fever, the result of her long and anxious



It was a pretty sight to see the major rolling her along himself.

the marriage settlement. That gentleman still held to the theory about a jury and Chancery, especially as his generally meek client insisted on having her own way. So by the settlement £400 a year was secured to the major, and on the remaining £600 Miss Mittins intended to keep house and the major too. It was quite enough for her that the major said, on second thoughts, he felt it would be

nursing; and, good reader, it was a pretty sight to see the major rolling her along himself. It is, too, a pleasure to be able to record how thoroughly domesticated he became, and that he voluntarily reduced his income to £200 a year; and that she in admiration and he in gratitude lived long together in Nos. 1 and 2, Stanley Villas—no longer known as such, but as "Union."



By Sarah A. Tooley, Author of "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria."



BEFORE referring individually to the clergy who have been specially marked by the Queen's favour, it may be of interest to summarise her Majesty's personal tastes in matters of religious worship. The Queen, it is said, likes a short sermon of about twenty minutes, dealing with the vital truths of the Christian faith, and dislikes the introduction of what may be called "questions of the hour" relating to politics, or to science, or to doctrinal controversy, although a reference to any public calamity is received with approbation.

Her Majesty also prefers, we believe, an extempore preacher. It is the Court regulation that all who preach before her should wear a black gown. The text of the sermon is always supplied beforehand to the Queen, and is placed, we believe, in the royal pew. The texts of sermons preached before the Queen are filed.

The Queen is without the slightest religious bigotry. Herself a Churchwoman in England, and a Presbyterian in Scotland, she gives liberty to the

most insignificant members of her household to worship according to the dictates of their conscience.



(Photo: Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.)

THE LATE BISHOP SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

In reviewing the Queen's favourite preachers, the name of Samuel Wilberforce comes first. He preached his first sermon before the Queen at Windsor, September 26th, 1811, choosing for his subject "The Widow of Nain." Unlike many of the Court preachers, Archdeacon Wilberforce experienced very little nervousness about his first sermon, feeling, as he said, that with that he was "on high ground," but he trembled at the thought of the subsequent dinner. However, it did not prove so great an ordeal as he had anticipated. The Queen complimented him upon his discourse, chatted about his father's visits to Kensington Palace, and Prince Albert talked with him on the state of the Church.

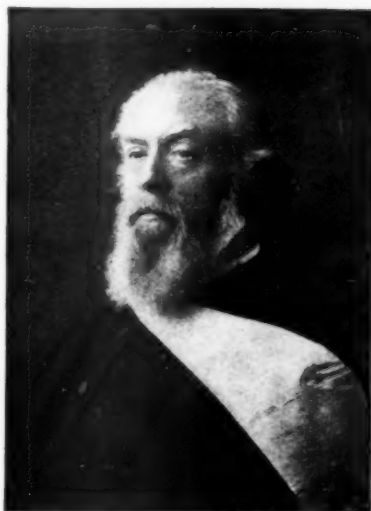
The impression which he made at Court was so favourable that for many years there was no preacher so much in demand, and the Queen would often inform her ladies previously when the Archdeacon was going to preach, and great was the flutter of expectancy. The golden sweetness of his language, the broad-mindedness and high spirituality of his teaching, united to most agreeable manners, were irresistible.

In 1845 he was made Dean of Westminster, and a few months later, when Sir Robert Peel submitted two names for the vacant See of Oxford, the Queen selected that of Samuel Wilberforce. The new Bishop received a unique piece of attention from Prince Albert, who wrote him a species of "Charge" upon his new duties, a remarkable document setting forth with that clear insight and reverent spirit so characteristic of the Prince, the duty of bishops to hold themselves above the conflict of party and creed. A bishop, said he, "should always play the part of a *Christian*, not of a mere *Churchman*."

A story of the Bishop's early days at Court will show that the exigencies to which a Court chaplain may be put are not less arduous than those of a newspaper correspondent.

Soon after his appointment, Archdeacon Wilberforce was on a visit to the Rector of Streatham, having arranged to preach twice in the parish church on the forthcoming Sunday. On Saturday evening he was dining comfortably in the rectory, when his letters were brought in, having been forwarded from home, and one of them

proved to be a command from the Queen to preach on Sunday morning at Osborne. He decided that he must get to the Isle of Wight somehow during the night, and posted in hot haste to the station,



(Photo: J. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

THE LATE PRINCIPAL TULLOCK.

only to find that there was no special train running. The Archdeacon was a man of resource and prevailed upon the officials to attach a carriage for him to a luggage train. It took him all night to get down to Portsmouth in this way, and he was just in time to cross the Solent and reach Osborne for the service. He prepared his sermon *en route*.

It has always been a matter of surprise that so distinguished a preacher, and one so much in favour at Court as the late Dean Stanley was not made a bishop. The Queen desired to confer that honour upon him without doubt, but the opposition came from Lord Palmerston.

Like Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Stanley received his first appointment at Court as chaplain to Prince Albert, to whom he had been introduced by Baron Bunsen; but he did not come into special contact with the Queen until after the death of the Prince Consort, when, in fulfilment of an arrangement made by the Prince before his death, Dr. Stanley

accompanied the Prince of Wales on a tour in the East. He went uncomplainingly at a time when his mother lay stricken with a fatal illness, and there was little prospect that he would return in time to see her alive.

If Dr. Stanley did not receive a bishopric, there is little doubt that the Queen's influence had much to do with his marriage with Lady Augusta Bruce. Lady Augusta had been, as her Majesty gratefully said, "like a daughter," to



(Photo: E. N. King, Shepherd's Bush, W.)

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(View from the Royal Pew.)

Her Majesty was unspeakably touched when she discovered this act of loyalty, and her own grief drew her into close sympathy with one who likewise sorrowed for a loved one.

Upon his return from the East, Dr. Stanley spent a week at Windsor, when he conducted a series of mournful and moving services in connection with the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, and was the means of giving much spiritual comfort to the stricken Queen. At that time a friendship was cemented which closed only with death. Dr. Stanley was appointed an Honorary Chaplain to the Queen and Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and frequently ministered both at Windsor and Osborne.

the Duchess of Kent during the last years of her life and, being afterwards made a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, Lady Augusta was frequently the medium of communication between her royal mistress and Dr. Stanley.

On the Sunday after the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Stanley preached a sermon at Whitehall on "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee," dwelling upon marital joys and responsibilities with remarkable feeling and insight for a man who was supposed to be a confirmed bachelor. The sermon was the talk of the Court, and the Queen read it with the greatest interest, and (it was said) interpreted its sentiments as evidence that the eloquent preacher had

matrimonial intentions. Certain it is that his growing friendship with Lady Augusta was noted by her Majesty with pleasure, and the announcement of their engagement received her warm approbation. At the time of his marriage, the Queen appointed Dr. Stanley, to be Dean of Westminster.

In the years that followed, the Queen occasionally honoured the Deanery with a visit, which was often made the occasion for informally introducing celebrated literary men to her. It was at one of Lady Augusta Stanley's literary parties that Carlyle was presented to the Queen. Her Majesty took the greatest interest in the restorations which Dean Stanley carried out at the Abbey, and fully approved his efforts to make the treasures of our great national mausoleum better known to the people.

Nothing could exceed the Queen's solicitude during the sad illness of Lady Augusta; she visited her frequently, and during the closing days wrote daily to the Dean, and when the beautiful life closed, it was the Queen who appointed Lady Augusta's burial-place in the Abbey which she had loved so well.

The appointment of archbishop is one upon which the Queen has exercised more influence than upon any other ecclesiastical office, and with reason, for the Primate is practically Court chaplain. By virtue of his office he takes the chief part in royal christenings, confirmations, marriages, and burials, and so is brought into most intimate relations with the family life of the monarch.

There is little doubt that the late Archbishop Tait owed his elevation to

the Queen's goodness. She admired him as a man, her sympathy was aroused by the terrible family bereavement which he had sustained in the loss of six children by an epidemic of scarlet fever, and his teaching was of that simple, spiritual kind which her Majesty favours. She undoubtedly pressed his appointment, to the primacy, upon Lord Beaconsfield.

Not only was the Queen delighted with the Archbishop's sermons, but she took an interest even in his "Charges" to the clergy. On one occasion, when the Archbishop and Mrs. Tait dined at Windsor in the middle of Convocation, the Queen astonished the Primate by telling him that she was reading his "Charges."

"I fear your Majesty will find them rather heavy reading," said the Archbishop.

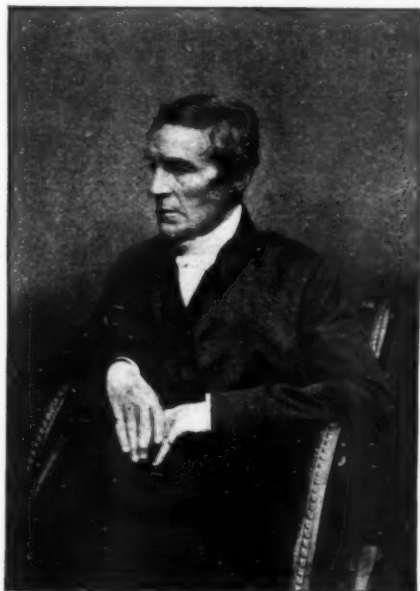
"Not at all," she is said to have replied; "they are interesting and profitable."

The primacy of Dr. Tait will be ever memorable for the conflict between the Church and the Government on the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. It is scarcely too much to say that the Queen piloted her favourite Primate over the difficulty. The letters published in the *Life of the Archbishop* appear to lead to this conclusion.

One might write of the high esteem which the Queen had for the late Dean Wellesley, for many years her domestic chaplain at Windsor, who was often the medium of communication between

her Majesty and the Archbishop upon the question of the Irish Church, but there are preachers on the other side of the Border who claim attention.

Amongst these Dr. Norman Macleod stands first. After the Queen had made



(Photo: Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.)

THE LATE DEAN WELLESLEY

Balmoral Castle one of her homes, she attended service at her parish church, when at the Castle, and also partook of the sacrament according to the rites of the Established Church of Scotland. Naturally she became interested in Scottish divines, and the fame of Dr. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, having reached her, the Queen expressed a wish that he should preach before her at Crathie Church.

In trepidation he prepared for the event, taking out all his best sermons, but was unable to decide upon one of them. Finally he preached extempore from Matthew xi. 28-30 and Mark x. 17-31.

Later in the day, after the service, Dr. Macleod was sitting on a block of granite in a retired spot near the Castle admiring the scenery, when he was aroused by being asked by a Court attendant if he were the clergyman who had preached that day. Upon replying in the affirmative, the Queen and Prince Albert came up, and the Queen graciously thanked him for his sermon.

Then followed a conversation which was the beginning of a warm friendship.

Referring to this occasion, the Queen wrote in her Journal: "We went to kirk as usual at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple and yet eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please

self, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. . . . Everyone came back delighted, and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings."

After the death of the Prince Consort there was no one on whom the Queen depended for religious guidance more than Dr. Macleod, and there was no minister who spoke to her so faithfully on the duty of resignation as he. His words were received with tender humility. After one of these solemn interviews with the Queen he wrote: "I am never tempted to conceal any conviction from the Queen, for I feel that she sympathises with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it."

After his death in 1872, the Queen placed two win-

dows to his memory in the old church by the Dee, where his eloquent voice had so often charmed her. When the new Crathie Church was built, the windows were removed to it.

Dr. Macleod's attachment to his royal mistress was summed up in his famous remark: "I admire her as a woman, love her as a friend, and reverence her as a Queen."

The late Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, was another Scottish divine who stood in high favour with the Queen. It was in the private prayer room at Balmoral, when she was mourning the recent death of the Prince Consort, that



(Photo. A. H. Fyfe, Droughton.)

THE LATE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS

Principal Tulloch first preached before the Queen, taking for his text, "And we know that all things work together

well to caution the housemaid about the dusting of them. Great solicitude has been felt by the Queen regarding the sad breakdown in Dr. Campbell's health which occurred soon after the opening of the new church.

The position of domestic chaplain to the Queen at Windsor is one of great importance and delicacy, and has been held by many distinguished men. Dean Eliot was appointed to the position in 1891, having formerly been Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth.

The Deanery is within the precincts of the Castle, and the Dean is practically one of her Majesty's household. The service which he conducts is of a simple and private character, visitors not being allowed to attend unless by royal invitation. Needless to say, no one would hold the appointment of domestic chaplain who was not an acceptable preacher to her Majesty.

Amongst the clergy of Windsor the late Rev. Arthur Robins, who was a very popular Chaplain to the Household Troops, calls for special mention. Mr. Robins preached his first sermon before the Queen in 1875, from the text, "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

DEAN ELIOT.

for good." Later in the day he was summoned to her Majesty's private room, and received a mark of her appreciation in being asked to give her a copy of the sermon and of the opening prayer.

After this, Principal Tulloch was frequently summoned to preach before the Queen, and in 1882 she made him Dean of the Chapel Royal and Dean of the Order of the Thistle, as a mark of her "high esteem and regard for him." Upon the death of this favourite preacher, the Queen wrote to his sorrowing family that she "had lost a dear and honoured friend."

Dr. Campbell, for many years parish minister at Crathie, and chaplain at Balmoral, may be mentioned amongst the Queen's favourite preachers. Her Majesty visited frequently at the manse without the slightest ceremony, and rarely returned from a Continental visit without bringing a present for Mrs. Campbell. On one occasion it was a pair of vases ornamented with delicate china flowers, and such was her Majesty's practical forethought that she pointed out to Mrs. Campbell that it would be



(Photo: Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.)

THE LATE CANON PROTERO.

shall all flesh come." It was entirely extempore, that being his usual style of preaching; he did not, I believe, ever prepare a sermon in the ordinary way.

Mr. Robins did not strike anyone as a nervous man, but on one occasion he confessed that he never trembled so much in his life as on the occasion of first entering the pulpit of the Queen's private chapel; but one look at her sympathetic face put him at ease. The black gown being *de rigueur*, Mr. Robins had borrowed Dean Wellesley's for the occasion, and after he came out of the pulpit, the Dean, as he helped him off with his gown, said, "I know that sermon will delight the Queen, and I wish you could leave some of your inspiration in this gown for me."

Subsequently he told Mr. Robins that the Queen had expressed great pleasure at the sermon. Mr. Robins was afterwards often summoned to officiate before the Queen, and on one occasion had a record congregation of eleven members of the royal family. There

had recently been a review of the Volunteers by the Queen in Windsor Park, and Mr. Robins, in a forcible and rather unique discourse, showed from the Book of Ezekiel that even in those days there had been volunteer soldiers—a reference which greatly pleased her Majesty.

Mr. Robins was appointed an Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in 1877, and Dean Wellesley writing to inform him of the honour, said that the Queen wished to mark her appreciation not only for what he had done for the soldiers, but for his devoted work amongst the poor in Windsor. When his death took place last winter, Her Majesty sent a sympathetic letter of condolence to his widow and family.

Turning to Osborne, the late Canon Prothero, for many years Rector of Whippingham, was a favourite preacher with her Majesty, who has always maintained the most friendly relations with the parish clergy of her Island, as well as of her Highland home.

The present Rector, the Rev. Clement Smith, frequently preaches before the Queen in her private chapel. She rarely, if ever, now attends Whippingham Church. Mr. Clement Smith is one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to her Majesty.

Amongst the noted preachers of the day who hold royal appointments may be mentioned Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the eloquent and popular Bishop of Ripon, who has for many years been a favourite preacher with the Queen, who made him successively Canon of Windsor, an Honorary Chaplain, and a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in 1884 appointed him to the See of Ripon. The Bishop is frequently honoured with an invitation to Court, and his conversation is not less pleasing than his preaching.

Her Majesty has also testified her appreciation of the great Abbey preacher, now Dean of Canterbury, by appointing Dr. Farrar to the position of Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen.

The Bishop of Winchester also has received similar royal appointments, and for some years he was Dean of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the Queen, with whom he is well known to stand in high favour for his practical and statesmanlike sagacity.



(Photo: Kirk and Sons, Cores.)

THE REV. CLEMENT SMITH.

[NOTE.—The writer of this article is alone responsible for the statements contained therein.—ED.]

A SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER



By Lucy Hardy, Author of "The Fortunes of the Fairlies."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADVENT OF EDWARD GAYTON.

IT would be difficult to discover a more complete contrast than that which existed between Kitty's old and new homes: between the careless, easy-going life of the artist's family, and the well-regulated, exact order of Mrs. Leslie's abode; between the familiarity of her former employers, who treated Kitty almost like a sister, and the grave, frigid courtesy of the widow lady under whose roof the girl now sojourned.

Mrs. Leslie was wealthy; she resided in a charming country house with spacious grounds and garden; and if money—and love—could have made the existence of her idolised child bright, little Annis would have been happy. As it was, the shadow of sickness had rested on the little one from her cradle; and Kitty, remembering Doris's plump limbs and rosy cheeks, was startled at the contrast presented by her new charge—a pallid, sickly-looking child, with a listless and weary air.

Comfortable, even luxurious, as were the appointments of the Manor, Kitty felt at first greatly depressed by the moral atmosphere of the house.

Mrs. Leslie was a grave and reserved woman,

who had been disappointed in the two great affections of her life. She had lost an idolised husband; and her only child was a frail and sickly little being, scarcely likely to grow up at all into womanhood, and certain, in any case, to lead but an invalid existence throughout her days. Small wonder that the mistress of the Manor looked so sad amid all her beautiful and wealthy surroundings.

Kitty was a warm-hearted girl; and, after the first shock of the change from the merry, happy, if somewhat Bohemian, household, she began to feel a very sincere pity for, and interest in, her new little charge.

Pain often rendered little Annis peevish and fretful, but the child soon learned to value her kindly young attendant; and Mrs. Leslie, noting Kitty's attention to her darling, began to relax a little from her first stiffness of demeanour, and to treat Kitty more as a companion than a servant.

The year spent at Fulham had been of much educational value to Kitty; always naturally refined, the girl had now acquired the manners of the educated society in which she had lately been thrown, and, indeed, "was quite a lady in her ways," as Mrs. Leslie mentally remarked, and felt satisfied to note.

There were few near neighbours, and Mrs. Leslie had retired completely from society since her husband's death, some five years previously, devoting herself entirely to the

charge of her little daughter. Few visitors even called at the house. The quiet, orderly, luxurious establishment was conducted with a regular monotony; the only variety (as Kitty learnt from her little charge's chatter) occurred when "Uncle Ned" paid one of his rare visits—visits, which his little niece looked upon as events of delight and importance.

"Uncle Ned is mother's only brother, but years younger than she is, and—quite different altogether," Annis had explained. "I wish he lived with us, for he's so bright and cheerful—like you something, Miss Tregarth. He is just as clever at games—quiet games I can play at, I mean—and tells such beautiful stories—sometimes about the places he has been to (he travels about so much), and sometimes about fairies and things he makes up in his head. I hope he'll come again soon. You would be so pleased to see him," added the child innocently; and Kitty smiled, thinking, at the same time, that any fresh arrival would make a welcome diversion in the monotonous existence of the Manor.

Annis' toilette, and her meals, and what were called her lessons, quiet strolls in the garden, drives with the child and her mother, or alone with Mrs. Leslie if Annis was (as often happened) too suffering to leave the house—an even, unvaried round of occupations and placid recreations—such were the events of Kitty's present life. One thing only saved the girl from absolute stagnation. Kitty had always possessed a great love for music, and a sweet, if not very powerful, voice. "Playing the piano" had, of course, been included among the accomplishments of her school education; though Captain Tregarth would have been horrified at committing the extravagance of purchasing or hiring an instrument for his daughter to perform upon at home.

Mrs. Leslie was passionately fond of music, and detected at once Kitty's latent capacity, on hearing the girl trying over some simple ballads for Annis' amusement.

"You have a good touch, and a good ear, Miss Tregarth," the elder lady had remarked; "it is a pity not to keep up your music."

Kitty explained how slight hitherto had been her advantages as regards instruction, and Mrs. Leslie found amusement in encouraging the girl to take up regular practising, and assisting her with suggestions.

Kitty and Mrs. Leslie played duets together nearly every evening. There was always a good stock of new music at the Manor, and in the pursuit of an art which she loved Kitty greatly forgot the dullness of her life.

"I am really fortunate to have secured such a pleasant musical companion for myself, as well as so efficient an attendant for Annis," thought Mrs. Leslie complacently; and at the end of Kitty's first quarter her em-

ployer, who was a liberal woman in money matters, announced her intention of greatly increasing Kitty's hitherto modest salary.

"Your musical attainments are a great advantage to myself, Miss Tregarth," said her employer graciously; "you could, I am sure, command the sum I name in other quarters, so it is but just to offer it to you here. I should be sorry if you were tempted to leave us."

"There is no likelihood of my wishing to do that at present," said Kitty heartily.

"If you remain here until we wish to part with you, your sojourn is likely to be a long one," answered Mrs. Leslie with unwonted kindness, for she knew Kitty was devoted itself to her sickly child.

Could the lady have looked into the future!

"Uncle Ned is coming to-morrow," cried Annis, with an unwonted flush of colour in her pale cheeks, as Kitty one day entered the child's room, on her return from executing some commissions in the village; "now you will see what a dear he is, Miss Tregarth."

"I am very glad anyone is coming whose arrival seems to give you so much pleasure, Annis," said Kitty, smiling; and privately thinking that this pleasurable stir and excitement would be very good for the child, who was apt to give way to fits of depression.

Certainly fresh life came into the house when Edward Gayton arrived. He was a tall, handsome young man about twenty-six, some fourteen years younger than Mrs. Leslie, and, as Annis truly said, very unlike his grave and stately sister. He had a cheerful manner and a sunny smile, and Kitty was very favourably impressed by his kindness to his invalid little niece, to whom he promptly devoted himself; Annis beaming and brightening visibly in his presence.

"I believe, if I could only induce Edward to settle down, if not with us, at least near us, where he could see Annis constantly, that his companionship would be better than any tonics for the poor child," Mrs. Leslie once remarked to Kitty. "Listen"—as a low ripple of childish merriment came from Annis' room—"you never hear her laugh like that except when her uncle is with her. Of course, I cannot expect Edward to tie himself down to our dull life; it is not often that one finds a young man who would be willing to give up so much of his time to a sick child as my brother does while he is here—and he likes roaming about abroad sketching. If he were obliged to work for his living, I think Edward would have become a better artist than he is; as things are, he rather plays with his painting."

Kitty had picked up enough knowledge of art while with the Malverns to recognise the

merit of some of the sketches and studies which Edward Gayton, later on, displayed at Annis' entreaty; but, as his sister had remarked, the possessor of a very comfortable private income does not often care to embark in that toiling drudgery which is the only path to real eminence in any profession.

"They are only the amusements of an idle man," laughed Mr. Gayton, as he gathered together his sketches.

"I always look forward to Edward's marrying some nice girl, and either taking up his artistic work seriously, or settling down in a home in England, where we shall see more of him," Mrs. Leslie would say, all unconscious that Fate was working for the possible fulfilment of her desire, though not precisely as she would have arranged matters.

That summer was one of the brightest and happiest of Kitty's life; although she herself scarcely understood why all seemed so glad and blithe, "all right in the world," until other eyes than her own had begun to read the secret.

Given a young man and woman of kindred ages and kindred tastes, who are intimately and closely associated in daily intercourse (and that under circumstances which call out the best qualities of both), and there is usually but one ending to the story. Edward Gayton was attracted from the first by Kitty's sweet face; Kitty drawn towards the handsome young fellow whose kindness of heart was shown in his tenderness with his afflicted little relative.

Edward liked to listen to Kitty's intelligent criticisms of his artistic work; the girl found Mr. Gayton's stories of foreign travel more interesting than her father's sea tales had been; and so the happy weeks slipped by. Mr. Gayton, greatly to his sister's satisfaction, seemed for once in no hurry to terminate his visit; and the two young people, walking in "the light that was never on land or sea," were daily growing into a firmer attachment to each other.

And all this while Mrs. Leslie was serenely blind to the little love drama which was being played under her eyes. Next to her own child, Rose Leslie loved the younger brother to whom she had always been as much parent as sister, for the pair had been completely orphaned in Edward's childhood. Mrs. Leslie was ambitious for "her boy," as she used to call him, and had fully set her heart upon Edward's making what the world calls a good marriage. Much as she liked and esteemed Kitty "in her place," Mrs. Leslie had no mind to accept the girl as a sister-in-law. As many parents are slow to realise that their children are growing up into marriageable estate, so Mrs.

Leslie—looking upon Kitty merely as a dependent, although a very trusted and valued one—never imagined that her brother, for whose matrimonial alliance she had laid such ambitious plans, would ever cast his eyes upon Annis' attendant.

One day, however, the real state of affairs suddenly flashed upon Mrs. Leslie's vision—possibly through some self-betrayal on the part of the lovers themselves, possibly through some innocent, childish remark of Annis; and, her eyes once opened, she understood all, and marvelled at her own former blindness. Mrs. Leslie, like many gentle-mannered women, had a strong will and an iron resolution underlying her outwardly calm demeanour. That this ill-starred "foolish fancy" must be checked at once she immediately decided; but, amid all her annoyance, Mrs. Leslie was too just to altogether blame Kitty, or to wish to revenge herself upon the girl.

"Men are all alike; easily infatuated with a pretty face. I ought to have remembered that Edward would be no wiser than the rest of the world, and never to have thrown the two together as I have lately done. However, this marriage—unsuitable in every respect—must not take place; it would be unfortunate for both, and completely ruin Edward's prospects in life," reflected Mrs. Leslie; and then she set herself to devise a plan whereby "this silly boy and girl fancy," as she mentally described it, might be safely brought to a close.

CHAPTER V.

AN INTERRUPTED COURTSHIP.

MRS. LESLIE was a wise woman, and knew the world; she took her measures with prudence and calculation.

Edward had been induced to accept an invitation to stay for a fortnight with some friends in London, Mrs. Leslie urging some business matters of her own, which he could attend to while in town, as one reason for his journey. The young man had now fully resolved to ask Kitty to be his wife, and, had opportunity offered, would fain have whispered a question in her ear before he left the Manor; but, by some curious fatality, it now seemed impossible for him ever to catch Kitty for a moment alone, Mrs. Leslie or little Annis being always at the girl's side. Well, he would write after he had reached London, he reflected; perhaps that was the better plan, after all, and he had good hope of the success of his suit. After her brother had driven off, Mrs. Leslie glanced at Kitty, and experienced a sense of relief, for she read in the girl's face that the

offer—so dreaded by herself—had *not* been made.

It was a great shock to Kitty when, a day or two after Mr. Gayton's departure, Mrs. Leslie called the girl into her private room and announced, with many kind encomiums upon Kitty's "valued services," that a sudden change in her own plans would oblige her to ask Miss Tregarth to resign her engagement. The doctors had advised a journey to a foreign health resort for little Annis (this was true), and Mrs. Leslie was about to start almost immediately for the Continent with her child, and hoped to persuade her brother to accompany them. It would be necessary, with regard to Annis' health, to provide a properly trained nurse to carry out the medical treatment prescribed; Kitty was too young—"and, if you will forgive me for saying it, Miss Tregarth, too attractive in appearance"—to be a sufficient guardian for the little invalid at strange hotels, besides being utterly unused to foreign travel.

"In short, I require an older, more experienced person for our travelling companion," concluded Mrs. Leslie, again entering into polite encomiums upon Kitty's former services, and expressing the regret which they would all feel in parting with her.

Kitty sat for a moment amazed and confused; then—for she was a woman herself—the real reason for this abrupt dismissal suddenly dawned upon her, and she blushed painfully. Mrs. Leslie noticed her emotion, and took the girl's hand kindly in hers.

"My dear," she said, "I may as well be absolutely frank with you. The reasons I have given you for our proposed parting are all true; but, as I fancy you have guessed, there are other and more weighty causes why—for the sake of your own happiness, as well as for that of another—it is advisable that you should leave us. My brother, I am afraid, is thinking of making a great mistake—"

Kitty raised her head a little proudly, and flashed one indignant glance at her interlocutor.

"I mean," went on Mrs. Leslie steadily, "that my brother has persuaded himself, and may perhaps attempt to persuade you, that he has 'fallen in love with you,' as the phrase runs. My dear, I am old enough to be your mother, and have had much experience of life. Edward is not the only man who has fancied that the passing attraction which he felt for a pretty young woman, with whom he has been associated intimately—without much else to occupy his thoughts—was a feeling strong and stable enough to be called love—love sufficient to bridge over disparities of—" Here Mrs. Leslie hesitated a moment, and then added, "Disparities of

social circumstances, which would make a union unequal. Edward, like most men, is ambitious; he has money already, but I know he desires—and has a right to expect—social position, if not wealth, with any bride whom he takes."

"Mrs. Leslie," interrupted poor Kitty with flaming cheeks, "I must ask you to understand that there has never been the least word—or idea—of marriage between Mr. Gayton and myself."

"I am glad Edward has not foolishly troubled your peace of mind, then," answered Mrs. Leslie with gentle cruelty. "I am sure that this fancy upon his part is merely a passing one; and no doubt you are too sensible to think further of it. Believe me, my dear, that you yourself would be the first to regret the step you had taken if this ill-advised marriage ever came to pass—when you found that your husband was beginning to look back and think of the prospects he had sacrificed for a passing fancy—to realise all the inevitable drawbacks which would—must—follow your union—"

"I have no possible idea of marrying anyone, least of all Mr. Gayton," said Kitty stoutly.

"My dear child, I understand that the folly is entirely upon Edward's side; but you see now why I think—even at the cost of a sacrifice to myself and Annis—that it would, on the whole, be wiser if you were to leave us."

"There is no question about *that*," answered Kitty a little bitterly; "I am ready to go to-morrow, if you wish."

Mrs. Leslie, who really liked the girl, did not reply in the same spirit. She talked—wisely, as an experienced woman to a younger sister—of the troubles which "Edward's folly" might bring on her young friend; and spoke sincerely of the "debt of obligation" which she felt she owed to Kitty for her attention to her child. Then the elder lady unfolded the plan which she had been making—with some real kindness, and some half-stifled compunction—for Kitty's future.

"I have often thought, Miss Tregarth, that with your voice and musical gifts a far better career should lie before you than that of accepting chance engagements." ("And being turned out of them suddenly like this," thought poor Kitty.) "So I have entered into correspondence with my own former music master, who trains pupils for professional engagements; and, if your voice comes up to his standard—as I feel sure it will do—he is willing to take you as a pupil, in consideration of certain payments which I am ready to make, and an agreement upon your part to give him a certain percentage



Having her voice tested by the Signor.—p. 735.

upon your earnings for a specified time. My solicitors will draw up this agreement between you and Signor Antoni, and see that your interests are duly protected; though I know that Signor Antoni is a very upright and honourable man, and bears a good repute in the musical profession as a successful trainer of concert singers. Madame B— and Miss L—” (naming two well-known professional vocalists) “were pupils of his.”

Kitty sat silent for a moment, conflicting feelings struggling in her heart. Wounded pride induced her to refuse to accept any obligation from Mrs. Leslie; but, on the other hand, the prospect before her was a very tempting one. Might it not open the way to complete independence, to artistic success—perhaps one day—if rich and successful? And did she not, after all, deserve some compensation for this abrupt dismissal from a post whose duties she had always most faithfully performed?

“You will agree to my plan, I am sure,” said Mrs. Leslie, with sincere kindness in her tones. She could afford to be magnanimous in her success. “I feel that I am only repaying you for very valuable services, Miss Tregarth; so there is no question of any obligation upon your side. I shall look forward to seeing you a musical success one day”; and Mrs. Leslie smiled graciously. “I have arranged for you to board with the Signor’s family during your apprenticeship, as I believe it is called; the Signor’s wife is a pleasant, motherly person, and will, I am sure, do all in her power to make you comfortable.”

“But will not all this cost you a great deal?” said Kitty slowly, still reluctant to accept favours from the woman who had so wounded her.

“Oh, you, will be greatly paying your own way by your agreement with the Signor,” said Mrs. Leslie lightly.

In point of fact, the sum which Mrs. Leslie was thus laying out was far larger than Kitty suspected. “But it is to release Edward from what might have proved a very disastrous entanglement; and the girl is hardly to blame, and deserves some compensation,” reflected Mrs. Leslie, who was, as we have before said, a generous woman in money transactions.

And thus, after a little more urging, Kitty agreed to Mrs. Leslie’s proposals, and escaped to her own room, there to weep more bitterly than she had done since her father died. For her eyes were now opened to the fact that Edward Gayton had become dangerously dear to her.

“Of course, it would be an unequal marriage. He is a gentleman, and well off, and well connected, and I—well, I cannot call myself a lady by birth,” sighed poor Kitty; reflecting

at the same time that, as far as her manners, tastes, and education went, she would not shame her lover in any society.

Little did Kitty guess that, in point of parentage, she might claim even a higher rank than did her lover; for old Mr. Gayton had been a foundling, and, as he boasted, “an entirely self-made man.”

“I began my history at St. Ursula’s Workhouse,” the old man was wont to say, “and I never knew who my parents were.”

As sometimes happens, the workhouse lad had pushed his way upwards and gained not merely competence, but wealth—wealth wisely and liberally employed, for old Isaac Gayton was a good as well as a shrewd and able man, his one little weakness being a tendency to boast of his self-manufacture—a weakness which sometimes jarred upon his wife, whom he had married in the days of his prosperity, and who was a daughter of an old “county family” with aristocratic traditions. Alicia Gayton had, however, lived happily enough with her husband (who was greatly her senior); although perhaps half unconsciously, the mother had instilled a certain exclusiveness into her little daughter, who had married in due time in her mother’s rank of life, wedding the younger son of a “good family,” who was honestly in love with pretty Rose Gayton, but who had also found her fortune very convenient, seeing that he possessed none of his own. Edward Gayton was as little ashamed of his father’s humble origin as that father himself had been, and the idea of Kitty’s rank in life forming a barrier between them had never crossed the young man’s mind for an instant. The girl was cultured, refined, and accomplished, and the lover asked no more. Indeed, had the question of pedigree arisen, Kitty could have traced back a long line of paternal grandfathers, many Tregarths of far higher social station than was the good old captain; whereas St. Ursula’s Workhouse was the only grandparent which Edward Gayton could claim upon his father’s side. It may have been the consciousness of this flaw in the family pedigree which made Rose Leslie so desirous that her brother should do as she herself had done—marry “well,” as regards social position, and gain social rank, if not a large dowry, with his bride.

It was with quite a pleasing consciousness of duty fulfilled, and of two persons rescued from the consequences of their own folly, that Mrs. Leslie laid her head on her pillow the night after her interview with Kitty; while Kitty herself lay tossing restlessly, sorrowfully, and half ashamed, and yet with a foolish, lingering hope springing up in her heart.

What if Edward Gayton’s attachment to herself should prove to be more than a mere

passing fancy? Was not the young man free to please himself? And suppose he did not consider the obstacles between them absolutely unsurmountable? Away from the influence of Mrs. Leslie's specious pleadings, Kitty began to think more calmly over the whole matter. Would a union with herself, after all, so completely ruin her lover's life? Perhaps, if artistic success were ever hers, even Mrs. Leslie might think differently regarding it. One thing, at least, was clear—a short time would reveal the true condition of Edward Gayton's feelings. If, finding Kitty had suddenly left the Manor, her supposed lover made no attempt to follow her or to communicate with her—well, Mrs. Leslie must be right, and either Kitty had deceived herself regarding the meaning of Mr. Gayton's attentions or he had been won round to consider the attachment as an unfortunate one, and be ready to thus quietly break free.

"Time will show," whispered Kitty to herself, as she set about her preparations for departure.

Mrs. Leslie herself took the girl to London for the purpose of having her voice tested by the Signor; and, as the elder lady had anticipated, the musician's verdict was a satisfactory one, and he agreed to accept the girl as a pupil. Little Annis wept bitterly at the prospect of parting from Kitty; but a child's grief is soon consoled, and the idea of the journey into wonderful new countries—a journey in which the beloved "Uncle Ned" would probably be her companion—was a very comforting vision to the child, who was soon engrossed in thoughts of the approaching tour.

And, all this while, there came neither letter nor word from Edward Gayton to Kitty; and the girl's heart grew heavy as a week, a fortnight, went by, and the time of her departure from the Manor was close at hand.

Little did the girl suspect what had occurred a couple of days after Mr. Gayton had gone to London.

Lovers are shy and anxious beings; away from the spell of Kitty's presence, Edward Gayton began to ask himself if he had built too flattering hopes upon the girl's apparent liking for himself—would he be risking a rejection by putting the question too prematurely? After much "tumbling up and down in his mind," as Bunyan phrases it, the young man decided to write to his love, but to ask her to spare him the pain of a written refusal.

"If you will permit me to plead my cause in person," his letter concluded, "a line in reply will at once bring me to you. But if I have been too rash, too presumptuous, I shall understand the meaning of your silence."

It is seldom wise thus to make the non-

arrival of an answer bear a signification of importance; but how frequently is this done by thoughtless letter-writers, forgetful of the fact that it is *possible* for their missive never to reach the hands for which it is designed! And such an accident occurred in the case of Edward's letter.

A couple of days after her interview with Kitty, Mrs. Leslie, who was an early riser, returned from a stroll in the garden to meet the postman upon the doorstep and take from him the morning's letters; a couple for herself (a milliner's bill and a circular) and—a letter, addressed to Kitty, in a large, bold hand which brought a flush to Mrs. Leslie's cheek! She knew well who had written that letter, without the tell-tale initials "E.G." at its corner. Were all her pains and trouble to be thrown away, after all? Was Edward actually infatuated enough to persist in pursuing this foolish attachment?

To do Mrs. Leslie justice, the idea of suppressing this letter never crossed her mind, for she was incapable of such an act of deliberate treachery; but a sudden accident seemed, as it were, to play into her hands. Although the season was but early autumn, the mornings and evenings were becoming chilly, and a small wood fire was burning in the breakfast-room. Immersed in unpleasant reflections, Mrs. Leslie advanced to the hearth and stood gazing at the flickering logs, with the bundle of letters in her hand. Suddenly her pet dog sprang joyfully upon her, and, shaking her arm, knocked the packet of letters into the fire. Mrs. Leslie hastily snatched at them; but the flames were too quick for her, and she only succeeded in rescuing the circular.

"I must write a line to Edward, or tell Miss Tregarth of my accident," was her first thought, as she watched the letters shrivel rapidly in the flames. And then came the tempting whisper: Why not keep silence regarding this—*fortunate*—accident? It had, been all undesigned by herself; nothing had, in truth, been further from Mrs. Leslie's intentions than any idea of withholding the letter from Kitty; but now that the "chapter of accidents" had destroyed it, was it worth while saying anything?

"I am only acting for the real good of them both," Mrs. Leslie persuaded herself; "and, of course, if Edward's heart is really set upon this marriage, I cannot prevent it. In that case, he is sure to write again. But if, as I believe, he has sent this letter without due reflection, the accident of its being destroyed will give him additional time for pondering over the matter, and he may then see things differently."

And thus she held her peace; and as the days went by, and no other letter came for

Kitty, Mrs. Leslie was convinced that she had acted wisely. The girl, in due course, departed for London; and when, a few days after she had quitted the Manor, Edward returned to it Mrs. Leslie noted that her brother expressed no surprise at hearing of Kitty's departure, and, indeed, seemed disinclined to mention the girl's name. Edward was looking troubled and out of spirits, his sister observed; but, greatly to Annis' delight, he at once agreed to accompany the

country landowner and his wife and daughter—would, Mrs. Leslie knew, be staying awhile at the same health resort, for the sake of Lady Anstruther, who was delicate. Margaret Anstruther was the very bride whom Mrs. Leslie would have selected for her brother, "eligible" in every respect; and it was with the firm hope that this young lady's attractions would speedily banish all memory of poor Kitty that Mrs. Leslie set out on her foreign tour.

CHAPTER VI.

KITTY'S NEW VOCATION.

IT was with no little sinking of heart that Kitty took up her new abode at the house of her music teacher. For the Signor's first reception of her had scarcely been encouraging. He had tested her voice carefully and severely, and, though he had at length rather brusquely intimated that "he would take her," he had not held out much prospect of success nor spoken in praise of her vocal powers. The Signor was a little, dried up, elderly man about fifty, but looking considerably older, with a sharp, abrupt manner, which was somewhat alarming to those who had not learnt, as Kitty soon did, that this brusqueness was merely "manner," and covered one of the kindest of hearts. Mrs. (or, as her husband preferred to call her, "la Signora") Antoni was a stout, good-humoured Englishwoman, without the slightest knowledge or



As "Miss Morrison" Kitty sang in public.

travelling party to the German "Bad," and appeared as eager to start as was his little niece

"And thus ends what might have been a very unfortunate entanglement for Edward," thought Mrs. Leslie complacently, confident that the change abroad would soon dissipate any lingering thoughts of her brother's "foolish fancy." Some local neighbours—a

appreciation of music, but with a very sincere appreciation and intimate knowledge of her husband, whom she adored.

"You mustn't mind Luigi's manner, my dear," said this good woman to Kitty soon after the girl's arrival. "His bark is worse than his bite, as you'll soon find out."

"I only hope I shall do him credit as a pupil," sighed Kitty.

"You may be sure that he thinks you will, or he'd never have taken you upon any terms," replied the Signora plainly. "Nothing will induce my husband to trouble himself with pupils who are not likely to be successful."

And, indeed, when they became more intimate the Signor explained this himself to Kitty.

"Ah!" he would exclaim, with eloquent foreign gestures, "how stupid, how pig-like are some people! They come to me and say, 'Signor Antoni, behold I desire to become singer—vocalist. Make me one, I pray you.' 'My good friend,' I reply, 'am I a creator? Can I give to you what your Maker has withheld? Bring me a voice, and I will teach and train it. But to *create* a voice!' And the Signor flourished his hands expressively.

"And then," he went on plaintively, "they will sing—these poor souls—and ah!—it gives me the terrors—the horrors! I sigh aloud in anguish; and yet," added the musician impressively, "I have heard such singers crying forth in fine drawing-rooms, and some earless people have said, 'How finely do they sing!'"

As Kitty soon discovered, if severe upon idle or incapable students, the Signor was an invaluable master to hopeful pupils. He spared neither time nor trouble in their service, was patient, though strict, passing over no faults, but ready to "try and try and try again," with unruffled good temper, until the difficulties were overcome.

Signor Antoni was an enthusiast in his art, and he inspired his pupils with something of his own spirit; so that Kitty worked with all her heart and soul to gratify her instructor, and his rare praises were highly valued.

Perhaps the dull pain at her heart somewhat inspired the girl's intense industry; work is an anodyne for many a sorrow. For, as Kitty often told herself, there was no mistaking the meaning of Edward Gayton's silence. He had been merely amusing himself with a passing flirtation in a summer holiday, and she had (and Kitty's cheeks burnt with shame at the recollection) deceived herself grossly and foolishly. Thank heaven, however, no one knew how foolish she had been! And then the girl turned to her art for comfort, and resolutely cast all old memories behind her.

After some months of careful testing and trials, the Signor delivered his mind about Kitty's musical capacity.

"You have the good gift in you, my child," he said kindly. "Heaven has granted you music in your soul, and the voice to speak it forth. Yours is not the highest form of the great gift; never will you thrill hundreds and thousands as a *prima donna*. But in

your own sphere—the concert room, not the theatre—shall your voice speak—oh, yes! very pleasantly and sweetly. It is the little songs that you shall sing, the songs that bring thoughts to the hearts, and speak of gentle things—you shall be pleasant thus."

"And there's a very good living to be made out of ballad singing at concerts, Miss Tregarth," remarked the Signora, who, rather to her husband's annoyance, was wont to dwell somewhat exclusively upon the practical and monetary aspect of the profession.

"Ah, bah!" cried the master, "I speak not of the money alone. At least, child, thou wilt be honest: thou hast a voice, though not of the first force; but thou wilt *sing*, not cry aloud like a screech owl!"

Kitty's voice, in fact, though not of great power and volume, was sweet, flexible, and sympathetic; it had been most ably trained by her indefatigable master, and when the time came for her first appearance in public she made a decided, if modest, success.

Much hard work and study, of course, preceded Kitty's first appearance in a concert room. It is only in fiction that a heroine is able after half a dozen lessons to develop into an accomplished public vocalist.

It was only when she herself became a musical student that Kitty fully realised what labour is required to perfect the "good gift" of a voice; and the Signor was too jealous of his own reputation, as well as of his pupil's, to permit her to face an audience until fully prepared for her part. Hence some time went by before Kitty's training was concluded.

Her studies, of course, engrossed most of her time; but she was able occasionally to find her way to the Malverns' little house at Fulham, where Doris was now the eldest of a family of three. A measure of success had come to Gerald, and the household was still as happy—perhaps also as scrambling—as of yore.

Her former friends were delighted to see Kitty again, and rejoiced in her success; and when she made her first public appearance Gerald was indefatigable in bringing people to the concerts at which she sang, in securing her favourable Press notices, and in assisting her in every way in his power. Kitty did not appear in public under her own name; the Signor shuddered at the "hard sound" of Tregarth—"Would anyone believe a voice could accompany such a title?"—and the girl herself had no desire to flaunt her father's name upon bills and posters. As "Miss Morrison" Kitty sang in public, rejecting suggestions of foreign titles—which, indeed, her fresh English complexion and sunny hair would have ridiculously belied.

[END OF CHAPTER SIX.]

FOUR GIRLS ON A FARM.



By A. E. Orpen, Author of "The Chronicles of the Sid," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.



It was dusk, and there was no light in the long low drawing-room save what came in fitful gleams from a wood fire on the hearth. The room was not empty, however, for indistinct forms could be seen in the arm-chairs, and a most distinct sound of weeping came from the window seat. For some reason or other, however, no one desired any more light.

"Aunt Henrietta says we must all go out and be nurses; we are not certificated, so we can't be teachers," said someone from the depths of an arm-chair.

"The mere thought fills me with loathing," said a girl standing near the fireplace. "Oh! girls, just think what it means to be shut up all one's life with sick people, never to smell the sweet air of the country, but to have one's whole being saturated with carbolic!"

"We must do what we can now, not what we want. You know beggars can't be choosers."

There was a long silence. The room got darker, and no one seemed inclined to move.

"Girls," said Gerrie at last, and a fine ear could have detected a full-toned sound in her voice as if she were speaking under the influence of a good deal of excitement, "listen to me. We have to face comparative poverty. We have to work for our living. We are not fitted for teachers, we don't like nursing, and we don't want to be companions or nursery governesses. We want to live together; we love the country; we know something about it. Let us make a bold stroke. Let us try and keep the old home. Let us turn farmers, market gardeners, poultry women—what you will—but let us see if we can't live off our wits and the produce of this place."

"Bravo!" said Hetty, with a clap of her hands.

Gerrie was dark, with flashing eyes and a saucy smile, full of energy and imagination. Ellie, her junior by some years, was always trying to imitate Gerrie, and never quite succeeded. Ellie was a pallid, shadowy image of the energetic elder sister. Kate, at present away on a visit to Aunt Henrietta, was the youngest. She was just eighteen, and was a pretty replica of Anne, who was twenty-five.

When their father died suddenly, about six months before the scene which we have just witnessed, they, in common with the rest of the world, were astonished to find he had been a much poorer man than they imagined. Mr. Winthrop's income died with him, and there was very little left for the girls. The two brothers, with some of the happy over-confidence which was perhaps an inherited characteristic, declared they would emigrate to Australia and would work hard at gold-mining so as to make swift fortune in order that their sisters might live at home in comfort, as they had always done. It was the complete failure of this never very hopeful plan that had now brought on the crisis which we have seen discussed in the twilight in the drawing-room.

"What we have got to do," said Gerrie, "is to make out our budget and then to live within it."

"We have got our twenty-five pounds each to count on, and no more," said Anne.

"That is, we have got a hundred a year amongst us, if we keep together," said Gerrie.

"The two servants alone cost twenty-five pounds in wages, besides what they eat."

"You might do without them," remarked Hetty.

"What! And be for ever with our heads tied up in dusters and our hands in soapy water!" said Ellie in a voice of dismay.

"Dear me, no! When ladies do their own house-work, they use their heads as well as their hands, and it makes a vast difference in the ease with which the work gets done. Divide up what you've got to do, and it's just splendid what a lot of girls will get through in the day without feeling it." Hetty spoke fast and incisively with her sharp New York voice, as keen and cutting as the winter air over the Otego hills, where was her home.

A few days after the above scene Gerrie set out to visit the Aunt Henrietta to whom the girls had referred in their conversation. Hetty, the American cousin, was of the party, a circumstance upon which Gerrie congratulated herself not a little in the sequel. She might have found Aunt Henrietta almost more than she could manage without the able assistance of the "auxiliary forces," as she called Hetty.

The great scheme of the farm at Willowdene was explained in full detail to Aunt Henrietta, who listened in grim silence, from which Gerrie argued evil results.

"Stuff and nonsense, child! There's no money to be made out of poultry. I've kept chickens here for years, and I know what I am talking about."

"Our chicken farm pays us well," remarked Hetty, and Gerrie, in describing the interview afterwards, said she was extremely thankful for this timely help from "the irregulars."

"I say nothing about America, for I know

nothing about it," answered Aunt Henrietta. "I only speak about this country, which I do know. Look at all I pay for meal and corn and things, and yesterday I couldn't have a cake made because we had no eggs!"

Hetty laughed a trifle unfeelingly.

"We have new-laid eggs all the year round, and I could always give mother thirty eggs for cooking any day she called for them."

"You propose to look after them yourself?" continued Aunt Henrietta. "Well, just come and see for yourselves. We'll visit the hen-house, and then I'll ask you how any lady"—with marked emphasis and a pause—"could possibly be expected to enter such a place as that?"

Aunt Henrietta's was an all-round country place of a too common type, where things were done on a haphazard system, for she had very old-fashioned ideas about the things that a lady could do or look into. As it happened, the yard woman was feeding the hens as the ladies stepped out of the scullery door. The yard was large, with a pump in the centre, which supplied the water for the farm. A voracious family of nondescript hens, ducks, a few geese, and a swarm of chickens, were all being fed.

"Now this is most useful for you to see," remarked Aunt Henrietta with complacency. "You will be able to judge for yourselves. Look at that tub full of food for them, and they give me never an egg from September to Christmas!"

"My sakes!" said Hetty under her breath.

It was a struggle for life and a survival of the fittest in all its primitive savagery. Sturdy, fat hens, able to fight for a good place, rushed in and ate for all they were worth. So did the tougher geese. Some of the ducks had something wrong with their legs, which made it necessary for them to sit down every ten steps. They were late for the food, and got only what was trampled into the mud of the surrounding battlefield. The youngest chickens got little but pecks from the big cockerels, whom Jane, the yard woman, vainly tried to ward off with the stick which she had used in stirring up the food. Some of the chickens were sore on the back from the unmerciful peckings they had endured. The food, which was of the consistency of London mud in November, was flung about here and there on the ground in several heaps, "so as to give every one a chance," as Jane said. This plan gave the oldest and strongest birds a chance to rush from heap to heap and take the best, after which they trampled the residue of the food into the ground, and they had it all pretty well trampled in by the time the last of the lame ducks arrived on the scene.

"You perceive they eat a vast deal," said Aunt Henrietta, "and yet they are the skinny

scarecrows you see." She pointed wrathfully to a chicken which was at the most unsightly stage of its existence. It seemed to be made of four sticks and a button; so gaunt and skinny and red a creature it would be hard to match anywhere. "With all that feeding, I have to buy my eggs from August to January, just when they are dear. I never have an egg except when they are so cheap they are not worth taking to market."

"What do you feed them on?" asked Hetty of Jane.

"Yellow meal, miss, and Indian corn and potatoes."

"So I fancied," murmured Hetty. "No wonder there are no eggs!"

"Now here is the fowl-house," said Aunt Henrietta, pursing up her mouth preparatory to a grimace indicative of an extremely bad odour. "I ask—are you willing to go into that place and collect your eggs?"

Hetty took two steps inside, and then came out with her handkerchief to her nose. Aunt Henrietta looked fairly triumphant.

"What do you call that?" she said scornfully.

"A fowl house," answered Hetty, laughing—"a most foul house."

"Go in, Gerrie. Look at it, and see for yourself what it means to look after fowls. I wouldn't step inside for worlds."

Gerrie gave a discreet glance around from the door. The house was lofty, perhaps fifteen feet high at the centre, and although it was in the middle of the afternoon the air was fetid to a degree. There was not a scrap of ventilation, and the open door failed to free the top of the house of the accumulated ammonia gas. The perches were placed criss-cross, anyhow, from side to side of the house, and varied in height from four to eight feet. Mouldy straw lay on the ground, and equally mouldy straw decorated the nests, which were holes in the wall based with flat stones, which enabled the eggs to roll off and get broken on the floor.

A duck, apparently in extremities, lay in one corner.

"What is the matter with that duck? It seems to be dying," said Gerrie.

"It's got *the disease*, miss," said Jane, who had come up from feeding the fowls.

"The disease—what disease?" asked Hetty.

"It's something that attacks all our ducklings and carries off a vast number," said Aunt Henrietta. "They first get lame, and then just die without apparent cause."

"Yes, miss, they just perish."

"It's very mysterious," said Hetty.

"That is one of the drawbacks of poultry farming. Your birds won't live, do what you like for them."

"Let me see where they get drinking water."

"We gives 'em water in a trough, as there's no pond in this yard," said Jane, pointing to the other side of the pump.

Hetty walked over to a disused milk-pan, which was the "trough" referred to, peered into it, and then asked for Jane's stick.

"This is solid mud with a little water on the top," said she. "Ducks can't live if they have nothing but that to drink."

"I gave 'em water 'ere yesterday," said Jane; "but they are aggravating birds, and keeps shovelling in clay as fast as they can."

"Yes, I know they do that," said Hetty; "but you may be sure that's what's killing the young ducks, and nothing else. Their nostrils get choked up with mud, and they can't breathe. The first thing you notice is that they appear drunk in their legs, and don't stand up properly, but fall about. Then suddenly they die without further ado. It is nothing but dirty drinking water that kills them. If they had a board over that pan, with holes in it big enough for them to get their heads in and drink without being tempted to shovel in clay, you would see they wouldn't get the disease, as you call it, any more."

"You might try the experiment, Jane, to see if we can save the remainder of our ducks," said Aunt Henrietta.

"Yes 'n," said Jane, with offended dignity at that American miss with her stuck-up ways of telling folks their business who had reared fowls all their lives, "'fore she came meddlin' and smellin' into things as no lady born ever thought of noticing before."

"Won't you see that it is done?" asked Hetty in some surprise.

"No, certainly not. I give orders, and expect them to be obeyed," said Aunt Henrietta loftily, leading the way from the malodorous hen-house.

"I remember reading once that the great difference between Napoleon Bonaparte and all other generals was, that when he gave orders he was pretty sure to go some time to see that they were executed, and therefore nobody dared either to neglect or to disobey them," said Hetty under her breath to Gerrie as they followed their hostess back to the house.

"Was it really only dirt that was the matter with those ducks?" asked Gerrie.

"Nothing but dirt. My opinion is, that disease is usually only the generic name for dirt. Cleanliness, fresh air, sunshine, good food will keep man, bird, and beast in health," said Hetty with conviction. "Just look at the 'gapes.'"

"Where?" said Gerrie with interest.

"I mean consider it," replied Hetty, "and think what it is. A worm that fixes itself in the throat of the bird and by-and-by chokes it. The gape-worm comes from foul ground

and infected runs. It has a miserable practice of sowing itself in a thousand eggs when it dies, and these spring up and flourish or get eaten by worms, and these in turn are eaten by the chickens, and so the cycle runs its weary course."

"What can you do to get rid of them?"

is! Remind me to show you my picture of a gape-worm when we get home. I've got it larger than life, and ten times as ugly; but you should be able to recognise the thing when you see it, for it is over half an inch long."

"How shall I see it?"

"By looking down the hen's throat. It's a



"What do you feed them on?" asked Hetty.

"Some fumigate with carbolic smoke, but I prefer Camlin powder. You shut the patient up in a box and blow the powder in upon it, and make it cough till you get those worms up or the chicken's head comes off—I don't ever feel quite sure which is going to happen. Then you strew quicklime around the run and keep your chicks off it, if you value your peace of mind. Quicklime fizzes up even gape-worms, blessed purifier that it

reddish colour, and quite visible if not too deep in the wind-pipe. Anyway, you'll see the symptoms quick enough—a lazy yawning with a stretching of the neck and a cough. It is necessary to look for it, however, else you'll be treating bronchitis for gape-worm, and kill your fowls by suffocating them. The great difficulty is to find out the disease. Once that is known, the rest is easy enough."

[END OF CHAPTER ONE.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

JUNE.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



JUNE is a month of moving anniversaries; but not one of its events will appeal to the British mind with more force than the memory of the Queen's accession. We are all more or less familiar with the picture of what happened in the early

morning of June 20th, 1837. We have been told over and over again how Dr. Howley (Archbishop of Canterbury) and the Marquis of Conyngham (Lord Chamberlain) set off from Windsor to carry the news of King William's death to his young successor; how they reached Kensington Palace about five in the morning; how for long they hammered unsuccessfully at the door; how, when at last they were admitted, nobody seemed to suspect their business, or to be willing to wake the Queen; and how finally, in a white robe and shawl, with her hair loose over her shoulders, and her feet in slippers, the young Sovereign entered the room in which they had been waiting. At eleven that day the Queen held her first Council, and, girl of but eighteen as she was, discharged with striking dignity and composure the trying duties of the hour. The number of her subjects who can recall the Queen's accession is a small one. Many of the country's present leaders in peace and war were then unborn. Those who do remember those distant days are ready to tell us that few of the changes which have marked the Queen's reign are as striking as that manifest in the feeling of the people towards the throne and the monarchy. The passionate loyalty of to-day, and the equally passionate devotion of all classes to the occupant of the throne, would have seemed

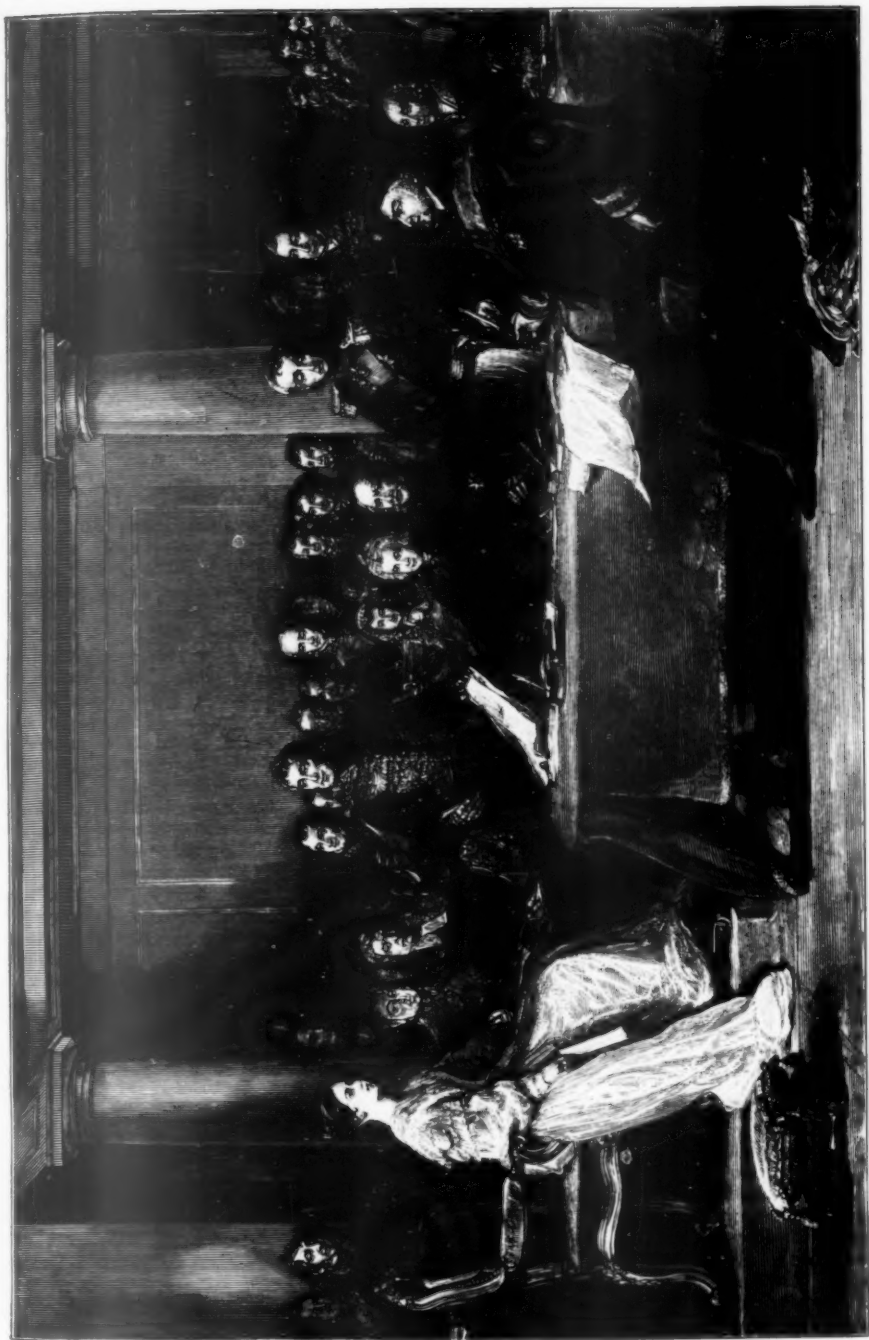
incredible to most observers in the year 1837. But with the Queen's accession a new era began for the English monarchy, an era in which the once formal National Anthem has become a song of the people, and its singing turned to something like the recitation of a cherished creed.

One striking characteristic of the Queen's policy, so far as it can be distinguished from that of her Ministers, has been

**Canada's
Loyalty.**

a belief in the value of the Colonies, and the desire to bind them more closely to the Motherland. That was a policy long unpopular with one school of politicians. As late as the 'sixties the Foreign Office seemed to hold that our Colonies were merely troublesome children, to be got rid of as soon as possible. Thus we had an official like Sir Henry Taylor, calling our American Colonies, "a sort of *damnosus hereditas*," and Sir F. Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford) professing his readiness to "shake off all responsibly governed Colonies." When the Queen came to the throne, and for a year or two afterwards, there was much disorder in Canada; but self-government and the federation of the Colonies into one great Dominion, so far from helping to detach the Colonies from the Mother Country, have steadily developed their loyalty to her. Moreover, the Colonists are sensible of a new feeling towards them on the part of the nation at home. At the great Jubilee celebrations of June, 1897, no visitors were received with more enthusiasm than the Colonial Premiers, and no Premier more warmly than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the representative of Canada. People who wanted us to be rid of the Colonies used to say that Canada could send us nothing we wanted. The day of Paardeburg has furnished a curious commentary on that discredited plea.

From Queen Victoria to King John is a far cry, and suggests a striking contrast. Magna



THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.
(After the Painting by Sir David Wilkie.)

Charta was sealed by King John, at Runnymede, near Windsor, on June 12th, 1215. It

The Great Charter.

has been called the Palladium of British liberties, for it is emphatically a charter of popular rights. The modern developments of democracy could only continue with security amidst a people reared in the traditions of liberty, and long in possession of such a degree of personal freedom as the Great Charter secured. It should be remembered, too, that the Charter is one witness to the patient struggle of the English Church for its independence. The liberties of the Church, as well as of the people, were guarded in this document; as, indeed, was but fitting, since Archbishop Langton had a large share in forcing the Charter from the king.



(Photo: Knapp and Co., Calcutta.)

THE MONUMENT AT THE WELL OF CAWNPORE.

June, 1688, recalls another epoch in the civil and religious history of the country, and

The Seven Bishops.

another of the more familiar scenes in English history. On June 8th, 1688, the Seven Bishops were sent to the Tower by James II.; on June 29th and 30th they were tried, and in the issue acquitted. In some later times the Declaration, for refusing to read which the Bishops were tried, might have been judged to forward the cause of religion. Put forward when it was, and by whom it was,

the Declaration became in effect an attempt to undo the Reformation and restore the power of Rome over the realm and the liberties of its people. It was directed to be read in every parish church, for a reason stated in very blunt and offensive terms by Father Petre. Sancroft (Archbishop of Canterbury) assembled a few of the bishops, and prepared a petition to the king. His helpers were Lloyd (St. Asaph), Turner (Ely), Lake (Chichester), Ken (Bath and Wells), White (Peterborough), and Trclawney (Bristol). On June 8th they were all committed to the Tower. On the 20th their trial began. The jury remained in consultation all night, and at six o'clock on the 30th returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The joy of the people was almost universal, and the failure of the king led up speedily to the final acts which took the crown from his head. In the time of trial through which the nation had been passing the bitter sufferings of the Nonconformists ranged them with the Church in resistance to the Declaration.

There are two June memories—one glorious, one unspeakably sad—associated with the fighting history of our nation.

A Great Victory and a Great Disaster.

June 18th, as every schoolboy knows, is the day of Waterloo. It was one of the really decisive battles of the world; a day from which the history of Europe—indeed, of the world—starts again after the disorder into which the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon had flung it. Cawnpore has for us other memories. On June 4th, 1857, the native troops at that station broke into open rebellion. General Wheeler in a few days found himself besieged within weak entrenchments. He had for defence some 200 British soldiers, together with civilians and others, bringing his total up to 450 men. Had they been alone, they might possibly have fought their way out, and won to some place of safety, but there were in addition 330 women and children. How gallantly the garrison held out, how on the 27th they were cheated by Nana Sahib into leaving their entrenchments, and how all save a few were done to death, does not need to be told again. The well of Cawnpore is one of those memories which, even yet, men do not find it easy calmly to revive.

It was on June 24th, 1497, that John Cabot is said to have discovered the coast of

Some American Anniversaries.

Labrador. On June 24th, 1629, the Puritan colony at Salem, Massachusetts, was founded under John Endicott. June 17th, 1775, was the day of Bunker Hill, and June 1st, 1785, the day upon which John Adams, first Ambassador of the States to the country from which they seceded, had his first interview with the king.

A WHIT-MONDAY IDYLL.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "Love Light," "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

CHAPTER I.



WELL, I think you're foolish, Ally. The old lady could take care of herself well enough for one day, if Mrs. Carter or somebody ran in and gave her her dinner and tea. You'd enjoy the trip over to the island and seeing Carisbrooke Castle, and the change would do you good."

Mrs. Griffiths looked across the table at her step-daughter, who sat in the window-seat, sewing—a staid, quiet figure that contrasted with her own smartly clad person in a way that made Alice seem duller and older and more apart from the gay side of life than she actually was.

"Granny can't be left alone all that time," Alice answered, "even if one would care to give anyone the trouble to get the meals for her. Just think if anything were to happen, and she helpless there in her chair! It wouldn't be right."

"It's hard on you, though, being so sacrificed to the poor old thing," remarked Alice's father, who came into the room at that moment. "You've not left home for a day, I believe, since—why, not since we came to live here."

"Ten years ago—just think of that!" Mrs. Griffiths chimed in. "But you never were like a girl since I first knew you. Nothing would have kept Lulu or Violet at home on a Bank holiday when they were girls. Why, they go now, and take the babies with them."

"I couldn't take my baby with me."

Alice smiled as she looked at the old woman crippled with rheumatism who dozed in the arm-chair by the fire, and as she smiled she looked younger and less sedate.

"You've never left her before. I'd think of myself for once, Ally, and chance it."

Mrs. Griffiths was a good-natured woman where the exercise of good nature did not involve self-sacrifice.

"Whit-Monday will be your birthday, too," she concluded. "Let's make a treat of it."

"A woman isn't so anxious about celebrating her birthday when she's thirty as she was when she was twenty," Alice answered, folding her work and taking a jug from the shelf in which to fetch the milk.

"Well, I think you're foolish," Mrs. Griffiths repeated. "What's the good of always staying at home and getting moped? There was never any turning Alice when once she's made up her mind," she added to her husband as her step-daughter left the house. "Not like Lulu and Violet; you always could get them round."

What was the good of it? Alice repeated the question to herself as she passed through the cottage garden, bright with forget-me-nots and wallflowers, into the path beneath the elm trees which led by a back way to Mrs. Carter's farm.

What was the good of it? Of the life that went on its quiet course apart from all the stir and stress and labour of the world? It was the same, year after year, except that every year made her a little older and set her a little further back on the shelf upon which she had taken her place when her father married his showy second wife with the two pretty, lively daughters, who had been the conspicuous members of the household till marriage called one after the other forth.

"Getting moped." Yes, no doubt she was getting moped. The question "Is life worth living?" is not one which ever occurs to those who pass their lives under the healthy, natural conditions of daily work and family interests. Alice's life gave her too much leisure to think. Mrs. Griffiths was a brisk woman, who preferred doing most of the work of the house herself, leaving to her step-daughter the needlework for which she herself had but little skill or patience. Alice sewed beautifully, and her fingers were never idle; indeed, for the greater part of the day she was doubly employed, since while she put in her delicate stitches she kept watch over her helpless grandmother, and was at hand to minister to any want of hers. But attendance on the aged woman, who dozed away most of her time, seldom uttering a word, and needlework were alike occupations which allowed Alice an unlimited time for thought, while Mrs. Griffiths went on her stirring tasks about the house, or, when these were done, out to gossip with her neighbours. And Alice's life, with the dreary future which is the saddest element of an old maid's lot, afforded too little material for thought. She should not have been an old maid yet, but that was what she considered herself and most people accordingly considered her. Alice had always been of a retiring nature, and the sort of acquaintances whom Mrs. Griffiths and her daughters

attracted to the house were not of those among which Alice would have been likely to form friendships. She had, indeed, hardly made an intimate acquaintance during the ten years she had lived at Hurstfield.

The great trial of Alice's life had been

this, and perhaps it was because that day was the last before she knew that her father was going to take her from her old home to a distant part of England, that had made Robert Arden a prominent figure in Alice's memory ever since. Her friends had teased



"There never was any turning Alice when once she's made up her mind."—p. 745.

when, on her father's second marriage, they had left the old home at Avonbridge. How well she remembered the last birthday she had spent there—when she was twenty! That had been a Whit-Monday, too. There had been a village festivity, to which a stranger had come over from the town: a young man, Robert Arden by name, who was agent for Smith's bookstall at Exbridge. Alice had seen a great deal of him that afternoon, for somehow he had seemed to prefer her society to that of the many livelier and more gaily dressed girls, who would have been willing enough to make themselves pleasant to him.

Robert Arden was a very superior young man, highly educated for his position, and talking with him had been to Alice the revelation of a new class of pleasure in life—the intellectual. Perhaps it was because of

her about him, as girls will tease other girls to whom a man has paid any marked attention, till, on the single occasion when she met a friend from home, Alice had learnt that Mr. Arden had become engaged to a beautiful girl for whom he had had a prolonged though secret attachment.

With that news there had died in Alice all there had ever been in her life of romance. And now she was on the verge of thirty, and what had she ever done in her life—what was she ever likely to do with it? What was the use of it now, except to keep poor old Granny out of the workhouse infirmary, where, in her present state, she might be almost as happy, though Alice would never allow her mother's mother to end her days there?

"None of us liveth to himself." Where did those words come from? They were certainly

the answer. Life—that strange gift, coming unsought, clung to so desperately by most, thrown away so recklessly by others—must have some purpose beyond what the recipients could guess. This tall oak, that spread its branches round, knew not that its shade formed the playing ground of a troop of happy children; these patient cows that stood in the farmyard to be milked knew not that on them depended a hundred helpless babies and feeble sick folk for nourishment and strength.

The "moped" look passed from Alice's face as she returned with the milk. She stopped to speak to the children under the oak tree, asking them who was that pale boy filling his hands delightedly with daisies. That was Tommy Fielding's brother. He had always lived in London, and he thought the country was "like it must be the other side of Heaven," the superiority of country joys over those celestial consisting in all the nice things to eat that were in the former.

When Alice got back to the cottage she found Granny in tears. There were times when the old woman appeared to be sleeping, but was not, and it proved that she had heard and taken in the conversation relating to the Whit-Monday outing, which Alice was going in order to stay with her.

"I can't think what I'm spared for!" she murmured between her poor, weak sobs. "I'm no good, sitting here helpless in my chair, just to be a burden to everyone!"

All the sweet womanhood there was in Alice—the warmth of feeling, the delicate tenderness, that lay beneath her undemonstrative exterior—leapt to the front. She put her arms round the old woman impulsively and kissed her.

"None of us liveth to himself," she repeated. "Perhaps you're spared to us for my sake, to give me something to love and care for. What is the good of babies but to be loved and done for? And you are my baby, Granny—didn't you hear me say that just to-day?"

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Alice woke with an idea: to celebrate her birthday not by an outing, as she put it, but by an *inning*!

"I want to invite a party of poor children from London to come out for the day," she said at breakfast. "Will you let me, father? Their dinner won't cost more than it would have done to take me with you."

Mrs. Griffiths laughed.

"Just like you, Alice, to want to have your

treat at home! You've always got ideas different from other folks. But I don't see any reason why you shouldn't do it, if you want to; do you, James?"

James never saw anything differently from his wife, and assented immediately.

"There's that poor parish I was reading of in the paper on Saturday," Alice went on, "just in the heart of London. They were begging money for their Holiday Fund to give the children a breath of country air. Even one day, they said, would do the poor little things good; and, if they're invited out, perhaps their journeys could be paid for out of the Fund."

When breakfast was over Granny beckoned Alice to her with a mysterious air.

"You look in my work-box, and you'll find a little bag with a key in it," she whispered.

Alice obeyed, and took it out.

"That's the key of my box upstairs. You look in my box, and you'll find a little tin case. Bring it to me."

Again Alice obeyed.

"Now you open that," Alice followed her directions.

"Untie that holland bag."

Alice did so, and took out nine sovereigns and two half-sovereigns.

The old woman gazed at the money with a proud affection. This gold formed the whole of her earthly possessions. She had laid it by many years ago for her burial, that she might have a really superior funeral which would be a credit to her family.

"I've been thinking of what you said to me yesterday, Ally. 'None of us liveth to himself.' You've been a good girl to me all these years, and I will give you one of these sovereigns to spend upon your treat. That'll bring down a dozen of the children and take them back again. I've always thought I'd be buried in an oak coffin, but, maybe, I shall lie as quiet in a deal one." She hesitated, and then added: "There was two half-sovereigns at the bottom of the bag, wasn't there? Well"—with a triumph of generosity that it needed Alice's refined perceptions to appreciate at its true worth—"you shall have one of them too to give the poor children a real good dinner. It won't matter to me if I don't have brass handles to my coffin. You've always been a good girl to me, Ally," she repeated.

From this time the old woman seemed to wake to new life, and her interest in the coming festivity exceeded that even of Alice herself. She had the letter from the Vicar of the Ratcliff parish with its grateful thanks read to her over and over again. Twelve children were to be sent down under the care of a church worker, and those who had been

selected for the expedition were already wild with joyful anticipation.

Granny liked to hear every item of the good things provided for the repast detailed to her, with particulars as to cost and quantity.

Nor did Granny's liberality stand alone. The neighbours, when they heard through the gossip Mrs. Griffiths of the odd fancy formed by "that queer step-daughter of mine," and "the poor old lady's" gift towards it, seemed inspired by these good examples. Mrs. Carter promised a supply of milk and butter. A friend of hers sent four pots of home-made jam, another neighbour two dozen eggs, a third a colossal cake of her own baking. Granny's money went mainly in the substantial part of the feast, the great joint of beef, and the loaves of bread and the tea, of which she prophesied much would be required.

"Well, really, I believe you two are looking forward to Whit-Monday more than we are," said Mrs. Griffiths, laughing. "If I had not promised Lulu and her husband we'd go for the trip with them, I believe I would stop at home and help you!"

CHAPTER III.

WHIT-MONDAY broke the most glorious day there had been that month. Alice was up almost as early as the sun to finish her preparations for the day's festivity. She felt a little nervous about it, and had gone to bed the night before wishing she had never undertaken such a formidable thing. What if any of the children should meet with an accident? What if the "church worker," whose presence Alice would very gladly have dispensed with, should think the treat she was providing for the party inadequate? What if it should rain?

But, as she looked out of her window that morning, and saw the golden buttercup-fields shining in the May sunshine, and the silver of the dew-laden tracks of shade where the elm trees threw their long shadows towards her across the wet, cool grass, as she listened to the larks singing, a dozen at once, as though they would break their hearts with joy; as the sweet smell of the lilacs in blossom in the garden below, and the may, of which the hedges now were full, filled the room with fragrance, she rejoiced that the questions "Would it be worth while?" "Was it likely to be a success?" had been resolutely put aside.

The party for "The Island" were off at six o'clock; Mrs. Griffiths in a silk gown and bugled mantle, with a feather boa round her

neck, which she wore for smartness, since she could not bear to leave any of her best things at home, in spite of the promise, visible in the quivering air, of an exceedingly hot day.

Alice, in her simple gingham, in which she could work and play with the children regardless of clothes, looked delightfully fresh and cool in comparison. There was a vivacity about her to-day which had not been seen in her for a long time.

"Why, Alice, I declare you don't look more than twenty!" said Mrs. Griffiths, with good-natured sincerity, as she wished her good-bye.

"Got everything ready, Ally?" asked old Granny, as soon as they were gone.

"Everything except baking the potatoes, and one can't do that beforehand; but they're all ready to go into the oven," laughed Alice.

"And how many jam tarts did you say there was?"

"Three. I wonder if that will be enough for them? It should be, with *three* rice puddings and the curds and cream, and the stewed pears Mrs. Moffat has sent in."

"And I hope you've got meat enough. There's that church worker, now. Men have such appetites! Don't you think you ought to have had something especial for him? Maybe he won't like faring the same as the children."

"Then he must go and fare somewhere else. I only wish he would! But I don't think it will be a *he*. I never thought of that! I supposed it would be a district visitor or a Sunday school teacher."

"You go and meet them now, Ally. They might lose their way where the two paths divide in Scott's Field."

Alice, nothing loth to escape from her grandmother's fidgety questions, put on her hat forthwith and set out.

As she reached one end of the long stretch of grassland known as Scott's Field, a party of children appeared in the far distance. Alice could hear their laughter and shouts as they plunged in among the young wheat, and the cheery, commanding voice of someone who called them back, bidding them follow him in single file along the path. Then a man's figure came in sight.

It was a *he*, then! Granny was right. Alice did not know whether she was glad or sorry, as, instead of a meek, little middle-aged lady in a brown dress, a young man appeared, coming with swinging steps through the corn.

His word was law, and it did not need a backward glance on his part to keep the children from the temptation of plunging in among the wheat again to pick the big white campions and gay mustard flowers.

Alice's eyes were on him. Surely there was

something familiar in that long, swinging tread, that upright figure? Almost before she could distinguish the young man's features she saw that he was smiling. Yes; there was no mistaking that smile!

In the meantime the church worker's eyes were not less riveted. At first he only thought how fresh and sweet, what an embodiment of the May morning and the freshness of country life, the girl at the stile looked in her cotton gown and straw hat. It was not till he was within a few paces of her, not till her smile came in answer to his, that he took off his hat and exclaimed—

"Miss Griffiths!"

He held out his hand and clasped hers warmly.

"This is a pleasant surprise! When I heard the name Griffiths I thought of you, of course"—something in Alice's heart leapt up at the words "of course"—"but I had no idea that it could be really you."

Then the children claimed attention. Directly the wheat-field was passed, and they were released from single file, they all clustered round "Teacher," shaking hands with Alice as they were bidden to do, and then, the word of permission given, racing, tearing, shouting in all directions, filling their hands with may and the blue-bells they found beneath the hedgerows, hunting for birds' nests, trying to catch butterflies, and enjoying themselves as noisily and as unmistakably as Alice had already pictured to herself.

"I am not a teacher," explained Robert, laughing. "I am only secretary to the Band of Hope, but 'Teacher' is the children's name for all of us."

"They seem very fond of you," said Alice,

noticing how one little girl, who walked with a crutch, held on to his hand, and the confiding look in her big brown eyes as she smiled up at him. "Have you children of your own?"

"Yes: forty-five; more than any married man of my acquaintance."

He looked down at little, lame Sophy, who laughed back again.

"Forty-eight now, sir," she said. "There was three new ones joined last Band meeting."

Something happened in Alice's heart then; she could not have told what.



She looked at the two with unwonted keenness.—p. 750.

The sight of a group of dog daisies lifting their white heads above the grass caused Sophy to hobble away on her crutches to gather them, when Robert's conversation took a soberer, though not less cheerful,

tone. It was curious how he and Alice seemed to have picked up the embryonic friendship at just the point where it had been broken off.

Robert began by asking Alice about herself, and when he had heard all she had to relate of her quiet life at Hurstfield, he told her of his own experiences during the past ten years. He was still an agent for Smith's, but was now at one of the large London stations, and was doing very well. He lived by himself, and did sometimes find it a little lonely, though his spare time was packed full with reading and bicycling, and his work with the Band of Hope.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT a day that was! glorious with the brilliant sunshine, and the fields and hedges full of flowers, and the sweet breeze that blew over unbroken miles of country and the songs of birds that filled the air from morning till night—a day ever to be remembered with joy by those slum children, some of whom had never seen the country before; none of whom had ever had so warm a welcome, so bountiful an entertainment, such a day of unclouded bliss; a day to be remembered by the two elders with a joy exceeding theirs as the waters of a deep still river exceed those of a babbling stream. But there was laughter too with them as they carved the great joint of beef and helped the tarts in that excellent cold dinner, laid out in the garden of Rose Cottage; as they led the youngsters through the lanes and woods, so full of treasures at every turn; as they boiled the kettle in the picnic tea upon the Common, while Granny, for the first time induced to take a drive in the parish bath-chair, looked on, half in laughter, half in tears.

At last the children were left beneath the oak-tree for a final half-hour's play in the care of good Mrs. Carter, and Robert and Alice walked back to the house through the young twilight. The sun had just set, but the sky was aglow; the daisies and buttercups and speedwells had long ago shut their eyes, but the may kept wide awake to catch the faint crimson blush on its white petals. The honeysuckle that grew over the cottage put forth a double scent with the approach of night, and the air was heavy with cool, moist fragrance as Robert Arden and Alice walked up the garden path.

They had been talking together all day, finding so much to tell, so much to hear, that its long hours had not seemed long enough, but now in these last minutes

together they fell into silence. That was after Robert had touched upon a subject left out in the first recital of his experiences since the occasion of their last meeting ten years ago.

"I was engaged for one day; at least, I thought myself so. Then I got a letter—it should have reached me by the same post as the other, but it didn't—telling me it was a mistake. She cared for someone else, and ought never to have accepted me. She is married now," he added.

Alice's feelings respecting the conduct of the beautiful girl towards Robert were too pronounced for her to put them into words; so she did what was much better: she gave him a silent sympathy, which he was not slow to appreciate.

"That's a long time ago now," he said.

Granny was sitting wide awake in her seat as Robert and Alice walked down the garden path to the cottage. At her side was little Sophy, to whom she had been telling stories about her youth, and giving a lesson in making daisy chains.

"I hear you have met before," she said, as she looked at the two with an unwonted keenness in her eyes. "I hope that you'll meet again."

Robert's eyes went over to Alice.

"We shall," he said, "if Miss Griffiths is willing."

It was many years since Alice had blushed, but a glow came over her face then like the sunset red upon the may.

Perhaps that was why, as they said "Good-bye" at last, Robert felt emboldened to hold her hand longer than is usual in a parting, and to sink his voice to that point which gives a significance to a man's words when he speaks to a woman, as he said:

"When may I come?"

"Well, Granny, you must be tired after all this," Alice said, as she returned to her charge when she had watched the party out of sight. Her face was still aglow with renewed youth.

"I'll take a little rest before I go to bed. But it's been a good day, hasn't it, Ally? And if you hadn't stayed with poor old Granny," she went on, "he would never—"

Alice stooped over her and kissed her.

"If dear old Granny hadn't stayed with us, I should never have had the happiest day of my life," she said tenderly.

A smile came over the old woman's face, lighting it up with a certain pathetic beauty. The smile was on it still when, the washing up over, Alice came to carry her to her bed, and found the bent form motionless.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

Her mission accomplished, Granny had laid her long-borne burden down.

GARRULOUS FOLK.

By the Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A.



HERE are some folk who talk too little. These are the taciturn people who wear an everlasting padlock on their lips, and who, sphinx-like, keep their deep imaginings to

themselves. It is not of these that I propose to write just now.

There are others, however, who talk too much, who are, in fact, always talking. These are the garrulous people.

Now, the position which I propose to start from is the simple one, that while it is the glory of man that he can talk, it is to his discredit that he often talks too much. Animals can make sounds, more or less intelligible, but man can make words. The trouble is that he makes too many. This is why it becomes necessary to say a plain word or two about garrulous folk.

Now there is nothing about which the world waxes more sarcastic than this bad habit. Garrulous folk are said to "run on," evidently alluding to the ever-flowing brook which knows no pause night or day, but runs on for ever. Their tongues are said to "hang upon an easy hinge," requiring, therefore, no effort to set them going, not even an effort of mind. They are declared to "chatter," with an evident side look at the great bird-world. Perhaps the bird especially suggested is the magpie. One famous preacher refers to talkativeness as a "running at the mouth," the amount of the outflow being clearly in his thoughts. Indeed, there is no end to the world's sarcastic impatience at garrulous folk.

The Word of God, too, singles out over much talking for condemnation. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," writes the wise man in the Book of Proverbs. "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words," declares the Preacher

in the Book of Ecclesiastes. "Should a man full of talk be justified?" asks Zophar in the Book of Job. And seeing that "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," and that it is "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," we need not be in any doubt as to the mind of the Lord on talkative folk.

Proverbial philosophy also has much to say on the misgovernment of the tongue. It has many a good word for silence, but for garrulity it has many a bad one. "Speech is silvern, silence is golden." "Words and feathers are tossed by the wind," says a Spanish proverb. "Many words will not fill a bushel" is a sly poke at the airiness of men's talk. "Talk much and err much" is a simple echo of the Bible sentiment. "Speak little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody," is an indirect assault on over-speaking. And the mischief wrought by a too free tongue is well expressed by the proverb, "You've tied a knot with your tongue that you cannot loosen with your teeth."

Nobody, then, has a good word for garrulity, not even the offenders themselves. This is evident. Then why do they not become extinct? Why should they be so numerous? Let us look into the matter.

In the first place, few garrulous persons seem to be aware of their propensity. They do not even suspect it. Quick enough to see the tendency in others, they are for the most part blind to its presence in themselves.

In the second place, when they are aware of their much speaking they are convinced of its superior quality. Many words are pardonable where there is much sense; indeed, they think they are conferring a benefit on the world by their extended conversation. It is easy to see that where there is so much conceit there is not likely to be much blame.

In the third place, they do not consider that other people are half so well worth listening to. Surely it is better that the best tap should flow! Pure water is better

than muddy water, and sense is better than nonsense. Why, therefore, should they not talk, when they can talk to so much better purpose?

Under such circumstances, is there any wonder that the race of talkers does not die out? Ignorance, conceit, contempt of others, and a notion as to the general admiration are quite sufficient reasons for the existence of any quantity of ever-flowing talkativeness. What chance of amendment is there when a fault is esteemed a virtue?

Now, I should like to pierce through this coat of mail, if I can, for I can imagine nothing worse for the individual himself or for the world at large than the notion that garrulity can, under any circumstances, be pardonable or creditable.

Perhaps, if I lay down a few general propositions, and show their reasonableness, I may succeed in effecting my purpose.

The tongue is a great deal more nimble than the mind, as a rule. Therefore few can talk both abundantly and wisely. My readers must have noticed the tendency of talkativeness to run thin in its sense, and then to run positively dry. Like the exhausted pump, all that remains is the rattle of the handle. What a melancholy spectacle is garrulity going on after the mind has stopped! It is as unhappy a sight as a mill-wheel turning and turning after all the wheat has been ground.

Good subjects, too, are soon exhausted. To "run on," then, beyond these good subjects is to find yourself in the midst of bad ones. This is where gossip, scandal, and evil-speaking begin. The pure liquid on the top having been decanted, and the vessel being still kept on the flow, what more inevitable than that the dregs should flow over the edge?

Energy is not an illimitable quantity. Energy, therefore, that runs to the lips leaves but little for the hands. This is why great talkers are, as a rule, such feeble doers. Talkers are the theorists of the world, who sit and spin their wordy schemes, and who so exhaust themselves in the effort that they are obliged to leave to others the working out of them. There is a whole world of difference between the word-spinner and the deed-doer; and, were it left to the former to reform the world, its prospects would be dreary indeed. It is better to be up and doing than to be up and talking.

Waste is pernicious. Who will be found to speak a good word for it? At a time when science is telling us how to utilise everything, surely man should reduce all personal waste; and wasted words are amongst the worst of all waste products. Why speak much when little will do much

better? It was said of Phocion, the celebrated Athenian general, that his speeches were to be estimated like coins, not for their size, but for their intrinsic value. It is related of him that one day, when the theatre was full of people, he was observed behind the scenes rapt in thought. One of his friends said to him "What! at your meditations, Phocion?" "Yes," said he; "I am considering whether I cannot shorten what I have to say to the Athenians."

Self-control is very precious. Why surrender it? Voluble talkers are said to have a great command of language, but, as Archbishop Whately said long ago, "It is not they who have the command of language, but it is language which has the command of them." This is profoundly true. A garrulous person is nothing less than a prisoner. Put the matter to the test. Can he stop when he likes? He cannot. His words, like runaway horses, are bolting with him, and there is no bit in their mouths with which to pull them up.

Humility is worth cultivating. But no garrulous person can ever be said to be humble. For what is the perpetual topic of such a man but self? Wherever a subject may start from, if it continues too long, it is sure to drift in the direction of self. And naturally enough, when one remembers that self is such a familiar subject. Besides, what else but pride would appropriate so huge a share of the conversation?

Fair-play is a jewel. Share and share alike is the golden rule in conversation. What, therefore, is more unfair than for one individual to monopolise all the time? Have we not often heard the complaint, "He talked so much that I could not get a word in edgewise"? Shall we give all, and take nothing?

Disturbers of the peace are not the best members of society. And who are greater disturbers of the peace than talkers? How many a headache have they not been the manufacturers of by their thoughtless speech! Their tongue has been thrust like a wedge into united families, and harmony has been ruptured by its miserable action. It has divided friend from friend, and heart from heart. Probably, in the whole world, and from the beginning, nothing has wrought so much mischief as the human tongue. And this not always from malice or hostility. The tongue has simply been unbridled, and in its careless course has fallen foul of others' reputations. Oh! these garrulous folk little know the wrongs they have done, the bitterness they have produced, the scandals they have created, the peace they have disturbed.

Need I prove my point further? I might easily add to these considerations, but I honestly think I have shown that talkativeness is a reprehensible and mischievous thing.

But what can we do? I can well imagine one saying, "I do not wish to be a talkative person. But how am I to prevent it?"

You must *pray* about it. This is your chief refuge. And this is the Bible way, too. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," prays the Psalmist. If only "grace is poured into thy lips," the cure will be complete. If "our speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt," we are not likely to speak too much.

You must *watch* against it. There are dangerous currents about, by which, if we drift, we are sure to be carried away. There are dangerous persons, dangerous subjects, which we must avoid, if we would not be provoked into garrulity. There will be no

explosion if the match be kept away from the gunpowder.

You must *fight* against it. It will not be easy work, and it will not be accomplished in a day. The will must be braced, and all the energies must be summoned to the front. There is no door in the world with so terrible a spring outwards as the door of the lips.

If you err at all, let it rather be by *defect*. It is far better to be too silent than to be too garrulous. And if men find fault with you, remember the answer of Cato. "Cato," said one of his friends; "the world finds fault with your silence." He replied, "No matter, so long as it does not find fault with my life. I shall begin to speak when I have things to say that deserve to be known."

O Lord, how Happy Should we Be.

Words by J. ANSTICE (1808-1836).

Music by E. BURRITT LANE, Mus.B. Dunelm, F.T.C.L.

Con molto espressione.

(Organist of the King's Weigh-house Congregational Church, London).

mf O Lord, how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove, In

per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best. A - - men.

p How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

p Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
cr Then rise with lightened cheer;
mf Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear. Amen.

SCRIPTURE Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.



JUNE 17TH.—Last Hours with Christ.

Passage for reading—*Acts i. 1–11.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ's Kingdom spiritual, not temporal.
2. Christ's Kingdom to be extended by His people through the whole world.
3. Christ's return as certain as His departure.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Christ's Kingdom.** On the door of an old mosque at Damascus which was once a

Christian church, but for twelve centuries has ranked amongst the holiest of the Mohammedan sanctuaries, are inscribed these words: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through all generations." Though the Name of Christ has been regularly blasphemed for twelve hundred years within the mosque, the inscription has remained uninjured by time and undestroyed by man. It was unknown during the long reign of Mohammedan intolerance and oppression, but when religious liberty was partially restored, and the missionaries were enabled to establish a Christian church in Damascus, the inscription was again brought to light, encouraging them in their work of faith and labour of love.

"Preach the Gospel to Every Creature." Francis Xavier, usually called "The Apostle of the Indies," being about to undertake a mission which seemed very dangerous, his friends remonstrated with him on the dangers he would have to encounter, from the severity of the climate, the barrenness of the land, and so forth. Though all they said was true, it only made him more eager to start. "The most wealthy and teachable nations," said he, "will not want preachers; but this is for me, because others will not undertake it. If the country were full of fragrant woods and mines of gold, all dangers would be braved in order to procure them. Should merchants, then, be braver than missionaries? It is true these unfortunate people are barbarous, but even were they more so, He Who can convert stones into children of Abraham, cannot He soften their hearts? Should I be the means of converting but one of

them, I should think myself well repaid for all the dangers by which you try to affright me."

Judgment Certain. Dr. Sayson, asked to send a message to young men studying for the ministry, said: "What if God should give you a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the Last Day, what care, what caution, would you show in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the Judgment Day."

Christ Will Come Again. When the master of a house has invited a company of friends to a banquet, the feast will not begin till all are assembled; so the marriage feast of heaven will not begin till all the elect of God are gathered in, and then shall be the Coming of all comings, and that is the glorious Coming of Christ, the Son of God, to present us without spot to His and our Father.

JUNE 24TH.—Waiting for the Comforter.

Passage for reading—*Acts i. 12–26.*

- POINTS. 1. Waiting time spent in prayer.
2. Warnings from an unfaithful apostle.
3. Wisdom to be sought in all important matters.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **A Prayer-meeting.** When it was decided to close a prayer-meeting in a certain village, a good woman declared that she would be there, if no one else was. She was true to her word, and when the next morning someone said to her rather jestingly, "Did you have a prayer-meeting last night?" "Ah, that we did," she replied. "How many were present?" "Four." "Why," he said, "I heard you were there all alone." "No," she said, "I was the only one visible, but the Father and Son and Holy Spirit were there, and we were all agreed."

Unfruitfulness. The garden is beautifully laid out; the straight lines and curves are exact; the terraces are arranged with artistic taste; but no seed is sown, and the Summer says: "One thing thou lackest."

The machinery is perfect: cylinder, piston, and

valve are in excellent order, no flaw is in the wheel, no obstruction in the flue; finer engine never stood on the iron way; everything is there but steam, and the intending traveller says, "One thing thou lackest."

The Need for Prayer. An illustrious Cardinal, formerly a humble monk, who had been chosen in God's providence to govern a great nation, had one day made an appointment at his palace to discuss with some nobles a very important matter. They came at the appointed time, but the Cardinal was not to be seen. There they were, talking, fidgeting and growing impatient at having to wait. Suddenly the door of an adjacent room was opened, and the Cardinal appeared. It was a room used for prayer. He approached his visitors, and said with dignity, "You are impatient. I was praying for wisdom. Remember that to pray is to govern."

JULY 1ST.—St. John the Baptist.

Passage for reading—St. Mark i. 1—11.

POINTS. 1. Repentance the beginning of all true religion.

2. The need of the Holy Ghost to perfect the heart.
3. The Son of God well pleasing to the Father.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Seeing the Gospel. A Chinaman once came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered that "he had never heard the Gospel, but had seen it." He then went on to tell how he knew a poor man at Ningpo, who had once been an inveterate opium smoker and a man of violent temper. This man had become a Christian, and his whole life had altered. He gave up opium, and became loving and gentle. "So," said the man, "I have not heard, but seen the Gospel."

Voice of the Spirit. Several learned men tried to persuade a great scholar to believe in Christianity, but all their labour was in vain. A plain, honest person referred not so much to logical reasoning as to the work of the Holy Spirit; and the scholar exclaimed, "When I heard no more than human reason I opposed it with human reason; but when I heard the Spirit I was obliged to surrender. Thus it is that, trusting in their own wisdom, the wisest are lost, while those who are taught of the Spirit know the way of God in truth."

The Light of the Knowledge of the Glory of God. The moon, a softer but not less beautiful object than the sun, returns to mankind the light of the sun in a gentle manner, exactly suited to the strength of the human eye, a beautiful emblem of the Redeemer of mankind, Who, softening the splendour of the Godhead, brings it to the eye of the understanding in a way fitted to the strength of the mind, so that, without being overwhelmed or distressed, it can thus behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

A Saxon Maiden's Vision. "I have had a golden dream. I thought I stood before the black gates of the Death Goddess weeping bitterly because none could burst those heavy bars, when softly I saw the gates opened wide, and through them came a flood of light. As I gazed, I saw that all

the light beamed, not from those dark halls, but from the glorious Being Who came forth from them. His face and His raiment were brighter than the sun. Yet it was not the light that filled my heart with joy when I saw Him; it was the look in His eyes. He looked at me. I fell at His feet and said, 'Balder, Balder, the beautiful and the good!' But He pointed to the sky, and vanished from my sight. Then I seemed to hear, floating down on me in tones of the most joyous music, the Name, not of Balder, but of Christ, the beloved Son of God. Then I awoke."

JULY 8TH.—Christ Beginning His Ministry.

Passage for reading—St. Mark i. 12—28.

- POINTS.** 1. Christ's sympathy—suffered, being tempted.
2. Christ's call for disciples to follow Him.
3. Christ's power over unclean spirits.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Sympathetic Spirit. At the siege of Mons, during the famous career of Marlborough, the Duke of Argyle joined an attacking corps when it was on the point of shrinking from the contest, and, pushing among them open-breasted, he exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armour; I am equally exposed with you. I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture. Remember, you fight for the liberties of Europe and the glory of your nation, which shall never suffer by my behaviour; and I hope the character of a Briton is as dear to every one of you." This spirit animated the soldiers. The assault was made, and the work was carried.

"Who Will Go?" On the tombstone of a little Irish boy these words, in which he had expressed himself before his illness, were placed: "I want to be a missionary when I grow up to be a man; but if I should die before I am old enough, I want this wish put upon my tombstone, so that somebody else may see it and go in my place."

Service must be Personal. A certain man never would go to a place of worship. When he heard the bells ring for service, he would say to his wife, "Go you to church, and pray for yourself and me." One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance; but the angel who acted as porter suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out, saying, "She is gone in both for herself and thee."

A Miner's Prayer. I will tell you the true story of a miner who had led a life of blasphemy and drunkenness, till he was seized with a dangerous illness. Then he made a solemn vow that if he recovered he would amend his life. He did recover, and in time came back to the pit. Then his companions laughed at him for the change they saw in him, told him they were very sure it would not last, and that he would soon be one of them again. The story goes on that this poor man knelt down in the midst of them all, and prayed God, "If Thou foreseest that I shall again fall into my former wicked life, grant that I may never rise from my knees again, but may be taken to Thee while I am on Thy side." And he had scarcely spoken the words before his prayer was granted.



A Fairy Parable. By Myra Hamilton.

IN the state chamber of the palace the poor old king lay dying. The sun blinds had been lowered over the windows so as to shut out the glare of the sunset, and as the glorious ball of red fire slowly vanished to its home behind the clouds, those gathered together in the

sick room wondered whether its radiance would disappear before the weary monarch was released from the life he had so worthily lived for many years.

But, suddenly, the tired eyes opened and glanced into the faces of those surrounding the bed, while the thin, wrinkled hands twitched at the coverlet impatiently.

"My boy, my boy," gasped the weak voice, and then he who would shortly reign advanced and bent over his father.

"I am here, sire," he said. "What would you have of me?"

His majesty grasped his son's hand and smiled contentedly.

"Remember my words," he faltered. "Very soon you will become a most powerful ruler, possessing sufficient wealth to help you maintain the position properly. But do not forget this, my son. Happiness will pass you by, even you the king, if you let your arms remain empty all your days. Do not throw away life's greatest blessing. Recollect what I have said when the time comes for you to act. Farewell!"

After the aged sovereign had been buried

with great pomp and ceremony, the new king, Omenak, so yearned to test the power that had come to him that he determined to add to his territories by annexing a small kingdom that lay beyond the distant range of mountains that could just be perceived from the palace windows.

Accordingly, he called his men together, and after selecting the regiments he wished to accompany him on this unnecessary expedition, he moved proudly forth at the head of his army. It took some days of hard travelling to reach the province he so greedily desired to claim as his own, and though victory ultimately fell to his side, it was only after great loss of life. The city walls were strongly built, and the men sheltering behind them, besides being great shooters, displayed wonderful power of resistance.

His majesty felt most elated at having done so well in the first encounter he had conducted as a king, and as he rode back to the palace he smiled happily to himself, in spite of the many brave fellows he had lost, until he suddenly thought of his dead parent.

"I would my father were alive," he regretfully cried to the generals who surrounded him. "He would rejoice at my success." And then a cloud came over the young man's face. "This victory adds vastly to my belongings," he said to himself. "Would the old king still speak of my empty arms, I wonder? Surely this newly acquired wealth would be sufficient to satisfy him?"

After his return, he used to pace the

terrace that overlooked the sea, and as he watched the vessels sailing majestically along with their cargoes for foreign lands, or pass by heavily laden with the treasure they had accumulated on their voyages, he used to repeat to himself his father's dying words, and try to puzzle out their meaning.

One day, as he thus pondered to himself, he heard a strange cooing noise coming from beyond the terrace; in fact, it seemed to come from the other side of the peach garden. Not knowing what it could be, he determined to go in that direction and discover its origin, for he did not remember ever hearing its like before.

Through the sunny garden he hurried until he came to a little green gate, which he opened and went through, and then he found himself in a part of the palace grounds that he was not before aware he owned.

He looked round, and perceived himself to be standing in a large, well-sheltered yard, which was empty, except for a few gilded dove-cots, round which circled some pure white birds.

In the centre of the enclosure, with a big silver pail of food standing on the stones in front of her, knelt a young girl. As she crouched on the ground she repeated the cooing noise that had so attracted his majesty when he first heard it.

This cry was evidently used to call the birds to their meals, for in response to her summons, her feathery charges flew over the walls and alighted by her side.

They perched on her head, her shoulders or her fingers, and from their tameness it was easy to see she had won their confidence by kindness.

Enchanted with the pretty sight before him, the king waited patiently until the repast was finished, and then he slowly advanced.

The first movement on his part startled the birds so much that, with a flutter of many wings, they flew rapidly up into the air and began wheeling about while they uttered loud cries of distress.

The girl turned round to see the cause of so great a disturbance, and then, to her dismay, she found herself face to face with her royal master.

"Oh, sire, your pardon," she faltered, curtsying low before him. And then a look of terror came into her eyes. "Do you seek me to say you are displeased with the condition of the birds?" she questioned nervously. "It is true enough that some have been ill and moulting, but now the winter is past they will quickly improve. I love them too much to neglect them."

"Nay, do not fear," said Omenak, eager to console her. "The birds are strong enough, and I am quite content with their appearance. But tell me, who are you?"

"I am the dove-keeper, your majesty," responded the girl, looking very relieved at his kindness. "My name is Lazta. I live with my father, who is a fisherman, in a little hut at the edge of the beach."

And the king nodded his head and felt satisfied at her answer. But as he turned to leave the yard, he paused to put one more question to the trembling maiden.

"Are you here often?" he asked her casually.

The girl looked surprised. "Every day and all day, sire," she replied. "These birds are in my charge entirely. I never leave them until they have gone to roost."

The next morning the king again went to the yard to inspect the doves, and the following day saw him there too. Soon this visit became a regular feature of his lonely life, and he used eagerly to look forward to his chat with the pretty little dove-keeper.

Her beauty charmed his eye, while the simplicity of her manner, and, in spite of her humble birth, the depth of her knowledge, attracted him immensely. She had long ceased to be shy with him, and as she sat in the yard among her birds and merrily talked to the monarch, she hardly realised how much she had learnt to look forward to these interesting talks.

One bright afternoon his majesty gave the maiden a long description of his father's death, and before he finished he mentioned the curious words of warning the old man had uttered before the end came.

"What did he mean by it, Lazta?" he asked, for he had great faith in her intelligence. "What did he mean?"

The girl shook her head sadly, and almost mechanically she threw down another handful of food before she replied.

"I dare not tell you, sire," she said softly. "It's a truth that each must learn for himself."

"Then are there many to whom my father's words could apply?" asked Omenak, feeling much too interested to experience any disappointment in hearing his was no unusual case.

Lazta abruptly emptied the rest of the food out of her pail, and rose to her feet.

"Indeed there are, sire," she assented earnestly; "very, very many." And still the king was puzzled.

"Tell me," he said pleadingly, and drawing near to her as he spoke. "Tell me of yourself. Are your arms empty too?"

The tears sprang to Lazta's eyes, and she tried to hurry away, but her companion quickly followed her and repeated his question, this time holding her hand so as to prevent her escape. And when she bent her head, he bade her look at him, while she told him what he wished to know.

"Nay, your majesty, my arms can never be empty again," she sighed; and, at last, the king understood her meaning.

He watched her leave without attempting to check her, for he guessed well enough she would return in the morning. But when he entered the yard the following day he found, to his surprise, she was absent. All the afternoon he waited for her, but he waited in vain. The cries of the hungry birds aroused him at last, and, feeling very disappointed and miserable, he gave them their meal. He yearned to see the little dove-keeper again. Her absence made him fear she was ill, and such an idea pained him greatly, although he felt he could do nothing but wait and hope for her return.

On the third day, when he let himself in through the wooden gate, he saw Lazta had arrived before him, but, to his dismay, she was sitting on the ground crying bitterly.

Her tears grieved his majesty so much that he hurried to her side and raised her to her feet.

"For what reason do you weep, Lazta?" he exclaimed.

"I am going away," she sobbed, "and it hurts me to part with the birds."

"Going away, child! Why?" echoed Omenak in dismay.

"It is better that I should leave here," she said softly. "Father is old, and wishes to return to his own people, who live the other side of the sea, and it will be good for me to go too."

"But I cannot spare you," cried the king passionately. "You do not know how much you mean to me. These peaceful hours among the birds here are the happiest time of each day. I love you, my dearest. See, my arms are empty no longer. Love has come to me to be clasped to my breast for ever."

She looked at him half fearfully, and then she stretched forth her hands with a piteous gesture.

"You are a king," she cried sadly, "while I am only a—"

But he silenced her protest, though even as he did so he realised their marriage was not possible. What would his people say if he chose such a low-born damsel to be his wife? He, the king!

His feelings towards Lazta were not sufficiently strong for him to feel prepared to bear their sneers, and, with a deep sigh, he quietly released her.

He gazed at her little red hands her bare but shapely feet, and her tangled, curly hair, but he refrained from glancing into her lovely face, for he dared not trust himself; he knew, if he looked into her dear eyes, he could not keep firm. He tried to picture her sitting on the throne by his side, clad in purple and

ermine, with a golden crown on her beautiful hair; but he knew she would appear at a great disadvantage, and rapidly he made up his mind.

As he unclasped her hands from his she looked up at him swiftly. Although her eyes were full of tears, she was able to read the hard truth in his face, and she understood what he meant so well that she quietly turned away.

"Good-bye," she sighed. "Ah! sire, I am only a poor little dove-keeper, and you are a monarch; but had I been a king, how different everything would have been!"

In silence his majesty accompanied her to the gate that guarded the entrance to the yard, and then he stood aside to allow her to go out. Although he did not consider her worthy to be his queen, no courtesy, no honour, was too great to be shown her, and as he watched her walk away he felt very sad, in spite of his brave resolve.

Low she bent her head as she passed beneath a big, overhanging rose-tree, but, nevertheless, some of the pink blossoms hung down and boldly caught in her hair, and held her a fast captive. So, almost unwillingly, Omenak was obliged to hurry to her side and assist at her release.

When she was free again she glanced up at him gratefully, and she looked so pretty that a wild longing came to his majesty to fold her to his arms and bid her fear nothing. But caution once more checked him, and he moved away so abruptly that he did not hear her sigh of disappointment as she realised she was to part from her lover without even one little word to console her.

And that evening the king was so restless and miserable that he felt he could remain no longer in the palace; so he left the dreary dining hall and went out on to the terrace. But while there he had a strong desire to go down to the beach, and as he made his way to the sea, a weird, grating noise struck on his ears—like a ghostly warning. He guessed it to be caused by a boat setting out to sea; and as he stood listening, and heard the cords shriek and whine through the pulleys as they laboriously hoisted the sails, he was certain that the little vessel was the one containing Lazta and her father. Despondently he watched the twinkling light on the masthead gradually fade away in the misty distance, and as it vanished from his gaze he began to realise all he had given up. He knew his sweetheart had left him for ever, and, save for the sound of her dear voice, he had nothing to remember her by; but all at once he recollected the courageous rosebud that had, by clinging to the lovely hair, done its little best to detain her.

In the garden, at any rate, was something

that had been close to her—something that had caressed her fragrant locks.

The light of the moon helped him to find the tree, which was easily recognisable, for round the thorns of the rose a few silken hairs waved lazily about in the breeze. The king bent over the dainty blossom and laid his lips on its cool petals, heavy with dew, and then he tenderly gathered the little flower, and placed it close to his heart. And as he did so, his father's words came back to him with strange significance: "Happiness will pass you by, even you the king, if you let

your arms remain empty all your days." Alas! he too well understood now the meaning in the old king's speech. He had wilfully shut Love, life's greatest blessing, out of his heart, for fear of the idle tongues of the populace. His beloved had gone from him, leaving nothing save a few rose petals she had touched.

And through the many weary years he lived, although his majesty's tenderness and goodness were proverbial, none guessed that next to his aching heart were pressed a few faded rose leaves—sole tangible relic of his one great mistake.



Omenak was obliged to assist at her release.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A SOCIETY WORKER.



FEW ladies of high rank have shown a keener or more thoroughgoing interest in practical Temperance work than Lady Battersea. Before his elevation to the peerage her husband, then Mr. Cyril Flower, was widely known as a very popular and active Member of Parliament. Lady Battersea is a daughter of the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, Bart., and has been a total abstainer for a quarter of a century. Besides taking a prominent part in the work of the various women's Temperance Associations, Lady Battersea is the founder and moving spirit of the Chiltern Hills Temperance Federation, a union of some thirty-five towns and villages in her own county of Bucks. None but those who are familiar with life in our villages in a territory which railway enterprise is only just beginning to open up can appreciate the importance of such an effort as that which Lady Battersea has carried through so successfully. Her ladyship is an excellent speaker, and has the happy gift of being able to pack her addresses with facts and arguments likely to arrest the sympathetic interest of intelligent working people.



(Photo: C. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.)

LADY BATTERSEA.

metropolis representative workers from all parts of the globe. The programme gives promise of a most interesting series of meetings, and the papers and addresses arranged for will not only present a broad view of the present condition of the Temperance movement, but also indicate to some extent proposed developments of the Twentieth Century campaign. It is to be regretted that physical infirmity will deprive the Congress of the presence of Mr. Robert Rae, in whose brain the entire scheme originated. Side by side with the Congress will be the great bazaar in Portman Rooms, in aid of the work of the National Temperance League. The coming of age of the Young Abstinists' Union is to be fittingly commemorated, and the

history of this valuable organisation is to be written by Miss A. B. Salmon. The National Temperance Caterers' Association will hold its annual conference in Birmingham on June 16th. The World's Women's Temperance Union will hold its biennial convention at Edinburgh on June 22nd. The British Temperance League will hold its annual conference at Lancaster on June 26th. The Worcester Diocesan C.E.T.S. will

hold a summer fête at Kenilworth on June 3rd, and the Ely Diocesan C.E.T.S. will have a similar festival at Bury St. Edmunds on June 28th. The Bishop of Rochester has fixed November 11th as Temperance Sunday for his diocese.

COMING EVENTS.

The World's Temperance Congress, to be held in London this month, will bring to the

"A PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE."

The Free Church Council apparently intends to lend the whole force of its strength to a

vigorous Temperance campaign to inaugurate the twentieth century. There can be no doubt that Temperance workers generally might with advantage pay far more attention to "signing the pledge." In the "old

no less than three public-houses were absorbed by Miss Weston for the erection of the Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport. Sometime ago* we gave a full account of Miss Weston's great work, so we need not go



THE OLD CORNER SINCE OCCUPIED BY THE SAILORS' REST AT DEVONPORT.

days" this used to be considered an essential feature of every Temperance meeting. While welcoming new men and new ideas, we cannot afford to part company with "the pledge," and we are satisfied that any Temperance Society which wishes to work effectively will remember to give the pledge a place of honour in all its meetings.

A REAL REFORMATION.

The standing glory of the earnest Temperance worker is, that he is concerned with a new reformation. The remaking of man is in a sense the object of his work. It is not always, however, that the Temperance reformation is carried on in such a thoroughgoing way as to result in the remaking of the public-house as well as of its customers. To buy up a fully licensed public-house, reconstruct it from cellarage to attic, and then re-open it on Total Abstinence lines, involves an expenditure of time and money which very few people care to tackle. Such was accomplished by Miss Agnes Weston, "the Sailors' Friend," a few years since; indeed,

over the story again. It is certainly one of the most fascinating chapters in the whole book of Christian enterprise. Our illustration shows the famous corner of Fore Street, Devonport, before the erection of the Sailors' Rest. Close to the dockyard gates, through which four times a day thousands of workmen troop—the gates through which every seaman and officer of her Majesty's Navy passes when he leaves his ship—here stood the publican's trap ready to lure men to their destruction. Well was it that the Queen, a short time ago, commanded Miss Weston's attendance at Windsor, to receive the personal thanks of her Majesty for what she has been permitted by God to accomplish for the men and lads of the Royal Navy. "Jack and his grog" have for centuries been a stock topic for those who have described the doings of those "that go down to the sea in ships." Miss Weston's work has been a veritable "cleansing fire," so that the future historian of "Jack Tar" will have a much cleaner and sweeter story to tell.

* See THE QUIVER, January, 1898.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

The Dean and the Doctor.

DR. NEWMAN HALL, the veteran Congregational minister, was in his younger days an enthusiastic climber, and in his interesting autobiography, issued through Messrs. Cassell & Co., he tells some good stories connected with his Alpine experiences. On one occasion he happened to be "one of a large luncheon party gathered on a grass slope near the Riffelhorn, overlooking the Gorner Glacier, when a fierce thunderstorm came on. A dozen of us"—continues the Doctor—"were crouching under an overhanging cliff, our parlour. Several ice-axes were piled in front of us, and lightnings flashed threateningly. Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, quietly rose, gathered them in his arms, and carried them to a safe distance." Dean Lefroy and Dr. Newman Hall, we are told in this life-story, have enjoyed many rambles together in Switzerland. The Dean, says the biographer, "took me more than once across the glacier to the hut on Monte Rosa, also to the lovely Findelen Valley and its picturesque glacier, on which he told me that one day he lay down for a brief repose on a huge boulder, basking in the sun. He left this couch for another ramble, and afterwards sought the rock in vain where he had left it, eventually finding it far down on the glacier—no doubt truly grateful it had not taken this Alpine tour bearing him on his back!"



(Photo: Martin and Sullivan, Strand, W.C.)

DR. NEWMAN HALL.

The Gospel on the Race-course.

On a Derby Day some twenty years ago, a prominent member of the Open Air Mission and the writer resolved to hold a service on the course,

and, taking with us a small banner, we were soon in the very thick of the revelry and devilry. "Two to one, bar one!" "Who'll back one?" "Put it on, gentlemen! Any price you like about these outsiders." "Who'll have a cooler?" "Egg and bread a penny!" "A good cigar for two pence—who'll have one?" "Old Jack's tips for a bob." "Here you are, put 'em



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.)

DEAN LEFROY

in yourself, 1, 2, 3, all good half-crowns—half a dollar this one—go on, buy it, and show what you've got." The roar and rush of life of Epsom Course on a Derby Day must be seen and heard to be understood. Bookies, tipsters, costers, backers, purse-trick gentlemen, and pickpockets were all at it—a panoramic medley and a perfect Babel, a mixture of culture and cruelty, of blue blood and blatant black-guardism; a mingling of princes and plebeians, of peer and peasant, and of duke and dustman; from castle and from cottage, from the court and camp; aristocracy and the democracy hobnobbing in the ignoble sport of gambling. Verily, one needed to be a Whitefield

to face such a crowd! Was it of any use to lift up our voices? But we did, and a penny loaf, deftly thrown, nearly stopped the singing of one of us at least; but it was "well caught" by

my left hand, and as quickly transferred for safety to our pocket. This rather tickled the crowd, but later on a heavy shot (in the shape of a round ball used to throw at cocoanuts) hit the banner, but missed the preacher, and was captured as among the spoils of war, and carried home to be used by our children. The same evening, in the town, the congregation

So it is not very difficult to find fault. A candidate for an eldership in a Scotch church was asked why he sought the office. "You would not teach in the Sunday school, visit the sick, or do anything of that sort." "I could aye object," was the reply. The task this person assigned himself was so very easy that it does not win our admiration. The objections to any great truth are easily



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

(Photo: H. C. Jennings, Norwich.)

smothered a worker with flour, filled up the keyboard of the harmonium with the same useful commodity, and carried our position by storm—and yet to-day we live to tell the story that by persistent loving labours the Open Air Mission has conquered all along the line.

"I Could aye Object."

It is strange that negative sceptical conversation should be as highly appreciated as it is when we consider its great facility.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor yet shall be."

grasped by the superficial; yes, even by those who are as incapable of thinking as they are of flying; the positive reasons for it need a keener insight and steadier judgment to appreciate them.

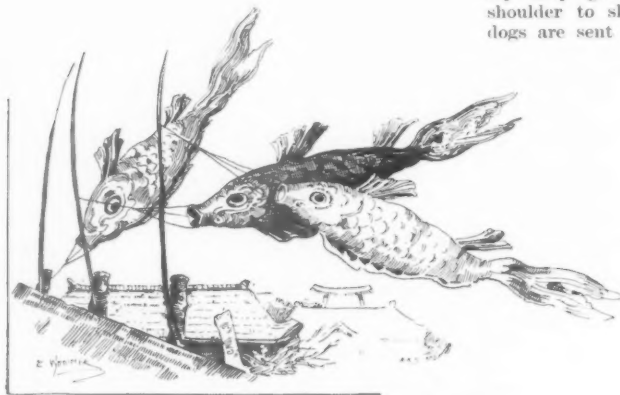
"Children's Day" in American Churches.

"CHILDREN'S DAY," in the early days of June, is widely popular in the United States, just as flower services are in England. In some American churches, however, a very quaint custom prevails which is unknown in this country. Besides carrying flowers and plants and fruits to the church for decorative purposes, the American

children take their pet birds in their cages. Yellow canaries, tiny love-birds, crested robins, and other beautiful caged pets, are hung about among the flowers and foliage. All the doors and windows of the church are thrown open, and breadcrumbs are scattered about—a cordial invitation to all the birds that fly outside to enter. During the song service, no grown-up visitor would venture to take part in the singing, so the music of the children and the birds goes on unspoiled by harsher notes. In certain country and village churches the smaller children are allowed to take with them their well-behaved pet dogs, who sit demurely by the side of their small masters and mistresses in the church pews, or lie quietly at their feet, while the children sing such favourites as "We are but little children weak."

"In the Land where the Baby is King."

In springtime, little human butterflies of every hue flit among the blossoms in the Land of the Rising Sun. The gayest colours and the brightest patterns are sought to deck the children, and a little Japanese girl may be the proud possessor of a hundred gowns and not feel herself over-indulged. The two great children's festivals in Japan take place in March and May. That of the little girls, the Feast of Dolls, is held on the third day of the third month, whilst the boys' is on the fifth day of the fifth month. At the first function, which is a very solemn one, the dolls, beginning with the model of the Emperor, are placed in order of rank on a dais flanked with the Imperial colours. There are as many Emperor dolls as there are girls in the family. The same



A JAPANESE CUSTOM: FLYING PAPER FISHES

dolls may be used through many generations, but the clothes are new every March. Should there be a death in the family, the festival is not held in the house for a year. Three meals are placed before the dolls, but eaten by the children, the souls of the dolls, according to the childish fiction, feeding on the soul of the rice and

of other food. The carp is the symbol of the boys' festival, and as many paper fishes are hung outside the house as there are boys within. Some of these are so beautifully constructed that when the breeze floats through them they open their mouths as though they were breathing. As the carp struggles against the stream, so it is hoped that the Japanese boy will succeed in his undertakings and have a prosperous journey through life.

Thy Face would we See.

JUST before her Majesty the Queen paid her recent visit to Dublin, a poor man said to me: "I would give anything to see the sight." "What," I asked, "is it exactly that you want to see the carriages or soldiers in the public entry, or what is it?" "I want to see her Majesty's face," he replied; "that, and nothing more." To compare earthly things with heavenly, shall we not all be satisfied when one day we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?

Queer Ways of Putting It.

THE Head Mistress of an elementary Girls' School who takes the trouble to make accurate notes of the funny written answers (to say nothing of those *vivâ voce*) which she receives, finds that she acquires an interesting collection in a year or two. The following specimens of odd statements are quoted exactly as recorded, without the slightest exaggeration or touching up by even a single word, from various essays on "Cruelty to Animals":—"Dogs are very useful when people cry they generally rub there head on there shoulder to show they are sorry." "Cats and dogs are sent to cheer us up. Besides they are dumb and cannot retaliate themselves, but lions can, if you go to hit a lion, it will spring fiercely on you, or rather I should say if you went near it." "We have to return the thanks to cats and dogs because they both protect us from noxious animals such as rats beetles etc." "A cat is a domestic animal, it looks after our food, and keeps the mice and rat from eating it." "Dogs are of great use to us because they sometimes save our lives from falling into the water." "If we take a kitten away from their mother it depends upon us to feed it and bed it." "Toads and frogs are put into the world to eat the insects that we don't like to have in the place." "Toads and frogs are not made to have stones thrown at them." "Pigs, their wool we have for clothing." "We are justified in killing a dog that is mad or has got any disease such as the mange or any other disease." "The best way to kill a dog is to give it something to take to send it to sleep

and so that it never wakes up again." Here also are remarkable feminine views on "Domestic Economy":—"The object of clothing is we should preserve our clothes for summer and winter the uniform of temperature should be ninety-seven degrees." "If we have high heels boots it will injury our mussels." "If we get a chill or dirty we will catch the fever quick." "We should never wear tight clothing because it twists the inside out of order." "Blood you could not live without sometimes it helps to digest the food. Nerves help to mack you strong, we could not do without nerves." "If we did not have bones in our bodys such as the snake, we could not stand or bow."

Easily Led.

WHEN the contingent of Lancers sent by New South Wales during the Boer war arrived at Cape Town, a deputation headed by the Mayor of the town went on board the ship to welcome them before landing. Returning thanks, the officer commanding said that his men were ready to go anywhere and follow anyone. We know what he meant, but surely it was an unguarded statement. Suppose in battle some wanted to retire or to unduly hide themselves, were they going to follow them? No; what the officer meant was that his men were ready to go anywhere with one who would lead them in the right direction. Thousands of young people go to the bad because they are "easily led." They follow the multitude to do evil. We ought to be very careful in finding out the character and ability of a leader before we surrender our wills to him.

A New Life of the Queen.

UNDER the title, "The Life and Times of Queen Victoria," Messrs. Cassell have just commenced the serial publication of a work of exceptional interest and value. The first portion is devoted to an original narrative of the personal and family life of her Majesty, written by the late Mrs. Oliphant, and completed just before her death. The gifted authoress had the great advantage of personal knowledge of her subject, and the story she has told of the inner life and character of our beloved Queen forms a work of unique interest, which will serve to still further increase and deepen the worldwide reverence and admiration in which her Majesty is so justly held. The second part of this comprehensive work is by Mr. Robert Wilson, and will consist of that author's authoritative account of the special events and leading features of the Queen's record reign, which was first issued with great success some years ago, and has now been brought up to date. The whole will thus form a singularly complete and absolutely reliable narrative, profusely illustrated, of interest alike to old and young, and with the additional recommendation of being within the reach of all by its publication in weekly parts.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, who contributes to our new "Life of the Redeemer" the chapter on

"Jesus Christ as Missionary" (the first part of which is published in this number), is a well-known American divine. He was born in 1835, and received his education at the University of



(Photo: Hollinger and Co., New York.)

THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

the City of New York. Originally intended for a legal career, he became a barrister in 1850, and actually practised for some three years, but then relinquished his legal work to enter the ministry. He is now pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, and is also Editor-in-chief of the American *Outlook*, a semi-religious weekly publication which exercises a wide and beneficent influence in the States.

The Hidden Names of Bishops.

MUCH comment was caused in the ecclesiastical world recently, when it was discovered that the new Bishop of Wakefield was signing his letters "George Rodney Eden, Bishop of Wakefield." But custom seems to have been too strong for his lordship of Wakefield, for in later letters he has narrowed the signature down to the usual "G. R. Wakefield." Strange and amusing mistakes have often occurred from the use of these misleading signatures of the bishops. The great Temperance orator of former days, Mr. J. B. Gough, once received a note from the late Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Thorold, and, not recognising the prelate under the signature attached, sent his reply addressed to "A. W. Roflin, Esq., The Cathedral, Rochester"! The writer knows a case where a Yorkshireman,

seeing a letter headed "The Palace, Ripon," and signed "W. B. Ripon," said he "did not know that the Marquis of Ripon had begun to add his initials to his usual signature"! Of course, he thought that only the Marquis *could* dwell at the 'Palace, Ripon,' and as he had seen the signature of his lordship of Studley Royal on other occasions, the Yorkshireman thought that the adding of initials to it was some new craze that had crept into the higher circles of society! The following tale of the late Archbishop of York, W. Thomson, is not new, but it bears well on the question we are now considering. He was fond of fishing, and had put up at a country inn where he was unknown, signing the book as "W. Ebor"—his ecclesiastical signature. When ready for leaving, he found he had not money enough to pay the landlord, so he told him it would be all right, as he was the Archbishop of York, and would send on the payment from Bishopthorpe. "Archbishop of York, indeed!" said the irate landlord, showing him the book. "Don't you think you're going to take me in by that, old fellow! Just you stop it! Why, you've actually called yourself here 'W. Ebor,' and then tell me you're W. Thomson, Archbishop of York! It won't do—not for me!" And it took "W. Ebor" some time to explain matters to the satisfaction of the host on that occasion.

What is Fortitude?

THERE are many kinds of courage, and the showy kinds, of course, attract more attention than those which blush unseen and make no fuss. Locke's definition of fortitude, however, covers most cases: "It is the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing of his duty, whatever evil beset him, or danger lies in his way."

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

85. In what way do we know who was the author of the Acts of the Apostles?
86. What question did the Apostles ask our Lord after His Resurrection which showed that as yet they had not understood that Christ's Kingdom was a spiritual one?
87. What assurance have we that Jesus will come again to judge the quick and the dead?
88. What mention have we of the Virgin Mary after Christ's Ascension?
89. What important action did the Apostles take while waiting for the Day of Pentecost?
90. In what way does St. Peter corroborate the record of the betrayal by Judas?
91. What was the special subject of St. John the Baptist's preaching?
92. What is to be understood by the term "confessing their sins" as used in reference to the baptism of John the Baptist?
93. What solemn declaration of God attended the commencement of our Lord's ministry?
94. What circumstance in connection with our Lord's temptation is mentioned only by St. Mark?
95. What lessons do we learn from our Lord's temptation?
96. In what way was the Divine power of Jesus manifested on His first visit to Capernaum?

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from April 2nd, 1900, up to and including April 30th, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

OUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

SIXTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	237	12	2
Per Mrs. Potts, Senior, Colchester	1	0	1
W. Jeacock and family, Ilford	0	5	0
Per Alice A. Sandell, Leith	0	11	0
B. F. M. Bury St. Edmunds	0	2	0
Per C. L. Evans, Battersea	0	3	1
M. H. Bush, Westminster, S.W.	0	5	0
No. 7 Ward Matron and Girls	0	16	0
Per W. H. Burton, Witham	0	10	0
S. H.	0	1	6
J. Pearson, per M. C. W.	0	1	0
G. R. Eyre, Boxmoor	0	10	0
Per Kathleen Talbot, Berkhamstead	0	6	0
C. Warren, Cheshire	0	5	0
Miss Glendon, Ixopo, Natal	1	0	0
Z. Gladys	0	5	0
Miss Palmer	0	4	6
Per M. M. Blamey, Umzinto, Natal	20	0	0

£263 17 5

A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All collections, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application.

For "The Quiver" *Waifs' Fund*: Only Too Glad to Help, 1s.; Mrs. L. (5th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (119th donation), 1s.; Anglo-Indian, 5s.; James Farquharson, per New York House, £1 0s. 6d.; Zoe Gladys, Maidstone, 2s. 6d.; J. McE. (33rd donation), 1s. For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Zoe Gladys, Maidstone, 2s. 6d.; Jas. Farquharson, £4 2s. 2d.; Madame A. C. Scaravaglione, 3s.; An Irish Girl, 5s. Also 5s. from J. S. and 4s. from A. W. C., sent direct.

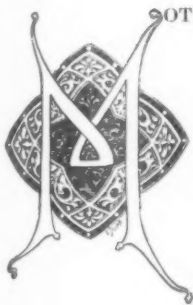
For *The British and Foreign Bible Society*: Only Too Glad to Help, 1s.
For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: Madame A. C. Scaravaglione, 2s.; Kilburn, 10s.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 672.

73. St. James (St. James i. 5, 6).
74. St. John xvi. 23.
75. Our Lord meant that as yet His disciples had not realised that He was the Messiah, and therefore had not prayed through Him (St. John xvi. 24).
76. To the people at Jerusalem (St. Luke xxiv. 47).
77. Jesus bestowed upon His Apostles the gift of wisdom to understand the Scriptures, and to see therein the references to Himself as the Messiah (St. Luke xxiv. 45, 46).
78. His abiding presence: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 20).
79. To commemorate the giving of the Law from Mount Sinai fifty days after the deliverance from Egypt (Acts ii. 1; Lev. xxiii. 15, 16).
80. St. John xiv. 26.
81. Because "devout men out of every nation under heaven" had gathered together to keep the feast of Pentecost (Acts ii. 5; Deut. xvi. 16).
82. A voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased" (St. Matt. iii. 17).
83. The Spirit of God descended like a dove, and lighted upon Him (St. Matt. iii. 16).
84. When Jesus gave command to His Apostles to baptise in the name of "The Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (St. Matt. xxviii. 19).

MY MOTHER'S MEETINGS.

By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "We Wives," "Our Home Rulers," Etc.



MOTHERS' MEETINGS are usually dividable into two classes—the high and dry, and the free and easy. In the one, chill formality freezes effort and renders success doubtful. In the other, unrestrained conversation and license lead to slander, malice, and all uncharitableness.

In our parochial efforts to improve the

condition of our Mothers' Union, a wise head and a ready hand (do not think I refer to my own; I was but a sub-lieutenant carrying out orders) has steered the ticklish barque between Scylla and Charybdis in this matter. A *résumé* of our *modus operandi* may help in successfully carrying on other parochial gatherings of a similar character.

"First of all, we want to instruct our mothers," quoth the manager as we planned our work.

"Secondly, we want variety," I supplemented.

"Thirdly, we need spirituality," added the Rector.

"Fourthly, we must provide amusement," was the woman's plea.

Starting with these conditions, and seeing our way somewhat hazily, we began work. Of course, mistakes were made. I shall not touch on them—only present to you "the perfect, gentle flower" we eventually evolved.

In commencing our Mothers' Meetings, whether initially or at the beginning of each new session, we found that personal notes of invitation almost always secured a full house. I write exactly as I would do to any lady friend:—

"DEAR MRS. Z—,

"Will you give me the pleasure of your company to tea at four o'clock on Friday next, to talk over our Union, and to take part in a cookery (or sewing, or nursing, or washing, as the case may be) demonstration? Baby will be welcome.

"Yours sincerely,
"—"

Knowing from experience the potent influence of a "cup o' tay" away from home, and something of the depressing influence of schoolroom hospitality, we always receive our

mothers in a *room*. A bright fire glows on the hearth in winter. In our few summer months sweet, fragrant flowers adorn the tables.

In come the weary mothers, with John or Victoria Lucinda asleep in their arms. Most of them are from a distance, for our parish covers a wide expanse of moorland and pasturage. Nothing much can be expected of the women if those precious tinies are not taken from them. To meet this difficulty, a small lobby room off the larger one is set apart as a crèche. Over this an old parishioner, too old to carry on her life work of "nurse tending," holds sway. Eliza Greene is only too glad to earn sixpence, and a meal, by taking charge of her neighbours' little ones, whilst their mothers are within hail. It is wonderful to see how scientific handling (for Eliza was an expert in her own domain) keeps the heterogeneous "heads and tails" quiet. In fact, some of the most useful lessons in the course are given, unconsciously, by her in the manipulation of the babes. Each infant brings its own bottle of milk. This is given, at a right temperature, by old Nanny, whilst nursing mothers can steal away and attend to their offspring when necessary. Some such old woman could be unearthed in nearly every parish.

Relieved of their children, our mothers are ready for tea. A little time for "shanahassing" may be allowed. These poor women do not meet often, and it is cheering to "change the weather" or "pass the time of day." Then work begins.

Every meeting has a different object in view. I only attempt to give *samples*.

One day, knowing what a small margin even a pound per week leaves after clothing and feeding a family, I try to impress on the mothers the economy of renouncing bakers' bread and baking at home.

Three saucers containing flour are laid before them. In one are "firsts"; another contains "seconds"; the third being piled with wholemeal. We show them that the white, expensive stuff lacks many constituents needed for building up the bodies of those committed to their care; that they pay, *not* for better flour, but for additional work in eliminating the most nourishing properties from God-given wheat. Whiteness

is thus gained by a loss of nutriment. When this is impressed on their minds (and we encourage questions on the point), a stone of the cheap flour is weighed into a large earthenware crock. Taking one pennyworth of German yeast, it is mixed with a quart of warm water. Explaining why the water must not be boiling or even hot, we go on using it as a medium, until dry flour is reduced to a paste, and, with the women's help, the paste is kneaded to a sponge. This takes about a quarter of an hour. Leaving it to rise in front of the fire (covered with a cloth), I talk to them a little of the Bread of Life, sometimes taking a Bible and showing how often it is spoken of by our Heavenly Father. In twenty minutes or so, the dough is ready to be lifted from its crock, kneaded again on the bare table, and (so large has grown the sponge) divided into as many portions as there are women present. Each mother kneads and punches her own share. Then it is put into a tiny cake tin and carried away by my admiring factotum and loyal coadjutor, Ann Cook, to be baked in the big Grange ovens.

"As sweet as a nut," "As light as a feather," "As tasty as cake"—these are some of the comments passed on Union bread when it emerges in the shape of a crusty, toothsome loaf.

When I explain that 1s. 9d. divided into fourteen one-pound loaves leaves the cost at one penny halfpenny, their surprise knows no bounds. Especially when they find this yeast bread keeps fresh twice as long, satisfies far quicker, and so really costs about one-fourth of the trash usually sold.

A few short words of prayer close this and every other meeting, and home-made bread is the order at once in my parish.

Most women know how to sew straight seams. "Enough of *them* we have to do, and very sick of plain needlework," most of us growl. At our Mothers' Meetings we try to vary "the daily round, the common task": we teach our friends to make dainties!

How to make Tam-o'-Shanters for the children, for instance, was one object-lesson. Taking a yard of flannelette, I divided it into three parts. Each woman was directed to join up the seams, gather strongly one end, and put a broad hem to the other. Elastic was handed round and run into the hem. Bright-coloured "bobbos" were supplied and sewn on top of the thickly pleated gathering. *Voilà tout!* a Tam in every hand. Our members were only too glad to get at cost price (2½d.) each little cap. Then gay indeed did our school look for the rest of the year. Each scholar wore home-made headgear, and pronounced it very good. Mothers, too, like pretty things; and here were brilliant, hard-wearing caps to order!

Occasionally we have a veritable sewing afternoon. I have always thought it a stupid thing to taboo a machine from such. One of our objects is to impress upon our members the value of time. Time is as wasted ploughing through work with the fingers, when it can be done quicker by machinery, as in other more reprehensible ways. We neutralise all effort in this direction by forcing them to run a hem during the precious meeting hours. We always introduce a silent, rapid little machine of well-known make. Then any expert is welcome to run up Johnnie's frock for weary Mrs. Jones, leaving topping and overcasting for the fingers. Finishing and extras are what really take time, and we never find work runs slack, even when "W.G." is merrily doing his share in the corner. With the minutes saved we encourage helpfulness by turning to at a "going to service" outfit, or making an orphan's mourning. To our mothers' credit, be it said, our meetings always reach high-water mark when some such object is in view.

"To uphold the sanctity of the marriage tie" is one of our *motifs* in joining together. Occasionally, then, advice is asked and given about love affairs in the family. We find that handling the matter seriously in our meetings prevents much of the foolish "chaff" so prevalent outside.

Homely hints on all sorts of household topics form the subject of other talks. Short lectures on hygiene, ventilation, sanitation, order, and method, are really helpful. They might often take the place of that story-book reading which seems the usual recreation offered at Mothers' Meetings. For it is surprising how little most working-class women know of the subjects mentioned. For many months after a talk on ventilation the Rector had not to thrust his umbrella through any dingy window pane, as his custom was. Mothers were alive to the virtues of fresh air.

I could say a good deal about direct spiritual results, did I dare. But, as I go on through life, I more and more see that it is eminently unwise to dig up the seeds of promise in order to satisfy ourselves that growth be present. Only "by their fruits ye shall know." Our Mothers' Meetings are spots from which radiates light of all sorts even into the dark corners of our parish.

In conclusion, I would urge that *ladies* should be asked and pressed to meet their poorer sisters at the Union meetings. A feeling of fellowship is thus established. Lastly, *never* have even a demonstration on how to wash flannels, or bind babies, without ending it with prayer. This impresses on those present that every task, even the most menial, can and ought to be performed divinely.

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(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

WAITING FOR NEWS. BY MARCUS STONE. R.A.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR WORLD'S CONVENTION

By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., President of the
British National Council, Y.P.S.C.E.

SPEAKING at the great Belfast Convention in 1899, Secretary Baer, of Boston, U.S.A., who has been as largely concerned as any in organising the Christian Endeavour movement on the other side of the Atlantic, said: "Eighteen years ago there was one society, now there are 55,000; then fifty-eight members, now over 3,000,000." At the same Convention it was stated that, on the average, two new societies were formed in the British Isles each day of the year. These figures will suffice to indicate the vast and rapid growth of this movement, but no figures will describe the whole of its influence in suggesting such organisations as the Wesley Guild, and stimulating everywhere a more spiritual movement among the young people of our churches.

Christian Endeavour has largely answered the question, How shall we keep our senior scholars? It has bridged the gulf between the Sunday school and the church. It has elicited Consecrated Enthusiasm in tens of thousands. It has afforded a channel for the outlet of a vast amount of ardent devotion and self-denial, which needed some adequate expression. In its beneficent care of the aged and crippled, in its ingenious methods of carrying sunshine into the homes of the poor and suffering, in its concentration of missionary gifts and prayer on the education and maintenance of its own members in the mission field, in its provision of teachers for the Sunday schools, and of attendants at the church prayer meetings,

in its constant reiteration of its motto, "For Christ and the Church," in its insistence on a high standard of consecration as expressed in its pledge, Christian Endeavour has quickly earned a unique position among the Christian agencies of our time.

It is well known that the idea first suggested itself to Dr. Clark, then an unknown Congregational minister in the village of Williston, near Portland, in



(Photo: Elmer Chickering, Boston. Copyright, 1899.)

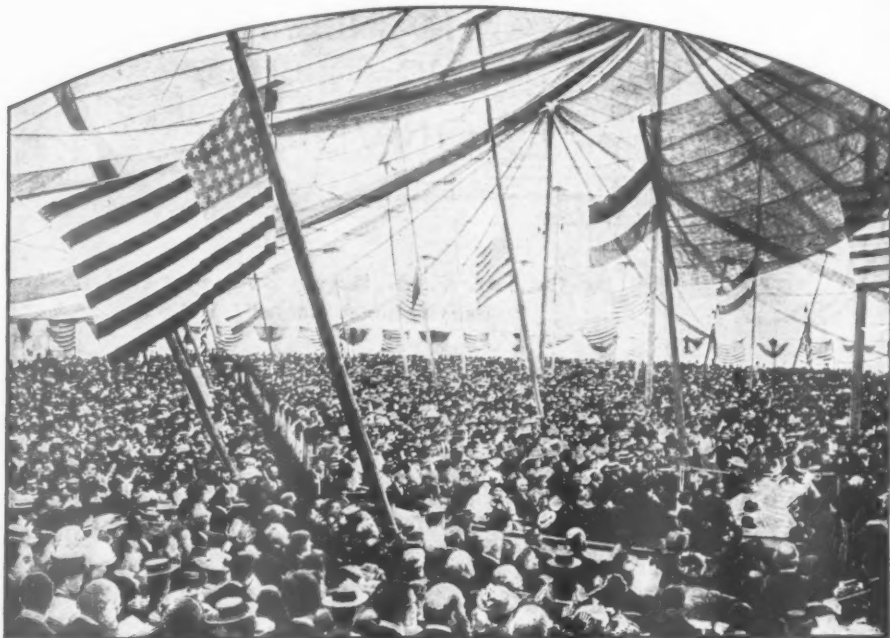
THE REV. F. E. CLARK, D.D.

(The Founder of the Christian Endeavour Movement.)

the State of Maine. A great revival of vital religion had been experienced in the little community, and the good

a monument of the results of private and united prayer.

The secrets of the success of the



(Photo: Glives, Boston.)

THE BOSTON (U.S.A.) INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION, 1895.
(Showing the large marquee, capable of seating 9,000.)

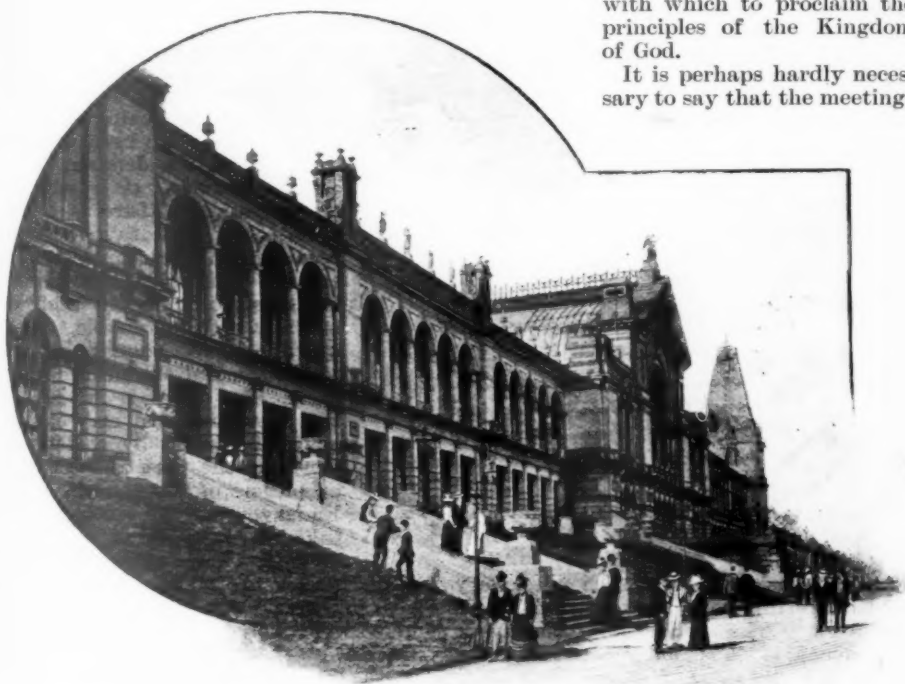
pastor gathered his young people together, at first in his study, to lay before them his scheme for keeping them in touch with one another and the church. Many such societies have been established under similar circumstances, and have perished. Such, however, was not to be the case with this. The little seedling was destined to become a mighty forest tree, and reproduce itself in the 2,000 societies of Australia, the 6,000 in Great Britain, to say nothing of the thousands which cover the United States like a network. The movement has also shown itself capable of acclimatisation. Germany has 101 societies, China 148, India 451, Spain 36, and so on. The movement was baptised in prayer from the first; and, as the years pass on, the youthful energy of the movement is ever breaking out in fresh manifestations, but the motive-force is still the same. From first to last it is

Christian Endeavour movement are not far to seek. It makes no distinction of sex, and gives the same opportunities to young women to preside at committees, read papers, and lead meetings, as to young men. And I have heard of no abuse of the arrangement; on the contrary, it has enabled young people to meet under the highest auspices, each sex contributing a quota to the common stock, and the presence of young women especially acting as a refining and elevating influence. It is one of the primary conditions of the pledge that each member should take part in every meeting, unless hindered by some sufficient reason, an arrangement which promotes variety, while it greatly stimulates individual interest; and the large number of committees, each charged with some specific work, affords a training school for the peculiar powers of each member, it being required that

every one should be attached to at least one. The Endeavour principle is: Some definite work for everybody. There is the Look Out Committee, which quickens the careless, reclaims those who fall back or fail, and seeks new members. The Prayer Meeting Committee is responsible for the successful conduct of the weekly gatherings. The Good Literature Committee provides religious reading, maintains a stall for the sale of its periodicals, and perhaps edits a monthly magazine. The Sunshine Committee endeavours to bring blessing and help to the poor and sick, wheeling them out in bath-chairs, sending them to the seaside, scattering flowers in sad and poverty-stricken homes. And what shall I say more? for space would fail me to tell of the Usher Committee, which keeps the back seats clear, the Missionary and Temperance Committees, the Invitation and Correspondence Committee, or the Pastor's Aid Committee, which exists to do little odd jobs to

help the minister. Whenever there is a need to be met in the church, or an evil to be combated in the world, the Christian Endeavourers put together on a committee those of their number who appear most capable of dealing with it, and it is quite astonishing to notice how much information they gather, and what successful schemes they inaugurate. Christian Endeavour has been defined as the organised spiritual effort of young Christians to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, and to win the world for Him. It subdues sin with the Spirit of Christ; builds up the believer with the Word of God; conquers the heart with "the love of Christ," cleanses the thoughts with "the mind of Christ," controls the action with "the will of Christ." Its aim is world-wide, heaven-high, and heart-deep. It has produced an esoteric growth of the Christ-life, an exoteric evidence of true piety, and has equipped the Church with a better brand of members with which to proclaim the principles of the Kingdom of God.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the meetings



A VIEW OF THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

(The scene of the Christian Endeavour World's Convention, 1900.)

of the Christian Endeavour Society are entirely free from any denominational or sectarian colour. Endeavourers do not meet as Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians, but as the disciples of Christ. Under whatever roof the meetings are held, they are so uniform in their general tone and method that there would be nothing on the surface to indicate to an occasional visitor to what religious denomination any given society was attached. Whether the Society meetings are held in connection with the Church of England, or a humble Methodist chapel, the spirit is catholic, earnest, and intense; while the attention of all is fixed on prayer, the study of Scripture,

united." Such is the work of the Christian Endeavour movement, uniting the members of all the Churches, and people of every race, nationality, and tongue, in the bonds of those great common Christian principles which are recognised by them all.

It must not be supposed, however, that Christian Endeavour inculcates a spirit of indifference to denominational claims. It enlarges the horizon of the young Christian, teaching him that the flock is greater than the particular fold with which he may happen to be associated, whether by birth or choice; but it insists that we shall best serve the whole when we are loyal in the

part, that the army is most efficient in which each soldier is truest to his own regimental officers, and that the Church is composed of the churches. I have travelled in many parts of Great Britain, inquiring carefully of the effect of the Christian Endeavour on the individual churches I have visited; and, almost invariably, I have found that where there is a vigorous body of Christian Endeavourers a throb of quickening and evangelistic power has been communicated to all the departments of church activity. It is admitted, of course, that there is a possibility of the Endeavour Society becoming a church within the church, and of Endeavourers being so occupied in their own affairs as to be unable, or even unwilling, to contribute much to the general church life around them. But there is no need for this; and the peril may easily be guarded against by a little prudence on the part of the minister or officers of the church. If the Endeavourers are encouraged to take an interest in the public services and agencies around

them; if they are welcomed and trusted with unsuspicious frankness; if they are linked with the church life by the cordial interest of the pastor and others, acting as the connecting link between their society and the church, there will be what the whole aim and constitution of the Society is intended to induce—a loyal and enthusiastic support of the prayer

Name. This Society shall be ²
called the *Millstone Young*
Peoples Society of
Christian Endeavour

Object. Its object shall be to
promote an earnest Christian
life among its members.
to increase their mutual
acquaintance, and to make
them more useful in the service
of God

Membership. The members of this
society shall consist of all
young people who sincerely
desire to accomplish the
results above specified.
They shall become members upon
being elected by the society
by entering their names on this book.

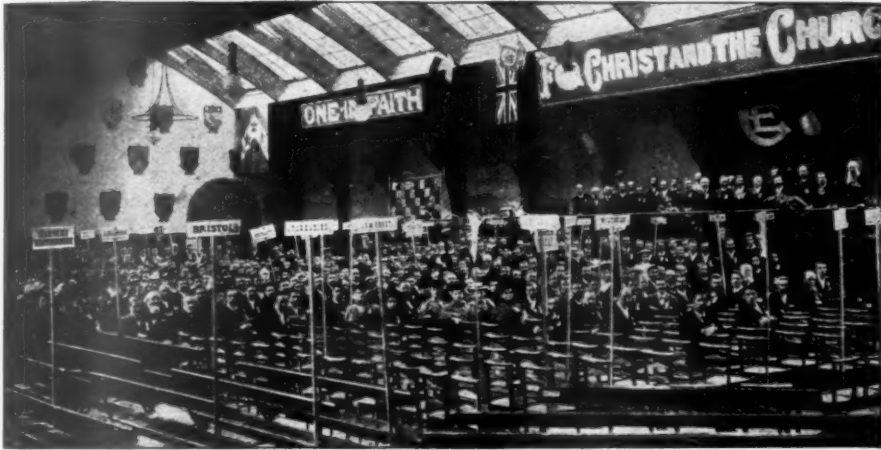
FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION OF THE
FIRST CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR SOCIETY.

and the consideration of such missionary and other topics as are common to all believers. The Christian Endeavour movement is thus indigenous to every soil, and may be fostered by every church.

When the Atlantic cable was finished in 1858, the first message flashed across it was, "England and America are

meeting, the Sunday school, and the public services of the church. When molten metal does not take the shape of the cast, the fault is in the casting; and when there is a lack of sympathy between a body of young Christians, who are pledged for Christ and the Church, and their parent church, I suspect that the fault lies

Endeavour shoot had been planted by the Rev. A. W. Potts, who has since passed home. The meetings were easily accommodated in a chapel of very moderate dimensions. Those of 1892 were held at Chester, of 1893 at Bradford; though each was larger than the other, they did not assume commanding or national im-



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(At the Bristol Drill Hall, Whit-Monday, 1896.)

with the leaders of the church life, who view with suspicion what they should welcome with affection. To criticise instead of suggesting, guiding, admonishing, and taking an interest in the inception and inauguration of the schemes and plans which emanate from bright young wits and warm, eager hearts, is a blunder and a crime.

A conspicuous feature of this wonderful movement is the great annual Convention. In the United States, between 20,000 and 30,000 Endeavourers will gather to their great Feast of Tabernacles. I use that phrase advisedly, as the meetings are held in tents, three of which will hold 9,000 or 10,000 persons each. We have not yet reached such vast figures in Great Britain, though it is expected that the Convention which is being now arranged for July will be attended by at least 30,000 Endeavourers from all parts of the world.

The first British Convention was held in 1891, at Crewe, where the first Christian

portance. That at London in 1894, when the Metropolitan Tabernacle was crowded for a series of notable meetings, was the first convocation of national scope, and gave the movement a position in the religious world from which it has never receded. Since then the Conventions have greatly increased in numbers and influence. The gatherings at Birmingham in 1895, Bristol in 1896, Liverpool in 1897, Glasgow in 1898, Belfast in 1899, have required months of previous organisation by a perfect army of willing organisers; whilst such papers as *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Morning Leader*, and *The Christian World* think it worth while to arrange for telegraphic reports of the proceedings. To such a vast growth has the grain of mustard seed thriven.

Each Convention has been characterised by its special features. "Old" Endeavourers declare that Bradford was unique for spirituality, power, and consecration to missionary enterprise.

Others say that London, in 1894, has never been surpassed, and it was certainly memorable for the presence of the father and mother of the movement, Dr. and Mrs. Clark. Many prophesied failure, owing to distance and local conditions, when for the first time the Convention was held outside England, but Belfast, last year, was a magnificent success.

On the eve of a Convention, special trains and ordinary ones are crowded with bright young faces, full of eager expectation; the stations ring with stirring hymns, and on every side flashes the little brooch or badge, worn in some conspicuous place on the person, of *©*. In many cases this is supplemented by the white silk badge of the delegate, and sometimes an array of local insignia, suggesting an exhibition of samples of ribbon. The army of Christian Endeavourers take everything and everybody by storm. The mayor of the town in which the Convention is held generally gives them a reception, which differs from all others in the spontaneity and effusiveness of the demonstrations with which they reciprocate his hospitality. An exhausted waiter, in reply to an inquiry as to the meaning of the letters

on the badge, answered, "Whatever else they stand for, I know one thing, they don't mean—Can't Eat." Some 150 meetings will be held in the several days during which the Convention lasts, each of which will be crowded to the doors, some of them filling the largest buildings available.

Note-taking is a special feature of all the meetings. Rows of delegates assiduously toil at it, in all styles, from swift phonography to the deliberate large text of country lads, who are evidently burdened with a conscientious desire to make a true report to their societies.

There are several characteristic meetings associated with these Christian Endeavour Conventions which are probably unique. For instance, there is "The Free Parliament," in which the speeches are restricted to one minute, and it would be difficult to beat the amount of terse common-sense which is often packed into a few sentences. At Bristol ninety speeches were made in forty minutes by ministers and laymen, young men and maidens, rising one after another to express their opinions.

We must not forget to mention "the Junior Rally," which sometimes resolves

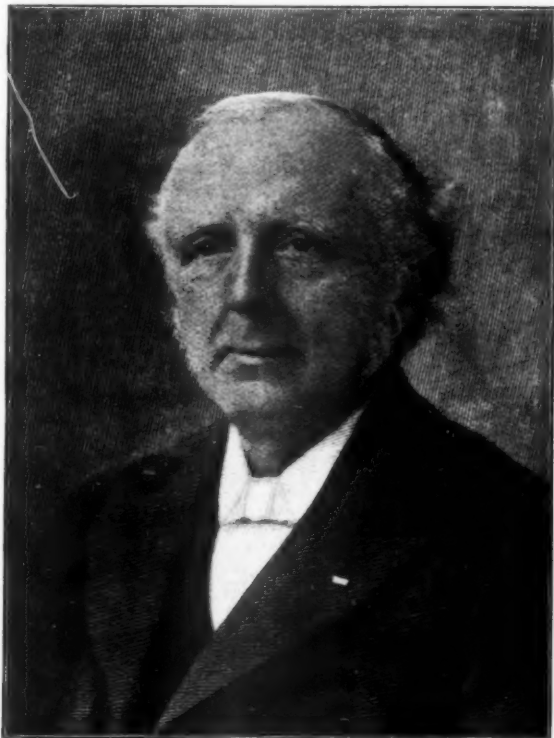


VIEW OF THE TENTS AT THE DETROIT CONVENTION.

into a kind of religious kindergarten, and rejoices in building a colossal bridge, or a church, with large blocks inscribed with such words as Faith, Love, and Prayer; or in waving flags so lettered as to form words; or in picturesque groupings of the youngsters to illustrate and enforce passages of Scripture. These "Rallies" are very attractive, and as one of the children said, in a dialogue given at the Glasgow Convention, "A society that reckons 402,300 children in its junior membership alone is a big thing, and no mistake."

It will not, I trust, be deemed egotistic if I refer in a paragraph to the experiences of my Presidential tour to about sixty-six of the great cities and towns of Great Britain. The conception of it presented itself to my mind on a memorable Sunday afternoon in March, 1890, when the announcement that I should be called to this position was placed in my hand. I had reached Aden, on my return from India, and as I broke the letter open, and read its contents, I walked to the end of the steamer, where some amount of quiet could be obtained, and devoted the coming year to the best services I could render for my young brothers and sisters throughout our land. It has certainly been one of the great experiences of my life. In centre after centre vast audiences have gathered representing the societies of the district, there has been exuberant enthusiasm, and every manifestation of a strong and vigorous organisation. As my friends and I have shown that consecration in its highest form is consistent with interest in manly games and womanly accomplishments, with the culture of the mind and imagination, with the service of the municipality and the State, and when we have dealt with many of the deepest aspects of Christian living in sermon, conference, prayer meeting, and speech, there has been a response which has greatly astonished

and interested me. There are stores of spiritual fervour in the young people of our churches of which we have very



(Photo: Tear, Clapham Road, S.W.)

THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

(President of the British National Council, Y.P.S.C.E.)

inadequate estimates, and Christianity is safe so long as Christ is able to count upon and call up these hosts of strong and sweet young hearts.

All attention and interest are now being concentrated on the great International Convention, which promises to be unequalled in the history of our country as a great international bond, drawing together Great Britain and the United States, our colonies, and all parts of the world into a vast Christian confederation. Before the war broke out our American correspondent told us to expect a contingent of at least ten thousand from across the water; and even now, notwithstanding the increased freights and diminished carrying

power, we hope the estimate will not be greatly reduced. And to these must be added tributary streams and confluents from every European country, as well as from Australia, Canada, and all parts of the world.

The programme of the meetings, from

Words. Thursday will probably be devoted to showing our visitors some of the most interesting and beautiful sights of the Metropolis.

The place of meeting has been a matter of considerable difficulty. At first it was suggested that we should obtain the use of the largest buildings in London, and have several centres, such as the Queen's and Exeter Halls, the City Temple, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle. But the immense difficulty of locomotion for so many thousands of visitors, the time and expense involved, and the perplexity of directing strangers, negatived this proposal as not the best, if some more practicable method could possibly be devised.

Wembley Park was suggested; then our attention was turned to the Alexandra Palace, situated on a



SOME MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR.

Saturday, July 14th, to Wednesday and Thursday in the following week, is well in hand. Its motto is, "The Old Power for the New Age," and the days are crowded with engagements, from the quiet hours and prayer-meetings in the morning to the great demonstrations at night. On Monday morning we are to discuss "The Dawning Age and its Problems"—commercial, social and intellectual. In the evening "The Missionary Outlook" is to be our theme. On Tuesday morning a demonstration will be given of World-Wide Endeavour, with testimonies of the progress and adaptation of the movement in all parts of the world. In the evening addresses will be delivered on "Pentecostal Power." On Wednesday morning "The Messages of the Churches" will be delivered, by representative men of all denominations; in the afternoon there will probably be a gigantic Praise Service; and at night Roll Call Services and Closing

commanding site in the north of London, and surrounded by extensive and beautiful grounds. It has had rather a chequered career, but not because of any deficiency in the structure itself, or in the conveniences it affords for the reception of large masses of people. Its main auditorium will seat about 10,000 persons, and there are other spacious halls which will contain some thousands. The arrangements for catering for vast crowds are perfect. We can turn the banquetting hall into a vast dormitory for ladies, and there will be ample space for pitching the camps for the accommodation of young men, as well as (perhaps) the American tent with its capacity for 9,000 persons. In many respects the Alexandra Palace will be preferable to Wembley Park, because it will give greater security against inclement weather. It might have exposed us to a good deal of inconvenience if we had been under canvas amid drenching rain, such as sometimes

falls to our share even in July. And though the Palace may not possess quite so much of the picturesque and *al fresco*, it will certainly be more secure against the fickleness of our climate.

A Convention Hospitality Committee has been formed, which is entering upon its gigantic task of dealing with the applications which are beginning to pour in.

The list of speakers and preachers will include Dr. and Mrs. Clark, the Rev. C. M. Sheldon, the author of "What Would Jesus Do?" and Mr. Baer, who, with many other prominent men, have definitely promised to be with us from the United States; whilst familiar and honoured leaders, like Dr. Handley Moule, Dr. Monro Gibson, and the Revs. J. H. Jowett, and A. Connell will contribute of their best; the ladies being ably represented by Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Marianne Farningham.

It is to be hoped that London may be moved to extend its welcome to this great gathering of Endeavourers from all parts of the world. It will be a unique opportunity for knitting the English-speaking lands in the closest of all confederations, and of creating a favourable impression on the youth of European and other countries. And if, as has been suggested, the Deans and Chapters of such historic edifices as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, arrange a special service in each place, these services will furnish memorable occasions for the manifestation of Christian Unity and Brotherly Love. We would bespeak, also, for our visitors a

welcome to the homes of wealth and the fanes of science and art. Notwithstanding the absorption of all classes of the community in South African questions, there is no reason to suppose that London will fail to extend to our guests a welcome which will make a lasting impression on these tens of thousands, and send them back to their homes and lands with a sense of warm gratitude for their reception, and of loyal enthusiasm towards the British people.

Critics have sometimes questioned whether it is wise to spend so much money and trouble for "a mere Convention," which has seemed to them little else than a big religious picnic. But it must be borne in mind that the Convention does not end with the meetings. Each Convention has been a distinct point of departure for something wider and greater in the Christian Endeavour movement. Missionary interest has been stimulated, and missionaries called out who are now at work in foreign lands. New societies have been formed, great blessings have accrued to the cities in which the Conventions have been held, and a pulse of living power sent into the various churches and denominations.

Surely all who prize a pure and earnest religious life will join in the fervent hope and prayer that the Convention of 1900 may surpass all that have preceded it, for the mighty blessing which shall accrue, not only to those attending it, but to the vast populations amid which it is held, and to the world.



WILLIAM CAREY'S HAMMER.

(To be used by Chairmen of the Convention meetings.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

JULY.

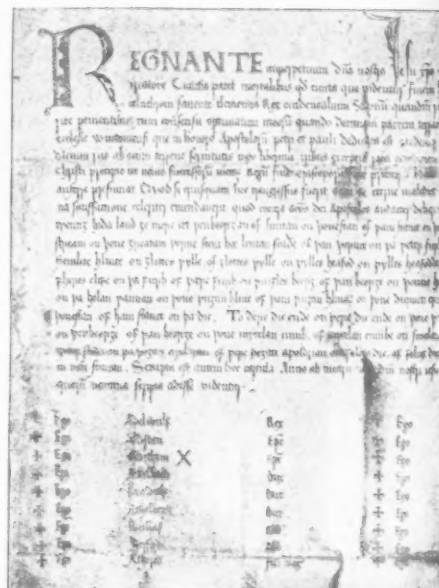
By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

THERE is an old belief that if it rains on St. Swithun's Day, July 15th, it will rain on for six weeks. A variety of explanations is offered, but not one of them seems satisfactory. Assuredly there is nothing in the life of Swithun himself which suggests the cause of the legend. He was a native of Wessex, born about the opening of the ninth century, and educated in the monastery at Winchester. He was ordained about the year 830, and by his piety won the notice of King Egbert, who made him instructor of Ethelwulf. On the latter coming to the throne of the West Saxons, he made Swithun Bishop of Winchester. The prelate lived in difficult times, but stood manfully for purity of life in high places, worked hard for the interests of his Church, and was a great benefactor to his own diocese. His remains are believed to lie in the presbytery of Winchester Cathedral.

The month of July, in the year 1472, saw the completion of York Minster; but the history of the building and the York Minster. site carries us far beyond that date. Here was said to have stood the wooden church in which Paulinus baptised King Edwin in the year 627. The successor of that church, a Saxon cathedral, was built by Archbishop Albert in 767. Of that ancient building some fragments are said still to remain in the crypt of the present Minster. Archbishop Thomas, after one of the several fires which have attacked the Minster, rebuilt much of it in 1060; and so the work went on. The completed building is the largest of English cathedrals, exceeding the area of St. Paul's by 4,100 feet. A Christian nation, whatever the sub-divisions of its religious forces, may well treasure buildings which connect the life of to-day with the times when our savage forefathers were brought by missionary agency into the fold of Christ's Church.

The month of July, in the year 1588, was big with the fate of England. On the 19th of that month the Invincible Armada of Spain was descried entering the English Channel. Its coming was no surprise. The vastness of the preparations, made in a spirit of insolent confidence, had at least the advantage of putting England on her guard. Preparation had been made on sea and land for the defence of the kingdom, and although the resources available might have seemed but a

The Great Armada.



PORTION OF CHARTER OF ETHELWULF IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL LIBRARY.

Showing signature of Swithun, Bishop of Winchester (marked with a X).

poor defence against the enormous forces controlled by Philip of Spain, they were as much as the occasion needed. Of the army prepared for the conquest of Britain no man landed save as refugee or prisoner. Of the ships—pursued by the English fleet, torn by tempest, swept on shore or sunk at sea—but a few staggered back to Spain. From July 21st they suffered, whilst within reach of the British coast, such treatment as created in the minds of the English seamen the confidence which bore its own fruits, both in many of the bold deeds that filled “the spacious times of great Elizabeth,” and in the course of later wars with Spain.

the Union of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick was passed in March, 1807, and early in July Lord Monck was sworn in as Viceroy. The completion of the great federation was steadily and quietly carried on, and the Dominion now stretches from ocean to ocean.

The Fourth of July may mean little on the British side of the Atlantic, but in America it is the great anniversary of the year. On July 4th, 1776, the American Colonies declared themselves “free, sovereign, and independent.” They had to fight for that freedom, and they proved their right to it. Since then they

A Great American Anniversary.

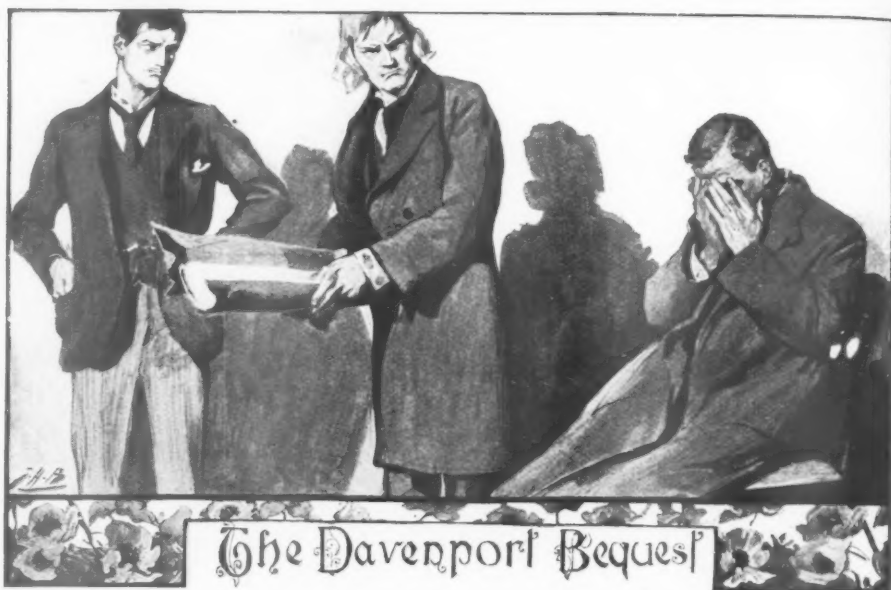


THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, JULY 4TH, 1776.

(From the Picture by John Turnbull.)

It was in July, 1867, that the Dominion of Canada entered on its corporate life. The scheme of federation had not been hastily arrived at. Beginning in the Conference held at Quebec in October, 1854, the movement received a great impetus from the dangers suggested by the inroads of Fenian raiders, who crossed from the United States into Canadian territory. Designed to strike a blow at Great Britain, these acts of brigandage had precisely the opposite result. They strengthened the conviction that a federal union was needed, and so helped to produce the united Canada, the loyalty of which has this year been so conspicuous. That Act for

have also shown us that their freedom, like our own, makes for the general advance of the principles of liberty throughout the world. It is not every nation which can celebrate its birthday; for the Great Powers are mainly things of slow growth. But the rapid advance of the United States makes the celebration of its birthday all the more striking. It is not, in the pages of history, so far a cry to 1776; but how much has happened since then! The original thirteen states of the Union have grown to forty-five; the population from 2,614,300 to 62,622,250 in 1890. So vigorous a life may well celebrate its beginning. Certainly its celebration arouses no pang of jealousy amongst the British people.



The Davenport Bequest

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTO THE NIGHT.

FEELING it his duty to see Stephen Haynes before finally completing his arrangements, Raymond, on quitting The Towers, drove straight to the laundry. His leave-takings at home had been very brief, for his father refused to see him again, and his mother and the girls, who knew nothing of the reason of his exile, were bewildered by his sudden departure.

The little servant—for the Haynes family had now set up a domestic—informed him that her master was out, but expected in every minute, and the young ladies were in the parlour.

He could not but reflect, as he entered the plainly furnished but comfortable little room, how his mother and sisters would have sneered at the idea of calling Stella and Jessie "young ladies." And yet ladies they were, in speech, appearance, and manners, as they turned round from the fire, beside which they were enjoying a few moments of leisure, and greeted him pleasantly. Of course, they knew nothing of his momentous journey to London; but, conscious of all that had passed, he felt uncomfortably

embarrassed as he asked how the laundry was getting on.

"Oh, wonderfully!" answered lively Jessie. "Our fortune is already made—in perspective. We get more customers every day, and nobody grumbles about their clothes; so, presumably, we give satisfaction."

"Then you wouldn't like to go back to Myrtle Cottage?"

"Oh, dear no!—horrid place! We are looking forward to enjoying the garden in summer; and we've had an application from a lady who wants to come and learn the business, offering a handsome premium. I met Mrs. Pyne yesterday, and when she asked me, with a pitying smile, how I was getting on—as if I'd greatly come down in the world—I couldn't help saying what I thought."

"Oh, dear me! Who's that?" cried Stella, as a loud rap sounded on the front door.

Presently Arthur Bent was ushered in, to Raymond's secret annoyance.

"Halloa! Raymond, are you back again? I heard you'd taken French leave from your constituents and gone to London. How's your canvass progressing?" he cried in his hearty voice, after shaking hands with the girls.

Raymond's face was scarlet.

"Circumstances have occurred, Arthur, which will prevent my standing now. I can't explain why—at least, not now."

His palpable embarrassment checked Arthur's eager questions, and, to change the subject, Jessie proposed that they should have tea. But Raymond rose, feeling that to eat a morsel under that roof would choke him.

"I mustn't stay," he said hoarsely.

However, the girls would take no denial.

"Oh! you must wait till father comes in. And it is our tea-time, anyway."

Somehow, in spite of the trouble which weighed so heavily upon him, there was something so irresistible in Jessie's persuasive manner that he allowed himself to be overruled. It might be a long time before he saw this bright girl again, and he was beginning to be conscious that Jessie's society had a charm for him which he could not define.

No: if he must go out into the wide world to earn his living, he would at least enjoy this cosy hour first. Let the future take care of itself!

Arthur chatted away, quite undeterred by the stiffness with which Stella, mindful of her expressed resolution not to countenance him in the absence of the rest of his family, treated him.

"I've got some tickets for a good concert at the Town Hall, Miss Haynes," he said, laying an envelope on the table. "I thought some of you might like to go, and here are three."

Stella looked very dubious.

"These are half-guinea tickets, Mr. Bent, and—and it's exceedingly kind of you, but I really don't think we ought to take them."

"Oh! no, thank you," added Jessie; and Arthur looked very disappointed.

"It's really such a trifle. I should have bought them, anyway, as it's for a charity, and my father's one of the patrons. I wish you and your sister weren't so ferociously independent! Do be persuaded and come."

But Stella shook her graceful head.

"No, thank you, Mr. Bent. We don't want to seem ungrateful, but we are under great obligations to you already, and—"

"And we are altogether such ferocious monsters that it isn't safe to argue with us!" cried Jessie laughingly, as the maid brought in the tea-tray. "Now, not a word! You shall taste some cake of my making, and drown the recollection of our unkindness in the flowing bowl—of tea!"

A born hostess, in a few minutes everything was ready under her able management; and Raymond could not help wondering how it was that, with all their servants at The Towers, they never had tea so good and hot, or such dainty bread and butter, as this.

"There's father!" exclaimed Jessie presently, as a latch-key sounded in the hall door.

Raymond instantly rose, and held out his hand. "I must go, Miss Haynes; I wish to speak to your father privately. I—I may not see you again for a long time—perhaps never," he stammered, as, holding her hand, he stood looking earnestly into her face. "If I shouldn't—I—I—I—hope you'll always be happy and prosperous here."

He looked so strange and so pale that she was surprised and alarmed; but, cutting short Arthur's outcries and demands for further explanations, he turned abruptly away, and went out. In the little hall he encountered Stephen Haynes and Rupert.

"Well?" said the master of the house sharply, as the three passed into the tiny dining-room, where they stood confronting one another in the dim light of one gas-burner.

Raymond handed a packet, carefully sealed up in brown paper, to Stephen. "These are your drawings, Mr. Haynes."

"Well?" repeated Jessie's father, still more sharply.

Suddenly, with a despairing cry, Raymond sank into a chair by the table, and hid his face in his hands. The bitterest humiliation was eating into his very soul. "Oh, don't ask me!—don't ask me!" he cried wildly. "How can I say that my own father is a cheat?"

Very little moved by his emotion, Stephen was methodically unwrapping his plans. "You went with Mr. Mowbray to the Patent Office?"

"Yes," groaned Raymond, without lifting his head.

"And you found these sketches corresponded in all respects with the Ellis meter?"

"Yes."

A wild gleam of triumph shot into the elder man's hawk-eyes, and he laid his hand on his son's shoulder with exultant emphasis.

"You see, Rupert, I'm going to have my revenge, at last!"

"As far as I am concerned," said Raymond, uncovering his haggard face, "you have it now—that is, if to see me profoundly miserable and humiliated is any satisfaction to you. I have already had a serious quarrel with my father because I told him what I know about the meter. He has turned me out of doors and disinherited me. Surely, Mr. Haynes, that ought to satisfy your craving for revenge?"

"Pooh! What do paltry family quarrels signify to me? It is your father I have to reckon with! He has kept me and my children in beggary and misery for years, and until the truth is known, and he is publicly disgraced in the eyes of men, I shall never be satisfied!"

"I have already renounced my intention of standing for Parliament; and I am leaving Barmminster."

"Well, you are wise!" returned Stephen, grimly. "But you don't say what your father's intentions are. Does he not acknowledge the justice of my claim *now*?"

"No, Mr. Haynes. He still refuses to admit that you invented the Ellis meter; and, if you should go to law about it, he intends to oppose your claim to the uttermost. I implored him to do you justice, but he refused. Believe me, if I had my way, the most ample restitution would be made to-morrow. You have been most cruelly treated, and I don't wonder that you hate the very name of Ellis!"

His working features showed the deep emotion he only kept under with great difficulty; and Rupert, fairly melted, laid his hand on Raymond's arm. "Thank you for saying so much! It is something to know that *you* acknowledge the shameful wrong which has been done to my father."

He extended his hand as he spoke, and Raymond wrung it with an almost painful pressure. Stephen meanwhile, curiously unmoved by what was passing before him, stood drumming thoughtfully on the table. "Tell me," he said abruptly, "if it should come to a public trial, are you prepared to testify in the law courts that your father is a scoundrel?—that you believe, on your oath, that I invented the Ellis meter, and not he?"

"Yes," moaned unhappy Raymond, after a pause. "I would even do that! Much as I love my father, and kind as he has been to me, I *must* speak the truth!"

"Very well, then, I shall know what to do. Mr. Mowbray would, of course, be another witness in my favour. Restitution and acknowledgment I will have—though no amount of money could ever compensate me for the years of privation and disappointment I have endured at your father's hands. He has ruined my life!"

With that, Stephen turned aside to the mantelpiece, and leaned his elbow upon it, darkly ruminating. Raymond would have quitted the room, but Rupert, with a new gentleness in his manner, detained him. "Did I not understand that you are leaving Barmminster?"

"Yes; from henceforth I am a poor man, and intend to go to London to make my living as I can. I shall be happier there than I can ever be here, now."

"You sent a message to me through my sister, a short time ago, which has never been properly acknowledged. At one time I failed to do you justice, and I'm very sorry for it," frankly acknowledged young Haynes.

"You kindly offered me a situation. I have not applied for it yet, and whilst things are so unsettled, I think I had better not leave Barmminster. Father, I believe, contemplates some decisive step; though I don't know what."

"I must warn you that my father is determined not to yield an inch."

"But surely there must be justice in England for such a wrong as ours; though, believe me, I am truly sorry for all the pain this is causing you. Your position is a very hard one, and all honest men must feel for you very keenly."

Once more they exchanged a hearty hand-clasp; though Stephen still stood buried in thought, deaf and blind to what was passing. Another minute and Raymond, sick at heart, had passed out into the winter night.

CHAPTER XVII.

RICHARD ELLIS'S LAST CHANCE.

RICHARD ELLIS was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. The astonished committee had hardly received Raymond's formal withdrawal from his candidature, "on account of pressing business obliging him to leave Barmminster," when they had an intimation from Richard that, with the consent of the party, he proposed to stand instead of his son. As no other candidate was forthcoming at such short notice, and a choice must be made before the issue of the writ, Mr. Ellis's offer was unanimously accepted. He was personally popular in the city, and there was little doubt of his election.

Therefore, it befell that Stephen Haynes, in traversing the streets two days after his memorable interview with Raymond, found the hoardings placarded, firstly, with young Ellis's renunciation of his candidature, and, secondly, with his father's address to the voters as a candidate on his own account. The latter fairly took his breath away. He paused and rubbed his eyes, to be quite sure that his arch-enemy had had the audacity to actually stand for Parliament in the very city which held the man he had so deeply wronged. But there it was, in black and white; and a large meeting was announced at the Corn Exchange the following evening, when the new candidate would deliver an address.

With a very strange expression on his worn face, Stephen resumed his progress up the High Street, his mind in a perfect whirl of excitement and indignation. He considered Richard Ellis's candidature as nothing less than a challenge, and a personal insult

to himself. It was a curious coincidence that just then he beheld the object of his angry meditations driving towards him in his dogcart, his groom beside him. Stephen stepped quickly off the pavement, and laid an imperative hand on the reins. "I want to speak to you," he said boldly, looking up at Richard with stern, unflinching eyes.

"I have nothing to say to you, my man," was the haughty answer, accompanied by a jerk at the reins.

Stephen, however, still maintained his hold. "I have seen your son, and he admits the justice of my claim. If you refuse me a hearing now——"

"Will you let go of my horse, or must I call a policeman?"

"You still refuse me all redress? Then you'll repent it all your life!"

"I am not afraid of your cowardly threats!"

In response to a sharp cut from the whip the horse sprang forward, throwing Stephen aside, though fortunately without injury. White with passion, he stood gazing after his old enemy, resolved to humiliate him to the uttermost.

The meeting next night in the Corn Exchange was crowded; and when Richard Ellis, accompanied by many of the leading men of Barminster as his supporters, appeared on the platform, the applause was tremendous. In an admirable speech he explained his political views, after which he made the customary pause, to allow any questions the electors might wish to put to him to be asked from the body of the hall.

"Can I say a word, Mr. Chairman?" asked an eager voice; and a tall, thin-faced man stood up on the bench on which he had hitherto been sitting.

"Certainly," said the chairman blandly, not noticing that the candidate had turned white on recognising his enemy Stephen.

"Electors of Barminster," began Mr. Haynes, surveying the assembly from his point of vantage with undaunted courage. "Though a stranger to you, I have known the candidate longer than probably anyone else in this room. Thirty years ago we were close friends, and I had no secrets from him. In my spare time I experimented with machinery, and at last I designed and constructed a meter—since known to everybody as the Ellis electric meter. Electors of Barminster"—and he flung out his right arm with the old impressive gesture—"that meter, out of which Richard Ellis made a fortune, is really *mine*! He stole the design from me, and patented it secretly as his own; but——"

Mr. Ellis's supporters, including the two Bents and a number of his better-educated

employés who were present, had listened to this speech with undisguised impatience, which now culminated in a loud uproar. Richard Ellis, the universally respected head of the great engineering firm, a common thief? Preposterous! "Throw him out!" "Stop his jaw!" "Gag him!" roared the rougher portion of the crowd.

Stephen, however, still stood on his bench, looking down at the surrounding sea of angry faces with great calmness. Again he raised his arm with that impressive gesture, and the crowd, whether amazed at his pluck in daring to defy them, or inquisitive concerning the details of this extraordinary story, suddenly subsided into silence.

"I have at home the original drawings I made of that meter twenty-seven years ago, to produce when needful; and for a witness, I can call, amongst others, Mr. Ellis's own son, who is firmly convinced of the truth of my story, and for that reason declined to stand for Parliament. If, after this, you still wish Mr. Ellis to become your member——"

But here a number of the rougher element, angry at any attack upon the respectable Richard Ellis, whose purse had already done so much for the city, made an ugly rush, and the bench on which Stephen was standing was overturned, with him on it. He was on his feet again directly, and by this time several of the police on duty had forced their way to his side. The chairman urgently implored the crowd to maintain order, whilst the policemen, forming a body-guard round Stephen, whisked him out of the hall and into the street, despite his protestations. There was not a man in the city so liberal in his donations to police charities as Mr. Ellis, and, naturally, they were strongly prejudiced in his favour.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

STEPHEN HAYNES, however, had said enough to leave the meeting in the wildest ferment. The committee were eagerly conferring together; a score of influential sympathisers had crowded round Mr. Ellis; and the body of the hall buzzed like a beehive. Such an exciting episode had never occurred at any political meeting in Barminster before.

At last, after a consultation with Mr. Bent, the candidate, very pale, but quite collected, once more faced the audience. Strong curiosity made the crowd instantly silent.

"Gentlemen, the incident which has just occurred has doubtless been a shock to all of you, and might, if not explained, leave

a wrong impression on your minds. The unhappy man who has just attacked me is mentally deranged, and entirely unaccountable for his words. It is true that years ago we were acquainted, but we have not met for a long time, and Mr. Haynes has now a fixed delusion that he, not I, is the owner and inventor of the Ellis meter; but it is only a delusion—nothing more."

"Then why has your son withdrawn his candidature?" asked a voice from the hall.

Many necks were eagerly craned to see who the bold speaker might be who propounded this particularly awkward question. But they saw only a plainly dressed young man, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and, not knowing Rupert Haynes by sight, were none the wiser.

"My son's private affairs have nothing to do with this meeting," haughtily answered Richard.

"You decline to answer, then?"

"I decline to be browbeaten by a stranger, sir. If you have anything to say, tell us who you are, and let us see your face."

"He had better come up to the platform," suggested the chairman, who dreaded a repetition of the previous commotion. Whereupon impulsive Arthur Bent shouted to him to come up, and say his say like a man.

Rupert needed no second invitation, for his blood was on fire at the thought of confronting his enemy at last. He pushed his way to the platform, and, removing his hat, stood facing the audience. His good-looking, straightforward face produced a manifest impression, as he boldly began:

"I am Rupert Haynes, the son of the madman, as Mr. Ellis is kind enough to term my father; and I unhesitatingly assert that Mr. Raymond Ellis instantly withdrew his candidature on discovering that my father is the real inventor of the Ellis meter."

Richard Ellis turned upon him, outwardly courteous, but inwardly in a white heat of rage.

"You were, I think, for a few weeks in my employment at the Works."

"I was."

"And were dismissed?"

"I was—because my name is Haynes."

"Gentlemen," resumed Richard, facing the crowd with a confident smile, "you will doubtless judge how much dependence is to be placed on the assertion of a discharged workman of my own! You live, I believe, with your family, who have a laundry in the Whitton Road?" he continued, addressing Rupert with deadly blandness.

"Yes."

"The laundry has not been long in your possession, I believe?"

"No; we took it quite recently. But what right—"

"One moment, please. As my private affairs have been freely bandied about, perhaps I may be permitted, for a certain reason, to ask whether the capital which enabled your family to take that laundry was their own, or a loan of any kind?"

"It was a loan."

"A loan from whom, may I ask?"

There was a short pause. "From—from a client of Mr. Arthur Bent's," unwillingly returned Rupert at last, vexed at having his family's private affairs thus dragged into the light of day.

Mr. Ellis turned once more to the eagerly listening audience, with a smile of conscious triumph. "This apparently frivolous questioning is not purposeless, gentlemen, for it tends to prove the utter worthlessness of this witness, who was dismissed from my employment, remember. That you may know the real truth of the relations between my family and his, and understand the black ingratitude they have shown," calmly continued the millionaire, facing Rupert resolutely, "I will tell you that the money necessary to establish the Haynes family, who were in very reduced circumstances, in the laundry where they are now doing a profitable business, was given by my son, Raymond. He advanced every halfpenny of it."

"It's false!" cried Rupert, almost beside himself.

"My antagonist asserts that my statement is false. Although my listeners have probably decided in their own minds as to the relative value of his word and mine, I call upon Mr. Arthur Bent, who was cognisant of the whole transaction, to say which of us is speaking the truth in this matter."

Arthur, though rather unwillingly, came forward to the front of the platform. The testimony he was required to give seemed to him like an act of treachery towards Raymond, who wished his conduct in the matter never to be made known. "It is true that Mr. Raymond Ellis advanced money, through me, to the Haynes family, though they never knew from whom it came, as he pledged me to secrecy."

"So you see that, although the Haynes family owe their entire support to the generosity of my son, this young man does not hesitate to attack me at the first opportunity, by way of recompense for our charity," calmly concluded Richard.

Poor Rupert, driven almost to frenzy by the manner in which he had been made to pose before the meeting, firstly, as a dismissed—and by implication spiteful—*employé*, and, secondly, as a detected liar, was only conscious of a mad, wild desire to fling himself



Looking down at the surrounding sea of angry faces.—p. 783.

upon the owner of the Towers, and then and there compel him to confess the truth as to his ill-gotten gains. But alone, unfriended, with the stigma of dismissal resting upon him, it was hopeless to expect a hearing when Richard, with his plausible tongue, had poisoned the minds of the rest against him. He stood for a moment looking down—as his father had done—upon the sea of hostile faces, with undaunted pluck.

"I can see you are all against me, and no Haynes has a chance of a hearing *here*. But there's a Judge above us all Who knows which of us, Richard Ellis or my father, has spoken the truth here to-night! He knows, and so perhaps will you, sooner than you think!"

Arthur Bent, in a tumult of emotions, the strongest of which was the desire that Stella's brother—because he was Stella's brother—should suffer no violence, touched his arm. "There's a side door here, and you'd better slip quietly out that way, into Russell Street," he whispered. "It won't be safe to go back through the body of the hall—take my advice!"

Rupert, who was as brave a young fellow as ever stepped, hesitated to retreat from his enemies; but Arthur would take no denial, and hustled him out before the audience knew what was happening. A yell of disappointed rage was then raised, which showed the wisdom of young Bent's counsel; but it was quickly checked by the experienced chairman.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have had a strangely exciting evening, and some very hard things have been said of Mr. Ellis, which I venture to assert he has refuted with no less tact than candour. He has come out of a very trying ordeal with flying colours; and I propose, to show our complete satisfaction, we pass a vote of confidence in him. I beg to move that Richard Ellis, of Connington Towers, has the full and entire confidence of this meeting here assembled."

"And I second it!" warmly cried Mr. Bent.

"Those who are in favour of the motion will please show their assent in the usual manner." Then, as a forest of eager hands went up as by one consent, the chairman added eagerly, "Carried unanimously!"

CHAPTER XIX.

IN ARTHUR'S OFFICE.

IT is impossible to describe the excitement which pervaded Barnminster on the day following Richard Ellis's *debut* as a political candidate. Nothing else was talked of, and the general impression was that he would bring an action for libel against his

traducer forthwith. Who was this obscure Stephen Haynes, everybody asked, who dared to stand forth and accuse the owner of Connington Towers of conduct befitting the criminal dock? He must be mad, a fanatic of the most dangerous type, who, for the good of the community, ought to be in an asylum.

The laundry in the Whitton Road, you may be sure, fully participated in the general excitement. Anxious family councils were held, and the girls were in great distress. About three that afternoon, as Arthur Bent was sitting in the inner office, in the absence of his father, a clerk ushered in Stella and Jessie Haynes. As he advanced to greet them, Arthur could not help noticing how pale both were, especially Stella; and their eyes, although not red, showed that they had been crying not very long before. Nevertheless, Stella's delicate beauty had never appeared to more advantage; so becoming to her was the pensive, subdued air with which she sat, her head drooping slightly under her large hat.

Jessie, as usual, was the spokeswoman, though she seemed to only maintain her composure by an effort. "You were at the meeting last night, were you not, Mr. Bent? We have been talking things over, and we all feel that under the circumstances it is impossible for us to remain indebted to Mr. Raymond Ellis for the laundry any longer. If we had known the money came from him at the first, we should never have taken it. He meant it kindly, I'm sure, but—"

"We shall be very sorry to leave the laundry," added Stella, "especially as we were beginning to do so well there. But Mr. Ellis taunted my brother last night with receiving charity, and we can't—oh! we really can't—bear to be under an obligation to any of the Ellises after that! We unfortunately are unable to repay the money, for we haven't got it; but we intend to vacate the premises next week, and Mr. Raymond Ellis shall decide what he would like to do with them. I should think he could easily let them, or sell the lease by auction."

"Don't you think you are rather hasty in relinquishing a good business?" said Arthur rather blankly. "And by acting as you contemplate, let me tell you, you will hurt Raymond very much. You couldn't do anything, I'm sure, which would vex him more!"

"But we really can't stay!" cried Jessie. "How can we, after what was said last night? We shall be very sorry to hurt Mr. Raymond Ellis's feelings, but both my father and my brother say we must leave at once, after this. Mr. Ellis shall not taunt us with receiving charity from his family a second time! I daresay you don't believe it, but what my father said last night is quite true,

every word of it, and the Ellis meter is really his invention, and he has been most shamefully treated!"

Arthur, feeling himself in a delicate position, preferred to express no opinion about this. "If you relinquish the laundry, Miss Haynes, may I ask what you propose to do instead?"

"We shall leave Barminster and go to London. My brother has heard of a good situation there, through—" A wave of crimson dyed her cheek at the recollection that for this they were again indebted to Raymond's kindness. "I mean, he knows of an engineering firm who would employ him, and he will try to make a home for us. Stella and I can surely find something to do as well—at any rate, we can't stay here!"

"Well, as I said before, I'm sure if you leave it will grieve Raymond very much. It is certainly unfortunate that your father and Richard Ellis should be at variance."

"Do you know why Mr. Raymond Ellis went away, and relinquished his chance of Parliament?" asked Jessie suddenly.

"I heard what your brother said last night," answered Arthur, a trifle confused. He placed no credence in Rupert's story, but Raymond's sudden departure was certainly curious and ominous. He had gathered, from a letter received from his friend in London, that Raymond had had some difference with his father, though the cause was not revealed.

"He left because he could not face the electors after he knew the truth about the meter. You don't believe it, I can see!" cried impulsive Jessie. "But whatever our faults may be, Mr. Bent, no Haynes was ever yet a liar! Although my father is poor and despised, I would rather be in his place than be the great Richard Ellis—especially when the truth comes out, as it must some day!"

"You'll write to Mr. Raymond Ellis?" said Stella, as she laid her small hand in his. "Tell him it isn't charity we want from his family—only justice!"

She looked very beautiful as she said it, her head raised high, and a sparkle in her great grey eyes. Arthur relinquished the slender fingers with a sigh. It was not entirely on Raymond's account that he regretted to hear of their approaching departure.

Jessie—proud, self-reliant, plucky Jessie—fairly broke down when they were in the street. "Oh!" she sobbed, "to have to leave the dear place where we were beginning to be so happy, and never see the roses come out on the porch, or the chickens hatched, or the apples ripening, or anything! We might have made a good income in time—and we

were our own mistresses, and it was all so peaceful and pleasant!"

"Oh, Jessie, don't!" wailed Stella. "It will break my heart, too, to leave our cosy home! I couldn't have believed I should be so fond of any place in so short a time! It seems cruelly hard!"

"To be obliged to do the very thing which will grieve us most, and then to have Raymond Ellis thinking us unkind and ungrateful, is worse than all," rejoined Jessie. "Oh, dear! why isn't he like his father? Then we should be able to hate him: it would be so much easier then!"

CHAPTER XX.

GRACE'S SUITOR.

THAT same afternoon which brought the Haynes sisters to Arthur Bent's office saw the young Vicar of St. Jude's advancing up the beautifully-kept avenue to Connington Towers. He had come from the city by the tram, and as he passed the lodge gates, and saw before him the imposing, castellated, ivy-clad mansion of the millionaire, his brow contracted as if with pain. The perfection of all around, the trimly rolled gravel, the neatly kept borders, the expensive blinds and curtains which shaded the endless windows of the great pile, all spoke eloquently of enormous wealth. And thinking of certain hovels in his own parish, where sick men and women had to pass long days and nights in anxious pain, he could not but reflect how even a fraction of the money lavished here would work wonders among the St. Jude's population. He did not complain that Mr. Ellis was stingy or il-liberal; on the contrary, he gave generously to charities. But still, the contrast between Connington Towers and some of the streets and lanes of the city seemed too glaring.

Mrs. Ellis and Miss Margaret were out canvassing, and Mr. Ellis was very busy with his solicitor, and must not be disturbed, the smug butler informed him.

"Miss Ellis?" suggested Horace, rather falteringly.

"I don't know whether Miss Ellis is at home, sir, but if you'll be so good as to come in, I'll inquire."

Horace sank into a luxurious chair in the splendid drawing-room—or, rather, suite of drawing-rooms—with an almost bewildered sense of the beauty of all the objects around. It seemed hopeless even to try to reckon up the old china, the pictures, the bronzes, the curiosities, the books, the photographs, the costly nicknacks, the ornaments, which

crowded every available space. Did the Ellises themselves, he wondered, know the extent of their own possessions? He doubted it.

The entrance of Grace, slightly flushed, but looking very sweet in a tea-gown of dark velvet, abruptly changed his thoughts. She appeared quite the gracious young princess

columnnies, and father is determined to win now. Was it not shameful, Mr. Derwent?"

"I was not there," Horace said, rather hastily. "I never attend political meetings. But, from what I gather, your father behaved admirably under great provocation, and the result, I should think, would be to do good to his cause rather than harm.

But, though I exceedingly regret the whole affair, Miss Ellis, I feel it due to Stephen Haynes, whom I have known some years, to say that, however mistaken in his views, he is honest and sincere in his fancied grievance. I can't help being sorry for the poor man, for he has had a most unhappy life; and for his family I have great respect."

"But his son was even worse! After his father had been turned out, he actually stood up and said that Raymond had relinquished his seat because he knew this absurd story of father having stolen another man's invention was true! As if Raymond would do anything of the sort! He never cared in the least about getting into Parliament, and it's just like him to turn round at the last moment and refuse to stand. Father isn't pleased with him about it, naturally."

"Your brother is

away from home at present, is he not?"
 "Yes; he's gone to London; but no doubt he'll be back in a few days. As to any serious quarrel between him and father, the very idea is ridiculous! They are far too fond of each other for that."

"And now to my errand, Miss Ellis," said the Vicar, as the butler and footman appeared



"Tell me—is there any hope?"

of this enchanted castle, and gave him her hand with courteous welcome.

"Mother and Madge have gone canvassing," she observed. "We are working harder than ever now, after the abominable attack made upon poor father by that crazy man at the meeting. To be elected by a large majority will be the best answer to his

with the various requisites for tea—or what pass for requisites in a rich man's house. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm always begging; but I'm in very urgent need of several tickets for some good seaside convalescent homes, and, not having a rich lady or gentleman in my parish, I appeal to you."

"I will try and get you the tickets. Father subscribes to two homes, and I know plenty of people to ask. How good it is of you to think so much of your poor!"

"Good?" he cried, amazed. "Oh, no, Miss Ellis! It is my greatest privilege and pleasure."

Grace sighed.

"You always make me feel so ashamed of doing so little! The truth is, I find it so difficult to understand poor people. Father and mother say that it is drink and improvidence which in nine cases out of ten make people poor, and keep them poor; but, even if it is their own fault, I feel very sorry for them, poor things!"

"And quite rightly," rejoined Horace, his strongly outlined face betraying deep feeling. Only the poor can really understand the special sorrows and temptations of the poor. We ought to make every allowance for them, knowing what our own shortcomings are."

"I shall never think of these things again as I used to think before I knew you, Mr. Derwent. You have changed my views very much, and it makes me wish—"

She paused, in evident embarrassment.

"Makes you wish what?" he asked eagerly. "Believe me, if it is anything in my power to procure for you, I will most gladly endeavour to do so!" he cried, with a trembling in his tones and a gleam in his eyes which told her more than he knew.

It made her more reluctant than ever to confess that what she wished was to see him oftener, that she might imbibe more of his spirit. Of a deeper, truer nature than her sister, there were often times when, amid all the fashionable frivolities of her life, she yearned for something higher, more ennobling, more truly satisfying, than dress and entertainments; and, somehow, in these better moods, it was always to Horace Derwent that her thoughts recurred.

He moved from the chair in which he had been sitting, and took one nearer to hers.

"Surely we have known each other long enough for you to confide in me?" he said gently, not a little distressed by the signs of disturbance in her face. Then, as she still remained silent, he continued, with increasing emotion: "Of course, I know I have no right to demand your confidence. A poor man, I have nothing to offer you

in a worldly sense. I fear you may even think it presumption in me to say I love you—that I have loved you for a long time now—though I have feared to speak because I might be suspected of mercenary motives. But I think you ought to know me better than that, Grace. Tell me: is there any hope that you will ever love me in return?"

A great trembling seized the girl as she listened, and, like a flash of lightning, all the secret places of her soul were suddenly illuminated by the discovery that it was because she loved him that Horace Derwent had the power to lead her to better things, and to ennoble her life. She had had suitors enough of the kind who are always eager to pay court to a rich man's daughter; but until to-day, when she looked into Horace's strong, manly face, and beheld it all quivering with intense feeling, she had never really known what love was, what love might be.

"If you can really care for me," she said tremulously, with an April face. "I'm afraid I'm very worldly—very frivolous—"

But that was a view of the case he was in nowise disposed to accept for a moment, and he had ample opportunities of telling her so during the next blissful half-hour. He had not had the slightest intention of confessing his devotion when he came; he had always viewed Grace as set apart from him by her father's riches; but suddenly his passion overmastered him, and in the delight of hearing Grace's shy confession that he had always had a good influence over her, and she desired nothing better than to be with him for the rest of her life, he forgot all other considerations. The spiteful world might say he had sought her for the sake of her dowry, but, knowing the purity of his own motives, he could afford to despise such an unjust accusation.

But Grace, in the midst of her bliss, was not without apprehensions on her own account. Her parents were anxious for her to marry Lord Lyncliffe, a young peer residing in the neighbourhood. He was not well off, and would have been glad to secure a rich wife. Her heart sank at the thought of what would be said when it became known that she had pledged herself to the Vicar of a church in the unfashionable part of the city. Horace could not stay to meet the domestic authorities that day, as she wished, but he promised to come and see her parents next morning, though Grace could not hide her fear that obstacles would be thrown in the way of the match. Her lover went back down the avenue with the echo of her parting words ringing in his ears:

"Oh, dear! What *will* father and mother say?" [END OF CHAPTER TWENTY.]

BACK ASHORE



(Photo: Leroux, Algiers.)

ALGIERS HARBOUR.



THE BADGE OF THE SEAMEN'S GUILD.

WE who have worked for the Gibraltar Mission to Seamen know that it differs from other missions because it owes its origin and its executive to the influence of one personality. It has no powerful society at its back. It has few wealthy subscribers. It needs, at least, two thousand pounds a year to do its beneficent work on an adequate scale, and only once have its annual receipts touched fifteen hundred. It exists from the fact that, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Bishop whose vast diocese extends from Lisbon in the west to Odessa in the east, and whose proud boast it is that "My palace is my portmanteau," looked with compassion upon those who plied their perilous trade in the ships upon his

By a Late Harbour Chaplain.

many waters, and tried to arouse a few Christian consciences to the reality that Mediterranean and other sailors are not mere mercantile machines, but living, dying, and immortal men.

But the Bishop was good enough to say, as we sat in his cool and pleasant study, not far from Victoria Station, on a burning morning of midsummer, that he would be very pleased to talk to one of his former clergy (who has himself known what it is to make a ministerial voyage towards a coal-begrimed vessel across a choppy African bay) about the beginnings and the progress of the Mission which has always lain next his heart. I thought that the kindly and gentle face had grown rather thinner and more worn during the seven or eight years since I saw it last; but life cannot be of the easiest when, save for brief interspaces of leisure at Cannes or in London, it is one long episcopal Odyssey. The clear and placid voice which speaks to English seamen, beneath alien stars, in a way which, they tell their chaplains, they never forget, pursued its patient story. "You want to let THE QUIVER—I once had a sermon in it—know something about the way the

Gibraltar Mission started? Well, in the first pastoral letter I wrote after my consecration, I pleaded the cause of my sailors, and not altogether in vain; but it was in 1882 that we received our first real impetus, and that the work, under the name and system by which you now know it, was established. It happened that I was making a tour through Egypt and Palestine, and I stopped on my way at Port Said, which is not within my jurisdiction. At Port Said I was shown some work which was being done on behalf of the sailors. I remarked to two Liverpool merchants, who were with me, that somewhat of the same sort of work was going on under my own eyes at various ports, but that we sadly lacked funds. 'When you are in England,' said my friends, 'come to Liverpool, and speak to some of our fellow-merchants; they are busy men, and you must not expect them to listen to you for more than ten minutes.' I took their advice, and went to Liverpool; there I spoke for about twelve minutes to twelve merchants. I told them what difficulties we had to surmount, and I left Liverpool with twelve hundred pounds in my pocket at the end of half a dozen days. No, not twelve days, as you suggest, though it would doubtless have been more symmetrical. That, so far as I was concerned, was the beginning of the Gibraltar Mission. In the autumn of the same year a committee was formed at Cannes. Cannes differs from nearly all the places I visit in having a permanent congregation, and it provides me annually with between four and five hundred pounds for the sailors. But it is very hard, among my more scattered and shifting English populations, to sustain the interest originally aroused. When I visit a port and hold a meeting, a committee is often formed, and there is no lack of enthusiasm; but it will probably happen that the next year and the year after my arrangements will not allow me to come back to the same port, and the enthusiasm is only too apt to die away.

"With regard to our temperance work, we were taken sharply to task by *The Church Quarterly* three years or so ago, on the ground that we were too eager for promiscuous pledges, and were apt to force them upon men in moments of excitement. I am sure the accusation was unfounded, and I think it was

Canon Sidebotham, of Mentone, who publicly answered it. You should hear Mr. Shiers-Mason, the seamen's chaplain at Gibraltar, who is in the very heart of the work, and spends from five to six hours most days upon the ships in harbour, speak of the pains he takes never to receive a pledge under anything remotely resembling compulsion. The sailors are perfectly free agents, and no undue advantage is ever taken of any salutary impression that may be made. In any case a lifelong total abstinence pledge is never issued by us. The man's promise is only 'until I return this card to a chaplain or other authorised Mission agent.' In different ports the work varies in character. At Gibraltar, as I implied just now, it has entirely to be done on board ship, for the sailors are not allowed to land; and at other places, such as Trieste, and Fiume hard by, the Institute is our main stronghold, for there the crews are not only permitted to land, but are obliged to do so. When I visit a port, I make it a rule to address the sailors at the evening service. You cannot get them to church or mission-room in the morning."

His lordship assured me that I could get plenty of details as to the work at various centres from those who were once my colleagues, and I have not been disappointed. Mr. Shiers-Mason, of Gibraltar, was in England a few weeks after I saw the Bishop, and he is white-hot with enthusiasm for a task which, to most of us "gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease," would appear terrifically hard. Personally, I am only entitled to say of the noble Gibraltar Mission, "*Pars parva fui*," but I can testify that it is a calmer way of spending Sunday evening to sit in a snug City church than to plough, as I have done, through phosphorescent winter waters, amid the gabble of Maltese boatmen, even though one looked back across the stormy darkness and saw the Bay of Algiers, a magnificent crescent, with its myriads of gas-lamps and diamonds of electric light. But Mr. Shiers-Mason must be made of sterner stuff. "I never cease work for rain," he tells me, "and I have known twenty wet days out of twenty-eight in one February. But I am obliged to stop when the sea gets so rough that



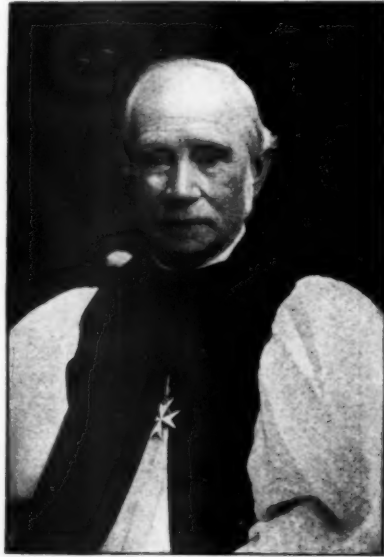
"Through phosphorescent winter waters, amid stormy darkness"—p. 791.

(Specially Drawn by W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.)

there is great risk of damage to my boat in getting alongside. Our bay is one of the most dangerous in Europe for sailing, as the 'Rock' causes the wind to blow very uncertainly and in tremendous squalls. My Mission boat is strongly built—21 feet by 5 feet 9 inches, and her mast was broken like a pipe-stem in a squall last winter. Her name is *Hope*." (It had need to be, one would interpolate.)

"When I get on board, I spend my time chiefly in talking with individuals or with a group of men. Our place of conversation may be on a hatchway or in a fore-castle. This man-to-man talk does much more good than a set sermon. I try to show them the folly, if not the sin, of wasting so much of their wages in drink, and this beginning generally leads to higher things. One of the hardest temperance tasks I ever had was to persuade a young Scotchman. He was going to be married when he got home, and in his part of the country whisky was regarded as almost more important than the parson for the due tying of the knot. However, at the end of an hour's good-humoured tussle he signed. Some seven months later the same young fellow sang out to me over the bulwark, as the *Hope* got alongside his steamer, which was on the point of starting: 'Just in time, sir! My old woman' (she was about twenty-two) 'told me I was to be sure and let you know that I had been staunch, and that my card was the best wedding present she had.' A speech like that makes up for a good deal of east wind and coal-dust. And it is encouraging to feel what unexpected influences for righteousness one now and again comes across. A chief engineer who joined at Gibraltar immediately put down all bad language in the stokehole. I heard of this singular linguistic transformation, and could not help asking my friend how he had managed it. 'Well, sir, I just singled out the worst offender, and said to him, "This stokehole is not a very clean place, but it is much too clean for your language. Just creep away among the coals until you have finished."' Here is a singular instance of the way, so little looked for at the time, in which a private conversation of mine was blessed. I had jumped upon the deck of a Black Sea coaler, when a burly fireman came

forward and put out his hand. 'I've been staunch teetotal for more than six months, and I want one of your certificates. How did I hear about them? From your own lips, sir, more than half a year ago. You came into the firemen's fore-castle, and, thinking the men were asleep, you were leaving the room, after



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

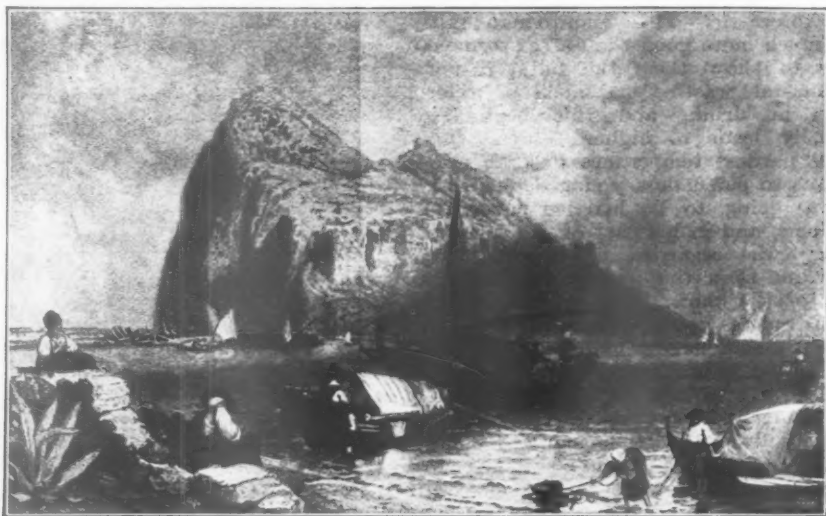
THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

Yours very truly
C. W. Gibbald

putting some newspapers and magazines on the table, when a big chap in a top bunk spoke to you. He told you he was going to be married at the end of the trip, and he made you read a bit of one of his sweetheart's letters, to show what a religious girl she was. He asked for a pledge card, which you gave him, together with a New Testament, and then you prayed with him in a very low voice for a minute or two. No, I was not the man, but I was lying in the

lower bunk, and you supposed I was fast asleep. But I was going to be spliced myself, when I got to England, almost as soon as my chum was, and so, thank God! your words went home. I haven't tasted liquor since, and I never pass a day without thanking God for health and strength to work for my wife.' I like sailors more and more," Mr. Shiers-Mason cheerily concluded, "every month I work among them. I am blessed with a good, sound constitution, so I am

is evidence that it is not quite all shackles even in the town from which our nautical forefathers derived the term "Bilboes." An attendance of three hundred and fifty sailors during fifteen hours on a certain Good Friday shows that the Mission rooms are indeed a haven of refuge. Many of these men came to a lantern lecture on the sacred events of the day, and it was after midnight when the chaplain closed with prayer. A touching letter has been



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, FROM ALGECIRAS.

none the worse for my five years' sailings, except a bit of rheumatism." Those who value the results of which the Gibraltar chaplain speaks so modestly may be thankful, drenched to the skin as he is day after day, that his rheumatism is only "a bit."

Of a Mission so widely extended it is, of course, only possible to present the merest samples. "I am now in the twentieth year of my work here," the Rev. A. Burnell writes to me from Bilbao, in the north of Spain. At Bilbao, as elsewhere, the Church's efforts suffer from the selfishness of ship-owners who insist on Sunday labour, and will not follow the honourable example of the Cunard Company in giving their sailors one day's rest in seven. A picnic party, however,

received from a mother, describing how her sailor son, upon his death-bed, attributed his reformation and hope in the Gospel entirely to what he had been taught when on shore at Bilbao.

Fiume, a few miles from Trieste, is an excellent example of a Mission centre, where (as opposed to Gibraltar) all work for the seamen must be carried out actually on shore. The chaplain comes over to Fiume once a month from Trieste, but otherwise the responsibility rests upon Mr. Charles Hughes, a Scripture reader. Mr. Hughes is evidently as proud of his chapel and his sailors' rest as many a dean is of his cathedral and precincts, and he has every right to be so. He was disappointed in securing a satisfactory photograph of

his billiard-room, but is obviously anxious that we should say it is "a very nice one." It shall therefore be generously



(Photo: W. Gardiner, Worthing.)

THE REV. R. SHIERS-MASON, SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN
AT GIBRALTAR.

limned upon our mental retina as rather more complete, if possible, in its appointments than the billiard-room at the Junior Carlton or Reform. Seriously speaking, it is refreshing to have communications, by word or in writing, from so many men, lay and clerical, all burning with zeal for both the secular and sacred sides of a Mission about which English readers, comparatively, know so little. The secular sides are not to be despised. Mr. Hughes has exchanged money for sailors to the extent of £300 at one visit, to prevent these unsophisticated sons of the sea from being cheated out of part of their wages. It was this little Fiume Institute which, by its attractions, caused two notorious drinking-shops in the neighbourhood to be closed from lack of custom. It is something for a chaplain or reader, when forty "crimps" are surrounding a vessel in their boats, ready to destroy Jack, body and soul, when he comes ashore, to be able to stand on the deck and call out, "Men, here is my name and address; come to the Home on land, and you will find a welcome, and all advice you want." This has actually happened, and it is surely a valiant knock administered to Satan in his own stronghold.

At Genoa there is a money and tele-

graph office in the Home; and it would probably almost equally astonish Columbus, the greatest of the Genoese, to see sailors playing at cricket, as they frequently do, under the chaplain's captainship, on fine Saturday afternoons, being in all the better cue for hearty worship at church next day. At Genoa five seamen have been confirmed by the Bishop at one time, and a handsome cross in the beautiful old cemetery of San Benigno has been erected to the memory of a former chaplain, as a token of gratitude, by British tars.

The Seamen's Guild (let nobody take alarm at the name, for its rules are of the simplest and most Scriptural nature) is especially strong at Genoa, and one of its most earnest promoters, the Rev. J. T. Christie, now connected with our home Church of England Temperance Society, has sent us a picture of its badge (see page 790). The badge is pretty and in-



SPORTING HIS TEMPERANCE BADGE.

expensive. This organisation, with its daily reminder of duties as to prayer, Scripture-reading, helpfulness, respect towards girls and women when on land,

and the like, is of invaluable service in knitting together Christians widely separated by distance, but united in one common ideal, along the Mediterranean's tideless shores.

It was by the Mediterranean that the present writer worked. It was over its waters that the windows of his parsonage study looked. He has watched those waters, now leaden-coloured and tossing, with a lowering sky above them, now blood-red in the glory of an Eastern sunrise, "like a sea of glass mingled with fire." The only personal experience that he will obtrude, small as it is, has at least the merit of being unique. It was his lot to visit a coal-ship in Algiers Harbour, for the purpose of holding a service, one Sunday night a few hours before the heaviest snowstorm of which there is any record in the history of North Africa. He looked up, as he was descending to his boat down the vessel's side, and saw the rigging one mass of ice—the barque of some spectral Vanderdecken upon a polar sea. And this in the land of roses at Christmas, and

balmy breezes, and sapphire skies! Next morning a path had to be painfully quarried to the parsonage front door, and a snow man, eight feet high, stood "plain for all folk to see," amid the shivering and astonished Arabs in Algiers. The photographers were busy on that famous "White Monday," and M. Leroux kindly sent an old customer one of his trophies.

There were some solemn words which the Bishop of Gibraltar spoke to his former chaplain, as he wished him good-bye on that summer noon. These were among them: "It is hard, perilous, and at times heart-breaking work, yet patience, courage, and perseverance earn rewards which more than compensate for all the difficulties. Sailors, of all men, ought to live near to God, to be in constant readiness for death. We want to succour them in their conflicts with temptation. We ask for money to provide the means by which, if the English seaman is suddenly called to meet his Maker, he may not go unprepared into His presence."



THE RETURN.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."
(ST. MATTHEW xviii. 3.)

GOD made a little child: so fair he was,
The angels might have learnt of him a grace;
Nor gall nor guile were in him; heart and face
One image bore of innocence. Alas!
That e'er to evil aught so pure should pass.
Long years rolled by, and of the child no trace
Was left, save in Love's memory: in his place
A man self-doomed, viewing hell as through a glass.

Ashes for beauty! for the light of day
Dark dreams, strange wanderings into regions sad.
Then God took pity on His work defiled,
And, seeing that in himself no power he had
Of resurrection from the mire and clay,
God changed him back into a little child.

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

The Doctor's Last Case.

A STORY OF THE ABBEY PRECINCTS

By Agnes Giberne.

CHAPTER I.



MORNING, Wolfe.

Wretched weather."

"Morning. Yes."

"Going in for a heavy fall of snow. Lucky for you—driving."

"Lucky for you—sitting indoors."

"Got to get to I sit there."

my office, though, before

"Once there, you stop."

"Well, yes, for a time. I say, I want you to look in on my wife."

"Anything pressing? I'm full up till night."

"Can't wait so long. She thinks baby isn't right. Cecily is nervous, you know."

"I'll manage it. One moment, Blunt—"

Dr. Wolfe was leaving his front-door at the moment when Blunt came up. He turned now to go indoors, and Edward Blunt followed, protesting, "I'm nearly due. What do you want?"

This was one of the small detached houses between Abbey Row and the archway which ended the Precincts proper. Dr. Wolfe lived next to Dr. Baynton, the Organist. From the front-door, with its ancient coat of paint, ran a narrow passage, with oilcloth which once had rejoiced in a pattern, to the Doctor's study and consulting-room. A small drawing-room on one side of the passage was seldom used. A small dining-room on the other side served as a waiting-room for patients. It was never

crowded. Twychester people usually expected to be visited in their own houses.

The study was simple, even bare. A round-backed chair had its station before an unwieldy writing-table. Another chair, for the benefit of those who came to be inspected, faced the window. Two others were piled in disorderly fashion with books. On the mantelpiece were some old-fashioned ornaments, and some preserved specimens of insect-life in bottles. One corner of the room held a weighing-machine. In another, on a side-table, stood a large microscope, sheltering a deposit of dust. Of dainty finish or comfort the study did not boast. Wolfe was



"I wish I could see my way," he muttered.—p. 799.

an unmarried man; and by nature he thought more of utility than of appearance, more of science than of beauty.

"Lot of illness about, Doctor."

"Yes; a great deal."

"Sickly winter altogether."

Wolfe made no reply. He had taken in hand a slate, upon which many names were scribbled.

"Can you tell me anything about these new people in the Precincts? Who are they?"

"Dugdales? Or do you mean the others next door?"

"Not Mr. Dugdale. I've been seeing him. I mean the others next door. Renting Canon White's house. Arrived last week."

"Fullers. No, I don't know much about them. Hunting-chap, with a broken leg. Broke it a day or two after they came here, so I was told. You going there? I thought they had Sowerby."

"Dismissed him, and sent for me. I'd rather they had not."

"You can't help it. Between ourselves, Sowerby isn't up to much, you know."

"Sowerby! He's all right."

"Well, that's the opinion in some quarters. Anyhow, you can't refuse to go."

"You can't tell me whether they're decent sort of people? It seems I shall have to recommend a nurse. And the fact is—there's only one at this moment free, and I shouldn't like to send her there, unless—"

"Dare say they're all right. Rumour says he's a disagreeable old chap, that's all. Canon Hardy called, and was treated to a rebuff. Respectable enough, I should think; only odd."

"Don't mention that I've asked."

"All right. Wolfe—I say!—you don't look over and above well yourself. What's wrong, man? You must take care."

Dr. Wolfe nodded, and Blunt hurried away.

Edward Blunt was a clerk in the chief Twychester firm of solicitors, Messrs. Randall, Bowman and Co. His wife was Cecily, *née* Winterbottom. Canon Hardy had carried out his intention of finding work for Cecily's lover, and the two had now been for more than eighteen months married. They lived in one of the small red houses of Abbey Terrace.

Blunt was a dapper-built young man, neat as to his outward person, and in manner slightly finical, with a trick of carrying his head on one side. He had light eyes and a receding forehead. It was not a strong face, nor was the owner thereof a strong man, mentally or bodily. Doubtless, however, he was strong enough for Cecily. His employers found him reliable, though not brilliant, and his extreme good nature made him somewhat of a favourite in a limited circle.

Dr. Wolfe liked him so much that a friendship had grown up between the two. Certainly not a friendship based on similarity. Two men could hardly have been more unlike.

Blunt at thirty was often taken for twenty-five, while Wolfe, within two years of forty, might easily have been mistaken for fifty. Blunt moved like a man on wires, in a succession of jerks. Wolfe went about his business deliberately, and was never betrayed into haste. Blunt talked incessantly. Wolfe seldom spoke a superfluous word. Blunt was ever showing his white teeth, by far the best feature of his face, in lavish smiles. Wolfe's smile was a yet greater rarity than even an unnecessary speech on his part. The corners of his mouth could twitch, and the deep-set eyes could twinkle, but neither often.

He took life seriously. It was sometimes said of him that he always had an eye to doleful possibilities, until the possibilities grew into probabilities. Then he would rouse up, like a soldier meeting a foe worthy of his mettle, and would set himself cheerfully to combat the enemy.

During several years Dr. Wolfe had worked in Twychester as Dr. Barbour's junior partner. A few months since Dr. Barbour had retired, and Wolfe stood alone. Some people expected him to find a fresh partner, but thus far he had taken no steps. He had to make his way, and old parents at a distance were partly dependent on him. Though widely respected, he was personally less popular than Dr. Barbour, and several of the latter's oldest and best-paying patients declined to be transferred to Dr. Wolfe's care.

Dr. Barbour, as a practitioner, had been universally liked. He was gentlemanly and sympathetic, with a delightfully "interested" manner for even the most uninteresting of invalids. Old ladies had adored him, and they sorely missed his attentions. Dr. Wolfe was "so curt," they complained. They had hardly begun to pour out the long list of their aches and pains before he was off. In truth, though Dr. Wolfe had plenty of compassion to spare for real suffering, he had no tolerance for semi-imaginary illnesses, and he never dreamt of making a harvest out of neurotic patients. On the contrary, he did his best to convince them that they were not in need of his services. Thereby he kept his own purse the lighter, but often direfully offended those whose pockets he benefited.

So a good many Twychester folks bewailed themselves over the retirement of the older physician, and drew disparaging comparisons between the past and the present medical adviser. Some had taken refuge with the new young doctor, who was trying to win a practice, Sowerby by name.

But of late a turn of the tide had come.

It had been an unhealthy winter in Twychester. Damp and muggy weather in the autumn had made low fever rife, and when it passed off a brief spell of leisure for medical men was followed by raw cold, and by an extraordinary number of chest and lung complaints. People had never questioned Dr. Wolfe's "cleverness"; they had only taken exception to his brusque ways, and they now came flocking back to him. He was worked day and night, driven off his legs, without a moment for rest.

CHAPTER II.

HARD-WORKED though the Doctor was, he did not hasten out of the house after his dapper friend. The carriage was waiting; yet he lingered.

He stood by the table, apparently weighing some question in his mind. His gaze was still directed towards that name—"Fuller"—inscribed on the slate.

His was not a striking figure. As already said, half a century of age might easily have been ascribed to the rounded shoulders, the deliberate movements, the haggard, though not ill-outlined, features. Wolfe might have been, but was not, a handsome man. A looseness of the skin below his eyes, amounting to puffiness, and an unhealthy blueness of tint, went against good looks.

Yet it was a face to claim attention: a good face, a reliable face, with promise of benevolence. The poor of Twychester knew that phase of the Doctor's character. He had dozens of non-paying patients.

"I wish I could see my way," he muttered. "Might be better for me, as things stand, to get a case for her at a distance. But if a nurse is needed there, she will have to go."

There was only one "she" in the world for Wolfe at this period.

Dr. Barbour was a married man, with grown-up daughters—both wife and daughters being, in the Precincts' estimation, not up to the level of his own agreeable polish. Irresponsible advisers had often stated that it was the plain duty of Dr. Wolfe to marry; and they kindly selected for him, as a desirable wife, one of the Miss Barbours. "Just a trifle second-rate, but pretty girls," was the dictum. "Good enough for Dr. Wolfe."

Dr. Wolfe thought differently.

Until this year he had not known what it meant to be in love. He knew it now; and, since the complaint attacked him late, it attacked him severely. His whole heart was taken captive.

Yet for some time he had begun to see that he might not be able to marry the

woman he loved. Within the last few days he had grasped the fact that it was his bounden duty not to seek her as his wife.

Not that he questioned the possibility of winning her. Though by no means a conceited man, Dr. Wolfe was not especially self-depreciating; but an obstacle of a grave nature had arisen.

"Well, I must be off," he said aloud; and he went.

Calls had to be paid in the Precincts, for the most part unimportant ones, easily to be put off till the afternoon. The weather looked threatening, and some critical cases at a distance demanded first attention.

There were the Fullers. Miss Fuller, in her note—a short note, not too well expressed, and rather peremptory in its wording—spoke of her father as in need of prompt attention, and requested an immediate visit. Dr. Wolfe did not lay very much stress upon this, coming from a lady. He knew several ladies in Twychester, each of whom expected her medical adviser to be always seated in his arm-chair at home awaiting her possible summons. Nor was he in great haste to step into Sowerby's shoes. He rather liked young Sowerby, and was sorry for the snub he had had. Besides, the tone of Miss Fuller's note tended to rouse a spirit of opposition in Wolfe. Why should he be expected to defer visiting old friends and long-established patients, merely for the sake of these new people, of whom he knew nothing?

Mr. Fuller had dismissed his medical man on the previous day, and had since contrived to do without doctor or nurse. He might reasonably be required to exist without them for a few hours longer. So the maid who brought Miss Fuller's note was sent back with a verbal message that "Dr. Wolfe was starting on his rounds, and would call later."

The note had its feminine postscript, of course. "Can you recommend a good nurse? We can't get along without one, and I have tried all round in vain."

Dr. Wolfe paid no attention to this in his answer. He did know of one nurse, but he wanted time for consideration before recommending her; partly for her sake, partly for his own. He did not wish to place her where she might meet with disagreeable treatment, and he had his doubts about the Fullers. Somebody had hinted that they were "a queer sort." Hence his private inquiry of Blunt. He also realised that it might be the better for himself if he did not see too much of Nurse Clare. That argument, however, would not be allowed much weight.

The morning round proved even longer than he had foretold. One invalid was much worse, and he could not get away from her under an hour. In three houses he found

fresh patients requiring attention. Twice *en route* he was stopped by urgent messages from other houses.

Snow fell heavily, and hindered progress. The old horse, by the time he should get home, would have had enough for one day of battling with the elements. Wolfe meant to do his later rounds on foot, wherefore he tried to get through the further calls first. He was tired himself, having been late to bed and disturbed by a summons in the small

bough of the clump of elms, dotted still with dark forsaken rooks' nests, each wedged in the fork of a large branch. The wind had died away. A pure carpet covered the Abbey Yard, broken only by one or two lines of footprints. Outside the wall was a party of College boys, filling the air with their laughter, and pelting each other with snowballs.

"Come, this is not so bad," said Dr. Wolfe. He walked heavily, as if energy



"Pity I didn't send for you in the first instance."—p. 803.

hours of morning, but he never failed to be "merciful to his beast."

One way and another it happened that he did not get back to luncheon till after four o'clock. He ate it in haste, standing, and reading letters. Then he donned fresh boots and a heavier greatcoat, and set forth anew, beginning with the Precincts.

Dusk was falling, and a spotless world lay around. The Abbey roof wore a white robe, and a slender rim of white lay upon each bare

were lacking, yet when a snowball struck him on the shoulder, he stopped to manufacture a missile, which he pitched with accurate aim in the face of Mischievous Mac.

East of the Abbey lay the Canons' Residences in gardens, divided from the Yard by the Precincts Road. One of these, not far from the College Buildings, belonged to Canon Hardy. Next to his was Canon Brackenbury's; and next again was Canon White's.

Both these Canons had work elsewhere, and they spent in Twychester only the three months of necessary "residence." During the rest of the year both houses were often rented by strangers.

Dr. Wolfe walked through Canon Brackenbury's snowy garden, rang the bell, and said, "I want a word with Nurse Clare."

He was shown in, and Nurse Clare quickly appeared. She wore a blue serge dress, with white cap, cuffs, and apron. She was particularly ladylike, refined in every movement, dainty and trim, slim and rounded. The oval face had peach-bloom cheeks, a resolute little chin, and smiling dark eyes, of the kind popularly known as "put in with dirty fingers"—otherwise, set in shades which did not mean ill-health. Short brown hair curled prettily from beneath the white cap. Altogether, Ursula Clare was attractive.

"Good day, Nurse." Dr. Wolfe's manner was strictly professional. He did not even offer to shake hands. Yet this was the woman who ruled his heart.

"Mr. Dugdale wishes to see you, please." She had a clear decisive voice.

"I saw him yesterday. There is no need. I have come for a word with you."

"Yes; but he knows that you are here."

Dr. Wolfe was not delighted. To listen to the tale of Mr. Dugdale's latest bodily experiences would take time, and he had none to spare. There was, however, no help for it. Nurse Clare led him to a cosy study, where an elderly man sat huddled in a self-pitying attitude over the fire.

"Doctor!—that is right," in a tone of mournful gratification. "I hardly expected you to-day, and I am thankful that you have come. How do you do?—quite well? That pain in my chest has become worse again. Of course I know what it means. No use to attempt to hide from *me* what is wrong. My wife does her best, but it is useless. Weather?—no indeed, I know better. Weather has no effect upon my condition. The evil lies deeper. There is the difficulty in breathing also. Nurse Clare will be able to tell you how much I have suffered." Nurse Clare almost imperceptibly shook her head. "Things are getting very serious with me. The cough too is increasingly troublesome. My wife does her best to persuade me that it is an attack of indigestion. If she likes to think so, poor dear, why should she not? Nurse Clare and I know better!" Another slight shake. "This is not indigestion. Nothing of the kind. It is advanced heart-comp.aint. Fatty degeneration, Doctor. I had an attack of severe palpitation this morning, while dressing. I thought I should have fainted. Nurse Clare gave me a restorative just in time. No doubt this pain from which I suffer

means angina pectoris. That of course will be the end—some day. I suppose that by extreme care it may be staved off for a while."

Dr. Wolfe tried to insert a word. He had heard the whole fifty times before. Mr. Dugdale always imagined himself to be making fresh and original statements.

"Nurse Clare—yes, I am aware that my wife thinks we can do without her. It is a mistake; but if she wishes to make the trial I shall consent. It will only mean finding another nurse soon. I am perceptibly losing strength each day. My weakness when I try to exert myself is extreme. And I shall not find one equal to Nurse Clare," with a kind though melancholy glance in her direction. "She suits me exactly. She hardly apprehends the very critical nature of my malady, but she is most thoughtful and attentive. I shall be sorry to part with her. Just at this moment perhaps I am slightly better, but a worse attack is sure to come. And the smallest fatigue is bad for me in my present state."

Mr. Dugdale did not want advice. He merely wanted an interested listener.

The absurdity of the matter was that he had not heart complaint in any form, but was simply suffering from hypochondriasis. The symptoms of which he complained, which sprang partly from indigestion and largely from imagination, were enough to satisfy his own judgment; and not all the doctors in England could have convinced him of his mistake. He had not studied popular medical books in vain; and Dr. Wolfe seldom detected him in error as to those symptoms. Only, the stethoscope told a tale at variance with what the man professed to be enduring.

The pathos of the matter was that, while he graphically described a disease from which he did not suffer, there was actually in the room at that moment a case of the precise kind which he wrongly claimed to be his own. Mr. Dugdale was the victim mainly of a diseased imagination. But Dr. Wolfe, who sat listening patiently to all this purposeless talk—far more patiently than he would have listened had not Nurse Clare been present—that doctor knew himself to be a genuine victim of the very form of heart disease pictured by the other.

He had not long been sure of the fact. He had suspected and conjectured. About a week before this date an opportunity had offered itself for consulting a London specialist, staying at Twychester for a couple of days. Dr. Wolfe had used his opportunity; and the result had left no room for doubt. Since then he had gone about, with unchanged look, with unflinching attention to his round of duties, knowing himself to be a doomed man.

He might live days, weeks, months, years. Or he might pass away that night, without warning. All was uncertain, except the nature of the disease.

It was a little hard to have to sit here, listening, with an air of proper sympathy, to the wordy description of exactly that which he had to bear and would have to bear, asking and receiving no pity, while the imaginary sufferer expected and had so much.

The interview at last came to an end. Once more Wolfe was alone with Ursula Clare.

"You can undertake a fresh case immediately? You do not need rest?" The Doctor spoke with professional solicitude.

Ursula smiled. "You can look at me, and ask that! No, I don't want rest. Not half so much as you do. Where am I to go?"

"They have sent for me next door; and a nurse may be required."

"Mr. Fuller? Broken leg?"

"Yes; it may be a troublesome case."

"If it is—no matter. I'm not an arm-chair nurse." She smiled again, then the bright face shaded over. "You are not well."

A change of colour had drawn her notice. Dr. Wolfe stood still, supporting himself by a hand on the table. His breath came hard, and the lips were blue. Nurse Clare rushed for a glass of water, and he took a few sips.

"Thank you"—still with a touch of breathlessness. "I am rather hard-worked just now. You need not think about it again."

"Are you better? Is it not of consequence? Will you promise me one thing, Dr. Wolfe?"

"Promise what?"

"That if, at any time, you are ill, I may nurse you?"

"An impossible promise. You might be engaged elsewhere."

But he did not repudiate the suggestion of illness. She drew her own conclusions therefrom.

"You work so hard for other people, taking care of everyone except yourself. I should like to be the one to take care of you."

She spoke with easy frankness; too much so to gratify Dr. Wolfe's silent cravings. For his own sake, feeling towards her as he did, he would naturally have preferred to see some hesitancy, some holding back. Under the circumstances, he ought to have been glad for her sake if she did not care for him too much. But he was deeply in love; and it hurt him to be to her merely a possible "case."

Still, her anxious look had a soothing effect. It comforted a lonely man, who of late had gone through a good deal of suffering, none guessing it. He had much self-control; and not many of his patients troubled themselves as to whether their Doctor chanced to feel

well or ill. It was his business to hear how they were—not theirs to hear how he was.

Somehow that expression in Ursula's face shook the Doctor's resolution not to betray to her his love. Perhaps his nerve and force of will were relaxed by overwork and failing powers. He found himself saying—

"No—I do not think *you* will be the one to nurse me. Not—unless—"

"Why not?"

Dr. Wolfe drew back.

"No matter. I ought not to have said that. It is time for me to go."

"Tell me what you meant. Why not me?" The girl was flushed, but she spoke resolutely.

"For my own sake it is better that I should not see too much of you. That was all, and I did not mean to let you know. If you are needed next door, you shall have word."

Ursula made no effort to detain him. When he was gone she gazed into the fire. She had not failed to see his parting look. It recalled to her mind how perpetually she met his eyes when they were together, how he seemed to see everything that she did, how he deferred to every word that she spoke.

"Did he mean that?" she murmured. "Poor man! I like him very much. He is so good and true. One of the best men I ever came across. But—no, my friends would never consent. And—I—no, I don't quite see myself settling down for life in sleepy Twychester, as the wife of the Precincts' doctor. Not quite! If he were ill, I would do anything for him. That is different. What a pity he said what he did. So difficult not to be conscious afterwards. Ought I to go away?"

Ursula Clare was one of a large family, in which money was the reverse of plentiful. She had a natural gift for nursing, and she had taken to it as a profession. Though her people were poor, they were well-connected, her mother being first cousin to a Duke. They said little of this, but perhaps thought of it the more. Ursula was not, in the common acceptance of the word, proud. She would have been willing, any day, to nurse a chimney-sweep in the exercise of her vocation. But marriage!—that was "different."

"No, I don't think it would do," she said, turning a pretty and reddened face away from the fire. "I like him immensely. In fact, I admire him. But I won't marry him. So I ought to go away from Twychester as soon as I can."

It did not seem that she could go yet. A message from Dr. Wolfe summoned her to the next house. Help was urgently needed, and no other nurse happened to be free.

CHAPTER III.

"ANNE!"

The voice was gruff. No answer arriving, its owner looked angrily round. He lay on a sofa in a large bedroom, overlooking the Abbey Yard.

"Anne!"

Still no response. The man gnawed his iron-grey moustache wrathfully. It was a new experience to Mr. Reginald Fuller to find himself in a state of helpless dependence.

He had never in his life before been ill. He had enjoyed a marvellous immunity from bodily hurts in a long career of reckless hunting. Now at last a badly broken and crushed leg chained him to his couch. It ought to have chained him to his bed, if he would have been controlled. But since he had dismissed his first doctor in a passion as incompetent—"brainless young Jackanapes," was his description of the unfortunate youth—and since he had not yet seen another, he was free to follow his own devices. Having taxed the energies of the household, chiefly of his daughter, he had accomplished the move from bed to sofa, where he now lay and chafed, like an imprisoned bear.

He was a man of powerful build, not tall but massive, with broad sinewy hands, and a rough face, red still, though drawn with pain in the injured limb. The bushy grey eyebrows sheltered a pair of merciless eyes.

"Anne! Will—you—come?"

No bell happened to be within reach. The household had hardly grown used to his wants. With difficulty he reached a stout walking-stick, and belaboured the floor.

"Set of noodles! What are they after? Anne! Anne, I say!"

"Did you call, father?"

Miss Fuller had passed her fortieth birthday. Awkward in figure, she was carelessly dressed. Her face seemed to have been shaped in the same mould as that of Mr. Fuller, but it was sallow instead of red, and there were in it tokens of long endurance, perhaps of patience. She walked slowly, and her eyes had a look as if they and sleep had parted company.

"Yes, I did call. What were you after not to come sooner?"

"I was in the kitchen." She spoke in a restrained passionless voice, and seemed accustomed to being scolded. "Do you want anything?"

"I shouldn't have called without. You must undo the bandages. I can't stand this pain any longer."

"But Mr. Sowerby said—"

"Sowerby's an egregious ass. Do as I tell you."

"I don't like to meddle with the leg. I may do harm."

"Stuff and nonsense. Why isn't that other man here? I suppose you bungled as usual. Didn't you tell him to come at once?"

"I said in the note that you wanted him directly. His answer was that he was starting on his rounds, and would come in the course of the day."

"Confound his impudence! Why didn't you tell me before? I'd have sent you yourself. He's like the rest of these Abbey people—eaten up with conceit. Mind, if that little Canon calls any more, you can tell him he's not wanted. I'll have nothing to do with that set. Put the blind lower. Horrible glare! The way that wretched clock keeps going, is enough to drive a man distracted. Quarterly chimes are a disgrace to any civilised community. I couldn't get a wink of sleep all night." He omitted to add that he had taken good care not to allow his daughter to have a wink of sleep either. "Will you loosen the bandages, Anne?"

She made a feint of holding out. "Mr. Sowerby said, if the leg were not kept still—"

"I don't care what Sowerby said or didn't say. I tell you the man's an idiot. I can't stand this pain any longer."

Anne had long ago given up trying to resist her father. She knelt down by the sofa, and with clumsy fingers began the task. The patient was indulging in noisy language, when Dr. Wolfe was announced, and he became suddenly polite.

"Glad to see you at last, Doctor. Hoped you'd have come sooner. Busy—yes, of course. But when a fellow is in my condition he's apt to think his case as bad as any. Pity I didn't send for you in the first instance. That young whipper-snapper of a Sowerby has bungled brutally. He knows about as much of surgery as my daughter here"—with an unpleasant scowl, which almost decided Dr. Wolfe on the spot not to recommend Nurse Clare.

But a close examination of the injured leg revealed a state of things which demanded surgical nursing. Man and horse in leaping a drain had come down "a cropper" together, and this leg had been undermost. It was not only fractured, but terribly crushed. Moreover, the young doctor, with the best intentions, had not fully grasped the case. Dr. Wolfe saw that some undoing as well as doing would be needed. He would have to put the patient under chloroform.

Miss Fuller was not the possessor of personal charm—rather the reverse; yet her face appealed to the Doctor's compassion. She had evidently reached the utmost verge of endurance. Dr. Wolfe had come to the house, prepared, he could hardly have said why, to dislike her. In less than an hour he knew

her for a sorely tried woman, living a life of lonely companionship with an ill-tempered father. She had no friend to help her; she had not reliable servants; she was in chronic bad health. For a week past she had been in close attendance, night and day, obtaining sleep only by snatches. She made no complaints; but, as she and Dr. Wolfe talked, she kept dropping half off and arousing herself.

"Can't be helped. It would be inhuman to let this go on. Besides, I want skilled attention. Ursula must come," decided the Doctor. To himself he always spoke of Nurse Clare as "Ursula."

And Ursula came.

She found plenty of exercise for her energies. Her health was good, her vitality strong, and she delighted in her vocation.

True, this new patient was not winning. But the case promised enough of difficulty to rouse her professional instincts, and she devoted herself to it with avidity. "Anything rather than nerves!" she said. Her last hypochondriacal patient, with his imaginary disease, his lists of fancied symptoms, his mild politeness, his perpetual desire for sympathy, was a severe contrast to this grim sufferer, who never spoke a word of thanks, who never apologised, who did not know the meaning of sympathy, who always strove for his own way, who abused roundly anybody that ventured to oppose him.

Both she and Dr. Wolfe had a struggle for supremacy. Dr. Wolfe settled the question early for himself, by desiring the patient in frank terms to choose between obedience to orders or—another medical man. Mr. Fuller gave in, and thenceforward only fought his nurse. Ursula, with equal determination, fought him, and in the end had the best of it. His tyranny over his daughter went on unabated, but it became an acknowledged fact in the household that Nurse Clare could manage Mr. Fuller.

Six weeks passed, and the leg was saved—only just saved—from amputation. Mr. Fuller had no idea how close a shave it had been. He did not in the least realise that he had been within an inch of becoming a cripple for life.

All through these weeks Ursula had been busy, ready, quick, resourceful—never absent-minded, never forgetful. And all through these weeks she had been increasingly aware of Dr. Wolfe's absorption in herself.

Not that he spoke of it. Beyond that one utterance, he had said nothing which might show what he felt; but he had given the clue. She could not but know that she was more to him than any other being in the world. She could not but see, with a certainty which admitted of no questioning, that when she

was present, he was acutely conscious of every look, every movement, every word, on her part—nay, that he was reading her very thoughts. Sometimes she hardly ventured to meet his gaze, so strong was the growing sympathy between them.

Yet she did not wish to be in love with him. It made her angry to find how much she liked him, how heartily she admired him, how full her mind was of him. When she went to sleep, the last thing she saw was the face of Dr. Wolfe; when she woke up, his voice greeted her dawning consciousness. The long hours of nursing were brightened by an expectation of his next visit. After a time he had ceased to come twice a day, and she only had a single visit in the twenty-four hours to look forward to; and then she had a defrauded feeling.

Ursula had had lovers before, but not one of this calibre. The Doctor's devotion to his work, his neglect of himself, his kindness, his silent reserve, even his bluntness and curtness of manner, impressed her imagination. She decided that bluntness was preferable to over-polish, supposing that the polish were not genuine. Dr. Wolfe undoubtedly was genuine. She felt that she did not even wish to see him different.

Except—well, yes, there was the matter of birth and connections.

"Blue blood should mate with blue blood." This was an unwritten axiom, almost a law, in the Clare family; and Ursula knew that Dr. Wolfe was not blue-blooded. He was good and able and self-devoted, which are more important, yet not the same. He could trace his genealogy as far back as his grandfather, with a dim suggestion of a great-grandfather beyond, and there the record ceased. Ursula knew it to be so. When she had found herself in danger of liking him too well, she had hunted out these items of information, as a woman usually can, if she chooses. She had had a glimpse in his house of a picture of the old father and mother, who partly depended upon him for their subsistence. A rather poor picture, artistically considered. That made no difference to Ursula. No doubt they were an exceedingly worthy pair; but—

"Quite impossible people!" declared Nurse Clare, with a tilt of her dainty little nose. "No; I really couldn't! Imagine *me* calling that old fellow 'Father'!"

Which settled the question conclusively—until Dr. Wolfe's next visit.

That turned everything upside down. He looked very ill, and Ursula believed that she knew the reason. A woman can hardly fail to be flattered, no matter how sorry she may feel, when she sees a man to be breaking down in health, and understands it to be

from unrequited love of herself. Ursula was touched.

His manner often perplexed her. It was so passionless, so gravely professional. It half provoked the girl. And then she would accidentally intercept a veiled gaze, which set

hours. Each time that Dr. Wolfe came he left her with her head full of him.

"It won't do. I can't and won't marry him," she declared.

Then she would wonder what she ought to do. How could she check Dr. Wolfe with-



The hue of his face sent a shock through Ursula.—p. 806.

her heart beating and her head swimming. "This won't do," she said. "I'm going farther than I meant. It won't do."

But how to check it was the question. She had to see Dr. Wolfe daily. She had to talk with him, to report upon the patient's condition, to take orders for the next twenty-four

out putting him to pain? How could she bear to put him to pain?

"But I must. It can't be helped. It's impossible that I should be his wife."

The query came up—Was it impossible? Might not innate nobility, true goodness, take the place of "blue blood"?

CHAPTER IV.

"SHALL I? Shall I not? Could I? Could I not?"

Ursula had been asking these questions many times through a wakeful night. Wakeful on account of her own affairs; not now from the patient's condition.

Dr. Wolfe looked more than ordinarily haggard that morning. For the first time a doubt arose—was he in truth suffering only from unrequited love? If indeed his love were not requited!

"I think you ought to get away for a holiday," she said. They had slid out of the conventional doctor-and-nurse footing, and met as friends.

"No chance just now."

She stood watching him, as he sat at the table, writing a prescription.

"How much longer shall I be wanted here?" she asked suddenly. Wolfe looked up in some surprise.

"I don't know. If you wish to get away, another might be found to take your place. The run upon nurses is less than it was."

"I only meant—" But she did not explain what she had meant. She began instead a fresh sentence. "I think there are many hard battles to be fought, as well as those on real battlefields. Don't you think so?"

"Have you only now learnt that?"

"I've known it in theory. I'm beginning to know it in practice."

"Yourself!"

"No. I've got the work I like to do. It's—others. Seeing all that Miss Fuller has to do and bear. And—"

He waited for what she might say, as he would scarcely have waited for any woman except Ursula.

"And—you," came at length. "It's a fight to get on—lately. Hasn't it been? Is anything really the matter with you? Or—only—" She flushed slightly.

"I was not well in the night."

"Breathlessness again?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have advice. I don't believe in doctors prescribing for themselves."

"Not in serious cases. But I had advice lately from a London physician. By-and-by I must get a month off work."

No more passed then. Ursula received his directions, and noted as always his parting gaze. It gave her each time a thrill.

The day passed much as usual. Towards evening a messenger came, bearing an urgent message. "Could Nurse Clare be spared for an hour? Dr. Wolfe was ill, Mr. Sowerby could not be found, and nobody knew what to do."

Mr. Fuller protested angrily, but Ursula flung aside his opposition. She gave over the charge of him to his daughter, threw on bonnet and cloak, and ran at her best speed by the Precincts Road, under the archway, to Dr. Wolfe's house.

The front-door stood open, and she passed swiftly to the study. Her first impression, as she entered, was of the bareness and untidiness of the room. "He wants someone to take care of him," she thought, and a wave of womanly pity swamped all else.

Dr. Wolfe was in a large arm-chair. He leant silently back, and the ghastly hue of his face sent a shock through Ursula.

"What has he had?" she asked of the elderly servant who stood near.

"I gave him a little stimulant, Miss. He asked me if it was water."

The woman went into the passage, evidently glad to vacate her post in favour of Nurse Clare. Ursula remained by the Doctor's side, still in her little plain bonnet. She had thrown off the long cloak.

"Dr. Wolfe, are you better?"

He had not noticed her entrance, but the sound of her voice aroused him.

"Is that—Ursula? Am I wanted?"

"No. You must keep still. You have been ill. What was it?"

"Heart attack. I must expect that. Yes—mischievous there."

"How long have you known?" She was leaning over him.

"Suspected—some time. A few weeks since I saw Dr. Marston—"

"And he said—"

"Said there was no doubt about it."

"Heart-complaint?"

"Yes. A question of time, merely. Might be longer, perhaps, if I could stop all work. But I have to think of others. In any case the end would be the same."

She was strangely moved, stirred almost to tears. "How could you go on as you have done?"

"Why should I not?"

He looked into her pretty grieved face. It shook again his earlier resolution.

"If it had not been for this—"

"Yes. If it had not? Tell me."

"I should have asked you—some day—if you could marry me. Now of course that is out of the question. But—child, how I have loved you!"

She put her hand on his wrist.

"And I—you!"

His face showed agitation.

"Is it true? You—could you ever have cared for me?"

"I do care."

"But it means—pain for you. I ought to be sorry."

"Love never means pain—in one sense. In another, it always does." Ursula spoke enigmatically, not quite knowing what she meant. He did not ask an explanation. His hand was clasping hers.

"Have I been wrong to speak?"

"No. Right. I like to know. I shall always be glad that I knew. And, besides—why should it not be, even now? Why is it out of the question? I would take such care of you."

"Impossible. But—only to know that I have your love! My child! My Ursula!"

He stopped short.

"That—pain—again! God help me!—for Christ's sake——"

His head fell forward. Ursula rushed to the open door.

"Call help! Quick! Quick!" she cried in subdued tones. "He is dying. Send for a doctor! Get Mr. Blunt."

But already she was aware that nothing could be done. In that moment Philip Wolfe had passed away.

Ursula returned, and was still alone with him. She stooped to kiss his brow, murmuring, "He loved me!" Then others came hurrying in, and she was simply the composed Nurse, doing all that had to be done. Edward Blunt was flurried; the servants were crying; only Ursula kept her head clear. Nobody would ever have imagined from her demeanour that she had just exchanged a confession of love with the dead man.

Mr. Sowerby at last made his appearance, only to pronounce with authority what everybody knew, that all was over.

Ursula could not stay long. Her duties at Mr. Fuller's claimed attention. She had no inclination to tell any human being of what had passed between herself and Dr. Wolfe at the last. Finding others at hand to do all that remained to be done, she left.

Slowly, through the gathering dusk, she went along the Precincts Road. On her right the Abbey pile appeared dimly. The chimes were telling the hour. But for Dr. Wolfe earthly time "was no longer." He had been called into the higher life, beyond the veil.

Ursula felt her loss keenly. During many weeks he had been the leading factor in her existence. All the heart seemed to have been taken out of her present work. Not to have Dr. Wolfe any more coming in—not to see him, not to hear him, not to expect him—the thing seemed incredible.

And yet—

Ursula hated herself for the thought which forced its way to the front. "Perhaps, all things considered, this may be for the best."

She stamped the suggestion down, and it came up again.

"If he had lived, I should have married him," she said, standing outside Mr. Fuller's garden. "And that must have meant no end of worry with my people."

Then she thought of Dr. Wolfe's last call, of his last words—and her throat swelled.

"I can't stand Twychester without him. I shall get away, find something to do in a London hospital. I couldn't go on here. It would be unbearable."

But to leave the invalid, just when he had lost his doctor! To leave Miss Fuller, at such a juncture, unaided, in sole charge of her difficult father! He had repeatedly declared that, if anything should take Ursula away, he would have no other nurse.

"There are many hard battles to be fought, as well as those on real battlefields," she had said to Dr. Wolfe. Was Ursula going to turn coward on her little battlefield?

"No, I won't. But, oh! it will be hard," she sighed.

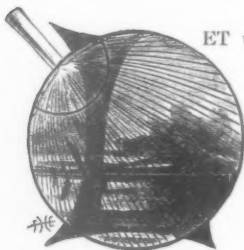
And it was hard. As days passed, she missed Dr. Wolfe more and more, instead of less and less. It seemed to her that she had cared for him, as she had never in her life cared for any human being. She appreciated now to the full, as she had not earlier, even when he had occupied greatly her thoughts, the sterling worth of the man who might have been her husband. She missed his visits, his face, his voice, his kindly and unfailing interest in all that concerned herself. She had to work, for duty's sake, without that interest to spur her on; and she keenly felt the difference.

These weeks did much for Ursula. They meant a discipline of a kind which she had not hitherto gone through. She had been over-confident, over-full of herself and her mission, perhaps even a little harsh in her youth and health, her good looks and conscious superiority. With the growing sense of having had a great loss, the lessening sense of having had an escape, the need to conquer her own sorrow and to think only of others, she learnt some needed lessons. Her movements became more gentle, her touch more tender, her voice sweeter. This small episode in her life—it could hardly be called more—left permanent traces. Those whom she should tend in future years would have good reason—could they know it—to be thankful that their Nurse had gone through such an experience. She would be through life the better woman, the kinder nurse, the truer friend, for having known and loved Dr. Wolfe.

THAT GOOD PART.

By the Right Rev. J. C. Ryle, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Liverpool.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—ST. LUKE x. 41, 42.



ET us go to the village of Bethany, and visit the family which Jesus loved. There we shall hear something of two women who made a profession of following Christ, sisters according to the flesh, but not al-

together sisters in spirit. Mary gave her whole heart to God, but Martha did not; Mary was single-minded, Martha was not; and yet, in spite of the strong opinion Jesus delivered in our text, in spite of the decided testimony He bore to Mary's wisdom, in spite of the plain teaching of the Bible, in spite of the repeated warnings of ministers, I sadly fear that many of you would have liked Martha much better than Mary—I sadly fear we should find ten Marthas where we found one Mary. God grant you may all choose the better part before it be too late, for they who hear instruction and believe it true, and yet go on dreaming of a more convenient season, to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, are often cut off most suddenly, all unprepared.

We read that Jesus "entered into a certain village, and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house."

Now you see there that Martha was no despiser of those that are good. She was none of that generation who are "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy. She had a sort of love towards Christ, and she was not ashamed of letting

the world see it, for she would have Him make her house His home whenever He passed through Bethany. Those were not days when it was fashionable to show respect to our Lord. He was rejected by the Scribes and Pharisees, and hated by the wise, and learned, and great of Martha's nation. It was dangerous to entertain Him—His doctrine was everywhere spoken against—and yet she cared not what hazard she ran; she did not hesitate to receive Him into her house. But mark now, we do not find that she had received Him *thoroughly into her heart*. It is true she loved Him, but her views were very dim, very clouded with the things of this earth. Perhaps she loved Him because her own family and relations did, perhaps for Mary's sake, perhaps for the sake of her dear brother Lazarus. But one thing at least is clear: she little knew how *unspiritual*, if I may so speak, her affection was; she was not loving Jesus for her soul's sake, she was not seeking first that Kingdom which He came to preach, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. O followers of Martha amongst my readers, be wise in time! See here how far you may go and yet not be right in the sight of God! Consider well your ways, and take warning from Martha's example.

Jesus has entered into Martha's house, and at once begins His Father's work: He preaches the Gospel. It mattered not whether He was in a field or in a room, He was always trying to say a word in season to those around Him. Here was a golden opportunity for Martha and her family! Here was a time of refreshing for their souls! Jesus was not often with them; He never tarried long at one place; He was always going about doing

good, healing the sick, casting out devils, raising the dead; but here they have Him to themselves, without crowd, without strangers, without interruption. It was one occasion in a thousand for hearing Him and asking Him questions.

And Martha listened for awhile, but not long. She was so full of household cares that she could not keep up her attention; her thoughts were running upon other matters, and she soon went to another part of the house. Not so her sister. We read: "She had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word." Mary appears to have been more meek and gentle and quiet than Martha. She was not probably one who talked so much or made so much profession, and doubtless many thought she had not so much grace; but when we get within the doors, when we see these sisters in their own family, we soon discover that Mary had far the largest portion of that hidden wisdom which is from above. *She sat at Jesus' feet*, and listened to His discourse in a humble, child-like frame of mind, like one who knew she required teaching many things. She would not allow anything to move her from that blessed place, lest perchance she should miss something necessary to her salvation. She felt it might be her last opportunity of hearing her dear Redeemer's words; His enemies might cut Him off; her own life was uncertain; and who could persuade her that her own happiness or misery, Heaven or Hell, might not depend on her rightly understanding the Gospel which He preached, and receiving it into her heart while it was called to-day? She could not stir; her whole soul seemed drawn out; the hours flew on, and seemed but a few minutes for the love she had to her Lord and Master.

But where was Martha all this time? She who showed much anxiety to receive Jesus, she who was the head of the family, she who ought to have been an example to others—where was Martha? What was she doing? "She was cumbered," we are told, "about much serving." She was altogether taken up with her household affairs; her mind was completely occupied, was clean distracted with thinking about some splendid provision for her guests. She forgot our Lord's constant precept, "Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink"; she forgot it was His meat to do His Father's will; she forgot that her own soul stood in need of much nourishment, and this might be her last chance of obtaining it. Her heart was divided; the world was filling up a large space in it. But is it wrong to look well to these domestic cares? Most surely not, in the right season, the right proportion, the right extent, the right way.

But worldly business is indeed a snare when it is placed upon a level with spiritual business, when it plainly hinders us from serving God and getting good to our souls.

Alas! poor Martha. She was much taken up with our Lord, but she was also much taken up with her household cares. She had a great concern about her soul, but she had also a great concern about this world. The seeds of eternal destruction were within her, and well indeed it was she was rebuked so faithfully, and had the root of bitterness so clearly pointed out. See now how hastily she breaks in upon our Lord's sermon. She "came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." O what a deal of evil doth remain even in the hearts of those whom Jesus loves, and only requires stirring up to bring it to the surface! Observe how many faults there were in this complaint. Here was *ill-temper*; she speaks with the angry tone of one who has been offended, she seems to say as Jonah did, "I do well to be angry." Here was *worldly-mindedness*; she never doubts our blessed Lord would think it better for Mary to attend to household cares than listen to the Gospel. Here was *self-conceit*; she supposes at once that she is acting right and her sister wrong; she blames the gentle Mary for thinking more about religion than herself. And here was *unbelief*. "Dost Thou not care?" she says to Jesus; she questions the propriety of His conduct in not dismissing the attentive hearer at His feet; she throws out a doubt whether He really cares for her, though He is under her roof.

O beloved! you sometimes think, when compassed around with troubles at your own home, that God has forgotten you; but know for a certainty He has His eye upon you: He waiteth to relieve you, and if you will only turn to Him in your trials, instead of keeping at a distance, as you too often do, He will indeed receive you graciously and help you through your difficulties.

Come now, and listen to the rebuke our Lord administered. Jesus was Martha's guest; her fault arose from a desire to serve Him, and yet He would not hold His peace and suffer sin upon her. As many as He loves He chastens. He knew nothing of that false charity which allows your neighbour to go to Hell rather than tell him the plain truth. Little did Martha think to have met with such a solemn, cutting answer. "Martha! Martha!" says our Lord. He twice repeats her name to arouse her attention, to awaken her from her spiritual slumber. He speaks as one in earnest, and deeply concerned for her welfare; He knew that those entangled in the cares of this life are not easily

disentangled. "Martha! Martha!" says our Lord. He never used a name twice, unless upon occasions of the greatest importance. "Simon! Simon!" he said to Peter just before He was betrayed, "Satan hath desired to have thee." "Saul! Saul!" He said to the apostle on the day of his conversion, "why persecutest thou Me?" And He did it here likewise, because Martha's immortal soul was in imminent danger. O that His saying may sink down into your hearts, and quicken you! The devil doth wish to sift many of you like wheat, and Martha's sin is one of his most successful snares. Harken, every one of you. "Thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Really, one might suppose these words were not to be found in every Bible, for anything more directly contrary to the common opinion of men it is impossible to conceive. But let me try to place their meaning more fully before you. Our Lord appears to say, "Martha, thou hast received Me kindly, and shown much love, and yet I tremble for thy soul. I see that many things do occupy thy mind as much as the matter of thy salvation. I see that thou art full of cares and anxieties about the life that now is; thou art given to trouble thyself about the things temporal as much as about the things eternal; thou art not looking simply to the Kingdom of Heaven; thou art fretting thyself about many other perishable concerns, as if they were of equal value. But O remember, though thou didst once know this, that there is but one thing really needful; there is only one thing can be called absolutely necessary—a heart renewed by the Holy Ghost, a knowledge of the way to Heaven through faith in Me. The many things which swallow up thy attention—clothing, and meat, and drink—are all good in their proper places, but they are not necessary to everlasting happiness. A man may enter into life without them. Nothing should ever be allowed to go before the care of the soul. Look, now, at this meek and gentle one, who sitteth at My feet, thy sister Mary. Thou wast ready in thy haste to blame her for excessive attention to My Gospel; thou didst count her as one of the foolish women; thou didst think I was altogether of opinion with thyself; but know that I approve what she has done; I tell thee she has shown more wisdom than thyself; many daughters have done virtuously, but she has excelled them all. She might have got the praise of men by labouring with thee in household matters, but she saw the time was short, and she would not miss the opportunity of being with Me, and drawing water out of the well of salvation. She chose My

service for her only portion this day, and wisely too, for that alone is profitable for all things; good for health and good for sickness, good for youth and good for age, good for sorrow and good for joy, good for life and good for death, good for time and good for eternity. She cared for nothing but the knowledge of Me, and she made a blessed choice; she was content to be thought a fool by many, but she has found the pearl of great price. She looked to things unseen, and has met with real comfort; thou didst look to things that may be seen, and hast come empty away. Your portion is frail, and fleeting, and contemptible, but hers shall never perish. The house that thou dost dwell in, the things thou art providing, shall sink in the dust, the moth and rust shall consume them; but her treasure is laid up for her in Heaven, and it shall endure when time shall be no longer." Such I conceive to be the drift of the answer Jesus gave to Martha. The Holy Ghost has not thought fit to tell us how it was received, but we learn good tidings of her spiritual condition in the Gospel of St. John, and this at least we know—that they are happy whom God correcteth, for He maketh sore and bindeth up; He woundeth, and His hands make whole, and they who are chastened are dealt with as dear children.

I have laid before you, according to my ability, the characters of these two sisters, and I am sure that all of you who have eyes to see and ears to hear must see that there are many, very many, like them. The Lord awaken you to search your hearts, and inquire what you are, and where you are going.

I will say a few words to those who are of Martha's family. I mean all who make a profession of religion, and yet cannot resolve to follow the Lord fully; I mean every one who respects the Bible, and yet does not attempt to be a Bible-liver; I mean all who are trying to divide their hearts between the world and Christ, and consequently find no peace and consolation in the Gospel. I do most solemnly warn and entreat you to beware of worldly-mindedness. I set before you the example of Martha and the rebuke of Jesus, and I call upon you not to let the cares of this life—the most innocent, the most necessary, the most harmless cares—stand for one moment on a level in your heart with the care of your precious, never-dying soul.

I tell you, with the most affectionate desire for your good, but with the lawful authority of a minister of Christ, I tell you these cares, unless they are kept continually in the second place, will eat as doth a canker; they will poison everything spiritual within you; they will dry up all the springs of your religious feelings; they will wither every blossom that

may have appeared. O the seeds that God doth plant are very tender! They will not bear the crowding and the jostling of ten thousand earthly schemes; they must have the best place in your affections; the broadest, sunniest spot within your heart, or else they will most surely perish. Think not to tell me that you have so much anxiety about your families, your husbands, your wives, your food, your clothing, your neighbours—so many troubles of an earthly nature that you cannot think so much of Heaven as you desire, but you hope sometime to have a better opportunity. It will not do. This is the poorest, commonest excuse of all. There never was an *almost-Christian* who did not find out he had some peculiar difficulties which no one else experienced. Be sure your cares will never cease; it is the cup which every man must drink. And, furthermore, I take you on your own ground. You say you have so many cares; that is just the reason you should give your whole heart to Jesus. Supposing you had everything you could desire, it might be different, but now you are weighed down with anxieties you want some comforter. O go to Christ at once, and take your cares with you, and lay them all on Him! The more trials you have in this world the more you should be looking to the world to come.

But, O ye children of Martha! tell me what shall these many things which occupy your careful minds—what shall they profit you, if you lose your own souls? Are they not a very feather in the balances, compared to Mary's good position? Take everything you now thirst after—riches and wealth, and house and land, and garden and pleasures, and home and cattle, and money and clothes, and the like—and tell me, any one of you, if you can, where in the world they all will be some hundred years from this time. I know not—it is all uncertain—but I know most surely that every soul amongst us will then have an everlasting home appointed us, either in Heaven or in Hell.

O beware, I do beseech you, of worldly-mindedness—beware of finding fault with others because they follow Jesus more closely than you do yourself! It is a sure proof you are wrong, your conscience whispers they have chosen the better part. Alas! that you should grieve the Lord's Anointed. Our God is jealous, and a consuming fire. O do not be ashamed to confess you have been in error; do not judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, but turn and give your blessed Redeemer all your heart, and then you shall really find His ways are pleasantness, and His paths are peace!

Lastly, I have a few words for those who are of Mary's family. To you I say, Comfort ye, comfort ye, for Jesus loves you much;

the King of kings and Lord of lords doth look upon you with affection; your names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Your mother's children may be angry with you, your friends and neighbours may say hard things about you; but O rejoice, and be exceedingly glad, for so was Jesus treated in the days of His flesh. Rejoice that ye are counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake; rejoice, and let this passage be a balm to soothe your wounded spirit. Remember Mary's meek and quiet spirit, endure with patience, and your Lord shall answer for you. Think not of ever leaving Jesus' feet; you have no strength of your own, you are but children, and your Master is your defence; but daily love Him more, and cling to Him more closely, and hear His word more gladly, and pray to Him more unceasingly.


Comfort ye, all ye that have taken up the Cross, and fear not, though you may be often alone, and laughed at, and despised. Jesus Himself hath testified that you have chosen "that good part, which shall not be taken away." O remember those words! and when you are full of doubts and fears, when you cannot see your tokens, and lose sight of your evidence, when you walk in darkness and have no light, then call to mind this promise, and go to Jesus on your knees, and plead with Him. "Lord, I am less than the least of all Thy mercies, but didst Thou not say, 'It shall not be taken away?' O remember Thy word unto Thy servant, whereupon Thou hast caused me to hope. Show the light of Thy countenance, and I shall be whole."

Then fear not, O ye children of Mary! but hold on your way leaning upon your Beloved; the everlasting arms are around you, and you shall never be plucked out of the Good Shepherd's hands. Fear not, though the world wonders at you, and the drunkards make sport of you, and the public-house lovers speak against you, and the blasphemers swear at you, and the earthly-minded mock at you, and the devil's children insult you. Fear not, but cling to Jesus meekly, and at the last day they shall all confess before the whole world that you were right and they were wrong; you were in your senses and they were mad; you were wise and they were foolish.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



By Christopher Hare, Author of "Down the Village Street," Etc.

 THE moonlight flooded the village street, and carved with bold, sharp touch the outline of each thatched roof and dormer window, guarded by the row of tall, ghostly poplars, whose dense black shadows fell slantwise across the white road. The little brook by the wayside flashed onward in a glow of shimmering silver, dimmed here and there by the soft haze of rising mist. One by one, the tiny glowworm-like rays under the thatch faded away, as the hush and stillness of a summer night crept over the sleepy hamlet.

But in one cottage, which stood back a few yards from the road, there was no rest or silence; through the narrow stone-mullioned window and open door, poured forth strains of music and revelry, and a glare of yellow light

which flaunted the calm whiteness without.

Maria Blake was giving a party, a real musical "At Home."

The favoured guests, of whom there might have been half a dozen, filled the rush-bottomed chairs and the high-backed settle, and seemed very hot and very much in earnest. It was the month of June, yet a wood fire blazed on the hearth, and threw glimmering lights and shadows on the low ceiling and roughly plastered walls, pasted over with coloured prints. The wooden dresser was gay with shining tin and earthenware, and the window was quite hidden by a row of plants in flower. Above hung several wicker cages with a bullfinch, a thrush, and a pair of canaries, who piped out loudly now and then, and had to be abruptly covered with a cloth to keep them quiet.

On the many-legged table in the centre of the room stood the refreshments,

with the best flowery china teapot, and cups and saucers of various designs, a brown stone jug of ale for those who favoured stronger drink, and in the place of honour, the big lardy cake which the hostess had made herself, and carried down to the mill to be baked.

How long Maria had schemed and saved to provide this feast! Too restless and excited to sit still, she moved about amongst her guests with a beaming face, the lilac ribbons in her cap bobbing up and down all the time. It was the nearest approach to perfect happiness which she could conceive.

To look at her, you would never believe that she was a widow of well-nigh sixty years, who earned a precarious living by going out to do odd jobs of charring and washing, and, moreover, who had been so cruelly buffeted by the slings and arrows of misfortune all her life, that only the most indomitable spirit could have kept a merry heart through it all.

On that eventful Saturday she had her two daughters at home. Harriet, the elder one, a black-eyed girl with rosy cheeks and dark hair all in a fuzzy mass on her forehead, was in service, but had found some plausible excuse to come home for the Whitsuntide Fair. As for Susie, the younger daughter, she was of quite another type, with smooth braids of hair drawn back from her placid brow, and a meek, far-away look in her brown eyes. Brought up away from home, in the north of the county, by an old aunt of strict religious views, she was almost a stranger amongst her own people, for it was only a few months ago that her mother, feeling lonely without Harriet, had sent for Susie to take her place.

It was certainly rather a mixed company assembled under Maria Blake's hospitable roof. There was jovial Sam Bewley, the carrier, who had just played the flute with long-drawn, melancholy notes, as an accompaniment to the doleful ditty "*Pore Meary-Anne*," which lamentable tale was greeted with roars of laughter by the rest of the party. Then came a solo on the bass-viol from old Joe Mitchell, the parish clerk, whose passion for music of any kind sometimes brought him strange neighbours. Thus next him on the settle was Bob Kellow, a lazy, poaching ne'er-do-well, while just

opposite sat the new gamekeeper, whom the Squire had recently brought to Combe to look after his preserves.

Young David Goodfellow tried to do his duty, and was not loved by the village in consequence. He had been invited that evening as Susie's friend, for he came from Aunt Susan's parish, where the two young people had gone to church together, and looked over the same hymnbook for many Sundays.

This was not the kind of thing he had expected, and as time passed on, and the fun waxed fast and furious, he felt more and more out of his element. Of a sudden his hostess turned to him in a jolly, good-tempered way:

"Now, David man, do 'ee pitch a song like the rest o' we; 'tes thy turn."

"I doan't sing nowt but hymn tunes," he replied in a low voice.

But Mrs. Blake pointed to old Joe Mitchell, with the ready retort:

"Well, now, look-y-zee, there be Master Mitchell, an' he clerk down to chu'ch, as idden above a mo'sel o' harmless merriment wi' naybours! An' you wouldn't find the fellow to thik there old bass-viol o' his'n, not in dree, four counties round," she added, with a flattering smile at the old man. Then, as she happened to catch sight of her daughter's appealing face, she continued, to make a diversion:

"Maybe as thee'll gie us a snatch arter supper?"

But David rose hastily and held out his hand. "I'll say good-night to 'ee, miss'ess, an' thank 'ee kindly; I mun be goin' now."

"Why, bless my heart alive, sure you'll take a glass of eale, or leastways a cup o' tea?" she exclaimed. "Now doan't 'ee be loike Bill Mullen's geese, never happy save they be where they bean't!"

There was a burst of laughter at this sally, and under cover of it the young gamekeeper made his escape, quietly followed as far as the gate by Susie, who stood there in the bright moonlight, to have a few last words with him.

"Now do 'ee forgive I, David?" she pleaded, looking up earnestly in his face. "I be main vexed for 'ee to be so plagued wi' en all, but la! I never giv' it a thought as they'd be havin' sich goin's-on!"

"Tidden thy fault, Susie, so doan't 'ee worrit, my maid," he replied tenderly. "But I can't a-bear for 'ee to bide wi' they warldly folks no longer, so look 'ee, my dear, we be o' one mind, an' do 'ee let we twain be axed in chu'ch o' Sunday next?"

The young girl started at this somewhat abrupt suggestion. It was the custom in the village for a young man and maiden to keep company for a year or two, and make up their minds very slowly and deliberately, before they even approached the subject of marriage.

Yet, as she thought of it, there was something flattering in this haste, which cast all precedent to the winds. There was a brief silence, but her heart was already won, though she made a faint protest.

"Oh, David! We couldn't be axed to-morrow, o' Whit-Sunday, wi' all the folk as be comed back hoam for the Club feasten!" but after a little more persuasion she whispered shyly, "I doan't mind of 'tis o' Sunday sennight."

The lover had gained his purpose, and a wiser man would have said no more, but the allusion to the Fair had roused all the stern old Puritan temper, and he could not refrain from bearing his testimony.

"Tell 'ee what, Susie, I do hope as thy folks bean't a-goin' to thik there Fair—leastways, to the games at night? 'Tis the broad way as leadeeth to destruction."

Susie was too truthful to take refuge in silence, or to hide her very decided conviction that nothing would keep her people away from the full enjoyment of all the festivities.

"Mother do love company dearly, an' for to see a bit o' life! Her be made that way, an' tidden her fault," she said in a tone of apology. "An' Harriet be a comed hoam, same as all the maids, a' purpose for Club Monday. Didn' 'ee hear her a-tellen Bob Kellow—"

"Hush, Susie, my dear, doan't 'ee speak his name," interrupted David; "he be a bad lot, an' 'tisin't fit for he to come a-nigh the likes o' you."

There was a ring of genuine pain in his voice, which startled and touched the girl, till he was ill-advised enough to add:

"Thee might speak a word o' warnin' to poor Har'iet, as be so lightly led astray." At this all her pride and

loyalty to her sister rose up in arms, and she exclaimed indignantly:

"Do 'ee let she alone, David; I bean't a-goin' to hear nar a word agen my folks, an' ef so be they isn't good enough for 'ee, well then, more's the pity, say I. An' so good-night to 'ee."

Before he guessed her purpose, she had fled indoors and closed the door behind her, leaving him sore at heart and full of penitence for words which had escaped him in the heat of the moment, when he simply wished to improve the occasion. He was as good and honest a fellow as could be met in a day's journey, and his love for Susie was deep and true, but this was not the first time that his unfortunate gift of speech had led him into trouble. Poor David! He wandered about outside the cottage for a time, hoping against hope that Susie would relent and come back to speak to him. But his ear was only greeted by loud outbursts of merry laughter, and snatches of noisy music and song, which poured out through the open casement into the calm silence of the night, and jarred upon him like sacrilege.

Full of bitter thoughts the listener turned away, not homeward at first, but wandering round by where his work would lie that night. He passed up the narrow lane, where the shimmer of moonlight flooded the hawthorn hedges with silver bloom, and beyond, into the dusky woods, where the long low shadows grew to blackness, and the deep blue sky, trembling with scattered stars, was only dimly seen above. As he tramped on moodily, over the thick, springy turf of the low-lying meadow which skirted the copse, through the air sweet with the dewy scent of flowers, he thought of his Susie in that scene of noisy revelry which he had left, and little dreamt that, alone in her chamber under the thatch, she was on her knees, sobbing out her heart in sorrow and remorse for her brief unkindness to him.

Club Monday had come at last; the weather was bright and propitious, and the whole village of Combe full of stir and movement. By this time the long hours of waiting and expectation were at an end, for the procession with floating banners had come back from church, and the Club dinner, the great event of the day, was over. The afternoon was

already far advanced, and after a lull of well-earned peaceful rest, the rustic band from Chillerton had begun again to play fife and drum with a right good will, while crowds of eager pleasure-seekers were gathered round the gaily decked booths. But apart from this frivolous throng, wiser and more experienced folks were saving themselves for the crowning excitement of the evening games on the little village green. Amongst these was Harriet Blake, who was devoting all the concentrated energy of her being to her personal adornment.

This all-absorbing task was carried on under considerable difficulties, for the thatched roof of the unceiled bedroom came down so low over the narrow window that she could barely stand upright to look at herself in the little round mirror, which hung from a nail at the side. To make matters worse, there was a diagonal crack across the glass, which had a way of cruelly distorting the face which looked into it, so that if Harriet managed to get a clear view of one dark eye and rosy cheek, there was sure to be a broken ridge across her nose, which quite spoilt the effect. But a small matter like this would never disturb her happy self-conceit, and she felt that her toilet was a success, as at last she sailed triumphantly down the steep narrow staircase into the kitchen below. Under a turned-up straw hat laden with gaudy red flowers, her dark hair was puffed and frizzed down over her forehead, somewhat after the fashion of a black poodle, and she wore a yellow cotton body with stiff frills and swelling puffed sleeves above her dark blue skirt.

"There, mother, will I do?" cried the girl, as she turned round with a light hop in the bit of open space before the hearth.

"Lawk-a-massy, Harriet! be that the way as folks be trigged out nowadays?" gasped Maria Blake, admiringly. "Why, 'tis enough for to set all Combe a-starin', an' I never seed the like i' my born days! But what'll Susie say to 'ee, I wonder?" she added, with a touch of misgiving.

"Tisn't no odds to she, what I do wear!" replied Harriet, with a toss of her head. "An' by good luck, her be gone up street to bide wi' old Amos Varden, an' read to en. Set her up!

Now her be a-keepen company wi' thik psalm-singin' David, her bean't not to have nor to hold; an' 'tis sinful here, an' sinful there, till us might so well be old folks to onst!"

In her secret heart Maria quite agreed with this sentiment, but she simply remarked, as she carefully dusted a chair:

"Sit 'ee down while I gets the tea ready; us won't wait."

She put a few fresh sticks on the smouldering wood fire, and lowered the big black kettle, which hung on a chain above it; then she took down the little every-day teapot, with a chipped spout, and put in a measured pinch or two of the tea, which she always bought in a small packet from a travelling man who periodically came round the village.

Once she gave a little nervous start at the sound of footsteps outside, but it was only some passer-by, not Susie, of whose quiet criticism both mother and daughter had a curious, unacknowledged dread.

Meantime, Harriet watched the preparations for the meal with ill-concealed impatience; but she had a fine, healthy appetite, and could not go without her tea, for she did not mean to come home that night until all the fun was over and the Fair was closed.

"Why, mother," she cried, as a sudden thought struck her, "sure you idden a-goin' i' that old-fashioned black bonnet? 'T'es a reg'lar frump, so 'tes! Now ef so be as you'd put on my black hat, as I wears o' week-a-days," she added in a coaxing voice, "you wouldn' look nar a day older nor Jeane Varden."

Maria Blake flushed with pleasure at her daughter's compliment; she still felt herself so young at heart, so full of vigour and spirit, that approaching old age was a spectre in her path. Harriet took her silence as consent, and ran quickly up the narrow stairs to the dark little chamber under the thatch, where she hastily snatched at a hat and cape hanging on a peg behind the door. Not until she reached the kitchen again did she notice that, instead of her own, she had brought down her sister's Sunday hat, trimmed with black and white checked ribbon.

"Tisn't no odds, and maybe as 't will suit she better'n mine," she said to herself as she carefully arranged it on the

top of her mother's smooth bands of hair, and then, having tied on a spotted veil outside, and carefully buttoned on Susie's little grey cape, she drew back to admire her handiwork.

"There now, thee do look just about nice! Why, bless my soul alive, folks might take we for two sisters!" she exclaimed, as she laughingly took her mother's arm, and hurried her off up street.

The little village was full of unwonted stir and movement, for all Combe was out of doors, in Sunday garb and taking holiday; but the centre of excitement was at the scene of the Fair itself, which was held on the small open space where the cross roads met, in front of the "Black Dog." The little green was covered with stalls and booths, laid out with every device to tempt the rustic soul. The whole available space outside the booths and vans was filled with a dense crowd, for by this time folks were pouring in from the neighbouring villages; in twos and threes, and, now and again, whole families bent on enjoying this rare holiday.

But the charm of the Club Festival did not appeal alone to the eye. The various contrasting noises of the shooting gallery, the sticks and cocoanuts, the shouting of the Cheap Jack extolling his wares, the hum of many voices, and, above all other sounds, the shrill cry of the fifes, and loud "dum-a-dum" of the drum in the band—all this maddening, merry din combined to stimulate an emotional soul like Maria Blake almost beyond control. The long years of toil and suffering and disappointment were forgotten; she was a girl once more, full of ardent hopes and dreams, with all the world before her.

Poor Maria! Hers had indeed been a hard life, and nothing but her indomitable spirit could have carried her through, unscathed and uncrushed, with a fount of youth eternal within her. She had come out that afternoon with the eager prospect of enjoyment, and was minded to take her full share of all the coming delights. More than one of the neighbours took her for Susie—a mistake which caused them all the utmost merriment at the time, though later on she was destined to rue it.

Presently the band struck up a merry tune, and the revels began on the level

stretch of grass beyond the "Black Dog," which was flanked by empty caravans, belonging to the gypsies and showmen. Mrs. Blake was easily persuaded to take a turn with Bob Kellow at the favourite local round game, at which she had been a great proficient in her youth, when, as ill luck would have it, who should pass by but David Goodfellow? He was walking at a rapid pace, looking steadily away from the scene of frivolity, until, at the very moment when he passed the revellers, some sound attracted his attention, and he happened to raise his eyes.

It was drawing towards evening, but the western sky was still radiant with lambent gold and ruby light, so that with vivid intensity of vision he recognised the ribbons on her hat, and saw that she—his Susie!—was laughing with Bob Kellow, the evil-liver against whom she had been so solemnly warned! With a pang of sudden anguish David half-started towards them, then paused, and staggered back with bowed head and clenched hands. A flash of memory had brought back to him the girl's defiant words of the night before, and he realised, with dumb despair, that Susie had made her choice, and had cast him off. In grim silence, without a word, without another glance, he nerved himself to bear the blow, and moved slowly and unsteadily onwards up the lane, between the hedges, laden with clambering honeysuckle and fragrant clematis.

Maria Blake had seen him, and with her quick insight had read the full meaning of that despairing look and gesture: David, too, had mistaken her for Susie, and that night's frolic might prove a costly one indeed. Her first impulse was to run after him and explain everything then and there; but, for very shame, she could not tear herself away from her company, and lingered on till it was too late, and he had disappeared into the shadowy distance. But from that moment, even to her pleasure-loving soul, the light had passed away from the feast, and she soon found an excuse to slip away home, leaving Harriet in the full giddy swing of rustic revelry. Yet it was not until she had reached her own threshold, and torn off the hat and veil, that she fully realised what she had done, and how, unwittingly, she had actually

dressed in her daughter's clothes to personate her.

Meantime, Susie had been at home by herself all the evening, and at last, overcome by the stillness and gloom of her lonely vigil, had fallen asleep on the old horsehair couch in the corner, half-hidden by the great oak settle. The dim moonlight, which pierced the narrow diamond-paned casement, carved the outline of the fair young face, with the dark hair drawn smoothly back from

the low, broad forehead; the long lashes resting on the rounded cheek, and the firm mouth which, even in sleep, was the keynote of the earnest, steadfast character.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, Maria Blake did not notice the sleeper. She had left the door half-open, and presently, roused by a gentle tap, she found old Hephzibah Lane standing outside, with her usual meek, deprecating look.

"I seed thee a-goin' down, so I be



"Oh, mother! what have 'ee been saying?"—p. 818.

come for to ax if so be I mid bide along o' thee a bit," she quavered out in her thin, shrill voice. "My good man he be away to's Club feasten, an' like as not 'twull be nigh on ten afore he be to hoam."

"Ay, do 'ee come in, Hephzibah, an' set 'ee down, whiles I make up a morsel o' fire, for 'tis cold o' nights, so 'tis!" exclaimed Maria in her hearty way, as she shook up the chintz-covered cushion, and invited her visitor into the snugest place in the chimney corner.

The smouldering sticks were soon kindled, and a flickering blaze lighted up the old woman's kindly wrinkled face, round which a blue-spotted handkerchief was carefully pinned. She stretched out her long, gaunt arms towards the genial warmth, and then let her toilworn hands, like guarled branches, rest humbly on her knees, while she listened to the ready flow of talk which greeted her. Maria was not one to keep a secret—she lived her life with open doors—and now lost no time in easing her conscience of its latest burden. So she told, with unconscious dramatic effect, the whole story of that evening's adventure at the Fair, and how she had been mistaken for her daughter.

For some time Susie remained undisturbed, in the sound sleep of youth and health, but presently she was roused by the sound of voices. Still in that half-waking state, on the borderland between the dream and the reality, this was what reached her ears, each word crisp and clear:—

"An' so David, he didn' no moren' gi'e I one sharp look, but he seed plain as I wur jokin' wi' Bob Kellow. 'Twarn't no wonder as he took I for Susie, seen as I'd a-gotten her hat an' cape, an' la' bless 'ee! there idden much odds atwixt us, for I be youngish looken." She paused expectant, and her listener rejoined:

"Ay, so you be, Mariar, so spry an' slim-like."

"Lawk-a-massy! you should a-seen David Goodfellow!" continued the mother's voice; "he wur right down mad for to think as Susie'd a-ben to the Fair, in such company too, an' I be afeard as 'tes all up betwixt they two."

"Poor maid, poor maid! I misdoubt as 'twull break her heart," muttered the old woman in trembling tones.

"Nay, nay, Hephzibah; hearts doan't break wi' one blow, like chiney—" With a sharp, sudden cry, she broke off in dismay.

Susie stood there before her, with the heavy masses of her dark hair hanging dishevelled round the pale face, her eyes flashing like fiery gems in the firelight.

"Mother!" she cried in clear, ringing tones. "Oh, mother! what have 'ee been sayin'? Do 'ee tell I as 'tisn't true?"

The girl stood waiting in pitiful suspense, her hands clasped in an imploring gesture. For a moment Maria Blake stared helplessly at her. There was a choking sensation in her throat, but she struggled for breath to say: "Ay, Susie, 'tes true enough, an' more's the pity!"

Silence reigned in that dark, narrow room, only broken by the laboured ticking of the tall clock in the corner: ever telling the unheeded truth that this, like every other mortal sorrow, was softly and silently passing away on the unhasting and unresting wings of the angel Time.

The girl said not another word. She simply turned toward the stairs, and blindly felt her way to the little chamber under the thatch. Almost mechanically she struck a match and lighted a bit of dip candle, then she twisted up her long hair, put on her shawl and weekday sun-bonnet, and having hastily collected all the stray clothes about, she packed them in her small paper-covered trunk and put the key in her pocket.

One aim, one desire, filled her soul; she must go away at once, for she would not meet her lover again. Nay, there was no danger of that, she thought bitterly, for they had parted in anger, and, if he could believe this thing of her, she was too proud to justify herself.

The memory of that cruel doubt nerved her to her purpose, and as she came downstairs, with a cold, set face, the two women watched her in silent awe till she moved towards the door. Then old Hephzibah Lane rose, trembling, and stretched out her thin arm.

"Susie, my maid, where be thee a-goin'?" she asked, while her poor feeble head quivered more than ever with excitement.

"Doan't 'ee hinder me," murmured the girl. "I can't bide here no longer; I mun go home to Aunt Susan."

The mother took a step forward, but she could not bear that look of dumb reproach in the dark eyes, and covered her face with her hands. It was the older woman who rose to the emergency, with unlooked-for presence of mind.

"Come wi' I, my dear, an' bide up to Cuckoo Corner along o' we this night," she said in a low, crooning tone, such as might soothe a fretful child. "Thee shall go where thee be a-minded, come mornin'."

Then, nodding a farewell to her old friend, she put her arm round the girl's slim waist and led her away unresisting.

The first faint glimmer of dawn through the latticed window of the cottage at Cuckoo Corner, roused Susie from the healing slumber with which youth can keep sorrow at bay. For a moment she looked round bewildered, startled to find herself in a strange place; then she remembered, and rose in haste. She unlatched the cottage door and breathed in the sweet freshness of the early morning, when the air was laden with the dewy fragrance of the white lilies by the fence and the overhanging clematis and honeysuckle. The old people upstairs were still asleep, so now was her time to steal away unhindered.

The eastern sky was glowing in saffron light, barred with deepest pink. Outstretched at her feet, the young girl saw the meadows and hillside bathed in a glow of golden light; only the copse in the valley below, through which her path lay, was shrouded in a grey-blue haze as though the twilight sky had dipped down to earth.

Something of the softening mystery in the scene before her had touched the wanderer's spirit, for the tears filled her eyes as she thought of the mother whom she was leaving without a word of farewell. Yet she never wavered in her purpose to go back to Aunt Susan, and take up once more the threads of that peaceful, uneventful life.

Suddenly, as though warned by some unconscious instinct, she raised her head, and there before her, leaning against the grey bole of an old beech tree, was the lover whom she had thought never to see again; so readily does youth imagine an eternal parting. Susie had forgotten the young gamekeeper's nightly

duty in the coverts, and never knew how long he had stood there watching her in silence. She would have passed him without a word, but his tall figure blocked the way, and she could not leave unheeded his outstretched hand and smile of greeting.

"Why, Susie, dear maid, we be up betimes, sure enough! Where be thee a-goin'?" he asked, looking down tenderly into her blushing face.

The girl's overburdened heart could endure no more, and his kind words broke down the last barrier of self-control. She burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed out:

"Oh, David! I can't bide here no longer; I be goin' back hoam to Aunt Susan—an' so good-bye to 'ee."

But the big, patient fellow made no sign of taking leave; he seemed neither angry nor surprised, and did but hold her hand in a tighter clasp. As she gained courage to look up at him, she read no reproach, only loving pity, in his eyes. Still she was not yet quite conquered, for, turning away her head, she murmured:—

"Tisn't no odds now, for I be goin' away, an' I'll never see thee no more."

"No odds at all, Susie, my dear," he repeated slowly after her; "an' there be no call for thee to tell how it all comed about—"

Then, as she gave a start of surprise, he went on to explain that her mother had come to his cottage late the night before, and told how, to gratify her insatiable love of pleasure, all unknowing in lightness of heart, she had gone nigh to ruin her daughter's happiness.

"How could I misdoubt thee, my Susie?" he cried in sharp self-reproach. "La, dear! thee be a sight too good for a foolish, stiff-necked chap like me, as didden know a dear brave maid when he'd the luck for to meet her! Now do 'ee say as thee'll forgi'e I, sweet-heart?"

There was no need for an answer, for she left her hand unresisting in his warm grasp, and thus the earliest compact of Paradise was sealed.

At that moment the radiant shafts of the morning sunlight pierced the shadowy foliage of the trees, and made a glory round them; the silent benediction of Nature, the ever-watchful, ever-smiling mother.

NATIVE-BUILT CHURCHES.

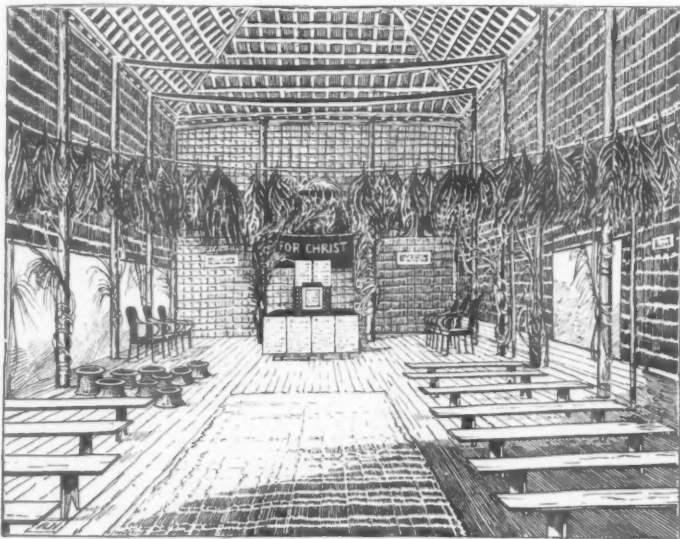
By F. M. Holmes.

WHAT do you think of a five-shilling church?

There are numbers of such structures in the mission fields of the world. A few upright posts are placed in the earth, a few slanting poles are fastened to these for the framework of the roof; a few palm leaves or bundles of dried grass are twisted on for the thatch; while native matting is hung round the side—or perhaps walls are

of substances readiest to hand in the district; and, as for seats, the natives of many countries are usually content to sit on mats or the floor, so that no seats are required.

Dr. Fry, of the London Missionary Society, had an amusing experience once about this question of seats. It was at the Neyoor church, in South India, and on one occasion he gave a chair to an agent. Thereupon the congregation



INTERIOR OF THE BAPTIST MISSION CHAPEL AT BARISAL.

dispensed with altogether—and, behold! you have your “five-shilling” or cheapest church.

Do not despise it. It may be the beginning of far greater things, and it may effectually answer the purpose of far more elaborate structures.

These thatched tents or open-sided shanties are the simplest form of a native church; but, simple as they are, there is variety to be found in them, if only in the materials of which they are composed. They are naturally made

rose against him, complaining that he was making distinctions and yielding to caste feeling, and declaring that his action would certainly cause difficulty.

“But you can all have chairs, if you like to bring them,” said Dr. Fry. “There is no caste.”

A week passed, and next Sunday morning the congregation were seen struggling along bearing seats with them. All kinds of seats were brought—stools, benches, chairs; some were high and some were low, some were narrow and

some broad. Hence a diminutive person might be perched high aloft and a bulky individual squat low. This ridiculous disorder — which seemed to indicate that these natives at least were deficient in a sense of humour — could not be permitted. The consequence was, that the congregation provided themselves with suitable seats of a uniform size, and great satisfaction has prevailed ever since.

But the majority of cheap churches are not seated, the floors being simply covered with mats or coarse carpets.

In the Baptist Missionary Society's chapel at Barisal, in India, coarse country carpets are spread on the plank floor,



(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

A VILLAGE CHAPEL, SOUTH INDIA.

(A "Ten-Pound Church" of Wattle and Daub.)



(From Photo: supplied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.)

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MURHU, BENGAL.

(A native-built structure of brick and wood.)



(Photo: supplied by the South American Missionary Society.)

A NATIVE CHURCH IN THE PARAGUAYAN CHACO.

(With open tower of palm-wood logs.)

while on either side of a central space stand a few plain wooden benches, which might be used for desks on the week-day. The walls of this church are of bamboo matting, and are partly open, while the roof is thatched. The building is, indeed, a large, well-ventilated bungalow with open verandahs, and is adorned on special occasions with beautiful palm leaves and festoons of flowers. The women

and girls sit on the left hand, the boys and men on the right, facing the desk. White papers covered with texts are sometimes pinned to the cloth on the table where stands the desk, while paper chains hang over the desks, being, in fact, text garlands prepared by the Christian girls' school. Each paper link bears a text and the name of a little girl upon it.

The "five-shilling church" does not last many years. The congregation increases; the feeling arises that a better building should be erected, and a suitable place provided where the children can be taught; therefore a wattle-and-daub church may next appear on the scene.

Wattle-and-daub churches have not been unknown in England, and on the site of some of our stately fanes once rose these structures of wickerwork covered with mud. So with this second class of native churches. The walls are made with mud, perhaps with sticks or wickerwork within; they are fitted with doors and windows, and a fairly substantial thatched roof covers the whole. Such structures have been called "ten-pound churches" by the London Missionary Society, and the natives save or collect the greater portion of the money themselves. Churches of this description may be seen in the villages of Travancore, South India, some of the buildings being large and some small, according to the requirements of the district.

And then one day, as the years roll by, a leader in the congregation will say—



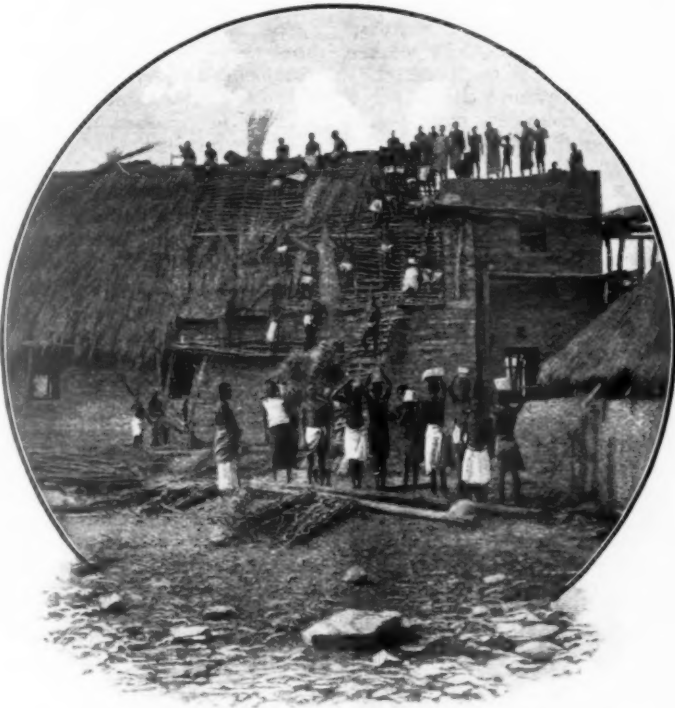
(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

A NOVEL BELL-TOWER (AND CHURCH) AT MOTITO, SOUTH AFRICA.

"The mud of the walls is crumbling, the thatch is loose, the winds of heaven blow through it, the raindrops fall within; let us build a more durable structure, instead of continually patching up the old."

Thereupon the congregation determine to undertake the building of a brick or

Church, Murhu, in Chota Nagpur, South-West Bengal. This church belongs to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and is built of bricks, pointed outside and plastered within. The roof is of the ordinary country tiles, and is supported by large sal tree trunks. Sal is a tree in Northern India second in



(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

STONE CHURCH AT NIAMKOLO IN PROCESS OF BUILDING.

stone church, one which will last for years, and appear even more seemly than the wattle-and-daub structure it supplants. But it may not be so characteristic of the country, though sometimes the materials are found near at hand, and it also may have to depend on palm leaves or reeds for roofing, like its predecessor. The stone structure—to use again the language of the London Missionary Society—is a “£120 church,” though some of the permanent structures cost much more.

Such was the case with St. John's

value only to teak, being hard and very durable, though rather coarse in grain. The woodwork of the church was made by Christian carpenters, but the masonry was the work of non-Christians supplemented by Christian coolies, men and women. It was erected at Murhu by the Mission Conference from a legacy of £500 bequeathed by General Dalton. For many years he had been Commissioner of Chota Nagpur, and was a subscriber to the Mission funds. He was beloved by, and had a great affection for, the simple aborigines of his district. The first native

pastor was the Rev. Prabhu Sohay Bodra, who was an aboriginal, and whose stipend was fifteen rupees a month, which is equal to about a pound in English money. The congregation numbers some 1,670 men, women, and children, belonging to sixty different villages; 356 men and 408 women are enrolled as communicants, while seventy-five Christian and thirty heathen boys and thirty-four Christian girls attend the village school. The people sit on palm-leaf matting spread on the floor, and the services are held daily in either Hindi or Mundari.

Broadly speaking, then, these three types—open-sided shanties, wattle-and-daub buildings, and brick or stone structures—illustrate the three classes of edifices into which native churches in the mission field may be roughly arranged. Each type presents great variety, some buildings rejoicing in walls of planks, or even logs of wood. Of such is the first

is raised near the centre, and on this structure a bell can be placed to summon the natives to prayer and work. The roof is of thatch, palm leaves, reeds, or grass.

The log or timber structures last longer, we may suppose, than a wattle-and-daub house, which, says an African missionary, will only stand five years. Hence the not unnatural desire to obtain more durable edifices in some places. He describes the building of a stone church at Niamkolo, Lake Tanganyika. The African native now regards most of the white man's actions as quite matters of course, so that when something is done which really does cause him to open eyes and mouth, and exclaim in astonishment "Yanga wei" ("Oh, mother!"), it is wonderful. This stone church at Niamkolo caused the natives thus to marvel, and strangers would stand before it, bowing their heads and exclaiming, "He! he! he!" in great astonishment, perhaps also discussing whether any poles were hidden away in the walls to fix the stones together. These natives had been accustomed to wattle-and-daub structures only, and the large stone building and tall tower filled them indeed with wonder.

The work of building was a marvel, accompanied as it was by much shouting and a great deal of pulling down and rebuilding; but up it went, course upon course of stones, until beams were laid across the walls and coupling timbers spanned the interior. Roughly made ladders and scaffolding were used. The roof was made of pliant twigs and grass and fresh bark from young trees, all of which was given by the villagers. Indeed, they entirely roofed the church without pay. The stones came from a quarry on the lake shores near by, so that the church was constructed out of material found ready to hand; and Mr. H. C. Marshall, the representative of the British South Africa Company, who was nearest Niamkolo, promised a bell for the tower, to render the structure even more complete. Sometimes these native churches boast a bell and no tower, and the bell is ingeniously hung on a rope or stick placed between the arms of a large forked tree-branch placed in the ground near to the church. Such a novel belfry may be seen at the London Missionary Society's station at Motito, South Africa.

But the finest primitive church belfry is probably that which belongs to the Church Missionary Society's cathedral at



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

THE BELL TOWER, NAMIREMBE: "THE BEEHIVE ON STILTS."

church in the Paraguayan Chaco, built under the auspices of the South American Missionary Society. Forests of palm trees grow in the Chaco, and buildings are naturally composed of palm-wood logs. A tower or steeple of open-work palm logs

Mengo in Uganda. This structure, which is dedicated to St. Paul, is situated on a big hill called Namirembe. In appearance it has been described as "something like an enormous hamper, set the wrong

picture the scene. The tents and trek waggons under a mighty tree, a table with candles lighting the faces of those seated round, lanterns on the waggons, with children on the front seats, and a



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

SIDE VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH AT MENG0,
UGANDA.

way up and thatched," for, huge as the building is, it is only made of grass and reeds with poles for support and grass for thatch. Outside, at one end, stands the curious belfry—quite elaborate for a "primitive" structure, and something like, says one who has seen it, "a giant beehive starting out for a walk on stilts." Under the thatch hangs an English church bell, which was given by friends of Archdeacon Walker, while close by, giving that note of keen pathos which is rarely absent from any human affairs, lie the graves of three Englishmen, the grave on the right being the last earthly resting place of Bishop Hannington. This frail cathedral with its beehive roof is probably the largest native church in the world, for, though only composed of reeds and poles, it is capacious enough to hold nearly 4,000 persons.

By way of contrast, glance at a preaching service in the open air, which is generally the first native "church." Here, for instance, is the description of a service in Mashonaland under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. "I wish," writes the Rev. A. Hay Upcher, "I could

turkey below trying to get its eyes out of the glare, a fire a little way off with a Kaffir squatting near, dogs all round, pigs occasionally squealing, the solemn-looking trek oxen lying down, some people sitting, some standing up behind—all conspired (clothes excepted) to transport one back to the days of Abraham and Jacob. We had a mission service, the Captain reading the lessons, I the prayers, and Mr. Sylvester giving an address. Altogether a good start has been made, and is likely to be continued."

The Mashonas themselves have praying houses while still heathen. One of these proved to be a very simple arrangement. According to a Wesleyan missionary, it was merely formed by fencing in a large tree with poles. "There the natives," says he, "repair to worship the spirits of their ancestors. There, too, the witch-doctor practises his art, making sounds to come from the trees which are supposed to be the voices of the departed. In many cases it is the result of trickery, the

witch-doctor having an accomplice; but there is no doubt that in some cases these men have discovered the power of ventriloquism, and in the possession of this power their influence is unlimited.'

last, a special effort was made, and no less than £222 was collected, making a total of over £600. To this amount £50 was given by Mr. Rhodes; nevertheless, Mr. Stanlake declares there was much self-



(Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S NEW CHAPEL, TSUNG FA, 54 MILES N.E. OF CANTON

But in Mashonaland brick churches are now being built, and, as the bricks alone would cost £6 10s. per thousand on the site, and everything else would be proportionately dear, the energetic Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. J. W. Stanlake, decided to make the bricks instead of buying them. He obtained the services of some "boys" from the mission stations, and having, like a wise man, gathered a few hints from the manager of a local company, and having also had the offer of some "old workings," the church brick-makers began. They continued until they had turned out 40,000 bricks and saved £100. That enterprise was worth undertaking. Anything that fosters self-help, with due regard for the rights of others, is worthy of praise in the mission field as elsewhere. The money for this church—for some money was needed—was raised by a series of tea-meetings which were held throughout the year. The natives gave most liberally. At the

sacrifice on the part of the natives themselves, for all that these "boys" can save is from twenty to thirty shillings a month.

Brick churches, too, are appearing in China. In December, 1897, a new London Missionary Society chapel was opened at Tsung Fa, a country station fifty-four miles north-east of Canton. You may reach it by boat up the shallow, winding river or by sedan-chairs overland in a day's journey. The building is substantial and well ventilated, and furnished with a few benches for the worshippers. On the day of opening the members of the American Baptist Mission came from over the river to unite in the service, and the little edifice was crowded. At the request of the missionaries two soldiers were sent to sit outside the door all day, and a proclamation was given to be posted in the street. These were precautions, for prevention is better than cure: but no disturbance arose, or, indeed, had arisen from the time

of purchasing the ground. There had, however, been threats, which happily came to naught.

A new brick-and-cement Wesleyan church with corrugated iron roof was built in 1896 at Grand Popo, Lagos district, of which the Rev. J. D. Sutcliffe is superintendent, and where for some years a mud structure was used. For such buildings the mud is trampled into a suitable consistency by the feet of women and children, and then made into balls. The builder beats these balls together, and forms with them a low wall some two and a half feet high and not quite as thick. This is the first course, and it is allowed to dry under the tropical sun. Then another course is added, and, when dry, a third piled on, until the walls reach their desired height. Meanwhile a man has gone round the growing building, smoothing and straightening the rising walls. The roofing is very cleverly accomplished by bamboo poles and the long stiff grass found in the district.

On the Congo some of the Baptist buildings are of corrugated iron with match-board lining to the roof. Such is the school at Wathen, on the Lower Congo, but daily services are reported, and we gather that it is quite as much a church as a school. The building is described as being eighty feet long by thirty-six feet wide, and is divided into two large

rooms, one of which is used as a dormitory. So crowded has the public room been sometimes at the daily services with schoolboys that there was no space for adults.

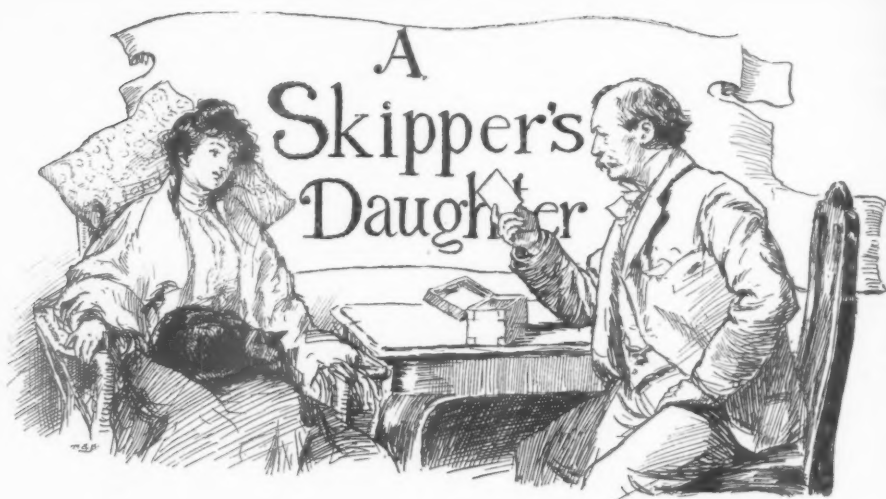
A noticeable feature of this iron school-chapel is a depth of four feet of continuous window round the walls. When the weather is very hot, all the windows can be thrown open for the cool breezes to blow through the building, and when the winds become too chilly the windows can be closed, and the congregation sheltered. A wide verandah also runs all round, under which the children can play, or even study, when the weather is too hot or too wet, or should the building become too crowded. The opening of the chapel was, of course, a great occasion, nearly three hundred natives being present.

So even in "savage Africa" Europeanised modern structures of iron and match-board are making their appearance, and primitive native churches feel the effects of change as do other things. But numbers of characteristic native churches still remain, and when next you admire a stately English Gothic fane or noble European cathedral, let your mind wander in imagination over the curious and humble buildings that stud the mission fields of the world and point to the same faith as Westminster Abbey or golden-crossed St. Paul's.



(From Photo: supplied by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.)

OLD NATIVE CHURCH, GRAND POPO, LAGOS DISTRICT, WEST AFRICA.



By Lucy Hardy, Author of "The Fortunes of the Fairlies."

CHAPTER VII.

KITTY'S SUCCESS.



KITTY had completely broken away from her old life now, and fairly started upon her professional career. She heard little of former acquaintances at the Cornish village—country folk are not greatly addicted to letter-writing—though, about a year after she had commenced her musical studies, she had received, through the Malverns, a Cornish newspaper, sent by Mrs. Trevannion, in which David's name figured among the marriages. Kitty was glad to read this, and wrote a few kindly lines in reply. David, in truth, had realised the wisdom of the advice that, "if you are far from the lips you love, it's best to make love to the lips that are near." For all his sincere attachment to Kitty, he had consoled himself at length with another bride, in the shape of a neighbour's daughter; and, like many another man, made not a whit the less good husband and father because he had once almost broken his heart for a woman who never became his wife. Time is merciful to some of us.

Of Mrs. Leslie Kitty heard very rarely; of Edward Gayton never. Like all professional women, Kitty now had her share of admiration, of marriage offers; but "Miss Morrison" had earned a reputation for

being very cold—some said proud—and did not encourage admirers.

Kitty's success was not so great as to be intoxicating. Although she was earning a comfortable income, and was usually secure of sufficient engagements to fill up her time, she had not emerged into that glare of public distinction which is alike so fascinating—and so perilous! As the Signor had truly predicted, the girl had made her mark as a sweet and sympathetic renderer of ballads and similar songs; she was much in request at private houses, at concerts, occasionally at oratorio performances, where the fresh, sweet voice, so perfectly trained, and never strained beyond its natural powers, was admired and valued.

Perhaps that hidden, underlying trouble in the girl's own soul gave a deeper meaning to her soft notes, an added tenderness to her expression. "We learn in suffering what we teach in song." The Signor was intensely proud of his pupil. "She is perfect in her own sphere," he would say, noting the hushed admiration with which a sympathetic audience would listen to a tender, plaintive ballad rendered by that gentle and sympathetic voice, and observing how Kitty's soft tones would often bring unbidden tears to the eyes of her listeners.

It was nearly seven years now since "Miss Morrison," the successful ballad singer, was little Kitty Tregarth of St Pentharn's; it was nearly five years since the girl had left the Manor and parted with Edward Gayton.

Strange that the sweet, brief dream of one summer's holiday should have lingered so long in Kitty's memory; but we do not make our own hearts or our own affections.

Edward Gayton, on his side, had not forgotten the woman whom he had once loved. To Mrs. Leslie's intense vexation, her carefully arranged plan for her brother's marriage went "agley," as the "best laid schemes o' mice and men" are proverbially apt to do.

Miss Anstruther was well born, amiable, and accomplished, and, as far as was consistent with maidenly modesty, showed that she herself, like her parents, would have been ready enough to smile upon Edward Gayton as a suitor; but Edward was not to be lured into coming forward in this desired capacity, and shortly left his sister and niece at the "Bad," to start upon a desultory tour alone, rambling about unfrequented parts of Europe, filling his sketch-book—and trying to forget!

"I am not what is called a marrying man, I believe," Edward would think to himself. "I met *once* with my ideal of sweet, pure-hearted womanhood, and I shall never love another maiden as I did Kitty Tregarth."

It was a year or more before Mr. Gayton returned to England, and paid another visit to his sister; this time he inquired about Kitty, and learnt that the girl had taken up a professional career.

"This explains the reason of her silence," thought the young man. "I suppose Kitty, like so many women nowadays, prefers 'a career' to a life of quiet domesticity. It is strange, for she always appeared to me the very ideal of a home-loving woman, one likely to be happier as a wife and mother than as the most successful of professional artists. But I was mistaken; that is all."

Only once, since they had spent those happy summer weeks together at the Manor, had Edward Gayton beheld his former love; and that was on the occasion when, being in London for a couple of days, and seeing Kitty's professional name (which he had learnt from his sister) on some concert bills, he had formed one of her audience.

Kitty at twenty-five was even more attractive in appearance than she had been at eighteen; she had passed from girlhood into womanhood, and "the soul had come into her face."

As the sweet-faced singer, simply dressed and free from any adventitious aids of rouge and powder, came forward, she looked the ideal exponent of the tender, plaintive, old-world ballad which presently flowed from her lips—a simple lay, but which, as rendered by the young vocalist, was listened to with hushed interest, and gained the tribute of more than one tear.

Was Kitty, by some subtle mental telepathy, half-conscious that her lover was among the

audience; and did this fact give an added tenderness to her voice, a deeper expression to her soft tones?

"It is singular that a woman who can thus render a 'song of the affections' should be so wholly given up to ambition," thought Edward. "But Kitty has chosen her own career; and if she rejected me when she was but thinking of entering upon it, she is not likely to look more favourably upon me now, when she has made her name and attained success. My life dream must therefore remain for ever as one of the 'things that might have been.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE.

"MISS MORRISON," the successful public singer, was sitting in a musing mood in the prettily furnished drawing-room of the pleasant "flat" which Kitty, since her successful *début*, had rented in London.

She was a fortunate woman, she often told herself. Who would have dreamed, when she was left practically destitute soon after her father's death, and had contemplated domestic service as her only possible resource, that she would within a few years attain social position, a comfortable income, and that measure of worldly enjoyment which follows the possession of these first-named things. She ought to be happy, and yet—and yet—

Edward had rightly read his sweetheart's true character. Kitty was, of all women, one of the least ambitious, one of the most domesticated in tastes and feelings. She was thankful to be able, as she was obliged to support herself, to do so by the exercise of an art which she loved, rather than by mere domestic drudgery; but she would have been happier in a home sphere, however humble a one, than while enjoying any measure of fame and public admiration.

The engrossing work and interests of the past years had fairly put all remembrance of Captain Tregarth's mysterious box out of Kitty's memory; but chance was to revive the recollection of the "treasure" legend.

A "voice" is always but a frail and perishable possession, as Kitty was now to learn. Perhaps she, in the flush of youth and health, was less careful than a more experienced singer would have been; but there came a day when the girl was suddenly attacked by the influenza fiend, and, after a tedious illness, recovered to find her voice, if not altogether destroyed, at least ruined for public performances. Kitty was young yet, and might completely recover in time, the doctors said; but absolute rest from professional work was requisite for the

present. This blow fell more lightly upon Kitty than it might have done on some of her brother and sister professionals. She had lived so simply and inexpensively that she had been able, even during her short professional career, to lay by against a "rainy day," and Signor Antoni undertook to find her pupils, if other work failed. In her secret heart Kitty scarcely knew if she altogether regretted this enforced withdrawal from the public career which had never been altogether to her taste, and of which she had wearied more and more as the time went by.

But in the discussion of ways and means with her kind old master the question of the "treasure" came into Kitty's mind, and, half-jokingly, she exhibited her relics to her friend.

Antoni, with his quick, subtle Italian intelligence, was deeply interested in Kitty's recital, and more inclined to believe in the truth of the "legend," as Kitty called it, than anyone else had yet shown themselves. The music master, with Kitty's permission, carried off the box and its contents, with Gerald's sketch, to meditate more upon them at leisure at home.

"Cara mia," said the Signor, reappearing in Kitty's drawing-room next day, "I have long reflected; and, behold! I think I see some light. This worthy Don Louis doubtless did not conceal his treasure in his own house; he chose a safer, more sacred, hiding-place for it. This sketch of your friend's is of truth."

"But about the numbers?" asked Kitty.

"Some I think I read—some I explain not," answered the Italian, "but the shrine indicated is undoubtedly one dedicated to the Madonna."

"How can you possibly tell this? There are only the merest outlines of the shrine itself in the sketch," said Kitty wonderingly.

"Ah! *povretta*, the first figures speak not to thee. But to me they indicate that this shrine is dedicated to one whose festival falls on the fifteenth day of the eighth month of the year; and is not the Festival of the Assumption upon August 15th?"

"This is wonderful," exclaimed Kitty; "but the remaining figures, and the Spanish words?"

"Ah! those I read not; it must be on the spot that the rest of the enigma is unravelled. But, if ever thou goest to Spain, seek in the neighbourhood of Seville for a wayside shrine dedicated to the Madonna, and there examine and observe."

Kitty had once laughed at the idea of her visiting Seville, but such a prospect was now actually opening before her. By a fortunate chance, Gerald Malvern had lately found himself "next-of-kin" to a distant relation, who

had left a comfortable little fortune behind, and the long talked of "foreign trip" was to be realised at last. Gerald wished to revisit Spain; Kitty was ordered complete change of air and scene. What was more desirable than that she should join her friends in their tour, and "combine business with pleasure," as Gerald phrased it, by seeking on the spot for the missing links of the chain of evidence?

Kitty had still somewhat scanty faith in the likelihood of any discovery of treasure trove; but the tour would be agreeable, and she was now in a position to pay her own expenses, which she insisted upon doing, despite Gerald's protests. Signor Antoni and the artist had worked themselves up into quite a fever of detective excitement, and the music master only regretted that his professional engagements prevented his joining the party of treasure seekers.

The travellers set forth; and, whatever might be the result of their search for Don Louis' supposed hoards, there was no question regarding the agreeableness of the tour, on which Gerald had insisted upon bringing his children as well as his wife. The occasional discomforts of the village *posadas* were lightly borne by the happy little company; and the art treasures and historical relics of the cities at which they halted were appreciated to the full by the elder travellers.

And thus, by easy, leisurely stages, they arrived at length at Seville, and Gerald began to make inquiries regarding the object of their journey. As was to be expected, little resulted from his investigations. After infinite trouble, the graves of Don Louis de Salamanca and his children were discovered in an obscure graveyard; the fact of the destruction of the old man's house established; and—through the descendant of an aged woman, who had once assisted as a temporary servant at Don Louis' abode—some lingering traditions recovered of the story of concealed wealth. A certain Maria Padilla remembered having heard her mother speak of the death of an old miser, for whom she had occasionally worked, and to whose corpse she had rendered the last offices. This old man had been buried by a former servant, to whom, it was said, the deceased had bequeathed a concealed fortune; but this was never discovered, though the disappointed legatee searched long and earnestly for it.

"And it is all long, long ago now, the señor must understand," added Maria, a stout, comely woman, with a baby in her arms and a brood of little ones round her knees.

In the land where everyone puts off everything to the proverbial "*mañana*" (to-morrow) it occupied many weeks to arrive even at this

meagre amount of information; and by the time he had gained it Gerald had won for himself at the English Consular Office a reputation for decided eccentricity and a somewhat troublesome persistence in his "visits of inquiry"; while the Spanish officials with whom his quest brought him in contact fully believed him to be not a little mad.

"We have sucked all the human brains we can," cried Gerald at length. "Now, Miss Tregarth, we will begin exploiting on our own account. I shall go round all the environs of Seville, seeking for a wayside shrine which will fulfil the conditions of our sketch."

"Have you found your shrine yet?" was a favourite joke with both Kitty and Millie when Gerald returned from the sketching expeditions under cover of which he pursued his search.

"The folk hereabouts will lock me up as a lunatic if I say much more about this precious treasure," explained the artist. "Patience, good people, patience; mañana, mañana," Gerald would reply, with a smile; and Kitty began to again dismiss the treasure subject from her mind, until one day her friend burst into the house in a state of the greatest excitement.

"All things come round to him who will but wait," he cried. "Have you forgotten that to-day is August 13th?"

"Well?" said Kitty and Millie together.

"And that the Festival of the Assumption will be celebrated two days hence, and that the shrine we are seeking will certainly be visited by some of the local religious processions," pursued Gerald triumphantly.

"Gerald, you are indeed 'a Daniel come to judgment,'" laughed Kitty.

The Romish Festival of "the Assumption" is a day devoutly observed on the Continent, and especially in Spain. From early morning on the fifteenth day of August the streets of Seville were filled with processions of devotees bent upon honouring, with all the most impressive accessories of religious worship, the commemoration of a wholly fictitious event, "fondly invented" by human superstition.

The artist patiently followed the long file of processionists who marched along the roads with chant and banner, and was at length rewarded for his pains by their halting at a small shrine about a couple of miles away from Seville, situated on a lonely road which Gerald had not yet visited. The shrine was of an ancient date—a figure of the Virgin-Mother seated under a small stone canopy, whose outlines exactly corresponded with those of Gerald's supposititious sketch. One foot of the seated figure protruded beyond the folds of its carved robe, and, as

the watchful eyes of the artist detected, cast a slight shadow upon the ground in front of the shrine.

"Could there be any connection between this foot and the 'sombra' and 'pié' of the inscription on the plate?" suddenly flashed upon Gerald's mind, as he stood behind the group of pilgrims who were kneeling before the shrine pattering their "Aves."

"But this shadow will fall at different places according to the time of year," was the artist's next reflection; and then, swift as lightning, came the thought, "*Could this fact explain the meaning of the 12.24?*"

Twelve, mid-day, the time when the shadow would be cast the strongest; twenty-four, possibly standing for the twenty-fourth day of August!

Gerald felt confident that he had read the whole enigma at last, and on his return home succeeded in communicating something of his enthusiasm to his wife and Kitty.

It was a sultry day, that 24th August, but the three "mad English," as their muleteer mentally described them, recked neither of heat nor risk of sunstroke as they took their way, long ere noon, to the lonely wayside shrine.

"They cannot be heretics, after all; it must be a vow that has brought them out in this heat to pray at the shrine," thought Manuel, as he gladly, in compliance with the directions of his employers, withdrew himself and his mules to wait under the shadow of a group of rocks—out of earshot and eyesight of the shrine.

Slowly, slowly did the moments drag by, until by three carefully set watches the noon-tide hour was announced to have arrived, and a small, black shadow from the foot of the image fell, clear and distinct, striking upon a little natural eminence opposite.

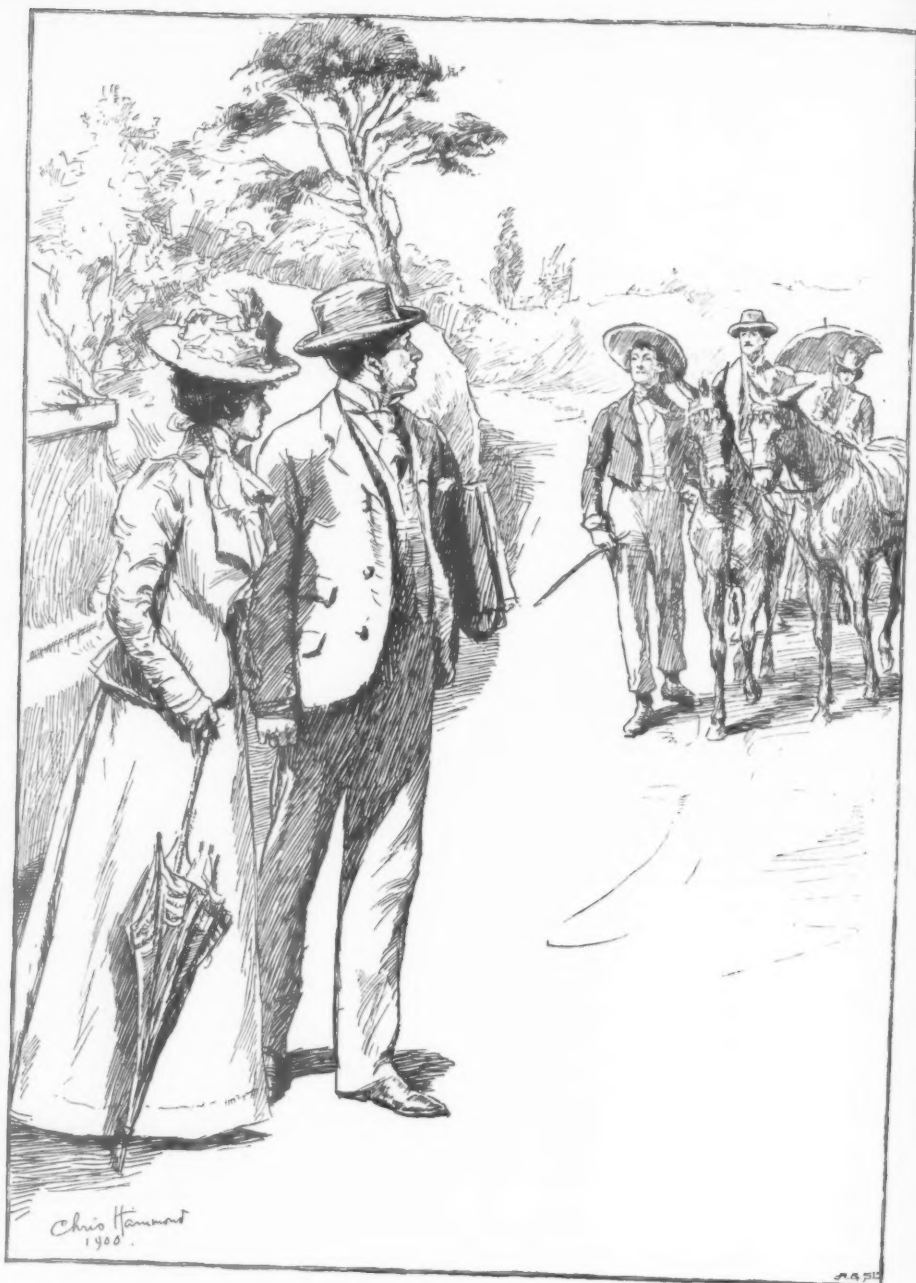
"The shadow of the foot falls exactly here, on this part of the bank; it is undoubtedly in this place that we must dig to find the treasure," said Gerald, who had become pale with suppressed excitement.

"Why did we not bring tools," cried Millie regretfully.

"I should not use them now, had we done so. It will be better to have the notary and some local authority with us on the spot before we investigate further. I will call at the Consulate on our way home, to know what precautions we had better take in order to put Miss Tregarth's claim to whatever we find beyond dispute."

"It is tantalising to be thus checked upon the very eve of a discovery," exclaimed Kitty.

"Well, the treasure—if it exists there—has been waiting for so many years that the additional delay of a day cannot signify," answered Gerald; "and, though I think I have succeeded in fully establishing Miss



Kitty sprang hastily to her feet.—p. 834.

Tregarth's claim before the legal authorities here, it is best to be on the safe side in the matter."

Gerald and his wife sauntered away to find Manuel and the mules, but Kitty lingered still by the shrine. How strange if the dream of so many years was about to be realised at last! And then there came the thought that, even if wealth were now to be hers, it would bring little happiness with it. Had her father been living—or had another—Here Kitty suddenly started as one who beholds an apparition; for, even as her thoughts strayed to Edward Gayton, she lifted her eyes, to see him standing beside her.

"Did I startle you, Miss Tregarth? It is many years since we met, and I certainly never expected to find you here," said Edward, whose surprise at the encounter was fully equal to Kitty's own.

Kitty quickly recovered her composure, and explanations followed the usual conventional greetings. Kitty stated the object of her journey to Spain, and, for the first time, related to Edward the story of the supposed treasure.

"You are making one of your usual sketching tours, I presume?" she added, glancing at the portfolio which her companion carried.

"I am sketching, as usual, whenever I find subjects for my pencil; but my visit to Spain, like yours, Miss Tregarth, had a definite business object," said Edward gravely; and then a pause ensued.

"How is Mrs. Leslie?" asked Kitty, breaking a somewhat awkward silence.

"My sister is fairly well, but her bereavement has told greatly upon her. We lost our little Annis three months ago," answered Edward; and Kitty then observed that he was in mourning.

"Oh! I am grieved indeed to hear this," cried Kitty, with quick sympathy, for she knew how Mrs. Leslie idolised her child.

"Yes, poor Rose is very desolate now," replied Mr. Gayton; "but, much as I loved the little one, I cannot grieve for *her*. The poor child's life was one of constant suffering, which must, as the doctors said, have increased as the years went by; and it is happy for her to be spared further trials."

"What will Mrs. Leslie do without her little daughter?" said Kitty, whose kindly heart felt deeply for the crushing sorrow which had fallen on the bereaved mother.

"At first Rose's grief was so violent that we feared for her reason, and even for her life; but she has grown calmer of late, and is, I think, about to embark in a scheme which promises the best consolation for such a loss as hers. My sister is arranging to receive a few invalid children, of a class above the actual poor, to stay at the Manor for some weeks or months, as their cases may require.

She has set aside a portion of the house for their exclusive use, and engaged two competent nurses to attend upon them. It will be a small convalescent home, in fact—only, for a class which, though often as really necessitous as the so-called 'poor,' suffers in silence and shrinks from applying for public charity. Rose will continue to reside at the Manor, and will find occupation and interest in superintending the working of her charitable scheme."

"It is a beautiful idea," said Kitty warmly, "and I hope Mrs. Leslie will find all the comfort she deserves to do in her unselfish devotion to these poor little sufferers. It is the noblest monument that could be set up to poor little Annis—her mother taking those afflicted children to tend as lovingly as she once did her own darling."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus kindly of my sister, Miss Tregarth," said Edward, "because I come to you as a messenger from her, to ask your forgiveness for a wrong she once did you."

"Mrs. Leslie was always kind to me. There must be some mistake," cried Kitty hastily.

"I was, of course, the person most wronged by my poor sister's ill-judged action," answered Edward in a low voice, "and I must confess it was, at first, difficult for me honestly to say, 'I forgive.' But when I beheld poor Rose in her heartbroken desolation of bereavement—it was shortly after Annis' death that my sister made her confession to me—I could not but relent and pardon, as I hope you will do." And Edward proceeded to relate the circumstance of the suppressed letter, but without mentioning its contents.

"The suppression of a letter is, of course, a serious offence," Edward added. "For this wrongful dealing with your property Rose asks your forgiveness. To me the non-delivery of that letter meant—Well, as I say, I found it difficult at first to pardon even my own sister for the injury she had inflicted upon me; but I have forgiven her fully and heartily now."

"I hope Mrs. Leslie will not therefore distress herself further in the matter," said Kitty, a little unsteadily. "Please beg her never to do so on my account. I fear Mrs. Leslie must have thought me very unfeeling in not writing to her regarding her bereavement; but we have been travelling about for some while, and I have seen the English papers very irregularly. I never heard of Annis' death until to-day."

"I know you have been moving about a good deal," answered Edward, with a half-smile, "because it so happens that I have been tracking your movements for some while, and have only just succeeded in coming up with you. I had called at your hotel at Seville, and heard that you had all gone

out, and that it was uncertain when you would return. I left a line saying I would come again this evening, as I had a message of importance to deliver to you from my sister; and then, to pass away the time, I strolled out with my sketch-book. It is indeed a lucky accident which brought me here just at this time."

Kitty sat silent; in spite of herself, her cheeks were flushing painfully.

"I followed you to Spain," Edward went on in a low, earnest voice, "partly to deliver poor Rose's message in person—I could better explain everything by word of mouth than in a letter; but chiefly, I must confess, upon an errand of my own—Miss Tregarth—perhaps you can guess it?"

Kitty bent her head over a few wayside flowers which she had been nervously plucking; her hands trembled, but she did not reply.

"Nearly five years ago," Edward went on, "I wrote a letter which contained a question, the answer to which was to stand for my life's happiness. No answer ever came, for the epistle never reached the hands for which it was destined; but I only learnt of the suppression of this letter when my poor sister recently confessed her wrongdoing. I will say, in her excuse, that she had persuaded herself that—by darkening my life for many a year—she was doing me a service. Poor Rose! sorrow has now taught her to be less worldly. I do not know whether, had that letter ever reached its destination, a reply would have come to it; but I at least resolved to know my fate, and this time to trust to no written words, but to gain my answer direct from your lips——"

At this moment Kitty sprang hastily to her feet; for Manuel and the mules, followed by Gerald and his wife, were close upon them.

"I could have *cried* with vexation," said Millie afterwards to her husband, "for I really believe we just interrupted a proposal. Did you see Kitty's face, and how confused they both looked? Oh, how *could* we have been so stupid as to arrive at such an unfortunate moment!"

"Well, we had no reason to suspect what was going on; and, as you heard Miss Tregarth say, this meeting between herself and her friend was a purely accidental one. They will have plenty of other opportunities for explaining themselves later on; you know Mr. Gayton is to join us to-morrow on our treasure-digging expedition."

"And I will take care the poor things get a few minutes together alone *this* time," answered Millie benevolently, mindful of her own "courtship days."

"Trust a woman for scenting out and

helping on a love affair," laughed Gerald; and then Millie slyly asked how *he* would have liked it if, a certain number of years ago, when two foolish young people were strolling in a country garden, some tiresome persons had come up just at the moment. But here Gerald found it expedient to stop his wife's mouth with a kiss.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED.

CARELESS as he was about his own affairs, Gerald had neglected no precautions which would secure Kitty's undisputed possession of the "treasure," should it ever come to light. Her claim—through her father and Diego Gomez—to Don Louis' property had been duly established in the proper quarters; and Gerald was now arranging to secure witnesses to the discovery—should it ever be made. The long-suffering English Consul, who had, in truth, become very weary of Gerald's repeated visits, informed his wife that "the troublesome artist fellow, who fancies he is on the track of some concealed treasure to which a friend of his has a claim," had called again at the Consulate, and "believed he had hit upon the hiding-place of the property."

"Do you really think he has?" asked the Consul's wife, with some interest.

"No, I don't, for I believe the whole story is a mere fiction; but I shall be heartily glad if the matter is settled one way or another, for I'm sick of the fellow pestering at my office," answered the Consul rather snappishly. "He wanted me to join in their precious treasure-digging hunt to-morrow, but I've no time to waste. He can take the notary, and anyone else he likes."

Edward Gayton had returned with the Malverns and Kitty to their hotel, and very readily agreed to join the expedition.

"An expedition which may result in converting Miss Tregarth into a millionaire," laughed Gerald; while Millie averred that she should lie awake all night thinking of the possible discoveries of "wedges of gold, jewels, unnumbered pearls," which might lie hidden before that wayside shrine.

Kitty herself felt strangely indifferent to her prospective fortune; possibly because other thoughts were filling her breast. There had not been an opportunity for the lovers to exchange another word in private; but enough had been said to set Kitty's heart throbbing and her pulses beating strangely. She had not been mistaken, after all, in that sweet love-dream of five years ago!

"He loved me then, he loves me still," was the happy refrain which was now ringing in Kitty's once lonely heart. What recked she of material wealth, in view of this gladness? The only value which her prospective "fortune" bore in her eyes was that it would be a gift to lavish upon her beloved.

By the advice of their legal adviser, a grave, keen-faced Spaniard, the treasure-seekers set out at a very early hour the next morning on their quest, thus avoiding the chance of attracting attention from idlers. The vicinity of the shrine furnished a plausible excuse for their journey; the muleteer only suspected devotional intentions in this early start. Doubtless, when Don Louis had concealed his hoard in its indicated resting-place he had found the same pretext—that of paying adoration at the shrine—a convenient cloak for his real errand—that of burying his treasures.

Kitty was strangely silent during their journey; but Gerald and Millie talked eagerly of what the expected discoveries might bring to light—hoards of golden doubloons, treasures of jewels: who could say what might lie concealed?

Gerald had carefully marked the precise spot where the "shadow of the foot" had fallen, and began to dig there eagerly. In a short time he had broken into a small square cavity, evidently artificially constructed in the bank, and lined with brick. Then Gerald threw down his spade.

"Miss Tregarth," he cried, "it is your turn now. Put in your hand, and feel your property. Señor Golsalo," turning to the lawyer, "be pleased to verify our discovery."

The notary bowed. Kitty put a rather tremulous little hand into the cavity, and touched a strong iron-bound box!

"Eureka!" shouted Gerald, as he and the notary dragged this (it was heavy, although of no very large size) out into the light of day. The box was locked, but Gerald battered at it with his spade until the rusted hinges gave way.

"It was assuredly once the property of one of the Salamanca family. I know their coat-arms, and it is engraved upon the outside of the casket," said the notary, peering at the lid of the box through his spectacles.

"Oh, bother the *outside*!" cried Gerald impatiently, tearing open the lid. "I beg your pardon, Señor Golsalo, but the excitement really carries me away. Now!" And he flung open the long-sought coffer.

A mass of papers, yellow but intact, lay at the top. These Gerald hastily pulled out, and thrust into Señor Golsalo's hands, for beneath them was the gleam of gold. A mass of neatly packed coins—some 250 altogether—and a faded leather case, which, on being opened, revealed some rings, brooches, and other

articles of jewellery—antique, but of no very great intrinsic value—came to light.

"About £200 in English money value, I should imagine those coins to be," said Gerald in a rather disappointed tone, "and the jewellery, though quaint and pretty, would not fetch above £100, or £150 at the outside, I should say. The 'fortune' must be in the papers, Miss Tregarth. How say you, Señor Golsalo?"

The notary did not reply for several minutes. Spectacles on nose, he carefully examined and scrutinised the documents before him; then he replaced them in their box, and spoke with deliberation.

"This worthy Don Louis de Salamanca was a loyal man, and had the courage of his opinions."

"Is there a fortune in these papers?" cried Gerald impatiently.

"Yes, and no," replied the notary, shaking his head. "You have already informed me to which party Don Louis adhered in the South American Republic; a party which was defeated, and whose adherents had to fly for their lives. But Don Louis, as he states in a paper which he has left with these documents, still cherished so firm a belief in the ultimate success of his faction that he devoted most of his fortune to purchasing the bonds which this temporary Government had issued, sure of obtaining back his money, with usury, one day."

"And in the result?" cried Gerald.

"The party which expelled Don Louis has held its own ever since in South America, and is likely to continue to do so," answered the notary drily.

"Then these bonds are only worth——"

"Waste paper," replied the lawyer laconically.

"They are about as valuable as the Confederate Bonds after the American War of the 'sixties, or as the Pretender's promises of payment after the battle of Culloden," put in Edward Gayton.

"This good Don Louis was assuredly unfortunate in his investments," continued the lawyer, turning over the papers again. "Besides those bonds of an extinct and discredited Government, I perceive certain vouchers for shares in various unsuccessful local speculations of many years ago—irrigation works which failed, a projected railway which was equally unfortunate. There are *promises* here of a fortune indeed, of a fortune of magnitude; but in effect," and the notary pushed the papers aside rather contemptuously, and repeated, "only waste paper!"

"So our treasure search ends in disappointment, after all, Miss Tregarth," exclaimed Gerald, turning to the girl. "About £300 in money and jewels represents the whole value of our discovery."

"I am very well satisfied to have cleared up the mystery at last," said Kitty, smiling. "I have, at least, found enough to more than defray all the cost of my search; and this jewellery"—and she lifted the leather case—"is quaint and pretty, if of no great intrinsic value. Millie, you must divide it with me later on, in remembrance of our treasure-seeking journeyings."

Edward Gayton's face had brightened considerably at the result of the discovery. Selfish as, he told himself, might be the feeling, he secretly rejoiced that Kitty was not—by being suddenly made an extremely wealthy woman—raised far beyond his hopes. Could he have honourably wooed her, had she become an absolute millionaire?

"Let us go back to look for Manuel and the mules," said Millie, sweeping away the rest of the party; "and remember, you dear old stupid, to be slow enough this time," she whispered in her husband's ear as they turned away.

Kitty and Edward still remained behind; Kitty was rearranging her property in its casket, and Edward knelt down by her side to assist her.

Suddenly he picked up one of the rings, set with a small diamond.

"Kitty, my love, my darling," he whispered, "I am waiting—as I have done for five dreary, lonely years—for your answer to my prayer. If it is to be 'Yes,' will you let me slip this ring of your own upon your finger, to wear till I can replace it with another which shall symbolise our betrothal?"

Kitty silently extended one slender finger; Edward placed the ring upon it, and pressed a fervent kiss on the white little hand.

"*Mine at last!*" he whispered. "My Kitty, will you be angry if I say that I cannot regret that your 'fortune' has turned out thus illusory? Great wealth might have placed you beyond reach; I have, as you know, sufficient means to maintain you in comfort, even in modest luxury, and your lost fortune—"

"I do not think my 'fortune' is lost at all," said Kitty, with dancing eyes.

Kitty's fortune proved very real and substantial, after all; for there are riches which cannot be represented by all the gems of the Indies or by the gold-mines of Peru.

[THE END.]



Touched a strong iron-bound box.—p. 835.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER.



NAZARETH.

(Photo: Burfile.)

JESUS CHRIST AS MISSIONARY.

By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., of New York, U.S.A.

PART THE SECOND.



F we are to be missionaries as Christ was missionary, we must abandon our attempt to make proselytes; we must take Christ's mission as our own; we must endeavour to give life, and to give it more abundantly; and we must be content that men of different temperaments and training shall work out that life in forms adapted to their own character and conditions. That this is not impossible has been proved by the success achieved where the attempt has been made. The late Mr. Moody's meetings have been attended by Jews, Roman Catholics, and infidels. As I am engaged in writing this chapter I am preaching on Sunday evenings a series of four sermons on the life and teachings of Christ, in a hall in New York City, unaccompanied by any religious service whatever; the hall is filled with an attentive audience, which includes infidels, Socialists, Anarchists, Jews, Protestants, Roman Catholics, with very few church-goers;

and this is the second year in which these Sunday evening lectures have been given to similar audiences by recognised Christian teachers, who have left their dogmatic theology behind them, and have come to talk to the people about life. In a Roman Catholic neighbourhood in Brooklyn, in the vicinity of Plymouth Church, there has been an Italian Mission for several years, in which is one Bible class conducted by a Christian lady of great consecration and great tact—the two do not always go together—and during her conduct of it two members of her class have been confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church, two more in the Episcopal Church, four have united with Plymouth (Congregational) Church, and all still remain in the same class, studying the teachings of Jesus Christ in their application to life and its problems. The reason is very simple: the teacher does not seek, she does not even desire, to make Protestants of her pupils; she only wishes to make Christians of them.

This was always Christ's endeavour. He made no effort to cast all men into the same mould; to give them all the

same opinions; to confine them all to one method of worship; nor even to bring them all into one organisation. The silences of Christ are as significant as His speech; His omissions are as suggestive as His acts. The fact that He prescribed neither a creed nor a ritual has been often noted. This omission on His part does not forbid us from doing both. But it does forbid us from imagining that either our creed or our ritual is the essence of Christianity. The essence of Christianity is life—the life of God in the soul of man. If we possess such a life, we shall wish to say what belief it has wrought in us—and this will be our creed; we shall wish to join in some common expression of our reverence, our penitence, and our love—and this will be our ritual. Only let us not imagine that we are commissioned to impose on others either the form of our faith or the form of our worship: we are commissioned to give to others the life which God has given to us through Jesus Christ, and we are not to be troubled if they find other forms for its expression, which suit them better than those which we have either created or selected for ourselves.

The object which Christ had in His ministry He has made very plain. He declared it in His first sermon at Nazareth: "And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And He opened the book, and found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor: He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. . . . And He began to say unto them, To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears."

This was the object of His mission: to make the poor glad, the broken-hearted whole, the captive free, the blind seeing, the bruised at liberty. In its narrowest interpretation this means a better distribution of wealth, a larger measure of consolation to the afflicted, the overthrow of slavery, the maintenance of hospitals for the sick and the infirm, government for the benefit of the governed. And all this Christianity has accomplished. In its larger application, this

includes the Kingdom of God for the poor in spirit, the whole heart and the new life to men broken-hearted and in despair because of their sins, emancipation to the sin-enslaved, the purity of heart which sees God, the freedom wherewith the Son of God makes free. This interpretation is illustrated by the drawing near of publicans and sinners to hear Christ, by the hope given to the weeping woman who was a sinner, by the enfranchisement of Zacchæus from his self-forged chains, by the new understanding of the Kingdom of God given to Peter and James and John, and through them and other apostles to the whole Church of Christ, by the deliverance of Peter from his unstable impulsiveness, of Thomas from his resolute scepticism, and of John from his office-seeking ambition. This object of Christ He has again made very clear in His last recorded prayer already quoted: "That He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him; and this is life eternal, that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." If we are missionaries as Christ was missionary, our object will be, not to impose on others our forms of faith or worship, or our external habits of any kind; it will be to make men know God, through Jesus Christ, Whom God hath sent, and by that knowledge, that acquaintanceship, that fellowship, to set them free from servitude, heal their broken hearts, and fill them with the glad tidings that they also are the children of God.

For though Jesus Christ was not a mere teacher of theology neither was He a mere philanthropist. If it is a mistake on the one hand to confound Him with the mere ecclesiastic, it is equally a mistake to confound Him with the purveyor of material benefits or the teacher of ethical culture. The latter misapprehension of His mission is as fatal as the former, and it is one into which, in the reaction of our time against ecclesiasticism, we are in perhaps greater danger of falling.

A simple illustration will make my meaning clear. A child is lost and crying broken-hearted in the streets of a great city. A kindly disposed citizen takes him in hand. "My poor boy," he says, "you are cold and hungry, and the roughs have torn your clothes and rolled you in the gutter. Come home with me, and I

will warm you, and feed you, and clothe you." But the boy still sobs unappeased, "I want my father." And while the perplexed philanthropist is trying to coax the sobbing urchin to go home with him, a second man appears on the scene. "Holloa!" he says, "what are you doing here, Johnny?" and Johnny still cries, "I want my father." "Come with me," replies the stranger. "I know your father; he lives next door to me. Come with me." And the boy drops the hand of the philanthropist, and checks his sobs, and starts for his father and his home.

This is what Christ came to do; not primarily and chiefly to give us warmth and clothing and shelter, but to lead us back to our Father. It is because the world has lost its Father that it is in sorrow. It wants not, on the one hand, philosophy about its Father—that is, theology; nor, on the other hand, food, clothing, and shelter, or even instruction how to get along in this short earthly life—that is, philanthropy and ethical culture. It wants its Father and its home. Christ is more than a great theologian or a great philanthropist: He is the great Missionary—because He is able to say to the sorrowing world, "I know your Father; come with Me, and I will take you to your Father." And no church and no ministry is truly missionary, or even truly Christian, unless in His spirit, and with something of His personal knowledge of the Father, it can lead humanity to its Father and its home.

It is not necessary to enter in detail upon Christ's method of missionary activity, because methods available in our time were impossible in His, and methods necessary in His time are, to some extent, superseded in ours. A missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, for his work in the west, has had a special car constructed. It contains all the instruments necessary for the services of his church, and Bibles, prayer-books and tracts for distribution. It is attached to a railroad train; dropped at the first town where there is no church; serves the purposes of a church for a day or a week, as the case may be; and is then attached to another train, and goes on to the next town. This method was, of course, impossible in Christ's time. There were no railroads; there was no printing-press; there were neither Bibles nor

prayer-books nor tracts which could be distributed; and the people could not have read them had they existed. On the other hand, it would clearly be a folly for this bishop to insist on making his missionary journeys on foot because Christ made His journeys in that fashion, or to deprive himself of the printing-press and its products because Christ did not have them to use in the first century.

It is, however, a notable fact that Christ's was an itinerant ministry. He travelled the entire length and breadth of Palestine, from south of Jerusalem to Mount Hermon on the north, and from the cities of Tyre and Sidon on the coast to the cities of Perea, the region beyond the Jordan, on the east. Part of this territory He travelled more than once. Apparently He preached the Gospel in every large town, leaving only the smaller towns to His disciples,* and this only because He had not the time and strength to do all the preaching Himself. It is reasonable to conclude that He did not consider His earthly mission closed until the whole of Palestine had been traversed and all the people had possessed the opportunity of hearing His message, either from His own lips or from those of His own immediate disciples. He was both a herald and a teacher. The industry and self-expenditure with which He gave Himself to His work is strikingly illustrated by the record of one day which Mark has given us.† But no eagerness of the people to have Him remain with them could tempt Him from the fulfilment of His purpose to carry the message over the whole of His native land. When Peter said to Him, "All men are seeking Thee," He replied, "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore am I sent."

Christ has given to His Church a double commission. "Go ye," He said to them, "and make disciples of all nations. . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." These are different functions; it is rarely the case that the same person can fulfil them both. To persuade men to accept Christ as their Master is not enough; it is also necessary to teach men what the Master has taught and how the spirit and

* Compare St. Matthew xi, 1 with St. Luke ix, 6.

† St. Mark i, 16-35. See "A Day in Capernaum," by Franz Delitzsch.

principles of His teaching can be applied in our times. To teach men what that teaching means is not enough; it is also necessary to persuade them to accept Christ as their Master.

It may be questioned whether the Church has not given too large a proportion of its energies to teaching those who are already disciples, and too little energy to the work of making disciples. It was because, in the Middle Ages, the Church, through its priesthood, did so little of this work of making disciples, that the preaching friars became so great a power; because, in the eighteenth century, the religious institutions of England had so little of evangelising zeal, that Methodism grew to be so large and so valued an instrument in making disciples of the unevangelised; and in our time, it is because the Church has again forgotten those outside its walls, and devoted its attention to those within them, that the Salvation Army has suddenly sprung into existence, a new branch of the great invisible Church of Christ. I do not esteem the work of the pastor and teacher. To teach disciples what they ought to do, and to inspire them with courage to do it, appears to me a noble service. The Church which is doing this work is not to be measured by the additions to its members, but by the lives of those who are already its members; and of such lives statistics are not possible. But certainly the Church is not doing the work of the Master if it is not a missionary Church; it is not following Him if it does not make disciples as well as instruct those who are disciples. I believe myself that this making of disciples must be largely relegated to lay effort; that it does not require professional training so much as spiritual experience; and that there is little hope of carrying the message to every creature so long as we allow only professional scholars to be Gospel heralds. It is said in the Book of Acts that "they who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Gospel." It is certain that no one of the twelve had ever received ecclesiastical training as a rabbi or ecclesiastical authority from the rabbis. It was cast in Christ's face that He had never been taught in the theological schools of His time.* In the Old Testament Church any man might be a prophet, though only those in the regular order

could be priests. To do the missionary work of the Church must we not accept the example of the early Church and of Christ Himself, reinforced as it is by the providence of God in the preaching friars, the Methodist exhorters, and the Salvation Army, and send forth laymen to do the heralding of the Gospel and the making of disciples, while the professionally trained and ordained ministry give themselves largely to the work of teaching the disciples what is the meaning of Christ's teaching and how it is to be applied to our complex modern life?

To sum all up in a paragraph. Christ's whole life was that of a missionary, for He came, commissioned by His Father, to do His Father's will, and that will was the propagation of religion. In accomplishing this mission He went out from the ecclesiastical gatherings of His time to seek as well as to save the straying and the lost. He put before them, not abstract truths, but vital truths, and in comprehensible forms. He believed, and acted on the belief, not only that God cares for all men, but also that there is in all men the possibility of the life that comes from and unites us to God; therefore He went in His mission to all classes and conditions of men, never allowing Himself to be forbidden by ignorance, superstition, or prejudice, however hostile it might be. His object was never to proselytise, but always to transform; never to make mere adherents of a creed, a ritual, or an order, but always to give life. In the pursuit of this object He aimed, not merely to make men happier, but to bring them to God their Father, that they might have God's life in them, and be at one with Him; and in this endeavour He set us the example which we must follow, an example which illustrates and enforces His command, that we are both to make disciples of those who are not now disciples, and to instruct in the principles of Christianity those who are. And, finally, this work can never be successfully accomplished if we assume, in the face of His own example, that of the Apostolic Church, and that of the later Church in its periods of missionary revival, that the missionary work of the Church can be carried on only by professionally trained and ecclesiastically ordained clergymen.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for his own contribution only.

* St. John vii. 15; compare St. Luke iv. 22.



CHRIST'S FIRST SERMON AT NAZARETH.

A Rural Parson's July.



GREAT deal has been said at one time or another about the relative claims of town and country as a dwelling-place, but it does not fall to the lot of many to make choice as to where their home shall be. Some people might say that Fortune chooses for them. Be that as it may, it has mainly been my lot to dwell in the country, only

running up to town now and then, seeing in those few and far between visits how men and women live when cooped up in the narrow streets, with a minimum of fresh air and a small allowance of clear sunshine.

Chancing to be a rural parson, life has proved to me to be by no means dull and dreary; for, bucolic as some of my parishioners are, we are not without our bits of excitement, nor are we likely to die of *ennui*. Apart from the people themselves, the walks through the parish are delightful. Those who know what Devonshire is like can readily imagine the charm of a country excursion in our neighbourhood in the summer time. The country lane stands out distinctly as one of the pleasures of visitors to this lovely shire, and in July or August it is in its glory. Now and again you are hedged in completely, seeing nothing but the tall bushes growing out of the terra-cotta coloured earth, the hard-beaten pathway under foot, the pleasant little brook on one side, and a glimpse of the bright blue sky overhead. Near as we are to the coast, any of us starting from the rectory would have on the one hand occasional glimpses of the sea, on which the sun glowed in splendour, while the breeze brought up the sound of the billows breaking on the shore. Small wonder is it that my visitors should be a happy party, for everything around them seemed to say, "Begone, dull care!"

Even the quiet country lane has its excitements, and the stolidity and queer obstinacy of the country people often give our visitors something to talk over at the tea-table. It is no unusual thing to turn a corner and find the way blocked in front of us. But in "nine cases out of ten" the block is caused through sheer perversity, and not through accident. So narrow are the majority of the lanes that, in order to allow a waggon to

pass by, the foot-passenger must needs climb into the hedge and hold on by a branch until the way is clear again. But take a sample of our frequent experience. Here was a deadlock, which neither driver would move hand or foot to relieve.

"What's the matter?" said I to the carter lying in the hedge, moodily chewing a straw and slashing his whip in discontent.

"Cantee zee vur yerzelf, zur?" said John, pointing with his whip to another cart beyond his own.

The two horses were standing face to face, looking quite contented, or possibly enjoying a nap as they stood, while the drivers were calmly sitting down, fighting out a battle of endurance, since each refused to give way an inch, and back his horse through the nearest field gate so as to clear the ground for the other to pass.

Then John shouted past me: "Now, Joe, be *yu agwaine back?*"

"No, I bant."

"Then more bant I."

I thought I would put in a word. "But, John, you are near to a gate. Could you not back your cart a few yards?"

"I'll be burned ef I du," was the response.

"Come over here, Joe," I called to the other carter, who took all his time in according obedience.

"Can't you good fellows settle this matter in a friendly way? Who got here first?"

"I did," said Joe.

"I'll be blamed ef *yu* did," shouted Jack, accompanying his words with an emphatic crack of his whip.

By dint of persuasion and a little reasoning on the matter, we succeeded in inducing Jack to back into a field half a dozen yards away.

"Hold my coat, my dear," I said, pulling it off, and handing it to my wife.

"Now, Joe, you take that wheel, and I will take this. Jack, wake up the horse, and take his head. Ready?"

A short sharp struggle followed, the cart moved, and with much labour got into the field far enough to allow Joe to pass by, as he might have done an hour before. But, as some of my readers may know, time is not money in the country, as it is said to be in the smoky towns.

"So much for country life," was the verdict as I pulled on my coat. Then on we went, leaving the lane at last, and passing over the strips of fertile meadow and down the delightful glen, skirting the crystal trout stream that gathered many a glory from the sun; or by the mill, whose wheel dropped

bushels of diamonds as it turned, the bright gems radiant in the sunlight—so prodigal of wealth is Nature on a summer's day!

But lanes do not get blocked every day; and, moreover, when one has gone down the same village street hundreds of times, looked into the same faces day by day, heard the same stories over and over again—well, much as one may be devoted to his parish work, he cannot help wishing for a change of some sort. Yet, generally speaking, we are happy enough, and have very few slow hours. People persist in asking me, when I go up to town to see them, or when they come down to this little village by the sea: "However do you manage to get through your time?" "Tolerably well, on the whole," I

reply; and plenty who know will say I am not wrong.

Where the countryman cannot afford to hunt, it is certainly cheap enough to be a disciple of Izaak Walton and go after the fish. The townsman cannot fully realise the joys of fishermen. Angling is the charm beyond all others in Arcadia, albeit the fish in these pleasant streams in this quiet Devonshire corner think otherwise. Were they book-wise, they might re-enact the old story, and, like the wise old frog of that community immortalised by the fable-writer, their spokesman might remonstrate with anglers in general, and say: "What is sport to you is death to us!" Think of it, sitting by the stream in the gloaming. The day,



"Can't you good fellows settle this matter in a friendly way?"

perhaps, has been one with sport enough to make the most ardent angler happy. As the water moves dreamily on, the silly trout that are left are curving their tails and leaping up in the air after a fly that has good reason to think the only fish near at hand are those that lie stark dead upon the bank. So we sit in the gloaming, and presently the glorious twilight gives place to night.

There are other pleasures common in many respects to every countryman—that of looking after his garden, for instance. Here I speak more as a novice; for I am sorry to say that, while the labourer, earning a few shillings a week, could go into his own bit of garden and dig away to his heart's content, I do not take to gardening as a hobby; the gardener looks after my ground. The fact also remains that gardening on my own account brought up at the outset two or three difficulties. First, some of my parishioners would say, "A pity our parson ain't got nothin' better to do." That was hard. And in the second place, it was expensive in the matter of time. Do not misunderstand me; a garden pays for labour bestowed upon it. As one of our best-known novelists says: "The finest gardener that ever grew knows well that he cannot command success, and has long outgrown young arrogance. Still he continues to hope for the best; for the essence of the gentle craft is hope, rooted in labour and trained by love." But the novelist does not express my meaning, after all, when I say that the garden in the rectory was expensive in the matter of time. The expense in this particular case comes thus: that everyone who passed by, seeing the rector gardening, thought it a splendid opportunity to have a chat. They would lean over the wooden palings, and talk on and on, and for good manners' sake one could not help listening—which chiefly meant much talk and little gardening. And thirdly, to do my own gardening was expensive in the matter of friendliness. Advice was nearly always offered which it was scarcely agreeable or wise to accept; for how, on six successive days, could one dare to follow out six different suggestions as to the flowers that should be cultivated in any one particular bed? One, for instance, would advise all one class, whereas I preferred a large assortment, such as choice geraniums, auriculas, the daphne, roses, azaleas, lilies of the valley, and so on. To refuse the one and accept the other looked like favouritism—a perilous thing for a country parson to indulge in. Looking at the matter all round, it was cheaper, safer, and more comfortable to leave it with the gardener. He could always afford to be morose and go on with his work, accepting or declining hints as he might choose.

I turn to my encyclopædia to see what it has to say about Arcadia, and this is what I read: "The inhabitants of Arcadia were celebrated among the Greeks for simplicity of character; their manners furnished the theme both of sentiment and humour, according as they were associated with purity and piety or with deficiency of knowledge and intelligence. The occupation of the people was almost entirely pastoral." That fits in admirably with the majority of those with whom I spend my working and my idle hours. We are—the whole lot of us, parson and people—a simple-minded company up to a certain mark, deficient in knowledge, and not too remarkable for intelligence. As for botany, ornithology, geology, and all such things, as a rule, we do not know much about them. We can tell you a great deal about mangel-wurzels, and cabbages, and blackbirds, and hens, and clay, and marl; but nothing that you call book knowledge. We leave that for cleverer people.

Yet, as a dweller in a Devonshire Arcadia, I can speak up for the men and women whose company I keep, and say that we possess a certain rough-and-ready cleverness. We never turn to a newspaper to look for the weather forecast, so that we may know what sort of weather we are going to have. Generally speaking, we look about us and overhead, and watch the scudding clouds, or listen for certain sounds, or observe the movements of our animals about the farms; and, as a rule, a countryman who works in the fields will give you as good a weather forecast as they can do at the famous Meteorological Office.

But there is another peculiarity about the dwellers in Arcadia. They do not leave strangers severely alone. I never knew a stranger pass along a village street without someone coming out of doors to have a look at him. In other words, we hunt up all strangers. Why? Is it for courtesy's sake or curiosity's sake? I confess that as a rule we do it on the off-chance of getting news about the outside world. But I must say this: that our interested curiosity is not often satisfied without some sort of return. Many who come our way are ardent anglers, but, not knowing the streams as we do, they would catch but few fish, perhaps, however neatly they could throw a fly. If they were genial and communicative, you would be delighted to repay them by showing them the best bits of fishing. Many an artist comes our way wanting to find the best bits of scenery; and, being a bit of an artist myself, but certainly very amateurish in my best attempts, I have got hints that were very helpful from these fully fledged A.R.A.'s—as some of them are.

It may be that many a country parson,

shut out from the busier scenes of town life, and having more dreamy leisure than the brother in a large community, begins to imagine that he was born to be a literary

is our spirit, their Saviour our Saviour, their God our God." The world would have been poorer had he not taken up his pen to write; and few have ever spoken with more



"I have got hints that were very helpful."

character—born to write something more than sermons. There is a certain warrant for this, for beyond a doubt many of the best bits of literary work have been done in the country—Charles Kingsley's, for instance. Earth's voices oft-times spoke to him as he walked the fields. And, as he confessed in one of his letters, the trees, and flowers, and birds, and the motes of vapoury cloud floating in the sky, seemed to say to him: "Thou knowest us! Thou knowest we have a meaning, and sing a heaven's harmony by night and day! Do us justice! Spell our enigma, and go forth and tell thy fellows that we are their brethren, that their spirit

distinctness concerning earth's voices and heaven's harmonies. Could anyone imagine more delightful descriptive work than that of Richard Jefferies, who pictures field and hedge-row from every aspect? But who could imagine any of it being done in a garret in the smoky town? Charlotte Brontë, again. I know the house well where she wrote one of her best books; and from my bedroom window in that Yorkshire village I could fancy, as I looked, that I saw her sitting down and doing such splendid work, so that, while dead, she yet speaketh. But we are not many of us Charles Kingsleys, or Richard Jefferies, or Charlotte Brontës—they are few and far

between; and that, perhaps, is why so many of us have made the attempt and suffered the bitterness of failure.

Yet a countryman's literary work is full of freshness, as a rule; and who could wonder at it, when his window, wide open, admits the full flood of Nature's music, and the balmy air is so exhilarating? I have sometimes wondered whether this literary craze

allowing our minds to go where they will, which is frequently at a tangent. But there is always this to be thought of also in our country life—that in the country Christ comes to us in many ways. And when He finds us He finds our humanity very much the same as He does in the busy towns and crowded streets. Perhaps He finds us, generally speaking, a little more devout. I do not know that



Hardier church-goers tramp through the slush and mire.

possesses a country parson because he looks on earth's brightest side, and is not crushed by the heart-breaking episodes that are so rife in town.

But I must not wander on. Yet how can one help it? You get into a Devonshire lane, you lounge on and on, listening to Nature's voice, which is the call of God, and you take no note of the time. In country life we get into that way, very often, of wandering a bit, of listening to what is going on around us,

this is so, but so it seems to me. Among the lazy hours in Arcadia are those that bring such rest upon the Sabbath. Monotonous as the one bell of a country church may be, there is a real Sunday sound about it. "Ding-dong, ding-dong," is the noisy call that our own church bell sends upon the breeze, and it is heard by the little straggling groups that come in all directions to the house of God. My parishioners tramp up the steep country lanes, all uneven with the rush of the winter

rains down their stony ways. A group comes across the field by the sheep-walk, and, as they are what we call "swells," they pick their way daintily, lest they should spoil their Sunday shoes. Hardier ones, who do not worship fashion or study appearances, tramp through the slush and mire, coming by the shortest cut. In our large towns the church-goers ask why so few go to church or chapel. We scarcely ever put that question in the country. Of all people in the land, someone once said, there are none so devout as the cottagers in the lanes and hamlets; and everyone who knows the country says, "It is perfectly true." Richard Jefferies, whose memory we have, but not his presence now, once pleasantly drew the picture of the Sunday walk to church or chapel while the bell was ringing out its call. He might have been standing at my own church door as he wrote his delightful words. He pictures the

men in their black coats and high hats—big fellows that did not look ungainly until they dressed themselves up; women as red as turkey-cocks, so he says, and panting and puffing—some of them he must have meant, surely not all; crowds of children, making the roads odorous with the smell of pomade, only used on Sundays; the boys with their hair long behind; the girls with white stockings, all out of drawing, and without a touch that could be construed into a national costume—the cheap shoddy in the country lane. You find this nowhere else but in the country; and it is all a part and parcel of the simple life of the kindly-souled people who take this method of spending their hours of rest upon the Sabbath. And if the explanation be tenable, coming more and more into touch with Nature, the country people, having more simplicity, are more ready to come into the company of Nature's God.

ALBERT LEE.

For ever with the Lord!

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN HARMONY.

Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis
2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's fore-seeing eye Thy

Org.

im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from Him I
gold - en gates ap - pear! My thir - ty spi - rit faints To reach the land I

Marcato, >

roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent, A day's march near - er home. A - men.
love, The bright in - he - ri - tance of saints - Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF LONGFELLOW.

By the Rev. John Coleman, New York.



AMONG the writers whose works have adorned American literature, one of the most popular and honoured in England is Longfellow. In the estimation of a very large proportion—if not the majority—of the English public, he is ranked as the chief of American poets. This judgment is a higher one than that which he has been awarded by his fellow-countrymen. In America his name and fame are cherished national possessions; but neither popular favour nor literary estimate has easily decided who is the first poet of the New World. Many suffrages would be given to Emerson, although he is chiefly read in his *prose* writings. Again, a higher place than that occupied by Longfellow would be conceded by very many Americans either to Edgar Allan Poe, Whittier, Bryant, or one or two other poets.

It is only intended here to dwell in briefest outline upon a few features of the life and career of Longfellow. A New Englander, he inherited many of the rugged qualities of the people of his section of the country. But he was also singularly adorned with "a meek and quiet spirit," deep and true guilelessness, as contrasted with the less gracious and less winsome temperament of certain other writers and thinkers, whose published works attract, while they themselves repel. One of the most admirable traits of Longfellow was his strong sympathy with child nature.

In all biographies it is deeply interesting to examine the youthful days of the subject, if haply we may ascertain whether his childhood was promising or brilliant, attractive or repelling, precocious or mediocre. Many a man has risen high in fame despite the fact that in his early years he was a trial, or at least an unpromising personality, to his companions and even his own kin. Great

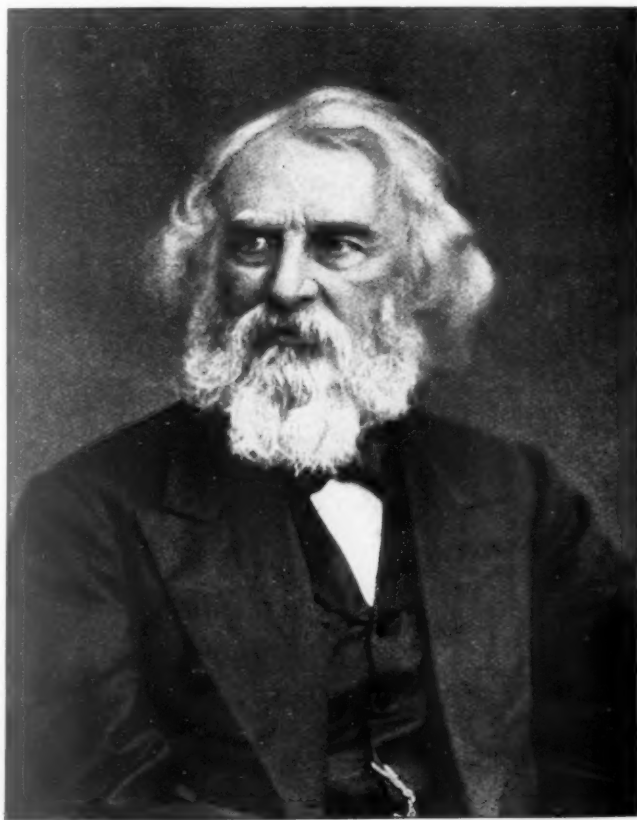


LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

manhood does not necessarily point back to exceptional or precocious youth. Many a discouraging childhood has advanced from a most unfavourable environment, or actually poor youthful promise, to high renown in mature years.

Longfellow was born February 27th, 1807,

two favourite poets, of ancient and modern times, respectively, were Horace and Gray. In 1824-25 Longfellow published sixteen poems in *The United States Literary Gazette* at Boston. Although the boyhood of the poet furnished so much of literary promise, his tastes and ambition seem to have been for a



(Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.)

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

at Portland, Maine. What, then, was *this* boy's promise? At once it may be answered his youth was most assuring. He was a studious and thoughtful lad, who might be given the title of the "boy poet." Longfellow once wrote of his early years: "Every boy has his *first book* . . . which in early youth first fascinates his imagination and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was 'The Sketch Book' of Washington Irving." When thirteen our "boy poet" wrote verses, some of which appeared in the newspapers. At college his

while uncertain and conflicting. When one reflects upon the influence subsequently exerted by Longfellow by his elevating thought and muse, it almost causes a shudder to recall that he came near being a farmer! The youth of seventeen declared, writing to his father: "I am altogether in favour of the farmer's life." The tastes of his boyhood, however, again asserted themselves and were developed with his advancing maturity.

When only twenty-two years of age (in 1829), Mr. Longfellow became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College,

Brunswick, Maine. He received a distinct advancement, in 1836, upon assuming the duties of the same chair at Harvard College (now University). The year 1837 may perhaps be assigned as the time when he entered on his wide career as a poet, although part of his energy was still devoted to College duties. In 1854 the professorship at Harvard was resigned; and thenceforth, until his death (in 1882), the interests of Longfellow were literary.

From 1837, for the rest of his life, the home of the poet was the beautiful pre-Revolutionary mansion at Cambridge, formerly known as Craigie House. It still remains, an object of great interest for visitors to Boston and Cambridge. The dwelling, a frame (wooden) one, of pretty colonial design, stands in a large garden amid trees and flowers, a long walk leading back from the street. Hard by are the buildings and "campus" (close) of Harvard University. The mansion, so connected with the cherished memory of Longfellow, was erected in 1750 by Colonel John Vassal. Confiscated by the Government, when its loyalist owner fled to England, it was Washington's headquarters until the evacuation of Boston by the British. It is, therefore, a doubly historic house from association with both Washington and Longfellow. In 1793 it was purchased by a man of considerable fortune (for those days), Andrew Craigie, who added the west wing. Craigie House was often the scene of extensive hospitable entertainments.

Nearly twenty years ago the privilege was mine of enjoying, in his home, a chat with the genial poet. The memory of his charming manners and cordiality, and his unassuming bearing, will ever remain with me. The manner and matter of the talk are well recollected, and the words he used are recalled as well. Throughout it was the man of fine thought and high aims who revealed himself. One of his questions to his visitor was the inquiry where he had studied for the ministry. I replied that I had at first intended to enter a "theological seminary" in the West, in the country, adding, however, that I afterwards decided to pursue a college course at New York, preferring the experience of men and things to be gained in a great metropolis. A gentle, kindly expressed rebuke, or demurring, followed from my host. "What a *mistake* you made!" was his earnest ejaculation. "How much better it would have been to study at the college in the country, where you would have had quiet retirement and meditation, amid the beauties of nature and the works of God, and away from the unrest and noise of the crowd!" While not agreeing with my poet-critic, it was fitting to receive with respect the views of one so venerable and venerated;

and if rebuke could be oftener administered so graciously, censure could be more easily borne.

An enthusiastic approval soon came from the poet when he referred to the visitor's home. As it was in the *country*, he expressed appreciation of the opportunity it afforded of withdrawal from the crowd and from the too often sordid and vulgar aims of so many in mundane pursuits. Thus, indeed, he expressed himself very earnestly in his own language. "What a beautiful country!" he exclaimed, adding that he had often passed through the vicinity on the railway. "What more could you desire?" he continued, as he dwelt again upon the opportunity for retirement and study amidst God's wonderful works. Throughout that enjoyable meeting it was refreshing and inspiring to see this fine soul somewhat revealing himself, as he disclosed, in all humility, his high aims and his peaceful, noble environment.

The love of Longfellow for children was deep and strong. The winsomeness and innocence of the young gained his affections. Boys and girls would stop in their play to greet him when he passed them in the street, and they were happy in being rewarded by a grasp of his hand. Beneath an old tree, near his home, he often lingered to watch the young folk and join them in their gambols. Little friends and admirers would call at his house to see him, if sometimes but for a moment. Among many instances of juvenile friendship for him was the case of a boy of tender years, who called upon the poet and inquired: "Have you 'Jack the Giant-killer'?" Longfellow gravely replied in the negative, and the next day he was much amused at the thoughtfulness of his diminutive friend, who brought him *two pennies*, so that he might purchase the book!

Thoughtfulness for his fellows was one of the marked characteristics of Longfellow. After a little party held at his house, he sat down (still in a dress-suit) in his library, and, writing to a friend, he thus expressed himself, in allusion to his attire: "It reminds me of Buffon, who used to array himself in his full dress for writing 'Natural History.' Why should we not always do it when we write letters? We should no doubt be more courtly and polite, and perhaps say handsome things to each other."

Longfellow made several visits to Europe, and during one of his sojourns in England he was received by the Queen, at Windsor. Although fully appreciating this royal honour, he wrote to a friend that no foreign tribute touched him more deeply than the words of an English hod-carrier, who came up to the carriage door at Harrow and asked permission to take the hand of the man who had

written "Voices of the Night." During one of his voyages the poet suffered so much from illness that he was out of his berth only about twelve hours in as many days, yet with persistent industry he wrote seven poems on slavery.

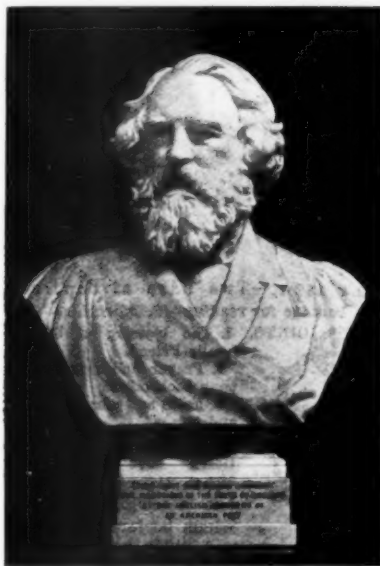
An interesting incident was related to me in 1895, at Stonehenge, by the custodian, concerning Longfellow, who, with a party of friends, some twenty years before, came to view the great monumental circle. One of the visitors asking the custodian if he knew a certain gentleman of the group, the official was surprised to be told it was Longfellow. Approaching him, he asked the favour of a few autograph lines for preservation in a memorandum-book, producing one from his pocket. "On the spur of the moment" the poet kindly wrote some sentiments, which (after a score of years) the gratified official quoted for me, from memory, the lines beginning:

"O wondrous pillars of Stonehenge!
Placed here by powers unknown."

The custodian, in proudly narrating the incident to me, remarked, with regretful tones: "I am sorry the writing is in pencil, instead of ink!"

Doubtless few Americans who visit Westminster Abbey fail to see the marble bust of Longfellow, in "Poets' Corner." Thousands of all nationalities have observed the excellent representation, which bears the inscription:

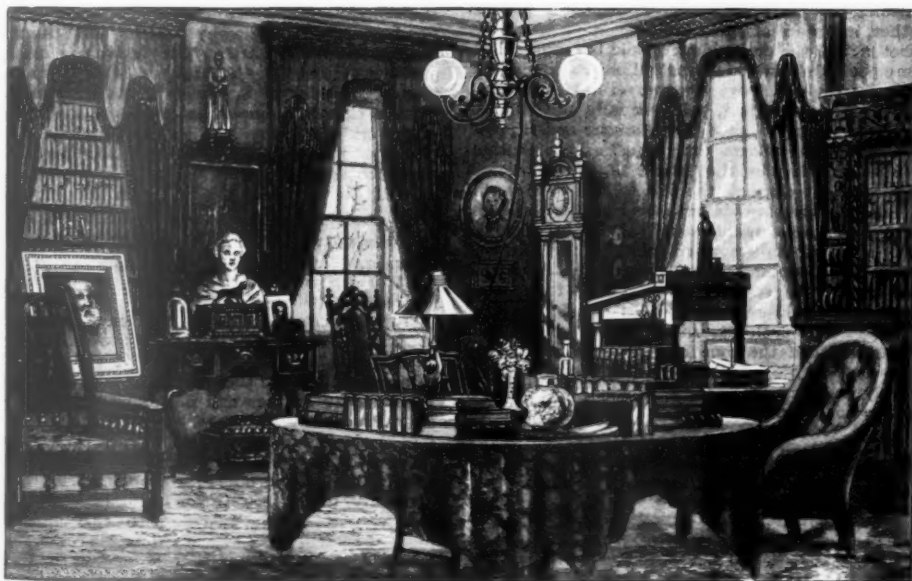
"This bust was placed amongst the memorials



(Photo: York and Sons, Notting Hill, W.)

THE BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet, 1881. Born at Portland, U.S.A., February 27th, 1807; died at Cambridge, U.S.A., March 24th, 1882."



THE STUDY AT CRAIGIE HOUSE.

Scripture Illustrations & Anecdotes

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

JULY 15TH.—Two Days at Capernaum.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark i. 29–45.*

- POINTS. 1. The blessing of Christ as a family Friend.
2. Prayer and preaching accompany each other.
3. Faith and prayer bring healing and mercy.



ILLUSTRATIONS. The Christian's Love towards Christ. When Cato the Younger was but a child, he was asked whom he loved most. He answered, "My brother." He was then asked "Whom next?" He again replied, "My brother." As he grew older his feeling for his

brother remained unchanged, and he was never happier than when in his brother's company. The Christian has one Elder Brother whom he loves with such great love that He is first and last in his heart.

Prayer and Preaching. The pious George Herbert built a new church for his parish, in which the reading-pew and pulpit were placed near each other, and were of equal height; for he would say that neither the prayer-desk should be honoured before the pulpit in which God's Word was preached, nor the pulpit above the prayer-desk, but that prayer and preaching, being equally of God's appointment, should have equal honour and regard.

Firm Faith. "Some years ago," said a captain, "I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when a cry rang out through the ship, 'Man overboard!' I immediately threw a rope over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it. The sailor caught the rope just as the vessel passed him. He was then drawn up and rescued, but he had grasped the rope with such firmness that it took hours before his hold relaxed and his hand separated from it, and such eagerness had he shown that the strands of the rope had become imbedded in the flesh of his hands." Even so we must cling firmly to the rope of faith which is the link between us sinners and the Captain of our salvation.

JULY 22ND.—The Sick of the Palsy and the Call of St. Matthew.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark ii. 1–17.*

- POINTS. 1. Sin needs cure before sickness.
2. Christ's call to be instantly obeyed.
3. Christ came to call sinners.

ILLUSTRATIONS. All Sin is Rebellion. Sin is the only thing in the world that is contrary to God.

God is light, but sin is darkness. God is beauty—sin is ugliness and deformity. God is order—sin is disorder. God is peace—sin is confusion. All sin is rebellion against God. We may try to show that there is nothing much amiss, but God will never smile upon sin. God can forgive sin, but He can never be friends with it.

Personal Service. A missionary meeting was held in a certain town. Addresses were given describing the need of more men to go, more money to be given, more prayers to be said. Then the collecting plates were passed round and the contents duly counted over. There were banknotes, gold, silver, and pence, a goodly pile. But among them was a card on which a young man at the back of the room had written one word besides his name. What was the word? "Myself." Yes, that was the young man's offering—his youth and health and strength, his time, his heart, his love—in a word, *himself*—to the service of God.

Christ's Call to Sinners. A miner, having heard the Gospel preached, after the service waited and said to the minister, "Did not you say I could have the blessing now?" "Yes, my friend," was the reply. "Then," said the man, "pray with me, for I am not going away without it." And he sought and found Christ. The next day a terrible accident occurred in the mine, and this very miner was in the thick of it, and only had time to bear witness that the *now* of yesterday was the comfort of the trial of *to-day*, and he passed away triumphantly. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

JULY 29TH.—How to Keep the Sabbath.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark ii. 23–iii. 12.*

- POINTS. 1. Works of necessity lawful.
2. Works of mercy expedient.
3. Time for retirement necessary.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Six Days to Labour. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." Surely God means the work or labour of our particular calling in life. For there are general works which belong to all callings and necessary to be done by all persons on all days, such as eating and drinking, clothing ourselves, the recreation of body and mind after labour by which we are strengthened and enabled to do our own proper work. These necessary works are to be done on the Lord's day as well as other days—with this difference only, that whereas they are done on other days to enable us to labour, they are done on the Lord's day to strengthen us for our holy duties.

Works of Mercy. A picture is given us by our

Lord in the parable of the Sheep and Goats of the Judgment day. First the righteous are called to give an account of their lives, and then the ungodly. About what are they questioned? About their sins? No, but about their virtues. When they saw the hungry, did they feed them, or the thirsty, give them drink? Did they visit the sick, or those in prison? For each act of mercy so done was an act of love to the Lord Himself. And if this be pleasing in the sight of God, surely the Lord's day is the best for doing those works of love which God approves. Christ seems to have chosen the Sabbath day for special acts of mercy, and we cannot do better than copy His example.

Communion with God. An officer in the army describes how he spent a Sunday at the seat of war. "I had been remiss often at home in attending to my religious duties. Here in the midst of the wounded and dying my heart was turned much more earnestly to seek God. One Sunday I received a letter from my daughter in England. She was one who served God with all her heart. She pressed on me the consideration of eternal things, and pointed me to Him who in peace and war, health and sickness, life and death, is able to save to the uttermost those who come to God by Him. Every word was a word from God to me. Folding up the letter, I walked some distance from the camp till I came to a solitary place, far from the noise and bustle of the camp. There, on my knees, I poured out my soul before God and spent my Sabbath day."

AUGUST 5TH.—Apostles, Scribes, and Kinsmen.

Passage for reading—St. Mark iii. 13–35.

POINTS. 1. Workers needed for spreading Christ's Kingdom.

2. Opposition to be expected from friends and foes.

3. Christ's kinsmen those who do God's will.

ILLUSTRATIONS. "To Every Creature." The following is a true story of a missionary, told by himself. "From my youth up I desired to go as a missionary to foreign lands. While living in Siam, there came to me one day a man of savage and awful appearance. I found he belonged to a mountain tribe living in barbarism and knowing not God. A desire to go and preach Jesus to them filled my heart. After praying to God to direct me, I seemed to hear the voice of Christ saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I determined to go. My outfit was scanty, but I trusted to Christ to provide for my needs. Not long after reaching this tribe of savages, they surrounded me by hundreds, all armed with spears. But I was not afraid, for Christ was with me. After silent prayer, I began playing the violin and singing the hymn—

"All hail the power of Jesu's Name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

I closed my eyes while singing, and on reaching the verse, "Let every kindred, every tribe," I opened my eyes, and, lo! every spear was dropped. They made signs, and took me home to their houses and gave me food, shelter, and all I needed. I learned their language, and preached Jesus to them. Hundreds, in the course of years, were converted to Christ. Broken down myself in

health, I came home to rest for a short time, bringing a native youth to be educated for the ministry, that he may return and teach his own people."

Opposition to the Gospel. The Church of Christ has sometimes been brought to so low and obscure a point that, if you follow her in history, it is by the track of her blood; and if you would see her, it is by the light of those fires in which her martyrs have been burned. Yet has she still come through and survived all that wrath, and still shall she be made by the power of God more and more triumphant. Almost all persecutors of the Church have come to an untimely end. Nero and Severus killed themselves; Domitian, Trajan, Valerian, and Julian the Apostate, were killed by others. God's Church has always been very dear to Him, and the judgments He has shown to those who persecute it not only show His just indignation against the enemies of His people, but are also proof of special love to those who serve Him.

AUGUST 12TH.—The Parable of the Sower.

Passage for reading—St. Mark iv. 1–20.

POINTS. 1. The work of the devil causes barrenness.

2. The opposition of the world causes decay.

3. The lusts of the flesh cause unfruitfulness.

4. The grace of the Spirit causes fruit.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Enemy of the Soul. I was once sailing on the broad Pacific Ocean. One day, when the sea was very calm, and I was watching the still water, I saw what seemed to be a long, sharp-pointed knife rising above the surface and cutting the water, while it kept along with the ship for an hour or more. On looking more closely, I saw it was the fin of a shark, rising from his back. The savage creature was following the ship, hoping to catch and devour anyone who might fall overboard. So, I thought, does Satan, that great enemy of souls, follow men, hoping to seize them in some unguarded moment, and drag them down to destruction. There is no safety anywhere but in the safe ship of a godly life with Christ.

The Pleasures of the World. A heathen writer has shown the folly of too great love for this world almost as strongly as a Christian could express it. "Thou art a passenger," he says, "and thy ship hath put into a harbour for a few hours. The tide and the wind serve, and the pilot calls on thee to depart, but thou art amusing thyself and gathering shells and pebbles on the shore till the ship sets sail without thee." So is every Christian, who, being on his voyage to a happy eternity, delays, and thinks and acts as if he were going to dwell in this world for ever.

God's Word in the Heart. Lysurgus, the wise man of old, though a great law-maker, would allow none of his laws to be written. Their education was to be such as to imprint these laws upon their minds that they might remain always before them. Even so he will most faithfully abide by the commandment of our great King who has the Word of God so engraven in his heart that nothing can erase it. The multiplication of Bibles that stand upon bookshelves is an easy thing, but to multiply copies of walking Scriptures in the form of holy men who can say, "Thy Word have I hid within my heart," is much more difficult.



A Story for the Children. By Edith E. Cuthell.

CHEERS ta cane? H'any cheers ta cane?" Little Joe and Bill Browser passed down the village street one winter's afternoon as it was growing dusk, singing out the above refrain; Bill in a voice husky with many years of gin-drinking, and little Joe in a weak, childish pipe, shaky with hunger and cold.

Bill Browser was not little Joe's father; the latter had died so many years ago that Joe did not remember him. Then Joe's mother had married Bill Browser, and though she, too, was dead now, Joe stuck to Bill for lack of a better protector. As long as Bill was earning money enough for food and drink, especially the latter, and was not actually tipsy, he was not cruel to the little lad, only rough and hard. But when Bill had had too much to drink Joe went in fear of his life.

This winter weather, however, there was not a question of getting too much of anything except cold. Work was very scarce. No one seemed to have any chairs that wanted caning, though the pair tramped along the high road trying one village after another. There was no money to buy food or shelter, and it was bitter weather.

Little Joe stumbled along silently, hugging himself in his wretched threadbare little jacket to keep as warm as he could. But

Bill growled and grumbled enough for both of them, at the weather and at the lack of work.

It grew dusk. A pitiless sleet came down upon them as they tramped along the bleak road over the down, and chilled them to the very bone. A miserable little object looked Joe as he crept down one of the by-streets, chanting as usual, but very meekly:

"Chairs ta cane? H'any cheers ta cane?"

It seemed useless asking. Who would want chairs mended on a night like this?

Bill Browser kept rather in the background, and a comfortable-looking woman, who crossed the street and opened the door of her little house, saw only the shivering child.

"What are you selling?" she asked, scanning the pinched little face with a kindly smile such as Joe did not often meet with.

"Mend yer cheers, marm? Cane yer cheers?" he repeated, cheered by the hope he gleaned from her face.

"Stop a minute," she cried, going into the house, and Joe heard her call out in a pleasant voice:

"Here, Lucy, haven't we got an old chair, the seat of which wants re-caning? There's a boy outside half-dead with this fearful cold. I'd like to give him a job."

A minute or two later and Joe and Bill, their fingers almost too numb to work, were seated on the curbstone under the gas-lamp

hard at work. The kind woman paid them when it was finished, and well too, but she gave the money into Joe's hand.

The pair passed along round the corner, and then Bill, in an angry voice, demanded the money:

"'Ere, 'and over the dibs, Joe, and look quick about it!"

With which he disappeared into the doors of the nearest public-house.

Joe leant against the wall outside, weary and cold and wet, but afraid to go in, lest he should be turned out, having no money. The sleet grew heavier, and the street became deserted. Everyone who had a shelter kept within doors that night.

But there was someone else who was homeless besides Joe. Pitter-pattering along the pavement came the sound of four small feet, and Joe, looking down, saw a black dog staring up wistfully at him, with eyes and tail that told as plainly as any words: "*I am cold and hungry too!*"

* * * * *

There was misery in the schoolroom at Rawdsen Manor that night. The tea had gone away almost uneaten, even the apricot jam dear to Reggie's heart, and which never failed to put in an appearance on the first day of Reggie's return for the holidays.

In deep sympathy with Reggie's grief Mab and Bee, his little sisters, had wept aloud. Reggie himself was very near crying. He sat gloomily by the fire, one of the Christmas Numbers in hand; but he was not even looking at the pictures. When he could bear himself no longer, when the lump in his throat grew so big that he was very near behaving in a manner unbecoming to a British schoolboy of eleven, Reggie rushed away downstairs to his ally, James, the boot-boy.

James, too, was sad. He was very subdued, and did not whistle as he rubbed up some plate for Mr. Binks the butler, and even missed an opportunity of cheeking the footman.

For James loved Jet too. In fact, everybody loved Jet, all over Rawdsen Manor, for was not Jet dear Master Reggie's own particular pet black retriever?—and Jet was lost!

"No news yet, Jem?" asked Reggie, bounding into the pantry for the twentieth time that evening.

"No, Master Reggie," and James shook his head sadly. "I just come back from the stables—Gedge came in from Fairminster an hour ago, and he hain't 'eerd nothink!"

Reggie's face fell. The lump came back into his throat again.

"It's most extraordinary!" James went on, thoughtfully polishing a spoon, "'ow ever Gedge can 'ave gone and mislaid that dawg!

I told 'im as 'ow 'e 'ad no business to take 'er into Fairminster!"

"Oh! But I can quite understand, Jet followed him. She loves a run after a horse!"

"Then he 'oughten to a come 'ome without her, I say," James pursued.

"I suppose she missed him while he was delivering the notes mamma wrote for our Christmas juvenile party," sighed Reggie. "I wish now we weren't going to have one. I shan't enjoy it—not one bit—without—without—Jet——"; and Reggie sniffed very hard.

"I made sure Gedge would have heard of her this afternoon, when he rode in a-purpose. But he's been all round Fairminster—and can't come across no sign of her!"

"Papa's written to the police," said Reggie, "and to-morrow, if she doesn't turn up, he's going to advertize. But I expect she's been stolen and taken away—right away! She's such a valuable dog. Anyone seeing her straying about would steal her—to sell again. Oh! only fancy how miserable she must be, so cold, this bitter night, and missing——"

Reggie broke off abruptly, rushed out of the pantry and upstairs again. In the dimness and solitude of the staircase there sounded something like a sob; and Reggie, brushing the back of his hand over his eyes, wiped away a tear which *would* come.

As he opened the schoolroom door, his sisters sprang towards him.

"Is she found?" they cried, anxiously.

"No!" was the curt reply.

"Oh! Reggie, we are so sorry!" moaned Bee.

"It's dreadful!" sighed Mab, trying to steal an arm round his neck.

"Don't bother!" quoth Reggie, with a forced sternness.

He kicked aside a doll which the girls in their haste had thrown on the floor, and was sitting down again by the fire to resume his Christmas Number, when the door opened and the footman put in his head.

"Please, Master Reggie, but I was to come up and tell you dessert had gone in."

"I don't think I want any dessert to-night, tell mamma! I'm going to bed," grunted Reggie.

The footman was very sympathetic.

"There's the new black grapes for dessert, the first cut the gardener has sent in—woppers, Master Reggie," he added, as he closed the door.

"I—I think I'll just go down and say good-night to papa and mamma," said Reggie, reconsidering.

* * * * *

In little Joe's miserable state, even the sympathy of a dog was something. Joe

snapped his fingers at his visitor feebly, and spoke to her kindly.

It was not a handsome dog, and her coat was wet and tangled. But she had an honest face and a pleading look in her soft hazel eyes, and, what was more, seemed in almost as wretched a plight as Joe himself.

Joe stroked her kindly; she wagged her tail again.

Just then the public-house door opened, and out staggered Bill Browser. As he passed by he flung a bit of bread and cheese to Joe, and called on him huskily to come along.

"Let's git out o' the town, or them koppers 'll run us in. We'll try a shake-down in some barn or other outside.

Joe followed, his mouth full of bread and cheese, which he gnawed as ravenously as a wolf, and the black dog followed Joe, her honest eyes fixed eagerly on the fast disappearing food.

Suddenly Joe felt a cold nose thrust inquiringly into his disengaged hand. He looked down at the dog. There was no mistaking the appeal. The bread and cheese was very good, but he had had his share. Joe hesitated a moment, for he was still very hungry, and then, glancing furtively to see if Bill Browser was watching, flung a piece down to the black dog.

But Bill's poor soddened brain was already very fuddled, and its condition was not improved by sundry other visits he paid to various other public-houses as they passed out of the town.

Then the pair began to look out for a shelter for the night.

All the likely-looking barns and outhouses were so near dwellings that Bill knew it was impossible to shelter in any of them unperceived, while as for asking for leave to do so—well, it was unlikely that anyone would grant it to such a miserable-looking couple! Joe began to despair, and suggested sleeping in a ditch.

"Better try!" growled Bill Browser. "Why, we'd be froze to death afore morning!"

As they turned a corner of the road, a warm glow of light flooded the sky, proceeding apparently from some round dark buildings in a field.

"Ere ye are!" exclaimed Bill. "Limekiln—dry and warm as yer please!"

He pushed open the gate and stumbled up to the buildings. Smoke and a ruddy glow issued from the top. Bill crept into the small opening at the bottom, which was used to make the fire up by, and Joe followed. Bill took another hunk of bread out of his pocket.

"Ere," he said, "I ain't 'ungry!"—and tossed it to Joe. "Ullo!" he added roughly; "what 'ave you got there?"

For the black dog had crept in aiter Joe, and was crouching at his feet.

"Git out wi' yer!" cried Bill, savagely, and aimed a kick at the dog, which the latter, however, cleverly evaded. Then the fellow curled himself up against the warm brick wall, and, in two minutes, had fallen into a deep drunken slumber.

Joe waited till he was quite sure that Bill was asleep, and then he whistled softly.

A black head appeared cautiously round the corner of the kiln. Joe encouraged her, and offered her a piece of bread. Very soon the black dog was lying curled up at the boy's feet, and they were dividing the bread and cheese.

It *was* deliciously warm in the limekiln. A feeling of gentle happiness stole over the poor wet and weary little lad, and very soon he was sound asleep, his head pillowed on the black dog's rough coat.

Outside the night grew colder and colder.

The sleet came on again and changed to snow, which fell softly and silently down, and whitened the world all around, except when it caught the flame-coloured reflection from the fire of the kiln.

The kiln grew hotter and hotter. The fiercer it burned, the stronger waxed the deadly fumes of the lime.

Bill Browser slept soundly and yet more soundly. The fatal fumes began to take effect, too, on little Joe, though he was nearer the open air. He lay half-stupefied, his mouth open, breathing heavily.

The only one who was not asleep was the black dog, though he was wet and weary too, and appreciated the warmth. But, in a case like this, the marvellous instinct of a dumb animal is a safer guide than a half-tipsy man, and an ignorant, exhausted child.

The black dog was very uneasy.

The hotter and more oppressive that it became at the mouth of the kiln, the more fidgety she grew. She crouched in the snow outside and whined, as if attempting to wake Joe. Finding that useless, she came in and licked his face and hands. But Joe did not stir.

From Bill Browser in the inner corner came no sound or sign of life.

Then the black dog sat without in the snow and barked aloud to the stars, which twinkled merrily in the crisp night air, now that the snowstorm had ceased.

Then she made one more effort. It nearly choked her, the plucky beast. But she did her best. She seized poor Joe's coat in her teeth and dragged him bodily out of the fatal shelter. She had not the strength to drag him far, for the ground was wet and heavy, but she dragged him far enough. Then she sat down and barked again.

Still Joe did not wake. But the man whose

duty it was to keep up the fires at the limekilns was just coming his rounds, and was attracted by the sound.

A glance revealed the case to him—the anxious dog, the stupefied boy, the trail on the ground leading to the mouth of the kiln. He ran for assistance, and Joe was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he was restored to consciousness. The black dog followed, and her honest face was the first object that Joe's opening eyes rested on.

They found Bill Browser next morning suffocated by the lime fumes, and they buried him in a pauper's grave.

But the story of little Joe and his rescue by the black dog got all over Fairminster, and reached as far as Rawsden Manor, where, needless to say, the canine heroine was recognised as the lost and lamented Jet, and happiness reigned once more in the schoolroom.

Reggie's parents befriended the poor little waif, and he was started on a new life as a garden boy at the Manor, so he was not far off his rescuer.

He grew up to be an honest and industrious man; and I need not say he was an earnest total abstainer all his life, for he never forgot Bill Browser's terrible death in the limekiln.



She seized poor Joe's coat in her teeth.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A CEASELESS WORKER.



(Photo: Karoly, Nottingham.)

MR. J. POTTER BRISCOE.

Chief Librarian of Nottingham. For more than a quarter of a century he has been a notable figure in the life of the town, and in literary circles he is known, not only as a keeper of books, but also as a very deft maker of them. Besides his many contributions to periodical literature, he has contrived to find time to write a considerable number of books on folk-lore and antiquarian topics, and has been the editor of more than one highly successful series of reprints of standard literature. Side by side with his literary work, Mr. Briscoe has managed to take a prominent part in the Temperance movement. An active member of the C.E.T.S., in the early days of Good Templary a zealous exponent of the principles of the Order,

THE Free Libraries of the city of Nottingham are widely recognised as models of their kind, and among the public librarians of the Empire it may be said without exaggeration that none are more generally respected than Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, the

and all along an earnest supporter of the Band of Hope movement, it will be seen that this busy librarian is fairly entitled to be looked upon as an "all round" Temperance man. Mr. Briscoe's total abstinence dates from boyhood, and there can be no doubt that his personal example has had a wide influence in a circle not reached by the ordinary channels of Temperance advocacy. He is in constant request as a lecturer on literary topics, and has a happy way of dropping a word "accidentally on purpose" in furtherance of Temperance, very often driving the nail home with an apt quotation likely to long linger in the minds of the hearers.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

The great event which has occupied the thoughts of Temperance folk for so many months is over, and may be pronounced a most unqualified success. Delegates were present from all quarters of the globe, and many fraternal messages were received from representatives who were at the last moment prevented from visiting London in person. It was a happy thought to hold the Congress sittings in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and the



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

(Where the Temperance Congress was held.)

Royal College of Surgeons. Its central situation on the Victoria Embankment made it very accessible, especially to the foreign visitors, who were mainly housed in the leading hotels; moreover, the special efforts of the National Temperance League have admittedly done more to educate the medical faculty on the question than anything else. When the first World's Congress was held in London in 1846, at the first day's sitting one of the earliest speakers was the late Dr. Grindrod, author of "Bacchus," and he specially emphasised the importance of influencing the doctors in favour of the new movement. In the Congress just held medicine and science spoke with no uncertain sound. The attendance has been greatly in excess of the most sanguine anticipations, and whereas in the 1846 Congress women were quite unrepresented—except by a contribution from Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour—in this year's Congress they have held a leading place in the programme, and totalled up a considerable number in the actual membership. In the limits at our disposal it is impossible to go into details; it must be sufficient to say that the programme conveniently divided itself into three sections—the past, the present, and the future. There was perhaps scarcely a due sense of proportion in the minds of some of the writers of papers, and, as in all Conferences, those of whom we should have liked to have heard more were squeezed out by those of whom we could have done with less. In the Congress of 1846 Samuel Bowly of Gloucester, for so many years the President of the National Temperance League, was voted into the chair as President of the Congress, and this year the League's President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has again been appointed the head of the Congress, although his Grace's many public duties evidently could not admit of his attending all the sittings of the Congress. The great bulk of the work of organisation has fallen to the lot of the Hon. Conrad Dillon (as Chairman), and to Messrs. Robert and John Turner Rae as secretaries, who are to be heartily congratulated upon the success of their arduous labours. The official Message of the Congress to the Temperance workers of the world should do much to kindle the enthusiasm of the forces towards an active and sympathetic crusade in the opening years of the new century.

A LIVERPOOL WORTHY.

There are not many statues or public memorials to Temperance men in the country, for in the early days of the movement the work was largely carried on by poor men, and when they passed to their rest it was nobody's business to perpetuate their fame in bronze or marble. Still here and there we come

across monuments to Temperance heroes, and, no doubt, as time goes on there will be more. Cork and Dublin have their statues of Theobald Mathew, and Liverpool has a fine memorial of Alexander Balfour, a local shipowner who passed away on April 15th, 1886. He was a



(Photo: Brown, Birnie and Bell, Liverpool.)

THE ALEXANDER BALFOUR STATUE, LIVERPOOL.

native of Leven, Fifeshire, but all his business life was spent in Liverpool. His support of the Temperance movement was of the most thorough-going kind, and Mr. Balfour was one of the first Englishmen to inquire into the Gothenburg licensing system. He opened a model "Cocoa House" at Rossett, his country seat near Wrexham, and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that Moody and Sankey made their first visit to Liverpool. Upon his lamented death, his fellow-townsmen agreed to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a statue near the noble St. George's Hall, and it was so generally recognised as a memorial of a Temperance man that when the day came for the unveiling ceremony it was decided to entrust the duty to Canon Ellison. This statue thus links two names which will always be associated with the story of the Temperance movement.



WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

"Manners Makyth Man."

THE famous motto, "Manners makyth man"—the true rendering of which is, it is said, "Morals maketh man"—was frequently used, if not actually originated by William of Wykeham, one of England's great men. He was Bishop of Winchester from 1367 to 1404, and has been regarded as the father of the English public school system. He was also undoubtedly a great architect. He supervised work at Winchester Cathedral, and founded New College, Oxford, and the famous Winchester School. If he did not invent the Perpendicular style of architecture, he practically established it. Previously he had assisted in building the Round Tower at Windsor Castle, a piece of work which was, indeed, his first important task. Subsequently he built Queenboro' Castle (1361), and was appointed surveyor of the royal castles about two years previously. He rose to such remarkable power that Froissart said "Everything was done by him, and nothing without him." Yet his birth was so obscure that his surname was disputed, and he was known as William of Wykeham, because he was born at a small village in Hampshire of that name. The principal man of the neighbourhood, Sir John Scares, liked the lad, and sent him to the Prior's School at Winchester. Perhaps he is now most widely known as the founder of Winchester School or College. The ground on which it stands belonged partly to him and partly to others from whom he bought it. He began to build the structure in 1387, and his scholars occupied the edifice in 1388, though it was not complete until two years later. The College has a very fine

chapel, hall and cloister. With the exception of a few buildings, the present edifice is that raised by Wykeham. Persons travel abroad and dis-course, often extravagantly and insincerely, of the ancient buildings and mediæval wonders they may see in Continental countries; but they frequently seem quite unmindful of the very interesting, ancient, and mediæval buildings to be seen in



(Photo: W. and A. B. Fry, Brighton)

WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

our own land. Winchester is the oldest of our public schools, and, though founded in 1387, it seems certain that William of Wykeham was supporting and educating poor scholars before that date. Wycliffe called him—perhaps somewhat contemptuously—"a builder of castles," but the centuries have shown that he was something more; he was a builder of schools, and he who builds schools helps to build men.

"You have to start between three and four, but the jolting wakes you up before you reach the field," a round-faced young aunt, with an equally round-faced baby, says with a laugh. Lengthening shadows summon them home by the way they came. At length the chariots are emptied, and charioteers and horses close a good day's work with rest and refreshment. It is good for all to contemplate these simple lives.



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

(Photo: C. Rehl, Wislawa.)

After the Day's Work.

WHEN the London season wanes, and the Row begins to be wearisome to its fashionable frequenters, it is the turn for Essex villagers to drive and be gay. About the hour that carriages are bowling their weary occupants home from the ball-room, the pale, liquid light of dawn reveals rosy, sunburnt women and children climbing into carts and waggons. It is the pea-picking holidays, a time when thrifty housewives reckon to earn enough to pay the year's rent. The pea crop is ripe about July 1st; it will not wait, and farmers send, if necessary, six, seven, or even ten miles for pickers, and pay them from one shilling to eighteenpence for filling a bag containing three bushels. All day long the fields are animated with pink, blue, white, and lilac sun-bonnets, and musical with voices and laughter. A stranger who volunteers to help is rewarded with cheerful confidences. "It is nice for the children to be out earning something," one mother remarks, "and they enjoy the ride as much as the picking."

"What Will He Say?"

A MAN had been for a great many years in possession of a particular office at one of the colleges at Oxford which had been endowed centuries ago. He was very conscientious in the discharge of the duties connected with it, and looked upon himself as responsible to the founder for them. So much was this the case that when dying he kept on repeating to himself, "When I meet the founder, what will he say to me? What will he say to me?" When we meet the Founder of all the gifts with which we have been entrusted, what will He say about the way we have used them?

An Interesting Holiday Resort.

ALTHOUGH the sea-front of Scheveningen—a Dutch village within three miles of The Hague—is backed by a number of large hotels for the accommodation of the thousands of visitors who annually resort there, yet the village

itself retains all its primitive simplicity and style; in other words, the people dress exactly as they did over one hundred years ago. Women and children appear in the helmet-like head-dresses, surmounted by lace or muslin caps, and a multitude of skirts that give them a

when he was in exile, and here he embarked for England at the Restoration. Here, too, the Prince of Orange landed in 1813—a few months before the fall of Bonaparte. It has the reputation of being one of the most healthy seaside resorts of the Continent.



(From a Photograph.)

IN A DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE.

balloon-like appearance when they walk. To the Dutch woman or child, any festival means the donning of another skirt or two. The Hollanders, even when very poor, are particularly clean, and scrub and scour continually not only the inside but also the outside of their houses and the pavement, finishing up with a thorough cleansing of pail and broom. The unwary pedestrian may often find himself plentifully besprinkled from the volumes of water poured over the entire fronts of the houses, both from above and below. Scheveningen has a history; for here it was that Charles II. passed some of the time

sense. We do not say that our readers will agree with his utterances in every detail; some will not go quite all the way with him in his chapter on the Atonement, or in his view of the mode of the Ascension. But in the main he will carry all his readers with him. The old charm of his style is as resistless as ever, his reasoning as clear, his description as vivid, his enthusiasm as contagious, his faith as strong, his piety as profound. Such books as these are a gain to the whole Christian world, and surely are blessed by God to the advancement of His Kingdom among men.

"The Life of Lives."

SUCH is the apt and eloquent title of Dean Farrar's latest contribution to the greatest of all subjects. The series of studies now given to the world is in no wise a variation—still less a repetition—of the same author's great work, "The Life of Christ," which will ever occupy a foremost place among the literary products of our age. In his brief and modest preface the Dean explains that "the object of the present book is different. It deals with questions of the highest importance which the Gospels suggest, and aims at deepening the faith and brightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly . . . And so I send it forth with the humble petition, offered with bent head and beseeching hand, that He who deigned to bless my former efforts will bless this effort also to the furtherance of His Kingdom and the good of His Church." The book, like its predecessor, is issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and may, in fact, be regarded as a companion volume to the earlier work, though structurally quite independent of it. Those who have read "The Life of Christ" will peruse the new book with the keener interest for their having done so; while the few amongst us who have yet to make acquaintance with the greater work will be strongly moved to do so by their reading of "The Life of Lives." In this latest effort Dr. Farrar is seldom controversial, except in the best

To Encourage Family Worship.

FOR the assistance of those anxious to commence or revive the helpful practice of family worship, there was recently issued from THE QUIVER office (La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.), a "Penny Book of Daily Devotion," which has been very cordially received, and, we believe, greatly blessed. It has now been suggested that the example of Mrs. MacLagan (wife of the Archbishop of York), Archdeacon Madden, and others, might well be followed by many more Christian readers and workers, and that copies should be purchased for gratuitous distribution in poor households, where family worship might be adopted by means of such an aid and encouragement. We are glad to say that the publishers are ready to support this suggestion by according special terms for quantities of one dozen and upwards to those requiring them for such a purpose.

"The Mills of God."

THOMAS THE HERMIT seldom got presents. When his daughter sent him a sketch of the old mill where he was born, he was so angry that he nearly returned it. Why should he accept a paltry gift from any one of his children, who all forgot that they owed him filial duty? But while he hesitated, the picture recalled associations, grave and gay, of his childhood. Lessons learnt in the mill parlour, most of them from the Bible, came to his mind. A verse that had stricken his childish imagination now seized it afresh: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out." Then his thoughts leaped from youth to an incident of his prosperous middle age. He was the most prominent man of a philanthropic assembly when his name was spoken with a voice that impelled attention: "Thomas Wilks, you stole your father's business; your son will steal yours; and the ravens will pick out your eyes." Thomas Wilks and friends called the old prophet mad, and followed his retreating figure with indignant glances and murmurs. Some few of them, however, remembered the stern prediction when the important man had disappeared in disgrace, and his son, who carried on the business, was not ashamed to accuse him of fraud. Now that Thomas Wilks dragged out his old age in obscurity, he had leisure to think. One memory led to another, and as he looked at the old mill, the foundation of his fleeting

fortune, he repeated with dull acquiescence in its truth:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

Bad for Billy.

THERE are probably few ministers who have not now and again had occasion to be grieved, in the case of an infant baptism, at the indifference and levity which godfathers and godmothers are prone to manifest towards their solemn responsibilities. And yet the situation sometimes has its humorous side. Those shuffling old days have passed—we would hope for ever—when the clerk stood sponsor, quite as an understood thing, for half the children in the parish; but it was only the other day that we heard a London sexton, who could not read, growl out prematurely, "I renounce them all," when the only matters to which his hasty response could have referred were in the highest



The picture recalled associations of his childhood.

degree unsuitable for renunciation. The following is also a recent personal experience, and occurred, not in the middle of Salisbury Plain, but within the sound of Bow Bells: A little boy who ought to have been christened fifteen months previously, and who was just at that awkward age when the poor mites squall as the clergyman

tries to touch them, clung screaming, with struggles like those of a young Titan, round the portly shoulders of his godmother. Force was unavailing, and at last, "Go to the nice gentleman, Billy dear; he is going to give Billy a bit of toffy!" was the artful expedient tried on the sturdy recalcitrant with very partial success. Though one smiles, it is somewhat sad to reflect on the ignorance and irresponsibility which would start a child on its Christian life with what cannot be considered as anything better than a lie; even though charity may count the careless words as only one more small mosaic stone in hell's wide pavement of good intentions. But our next reminiscence is quite harmless: Two little baby girls were being baptised together. The minister, through a muddle he cannot to this day account for, had got the wrong child in his arms, and was proceeding to christen her by the high-flown name which had just been given—Constantia Anastasia, or something of the sort. "Oh, sir," called out a mother's voice in tones of agonised entreaty, "that's not Constantia Anastasia; that's my little Martha Jane!" She was just in time.

A Temptation to be Resisted.

ST. JEROME tells us that once, when he asked Gregory of Nazianzus for the explanation of a difficult word in St. Luke, that teacher humourously replied that he would prefer to explain it in the pulpit, for when surrounded by an admiring audience one is forced to know that of which, in fact, he is ignorant. If the pulpit would resist this temptation, it would have much more influence.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

97. In St. Mark's Gospel we read that "when the sun did set" they brought many sick persons to Christ to be healed. Why did they wait until the sun had set?

98. What illustration does our Lord give, while staying at Capernaum, of the value of prayer? Quote passage.

99. What is specially to be noted in connection with our Lord's cleansing the leper in Galilee?

100. At whose house does it seem that Jesus stayed when He was at Capernaum?

101. In healing the man sick of the palsy at Capernaum, what Divine power did our Lord claim?

102. What does our Lord say was the object of His ministerial work?

103. When the disciples were condemned by the Jews for plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath day, what principle of action did Jesus set forth in reply?

104. What was the "shewbread" which our Lord mentions as having been eaten by David and his followers?

105. What testimony to our Lord's Divinity was given by the evil spirits which He cast out?

106. What does Jesus say is that which brings us into closest relationship with Him?

107. To whom was the term "Sons of Thunder" applied by our blessed Lord?

108. What sin does our Lord mention in the Parable of the Sower as being so destructive of all religious life?

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from May 1st, 1900, up to and including May 31st, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

OUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

SEVENTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS. £ s. d.

Amount previously acknowledged	263	17	5
A. Constant Reader, Camberwell	0	2	6
Per E. Dorothy Saunders, Brentford	0	6	0
Per Rita Hopkins, Fiji	1	0	0
Georgina Clendinnen, Ulverston	0	4	0
Per Mary N. Brown, Birkenhead	0	10	6
Harry and Rosa Booth, Ferrybridge	0	10	0
Anon., Loughborough	0	2	6
W. F. T.	0	5	0
G. E. F.	0	10	0

£267 7 11

A full list of the contributions received will be published from time to time in this magazine. All collections, which may be from one shilling upwards, should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Collecting forms will be gladly sent, post free, on application.

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: W. H. Jackson, 5s.; A. Glasgow Mother (13th donation), 1s.; Mrs. E. C. Strong, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Brett, N.B., 2s. 3d.; J. McE. (14th donation), 1s.; R. S. (13th donation), Crouch End, 5s.; W. Fallowfield, 10s.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: G. E. F., 10s.; An Irish Girl, 4l. The following amounts have been sent direct: Eliza, 5s.; E. Fisher, 5s.; Hornson, 4s.

For The Indian Famine Fund: Kit, 3s.; C. B. Ellison, 4l. 1s.; J. O. B., 10s.; A. C. M. E., 2s. 6d.; A. E. H., 10s.; F. H., 1s.

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: W. Fallowfield, 10s.

For Lady Georgiana Curzon's Mafeking Heroes' Fund: A. E. H., 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 766.

85. By the reference in the first verse to a "former treatise" by the same author addressed to the same person, Theophilus (Acts i. 1; St. Luke i. 1-5).

86. Acts i. 6.

87. The declaration of the angels: "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts i. 11; St. John v. 22).

88. Acts i. 11.

89. The Apostles elected St. Matthias to fill the place of the traitor Judas (Acts i. 21-26).

90. St. Peter says the betrayal by Judas and the circumstances connected with his death were known to all the dwellers at Jerusalem (Acts i. 17-19).

91. Repentance (St. Mark i. 4).

92. It was customary among the Jews to admit no proselyte to baptism until he had solemnly renounced his heathen worship and promised obedience to the Law of Moses. Some such declaration is understood by the term "confessing their sins" (St. Mark i. 5).

93. God's declaration, "Thou art My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased" (St. Mark i. 11).

94. That Jesus was in the wilderness "with the wild beasts" (St. Mark i. 13).

95. That temptation is not sin, and that Jesus has sympathy with us in our temptation having Himself been tempted (Heb. ii. 18, and iv. 15).

96. By the authority of His teaching, by the declaration of the evil spirit, and by the casting out of the evil spirit (St. Mark i. 22, 24, 26, 27).

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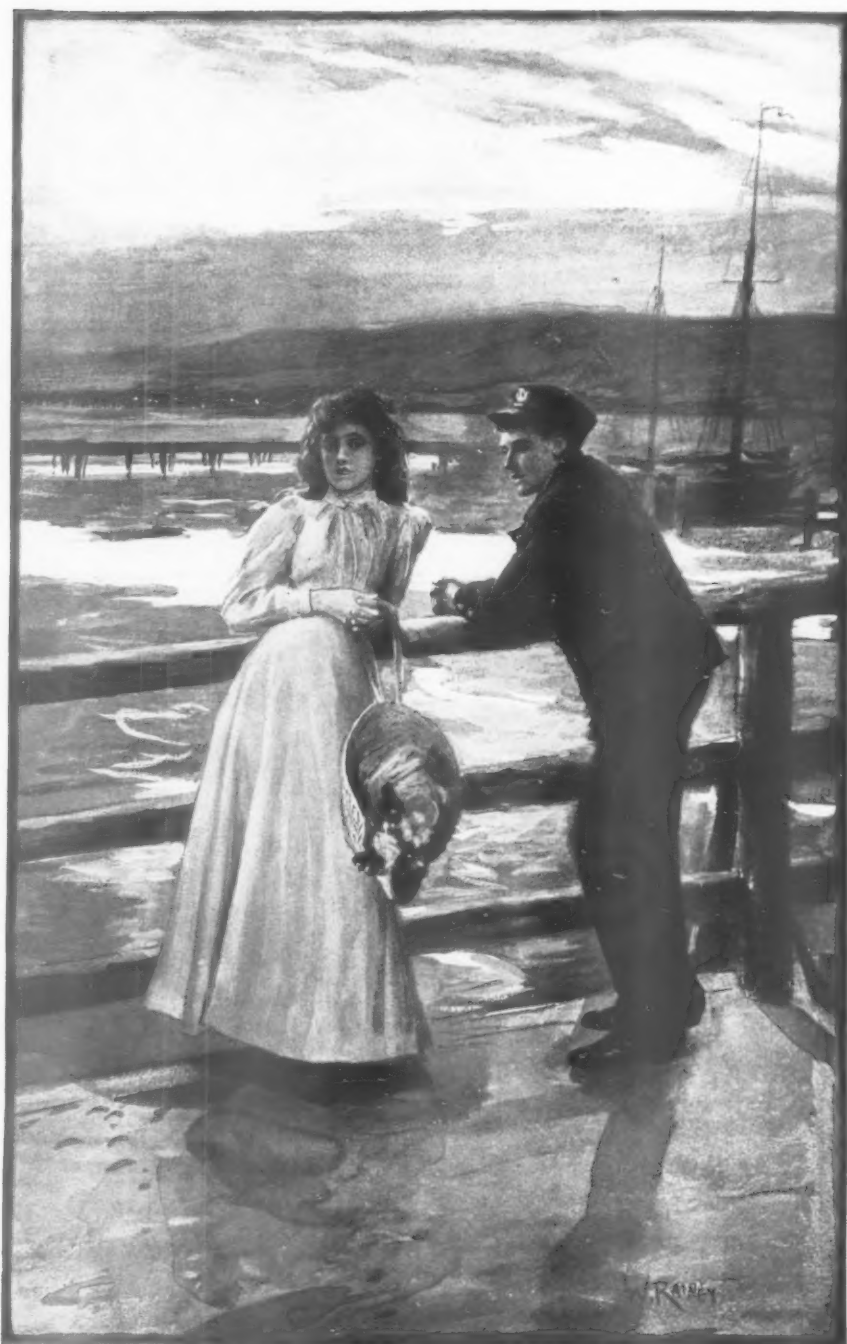
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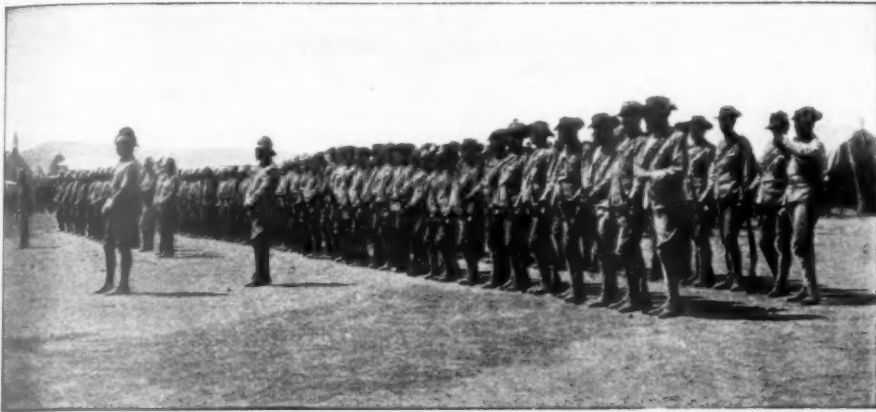


By W. RAINY, R.I.

"WHEN I COME HOME AGAIN."

TOMMY ATKINS AT CHURCH.

By an Ex-Army Chaplain.



(Photo: H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.)

CHURCH PARADE IN SOUTH AFRICA OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.

TOMMY ATKINS" has become a term of endearment of late, and Tommy's friends will rejoice because that excellent fellow is at last receiving something like a fair share of attention

from civilians, whose lives and property so largely depend for safety on his vigilance and pluck.

How he eats, sleeps, drills, marches, and generally lives in barracks and out, the public has lately been told by many writers in many publications; and how he fights is once more being shown. But it may safely be asserted that among those who take such an interest in him just now few have ever given a thought to the religious side of a soldier's life; and "Tommy Atkins at Church" calls up for most a view of the man from a new standpoint.

It cannot be contradicted that the British soldier is one of the most regular church-goers in the world. It may, indeed, be said by uncharitable folks, who do not know Atkins half as well as they think they do, that he is a regular church-goer because he cannot help it. Concerning which I will only remark that among the finest, most

manly, straightforward, genuinely religious men it has been my good fortune to meet during a ministry extending over many years, not a few wearers of Her Majesty's uniform hold a foremost place. Naturally enough, there drift into the Army many "black sheep," morally speaking; but take the Army "by and large," as Tommy's brother Jack might put it, and it will compare favourably with an average mass of civilians. In any barrack-room there may be found as many men of good character, aye, and of as sound religion too, as in any ordinary workshop containing a similar number of individuals. Whatever the Army may have been in the past, it is not to-day mainly or largely composed of wastrels and ne'er-do-weels.

In dealing with Tommy Atkins at church, I speak of times of peace; for it has never been my privilege—I use the word seriously and advisedly—to minister to soldiers in time of war. I have, indeed, the honour to number among my friends more than one chaplain who has seen service, and have heard many a stirring tale—from a parson's standpoint—of brief and hurried services, with regimental drums for desk and pulpit, sometimes interrupted by bugle-call to leave praying for fighting. On active service Divine worship has to be

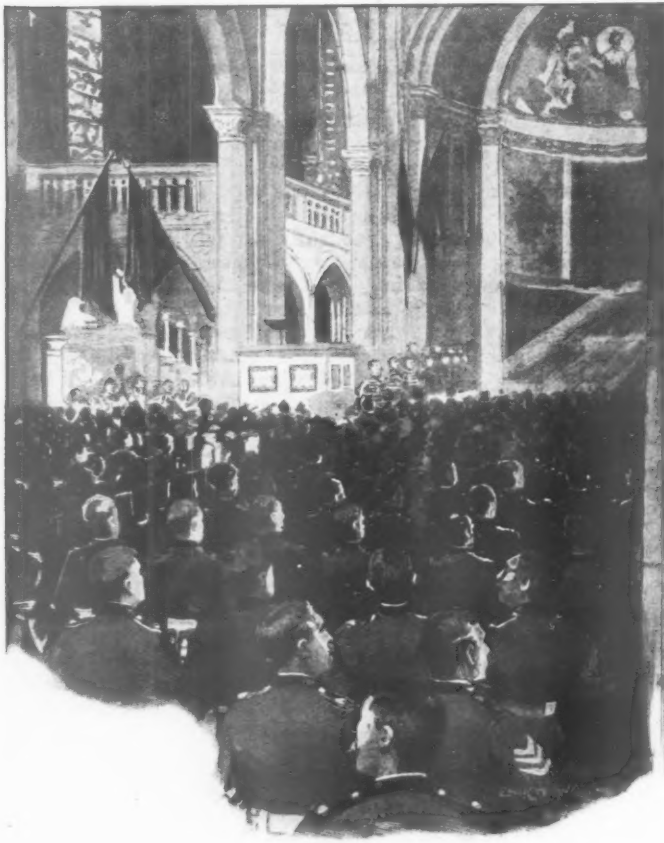
held when and how possible, for the foe does not always give Tommy a Sunday's rest, and the chaplain's duty lies mainly in hospital or on stricken field.

Among the inquiries addressed to a recruit on "joining" at the depôt is, "What is your religion?" which, of course, has regard to the religious denomination in which the lad has been brought up. A paternal—and, in this sense, ecclesiastical—War Department gives Tommy his choice of creed and mode of worship, but a "religion" of some sort he is supposed to have. Not that the choice is as varied as some approvers of many sects might wish. Church of England, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, or other persuasion

(counted as one). That is the list, and to one of the four places of worship thus covered the adherent is marched. The limitation is not due to any undue narrowness on the part of the authorities, but to the manifest impossibility of marching men to a dozen or twenty places of worship. The above applies to what is known as "parade service" on Sunday morning. In the evening, when free from duty, Tommy may attend any church or chapel he likes. There is on record a story of a blunt and not over-tolerant sergeant-major, who addressed the men drawn up in the barrack square for church parade thus: "Now then, Church of England, ten paces to the front; Roman Catholics, ten paces to the rear; fancy religions, stay where you are."

Tommy's "religion" is entered, and he is equipped with the corresponding outfit as part of his kit; that is to say, he receives a Prayer-book, or a copy of the hymn-book used by his particular denomination, and is marched to the garrison church or to his particular chapel every Sunday morning, when not on guard or other duty, or in hospital or "clink."

Some entertaining tales are told of the perplexity of undecided recruits, when asked to declare their "religion." Said one, "I don't know. I'm not particular." "Well," replied the sergeant, "shall we say Church of England?" "All right," said the accommodating recruit, "that'll do"; and, with only a hazy idea as to what his



SUNDAY MORNING AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL.

"religion" was supposed to be, he was conducted into the presence of the officer for the day, whose duty it was to repeat and confirm the previous questions and answers. When the query was reached, "What's your religion?" the embryo Tommy, with but a dim recollection of what the sergeant had said, promptly replied, "Bank of England, sir."

ination do you wish to be transferred?" Said the ease-seeking Tommy, "I disremember the name, sir; but it's them



AN ALDERSHOT CAMP SERVICE.

A soldier is allowed to "change his religion," as it is termed, if he is able to convince his commanding officer that he has good and sufficient reasons for so doing. On one occasion a man intimated his desire to "change his religion," and was duly confronted with the colonel. "Now," said the colonel, "I hear you want to change your religion. What are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?" The man intimated that he had. "And," continued the colonel, "to what denom-

as parades for church half an hour later than t'others." Possibly he may have had some special reason for his desire. A regimental wag once said to a chaplain friend of mine, "We call your men the 'cold-dinner lot,' sir." "Why?" said my friend. "Because you preach so jolly long, sir, that their dinner's always cold before they get back to barracks." "Indeed," said the chaplain, "and what may you be?" "Oh, I'm a 'door-step' man." "Whatever is that?" asked the bewildered parson. "Well, sir, my

lot goes to early service, and the breakfast bread is as hard as a stone when we get back." So there may have been something, after all, that more than meets the common comprehension in the desire of Tommy to parade for church half an hour later.

Atkins has a high respect for his chaplain, when the chaplain is "a good 'un"; or, in other words, when he is a manly fellow, kindly, tactful, and what he professes to be. Tommy does not like namby-pamby clerics, or "sky-pilots," as he sometimes terms his spiritual guides; and anything like sham is quickly detected and held in abhorrence by him. For cowardice, physical or moral, especially in leadership, he has only detestation and contempt.

In church he is, for the most part, attentive and devout. He dearly loves a hearty sing; and, given a hymn which calls up memories of early days, and a tune that he knows and likes, you'll hear lusty singing that will astonish you, if you are not used to it. Where the regimental band takes part in the service, the music at a parade service is something to be remembered.

I do not know that Tommy is more partial to long sermons than the average civilian is. "It doesn't so much matter

what you preach about, so long as you preach about a quarter of an hour," said an experienced chaplain to a youthful cleric, new to dealing with the men. Anyhow, Tommy sits it out, and very seldom goes to sleep. I did once, indeed, meet with a sleepy military congregation, during a militia training. Some three hundred of the men were marched to my church, an hour and a half in advance of the ordinary congregation, for the accommodation was limited, and there was no garrison church at that station. The country lads, accustomed to rustic life, found the change to town somewhat trying; and, sad to say, a good many went to sleep the first Sunday, and some even snored! The next Sunday I found that two of the sergeants on the staff had been told off to improve matters; and my gravity was scarcely proof against the circumstance of the marching about of the two stalwart non-coms. during the sermon, vigilantly looking for sleepers and promptly poking them into astonished wakefulness.

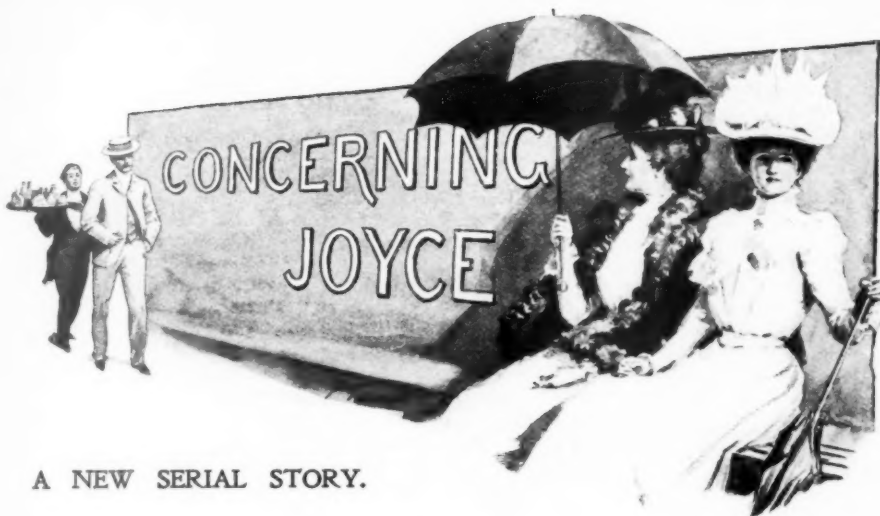
Tommy's religious needs are not neglected; and, given plain, sensible, genuinely religious, manly oversight, Tommy responds respectfully and seriously.



(Photo: Stephen O'Brien, Southern.)

AT A GARRISON CHURCH PARADE.

(Massed bands of the regiments of the Southern District.)



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "The Minor Canon's Daughter," "One of the Greatest," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE OVAL.



T was one of the lovely mornings of a perfect summer. A large crowd had gathered at the Oval to see the

Australians play. The various stands of the pavilion reserved for members and their womenkind were

full, the Australian stand was also full, so were the two covered stands on either side allotted to the

paying public; whilst the spectators round the ground were many deep, the field itself having been encroached upon for some feet for their accommodation. There was a general air of expectancy and enjoyment. Even the policemen lounged on the ground as if they were unemployed and happy.

In the balcony above the members' dining-room, two ladies, one a girl of about nineteen, the other a matron a few years older, were sitting talking; whilst an umbrella and papers, disposed across the seat beside them,

reserved it for their escort. He, for the present, was absent.

"Of course, I ought to have thought of bringing a luncheon basket—it is so much pleasanter than fighting downstairs for seats—but I didn't," Mrs. Blundell said regretfully.

"Mr. Mallion will get something," replied Joyce placidly. She was without the responsibility of her housekeeping sister. It mattered very little to her just now whether there were any luncheon or not.

"Look! Nora, look!" she exclaimed. "There, in the balcony there! That is Grace looking this way. Who is that he is talking to? I know the face quite well."

"I could so easily have brought food," Nora went on regretfully, "I hate to give a man trouble unnecessarily. Yes, Joyce, I see, I don't know who it is. They do so dislike fussing about, and doing more than they have bargained for."

"I should have thought that it might have been in the bargain," said Joyce loftily. "We couldn't starve all day."

"No, but we could have gone down to the dining-room. It was only——"

"Oh, Nora! how you have changed!" put in Joyce, laughing. "Fancy your bothering yourself about a little trouble for a man! What are they for? I'm sure you used not to mind giving Geoffrey a good lot."

"Geoffrey is my husband," said Nora, and stopped, wondering whether her astute young sister would draw the inference. She did.

"But he wasn't then. That's another argument for me. I always say that it's a mistake to marry."

"I didn't say—" began Nora.

"No, you didn't say, you let out. However, you needn't worry any more. Here comes this man you're so afraid of troubling. And, of course, he can't carry the things himself. Just like a man!"

A tall, bronzed man, who carried his thirty odd years as though they were more, was slowly edging his way along the gangway. His face would have been noticeable anywhere, for the brilliant eyes which had gained some of their fire in other countries than England, and for the scar, which marred the otherwise clear-cut features, the result of a shooting accident. Behind him followed a waiter, carrying a large tray, on which were a number of parcels.

"I have been a long time, Mrs. Blundell," he said, "but already it is difficult to move about or get anything downstairs, and what it will be at lunch-time I fail to imagine. I'm so glad you thought of this."

"It is a shame to give you so much trouble," deprecated Nora, Joyce listening wrathfully, "but it will be so much nicer picnicking up here."

"Have I thought of everything, I wonder? Salmon sandwiches, ham and beef ditto, grapes and pears"—he did not reveal that he had made a little journey in a cab for these latter—"soda water, lemonade, and tumblers. Yes, I think that will do," depositing the things under his seat, and tipping the attendant. Then he looked at Joyce, who, with laughter in her eyes, was watching his disposition of the luncheon.

"This is not quite so dainty a lunch, nor are the surroundings quite so ideal as that lunch you gave me last summer, Miss Stamer, do you remember?"

"It was Lady Hume, not I," said Joyce, a little coldly.

"I have always associated it with you," he said quietly, and something in tone or look brought the colour to Joyce's cheeks, and made Nora look keenly at the speaker. There was a pondering, pensive expression for some few moments in Mrs. Blundell's eyes.

"So that is it," she thought in some amusement. "And I thought it was friendship for Geoffrey and myself. How funny!"

"When and where was this luncheon party?" she inquired.

"I was staying down in Surrey with a friend," Mr. Mallion replied. "And one morning, wandering in a country lane, whilst he was doing magistrate, I heard the sound of a cricket ball, and voices, and laughter, and presently cheers, of a sort. I could see

nothing, the palings and trees were far too thick."

"So," interrupted Joyce, "Mr. Mallion did a most unheard-of thing. You know our strict rules, Nora, about our cricket—no spectators ever—well, he broke them all, and intruded into the park without our invitation."

"So," went on Mr. Mallion imperturbably, disregarding this interruption, though his eyes twinkled, "I went on a little way, till I came to a gate, and just entering the gate was Lady Hume, whom I had taken down to dinner the night before. It was a most fortunate meeting," he added, glancing at Joyce, who, chin in air, was surveying the field below her, "and she kindly invited me to lunch."

"To lunch, perhaps—I believe you said you were hungry—but not to our cricket," put in Joyce. "She couldn't have done. She knew and approved of the rules. It was our last match," she explained to her sister, "and we won."

"And the luncheon table was spread under beautiful trees," went on Mr. Mallion, "and there were twenty-four girls in pretty dresses, and only one man. You have forgotten that other spectator, Miss Stamer."

"Oh, he didn't count. He was our coach."

"Morwyn Hume?" asked Nora. Joyce nodded.

"It was a very pretty sight, and a very good luncheon," Mr. Mallion said. "And I was grateful to Lady Hume for allowing me to be of some use."

Joyce laughed. "I wonder what," she said. "Seeing that you were all properly fed. And I think I remember helping to arrange a few little differences of opinion."

He turned to Nora, laughing. "I can't describe to you the effect of these girls in their white dresses, and the quick movements and chatter, like a colony of disturbed birds, and the laughing, and the trees and the green grass, on a man just home from three years of desert. It took one's breath away. Does it still go on—do you still play?" he asked Joyce.

"No, not this summer," somewhat reluctantly. "Girls are so unstable—I mean four of the other team have married, and also Gladys, my sister, and one of the Humes, and the others preferred golf."

"It was very inconsiderate of them to marry and spoil your play," he said gravely.

"Spoil! Oh! I believe it was you who spoil it," she flashed round upon him. "After that day, the others, the engaged ones, insisted on letting all their lovers in to the practice. And, of course, a lot of lazy men loafing about simply made the whole thing impossible. It was all quarrelling as to who should go in, and gallery play."

He looked deeply penitent and impressed. "I had no idea," he said, "that I was causing such ruin."

"Look!" exclaimed Joyce, eagerly interrupting. "What does that mean?"

"That they are going in, and—yes!—England has won the toss. Bravo!"

It was a delight to Oliver Mallion to sit through the summer day near this girl, who so unwittingly on that day a year ago had entered as an exciting and energising power into his life.

"What a delicate bit of china!" had been his first impression then, soon, however, corrected. She might look like a delicate bit of china, with her lovely colouring and high-bred air. But the vigour of health was in Joyce's young limbs, and a too great vigour of mind, her mother sometimes lamented, listening to her theories, and the cynical and critical views of things in general, to which the young of to-day are prone. In her soft white dress, and shady hat to-day, she looked sweet and charming, and her interest in the cricket was not alloyed or limited by ignorance.

"Is it dishonest to listen to your neighbour's talk?" Joyce softly asked, after joining involuntarily in a little peal of laughter from below them.

"I think not," he answered. "People don't talk secrets in a crowd. And that girl is very pretty, isn't she?"

"You think she may be forgiven nonsense because she is pretty?" said Joyce sniffily. "I don't think girls ought to give each other away. If one says a silly thing, we all get credited."

"But it was natural, not silly, what she said, since she evidently thinks that the aim of the ball is to hit somebody," he answered. "She thought, not unnaturally, that howls announced the hurt of someone."

Again, through the partial silence, came the voice of the girl below, clearly articulating, "That man behind the wicket does have a hard time of it, Jack. That new man they've put on to throw at him aims harder than ever. Why can't they have a dummy to throw at?"

"If I get nearer her," said Joyce angrily, "I shall tell her to go home and learn, and not be so silly. Those men are laughing at her."

"With her?" he corrected.

The clear, high voice went on—"Oh! what are they shouting for now? What's that poor man done coming this way? How miserable he looks! Is he hit?"

"I did not see how he got out," murmured Joyce in vexed tones. "All because of that foolish girl!"

"Caught, do you say?" went on the girl below. "What doing? Oh! I see. No wonder, with all those men holding out their hands

all round him. They didn't give him a chance. What's going to happen now?"

"She must be saying things on purpose to make those men laugh," Joyce said. "Is there no law about talking loudly in public places?"

"People are allowed to make stupidities of themselves anywhere," suggested Nora. "But Joyce," she went on, addressing Mr. Mallion, "thinks that women should be exempt from consequences."

"You still keep to your opinions then?" he asked. "More experience hasn't changed them?"

"Why should it?" she asked quietly. "Have you changed yours?"

"I know why that man down below comes so close," trickled on the voice below. "I saw before the game began. He knows a girl sitting on the front seat. There now! don't you call that aggravating, sending that ball after him like that?"

The hot summer morning drew on to mid-day, and Joyce sat watching with ever keen interest Hayward's innings, and the mounting score. Nora congratulated herself on her forethought at lunch-time, as they and a few others, provident likewise, ate their meal in the open air, away from the bustle below.

Mr. Oliver Mallion had read for the Bar, but had unexpectedly succeeded to property on the death of a cousin. He had many interests, was cricketer and hunter, as well as several things in the city. He had been greatly attracted by Joyce on the day of their first meeting, and had managed to follow up the acquaintance, through her brother-in-law, Geoffrey Blundell, his old schoolfellow and friend. Joyce was now staying with her sister near London, and the visit to the Oval had been Mr. Mallion's suggestion. If the day proved successful—and he recognised what facilities for courtship a cricket match presented—and the game interesting, he hoped to persuade Mrs. Blundell and her sister to be his guests on the following days of the match. The delicate bright face beside him, with its aloof expression, had just then more attraction for the cricketer than even the immense interests attached to the last test match. So as the afternoon wore away, and the score mounted higher and higher, he grew a little uneasy.

"When are the others going to have a turn?" came from below, after an interval of silence. "I want to see the Australians. There! Do you mean that those are the Australians all over the field?"—the voice took a tone of measureless disappointment. "Oh! I thought the Australians would be black!"

"When, indeed!" murmured Mr. Mallion. "At this rate, I am afraid it will be the usual draw."

"Never mind," encouraged Joyce, her eyes sparkling as a fourth hit to the boundary brought cheers loud and prolonged. "I should like to see just how many England could get."

"They won't do that," said Mr. Mallion, shaking his head. "See: they have got their orders now to hit, not play."

"I always want to do what Geoffrey likes."

"And Geoffrey always likes what you want to do!" laughed Joyce. "Yes, I know: I heard Judy this morning explaining to you that Punch didn't happen to want any of the apple she had eaten."

"I know," said Nora, rather sorrowfully.

"Not that I blame Judy for fighting for



"I never dreamt of such luck," he was saying.—p. 875.

"What a pity! Just for once I should like them to stop in all the time."

"Would you come to see them?" he asked.

"Well, I think you will have a chance—to-morrow, at any rate. Can you come, Mrs. Blundell?" he bent forward to ask. "This is the last chance," he reminded her.

And Mrs. Blundell, glancing at her sister's face, smiled kindly, and said that, with her husband's permission, she would try and come.

"Husband's permission!" scoffed Joyce, laughing. "Just as if you don't always do as you want, Nora! You are as bad as your Judy pretending to give way to Punch."

Nora's pretty head uplifted itself.

her own hand," said Joyce. "I expect instinct tells her that in a year or two Punch will have the best of things."

CHAPTER II.

DISAPPOINTED.

DOES it ever happen that what is much desired equals in fulfilment what was expected of it? The hastily snatched joys are often the sweetest—those never dreamt of, unprepared for, which rush at us, as it were, some day, when, if we are

wise, and awake to the transitoriness of life, we shall let ourselves be carried along the unexpected way.

Mr. Mallion had watched the retreating cab which bore away Mrs. Blundell and her sister from the Oval, with eyes which for a moment or two saw nothing but Joyce's face, turned to smile her good-bye. She was not changed; she was fascinating and desirable as ever. How happy her brightness had made this day, and what bliss was to be his in the days to come, especially on the morrow, which was to repeat to-day! They were all to dine with him in town. He had not left even the luncheon of that day to chance, but had brought down with him a basket filled with all the delicacies he could remember to cram in. But from the first it had been a disappointing day.

The sisters had missed their train, owing to some delay on Nora's part as to the disposition of her family. Mr. Mallion had been on the look-out for them quite half an hour before their cab drew up. And, as he was standing scrutinising the arrivals at the Oval gate, a face which he recognised looked out at him from a carriage drawing up close beside him with much clatter of horse-hoofs.

"The carriage can't go in, mother. You will have to get out here," a gentleman said, springing out as he spoke. And in the pleasant-faced lady who descended Oliver Mallion recognised Lady Hume.

She knew him, too, and bowed in friendly greeting, half pausing, as though to speak; but her son drew her on with a curt nod to Oliver, which was as curtly returned. The two men had met several times since the day of the cricket match last summer to which Oliver had alluded. But Sir Morwyn Hume did not attract Oliver, and on his side mentally tabulated Oliver as a "bounder," resenting somehow the scar on his face as an unfair means of attracting attention. There are some antagonisms impossible to account for.

Oliver turned again to the gate with a cloud on his brow, and an inward wish that Sir Morwyn Hume would give him some cause for kicking him. He was also conscious of a desire to evade the Humes, and to withdraw his own guests from their observation during the day. A man filled with such disquieting thoughts and purposes is likely to be a little absent in manner. Joyce concluded, as she observed this, that he was angry at being kept waiting.

"Just like a man!" she reflected, as she followed Nora up the staircase. "A crumpled rose-leaf upsets them."

With a hasty glance along the seats, Mr. Mallion saw that their places of the previous day, where he had deposited his basket, had

been left vacant, and with a rising sensation of pleasure he settled Mrs. Blundell and Joyce in them. It was going to be all right. Most of their neighbours of the previous day, whom they had found sufficiently interesting or indifferent, were again present, and there were no unwelcome additions. Mr. Mallion turned with a relieved face to answer Joyce's questions and receive Nora's information.

"Geoffrey will be here about four," his wife said brightly, and with the manner of one who expected her hearer to be as pleased as she was herself; "and he will bring tea up for us; and he agrees to dining in town. I suggested my club."

"And he sniffed," put in Joyce, "and said there was nothing fit to eat there, and he shouldn't think of asking you to dine in such a place. He intimated that you were hard to please."

"Well, no," Mr. Mallion said. "Somehow, women's clubs don't shine in dinners."

"Women don't bother about such little matters," said Joyce.

"Oh! but punctuality, and good service and cleanliness are not little matters. That is what Geoffrey means. I often lunch with him at a little place where you can get these, but nothing more to eat than a chop and a potato and a bit of cheese."

"Why do you go in for such trying simplicity?" Joyce inquired. "Even we women could supply you with that."

"Yes, doubtless," Mr. Mallion laughed; "but how long should we have to wait for it? And with what a flutter of cloths, and a banging of plates, and a failure of bread, would it arrive! A man likes a quiet meal."

Joyce had turned her face towards him to make an unkind and trenchant remark, and he was watching for it, when he saw the mischief in it suddenly give place to an expression of pleasure. One of Joyce's charms was her variety.

"There are the Humes," she said softly.

Mr. Mallion turned in vexed observation. The morning had begun to cloud over, and the fear of the sun, which had driven most of the people to the upper seats in the shade, had left the front seats out in the open comparatively unoccupied. Settling down on one of these was Lady Hume, attended by her son, and accompanied by two girls. After settling them, Sir Morwyn Hume went and leant over the railing which separated the cricketers from the members, whence he presently returned with a gentleman in cricketing costume.

Joyce, watching, asked eagerly, "Who is it? Isn't it Prince Ranjitsinghi? Oh! I wish—" and stopped. She could not openly say to this friend who had been so kind that she wished she were with another.

But she did. If she had been with the Humes—as she so easily might have been—then she would have been introduced to the famous cricketer. She gave a sigh.

"How nice for the Hume girls!" she said to Nora. "And they don't care a bit for cricket now."

Nora laughed and turned to Mr. Mallion.

"Joyce is still young and countrified enough to think that famous people are different from others," she said. "She is a regular hero worshipper."

"If it is only hero worship," said Mr. Mallion quietly, "and not that particular cricketer, there is one just below us, three seats down."

"Is there?" Joyce asked eagerly. "Where?"

"The fifth man from the end, this end. Don't you recognise him? The one with the little girl in white."

"His face is familiar," said Joyce. "Tell me."

And Mr. Mallion named a name which made Joyce's eyes shine.

"Not really? Oh, why didn't you tell me before. Of course, he is like his portraits. Nora, don't be so torpid. Do you hear who it is down there."

"Yes, I know," said Nora pensively. "I've been watching them, they are so happy. I should think I might bring Punch and Judy another time."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Joyce. "Those restless children! Why, Nora, think! Would there be room in the whole of this place for them? Nobody else would be here long."

"I don't think," said Nora thoughtfully, "that Lady Roche can have seen that little girl before she came, or that her nurse dressed her. It is borne in upon me from the way those two are going on, and from other things"—vaguely—"that Lord Roche dressed her himself, and that they have run away."

"Now, Nora, you don't suppose everybody has such children as yours," remonstrated Joyce.

"I should like to know, Mrs. Blundell," put in Mr. Mallion, anxious to confine the interest to this end of the balcony, "what grounds you have to think those things."

"Well, her hat does not match her dress. It is an old hat, probably a garden one. You see that, Joyce?"

"Yes," allowed Joyce. "I see that it is dirty and rather torn."

"It has been lying about on the grass," said Nora, with the decision deduced by experience. "And that dress isn't complete. It has been tied on by a man."

"Now, how can you know that?" Mr. Mallion asked.

"Because it's a man's knot," she answered him, "with the strings left hanging, and

nothing tucked away and finished. Depend upon it, she stole the frock, and her father put it on, and they ran away unbeknown. Lady Roche belongs to my club—she is not over-civil sometimes. I am glad they have outwitted her."

"What amazing deductions a woman draws," murmured Mr. Mallion.

"There is nothing amazing in them," said Nora. "We merely use our eyes."

"Nora really knows nothing about it," put in Joyce. "You won't feel so glad, Nora, when Judy outwits you."

"I shouldn't deserve it," said Nora quickly. "Lady Roche isn't proud of that child—she has said so to me—because she isn't pretty or interesting. Do you think I should neglect Judy if she had happened not to be pretty and interesting?"

The conversation had been carried on in the softest of voices, amongst merry chatter up above and round about, and frequent pauses to follow some interesting incidents of the game. Mr. Mallion, whilst rejoicing that he had withdrawn Joyce's attention from the Humes, had, nevertheless, not lost sight of them himself. He was, therefore, aware that they had by this time discovered the presence of Mrs. Blundell and her sister, and he was now racking his brains to avert the visit from Sir Morwyn Hume, which he saw impending. Sir Morwyn had risen, and, eyeglass in eye, was studying the intervening benches, and the best way to get across them. But it was not till after luncheon that he fulfilled his purpose. Then, with a solicitude for his sisters' complexions which did not deceive them, he pointed out that there were some vacant seats in the shade, and soon the Hume family had migrated to the bench below Mrs. Blundell. The party of the chattering girl had gone, rather to Joyce's disappointment.

"I like that sort of play," the girl had announced, watching with interest the adventures of a ball which had landed in one of the stands. "It seems so very stupid rolling it along the ground when you can hit like that!"

"What a lot of churches you can see!" she had gone on to notice. "I expect that's why there are so many parsons here—it seems like doing their duty. What? The Bishop comes? I call that too bad of him to spoil their fun. Anybody hit?" as a shout and a clap of many thousand hands rang out through the hot air. "Go nearer the wicket after lunch? Oh, but I don't want to go any nearer that wicket, thank you. The ball jumps so. There! There it goes, bang into the people! Four more is it? Cricket's a most contradictory game. You get most runs when you don't run."

She was now gone, and Lady Hume was in

her seat. She soon turned round, after a whisper from her son, and signalled to Nora; and Sir Morwyn Hume, squeezing along the gangway, presently induced Nora to take his place by his mother. She was ardently welcomed by the two girls and their mother, and the four heads were soon as close together as circumstances permitted. They were all old friends from childhood, Mr. Stamer's property running alongside of Sir Morwyn Hume's.

"Now," said Joyce, "Nora will begin to enjoy herself. Lady Hume is always ready to listen to her stories of the twins."

But her listener had a scowl on his brow, so Joyce turned to Sir Morwyn Hume.

"I never dreamt of such luck," he was saying.

"What luck? Oh! England's? Yes, but the game can't finish," Joyce replied.

Sir Morwyn Hume was a man of artistic tastes, which prompted him to the careful tendance of a soft, silken beard, which matched his hair, and to a general spick-and-spanness of carefully chosen attire. He had pale grey-green eyes, which harmonised with his colouring, and a soft, appropriate manner, which Joyce, accustomed to all her life, did not appear to resent. He nodded to Oliver, and then took no further notice of him.

And as Oliver sat in gloomy silence, hearing though not listening to the talk beside him, his feelings interfered unpleasantly with his attention to the cricket. His hopes, the hopes which he had been ardently encouraging these two days, sank as he realised the intimacy subsisting between Joyce and Sir Morwyn. True, the talk was the talk of brother and sister, teasing, laughing, flashing from subject to subject, light, superficial, frivolous, and not by any means loverlike. But it revealed close and affectionate intimacy. And the climax of discomfort to him was reached when Lady Hume, hearing from Nora the programme for the evening, proposed with the manner of one unaccustomed to denial, or to finding herself anything but welcome, that they should all join forces for dinner.

One little bit of comfort came to Mr. Mallion during the evening. He heard Joyce laughingly refuse to accompany Sir Morwyn to a picture gallery.

"I've been there," she said.

"But not with me."

"I've seen quite enough of it."

"But I wanted you to see my picture hung properly," he persisted.

"I've seen quite enough of it. You know what I think of it, and it looks worse beside the others than it did by itself at Heriot's."

Mr. Mallion permitted himself a triumphant

glance at Sir Morwyn Hume. A little later, saying good-bye to Joyce, and, detecting something wistful in her eyes, he fervently resolved to risk his fate as soon as possible. Better to speak, perhaps prematurely, than, for want of speaking, to see her encompassed by that man again.

"May I come down on Thursday afternoon?" he asked Nora softly, as he bade her farewell.

Nora looked up at him quickly. "Yes, come down early and stay to dinner."

CHAPTER III.

A REFUSAL.

SHE looked very attractive, he thought, in that attitude of quiet aloofness, with her wind-blown hair, straying in soft tendrils over her forehead. She had a way of sometimes drawing into herself, and gently repelling intimacy, which Mr. Mallion found one of her chief charms. He had not found such to be the usual way of girls.

He had recovered from the depression induced by the unlucky appearance of Sir Morwyn Hume, a recovery partly due to some words of Geoffrey Blundell's that morning.

"Engaged to Morwyn Hume? Joyce?" Geoffrey had said, in tones of amusement, "Not she—too much sense. It has been his way to dawdle after them all. I had to rout him from Nora, and Merivale from Gladys, though he still dangles when he can. But certainly Joyce, with all her notions of men and women and work, would as soon think of marrying that lapdog."

He had found her to-day sitting under a drooping tree, on the banks of the little river which flowed through her brother-in-law's garden; and she had lifted to him beautiful eyes in welcome, with a liquid, far-away look in them born of the wondering thoughts and aspirations of youth. Her cheek had flushed as he approached, and he noted the changing colour with delight. Perhaps she cared for him, after all. He moved a chair, and sat down where he could see her face.

"Where is the brood?" he asked, smiling, as his eye travelled over the various broken and defaced toys scattered on the lawn around.

"In the strawberry beds, I think. They"—pausing for a word—"straggled after Nora." "Ah, yes," he said, smiling at the truth of the description, "and now they are straggling back again, I think."

A child's shrill voice, lifted in declamatory accents, was borne upon the breeze.

"There is Judy announcing herself," he said; "and the others are not far behind."

Joyce turned to watch the approach of her niece. Straggling towards them across the sunny lawn came Judy, her hands and pinafore red with strawberries, her face, with a world of renunciation in its expression, bent on the squashed fruit she carried. Her bare feet were dirty with trampling about the strawberry beds, and the tousled dark waves of hair, with their tips of gold, hung across her face. Following her at a little distance came her twin brother Punch, his face somewhat anxious as he balanced three strawberries on a leaf; the remainder having disappeared in his struggles to direct the swaying steps of a fat and rosy year-old cherub. Her name being Christina, she was called Toby, and the name suited her attitude of cheerful acquiescence as an adjunct to the other two. Where they went, she followed. She had endured numerous vicissitudes at their hands from the day of her first introduction to them when a month old.

"She's very podgy, mother," Punch had then observed thoughtfully, eyeing the kicking infant with doubtful appreciation.

"Vewy podgy," agreed Judy, pressing a firm, dimpled finger into the infant's round cheeks. "She ain't hard a bit. Ovver dolls is hard."

"She can 'squeal!" said Punch delightedly, as the baby made her vigorous response to Judy's sisterly endearments.

"Better'n Judy's doll!" said Judy in pleased accents.

"But you mustn't make her squeal," said Nora. "And, Judy, remember she mustn't be poked—anywhere—it hurts her; that's why she squeals. There, there, darling!" and the mother caught the child to her breast, hushing and crooning.

Happening to glance over the downy head, Nora was almost appalled at the expression of amused ridicule on the face of her elder daughter. The twins were standing hand in hand, seeking, as was their way, mutual support in face of this queer experience; Punch looking puzzled, Judy quizzical.

"Mummie nursin' a doll!" murmured Judy, turning to Punch in acute ridicule.

Nora laughed.

"But she isn't a doll, Judy. She's a little girl—a real, live, little girl—just like you were not long ago: a new little sister for both of you."

Judy still looked quizzical, whilst Punch pondered.

"Is there free of us?" he asked presently: "One, two, free?"

"Just so; and you'll be very good to her, darling, and take great care of her?" Nora said hopefully.

"If she's real," said Judy, argumentatively, "why don't she walk about, mummie, if she's got legses?"

"Babies can't walk at first, Judy. Their legs are weak. You mustn't try to make her walk at first, Judy—not just yet," she went on anxiously, studying the expression on Judy's face. "She is a very tender, tiny little thing yet, and you would break her."

"Oh! do she break?" inquired Judy with keen interest, calling to mind the frequent fractures of her dolls' limbs. "Could Judy bweak her feets off, mummie? Judy would like to."

The little sister had come safely through many experiments, owing to the ceaseless watchfulness of her guardians and her own sturdy will. She was now a most engaging, cheerful creature, nearly able to defend herself against anybody, and much given to making experiments on her own account. The twins had a wholesome awe of the power of her clutching fingers. She had a way of holding on tenaciously to curls, and on occasion was mistress of a tremendous shriek. She insisted on sharing everybody's pursuits, and though now and then Judy rebelled and turned on her, she by no means always got the best of it. Punch, with a curious display of masculine acquiescence in the inevitable, put up with and made the best of her.

These three now approached the drooping tree, under which Joyce and the visitor sat.

"Oh! it's you," said Judy, pausing in her advance to eye Mr. Mallion. "Fort it was only Auntie Joy. Ain't got no stawbeys for you"—defiantly.

"They don't look up to much," he remarked resignedly, regarding the squashed fruit, which the too eager little hands had ruined.

"Tastes good," said Judy. "Not for you!"—darting aside to escape the intercepting hand.

He laughed, and stooped to pick up the prostrate child, for Judy's size made her balancing powers somewhat uncertain.

"What a pity!" he said gravely, as the two stained and empty hands were displayed.

"Judy don't mind," she said, regarding him. Judy despised pity. "Go and get some more!"

Then she saw Christina.

"Shall Judy carry them stawbeys for you, Toby?"

For in Christina's chubby hand was a little basket, thoughtfully supplied by Nora; and the fruit, resting on their bright leaves, was red and luscious.

Christina made no response: she had recognised Mr. Mallion, and two objects of solicitude at once was not Christina's way. So she let fall her basket and flung herself



"Oh! it's you," said Judy, pausing in her advance.

upon him in greeting. Judy seized her opportunity, and possessed herself of the basket.

Across the river, on a distant lawn, Nora, shielding her eyes from the sun, stood watching her brood into safety, before turning to the long rosebed by which her figure was outlined.

"How beautiful your sister is!" Mr. Mallion remarked, as the three, seeing their mother, instantly trotted off to join her. "She always looks like a picture, and with those three—"

He paused.

"Beautiful! Nora?" The two words were spoken in doubtful accents. "Is she beautiful? Gladys is—but Nora: no."

"Mrs. Merivale's is a beauty of promise," he said; "but that is fulfilment. She always looks so finished—with those three."

"You are like everybody else," returned Joyce. "Why isn't Nora finished by herself, without those three? Now, I think they unfinished her—make her anxious, inattentive, when they are not present, and take away her repose completely when they are."

"Repose is not always beauty; we are talking of beauty," he said.

"You and I do not agree as to what is beauty, perhaps. I think it is something that is complete in itself, requiring no adjuncts. Nora by herself now is disappointing—always thinking: worrying after Geoffrey or the bairns; and she used to be so delightful, so full of life and fun—just like a spring morning on the moors!"

"Well, but you know life can't all be spring days and moors; and there is other beauty."

"Human nature is very funny," said Joyce. "I should never have thought that Nora, of all people, would have so sobered down—got so humdrum, in fact. She used to be the leader in all the scrapes we got into."

"Love is a great teacher."

"Leveller, you should say. And it is just the levelling that is such a pity."

"There is levelling up as well as down—addition as well as subtraction."

"Any levelling is horrid. You know my sister Gladys? Well, she is completely altered, in only three months' time. I suppose she has levelled up, not like Nora. It is horrid losing one's sisters like this!" went on Joyce, turning beautiful eyes full of self-pity to Mr. Mallion. "I lunched with her yesterday, and she was nearly like a stranger. Nora with her babes and her house, and Gladys with her airs and her Peter, are enough to disgust one with—with—everything."

"Did anyone else lunch there?" asked Mr. Mallion, suddenly mindful of Geoffrey's remark

to him. "Perhaps she was like a stranger because other people were there."

"But there was no one, no one that Gladys would mind. Morwyn Hume came in, but she is used to him. He remarked the difference to me afterwards."

Mr. Mallion was silent for a moment, trying to stifle a sudden leap of temper.

Then he said, slowly, "Perhaps your sister was what you call a stranger, because of him, to keep him in his place."

Joyce turned and stared at the speaker.

"In his place?"

"Yes." And then temper got the upper hand. "I thought he took unwarrantable liberties the other day. Mrs. Blundell might have been his sister, and you—you—"

Mr. Mallion broke off lamely, recalled to himself by the expression of Joyce's face. She had paled, and was looking at him with eyes in which burnt fires, fires meant to scorch.

"Me—me! Pray finish," she said icily.

"Well, I couldn't bear it, that is all." He rose in his passion. "Forgive me, Joyce, for I love you so well that I couldn't bear it. I did not mean to speak to you like this. Forgive—I love you, dear."

For a moment the fiery eyes flamed, then fell, whilst the colour returned to Joyce's face in a flood.

"Love! Oh! you must," she said bitterly.

"It is like love to say the horriest thing a girl could have to listen to. I don't want such love. I hate it. It takes away my sisters, and now it has spoilt my—my friends."

"Your sister Joyce is a little idiot," Mr. Blundell told his wife later. "After leading Mallion on, she has refused him."

"That was what was wrong then! I thought they were both very silent during dinner."

"I met him at the station waiting for a train—he was going away. But I told him to take no notice of a chit like that, who doesn't know her own mind."

"That was foolish," said Nora.

"I don't think so. You have all spoilt her. I hope he will just give her a taste of cold shoulder for a change."

"Joyce won't care."

"I'd make her care," he said, striding wrathfully up and down the room. "And I gathered that they quarrelled about that loafing lapdog—she's only fit for him."

"Don't tell her so," said Nora candidly, "for if you do she will probably go home by the next train, and I shall lose my sister."

"I wouldn't waste my breath upon her. I can't think what there is about that—that soapy painter, that you women all run after him."

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

CURIOUS VILLAGE CUSTOMS OF TO-DAY.



RUSH-BEARING AT AMBLESIDE.

(The procession coming down the main street.)

(Photo: Wainman Bros., Ambleside.)



ESPIE the supposed dying out of all ancient customs peculiar to our country villages and small market towns throughout the land, there are yet surviving many quaint ceremonies which have much to at-

tract our attention to them, owing to their age, novelty, or unique character.

One of the strangest of strange customs of this kind is that practised every Whit-Tuesday morning in the parish church of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Here there is a gathering of the boys and girls of the place to throw dice for Bibles! And, stranger yet to tell, the money for this was left by a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Robert Wilde, who, in 1675, bequeathed £50 to the vicar and churchwardens for ever, to have its interest applied yearly to buying Bibles for the six boys and girls who should throw the highest numbers of the dice in the church on Whit-Tuesday!

The throwing used to take place in olden

days upon the Communion Table itself, but this has happily now been stopped, as it well-deserved to be, and there is a small table provided in the sacred edifice for the carrying out of the ancient practice. The Bibles are handsome volumes, with fine inscriptions; and the successful children now also get a Prayer-book added to their prize by the churchwardens. The clerk of the parish gets "twelve pence" for his trouble, and the minister has "ten shillings," to pay him for preaching a special sermon dealing with the bequest. The children allowed to throw the dice must be nominated from those of the parish by the vicar and churchwardens, and, if they retain an excellent character, the losers are permitted to have another try in the following year.

This dice-throwing is probably one of the most extraordinary parochial customs still extant, and there are many who think fit would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." In this view all Christians will doubtless agree.

Westmoreland supplies us with several examples of old village usages, one of which is especially picturesque. I refer to what is known as the "Rush-bearing" Service, annually in vogue at Ambleside. Here, about the feast of St. Oswald, there is a unique service in the pretty village church which visitors to the Lake District know so well. The children select one of their number to be "Queen," and she is dressed in white or green. Her maids are adorned in various colours. Then they all go down to the lakeside, and from old Windermere they gather his finest rushes. Some of these they carry in their hands, and others they place in a sheet brought for the purpose. With all these, and garlands of wild flowers, the children form a procession to the church, preceded by bands of music.

The church has previously been decked with mottoes worked in flowers and leaves, and with striking emblems, such as harps and crowns, all of which are fastened to the walls or pews. When the "Queen" and her maids arrive, the floor of the church is strewn with the rushes they have taken from the sheet, and so the children pass to their places in the sanctuary. Then an appropriate sermon is preached, and a collection made

for some benevolent object. It is a quaint custom, and never fails to afford much pleasure to those who see it carried out.

The little village of Lockington, in East Yorkshire, is indeed fortunate in these days when people are crying out about not being able to get good servants. For there is much incentive for the maids of this district to remain with their masters and mistresses for years, and so many of them do. In the "brave days of old," one Mr. Turner, of Beverley (had his wife been troubled about this absorbing servant question?), left a large sum of money to trustees, the interest of which was to be given in amounts of ten pounds each to the servant-girls who had been seven years or over in one situation in the district round Beverley.

Since the times of Mr. Turner, Lockington has not increased in wealthy inhabitants, seeing that agriculture has declined so much; hence there are only about a dozen families, according to the directories of the district, who are likely to keep a servant. Yet last year, when the applications had to be sent in for the money, there were no less than four girls successful, and to each of them was awarded a ten-pound note. Two of them had been in their situations for ten years, and one for nine, whilst the last of the lucky four had served faithfully for eight years.

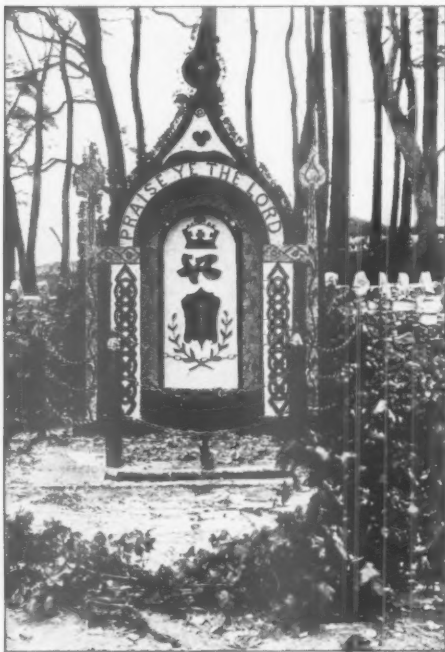
Good and true service is always commended in the Bible, and this Yorkshire neighbourhood seems to understand how to get it.

There are probably about three old services surviving amongst village churches throughout the land, which are certainly deserving of special notice in this paper. One of these is that known as the "Blessing of the Wells," at Tissington, in Derbyshire.

The charming festival takes place on Ascension Day each year, and is always a favourite one. It is supposed to have had its origin in the great drought which occurred in 1615, when there was no rain from March 25th till August 4th. Hardly any land remained in the North of England which was not burned up, especially in Derbyshire. But the wells of Tissington went on flowing all the time, so when the drought was over a service of thanksgiving was held. This service has since been annually continued.

On the appointed day, the wells, some five or six in number, are beautifully decorated with flowers and texts from the Bible, appropriately chosen, and reminding the people from Whom they receive even such a common gift as water. There is a service in church, and suitable hymns are sung, after which the rector gives a short address on the topic of which all are thinking.

Then a procession is formed, with the rector leading, and this in turn visits the five wells.



(Photo: R. H. Cocks, Abington-on-Thames.)

A DRESSED WELL AT TISSINGTON

A psalm or a hymn is sung at each well, and a few words are said; but at the last well the rector reads, in addition, the Gospel for the

to this parish, elects him in church, and on a Sunday! This curious ancient custom belongs of right to the householders of



(Photo: E. H. Cockle, Abington-on-Thames.)

BLESSING THE WELLS, TISSINGTON.

day, and then pronounces the benediction before the assembly separates.

Beautiful indeed in its charming old-worldness and its simplicity is the annual "Well-blessing" at Tissington. And the decorated wells bear witness to the loving care of the villagers, and cannot fail to turn their thoughts heavenward. One well is adorned with a design in buttercups; and another has a mosaic arrangement around it of primroses and violets, and looks delightful; whilst another will strike the eye at once with its diaper-work of white and red daisies. Hundreds of folks go into Tissington from the surrounding places on Ascension Day each year, and well are they repaid for their trouble.

Smallhythe, near Tenterden, in Kent, can claim to have a rare (though not unique) distinction amongst the villages of England, for it elects its own vicar; and, what is stranger still and, we believe, peculiar

Dumborne in Tenterden, and was exercised last year. On the first Sunday in May, the late vicar having died, the feoffees called a meeting of the householders having the claim to vote for a new vicar, and the election took place in the church after the afternoon service.

The clergymen who offered themselves for the post had to take train to Headcorn, then make their way as best they could to Tenterden, nine miles away, and then to Smallhythe. It must have been an awkward journey—and on a Sunday, too! However, the election was held, and the new vicar was duly appointed. It is curious to notice, also, that the leading men in the strange ceremony, the solicitors for the feoffees, belonged to a firm of solicitors whose family has been well-known for long years as the chief Unitarians in the district.

It is a practice, this Sunday election of a

vicar at Smallhythe, which we are afraid would not be likely to command the approval of many places of worship in our country, and it is just as well that it should be so. It goes back to very old times, without a doubt.

An extraordinary custom, which is kept up with due precision every year, on the 2nd of

candidates must march into the churchyard of the village, and must lay their hands on the gravestone of William Glanville whilst they perform the repetition part of the test! Half-past ten o'clock in the morning is the appointed hour for the ceremony.

As an example of how easy it is to fail in what seems a fairly simple examination, however, it may be mentioned that on the occasion of the test last year there were eighteen candidates entered for the competition.



(Photo: Custell and Co., Ltd.)

CHURCH AT SMALLHYTHE.

February, is in vogue at the village of Wotton, in Surrey. It has an unbroken record of over one hundred and eighty years, and was first instituted by one William Glanville, of that village. This worthy gentleman left funds enough to provide annually for the giving of two pounds each to as many of the youths of the district as could satisfy certain tests on that day. The day is called in the village "Forty-Shilling Day."

To obtain possession of that desirable sum the boys have to be between the ages of twelve and fifteen, and they have to pass an examination in reading, writing, and spelling. They have also to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the Ten Commandments from memory. Then, in addition, they must read, aloud and intelligently, the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle—the first one—to the Corinthians. The writing test is two verses chosen from the same chapter, and the caligraphy has to be neat and very legible.

One of the strangest conditions attached to this gift of money, however, is that all the

But several of these failed lamentably when it came to the crisis. Most got safely through the reading portion of the examination, though one or two failed; the writing only brought about the downfall of one. Spelling accounted for another one or two, but it was the repetition which did the damage. The Commandments and Apostle's Creed proved such stumbling-blocks that, when all was over, it was found that the survivors of the eighteen could say with truth, "We are seven!" They, therefore, got their two pounds each, and went on their ways rejoicing.

Many of the larger villages and smaller market towns, especially in the agricultural districts of northern England, and of Scotland, still keep up their appointed days for the hiring of servants, male and female, especially of those engaged upon the land, by the practice of what are known as the "Statute Hirings." In some places these take place twice a year, in others only once. May-day is a favourite time everywhere for the Statute Hirings.

The practice may probably be seen at its best at such places as Market Rasen in Lincolnshire, at Howden in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and at Arbroath. At these places the day in question is an extremely busy one, and it is a very striking sight to see long rows or groups of labourers and women, young and old, standing waiting in the market-place for someone to hire them. One is reminded very forcibly of the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, and our Lord's words thereon. There is just a little feeling as if a bit of Eastern life had been suddenly transferred into England.

The hiring is generally for a year, and the wages are settled there and then. Sometimes the "hired servant" receives what is called "a luck-penny," that is, a small gratuity in earnest of the engagement. These customs of "Statute Hirings"

only occasions available in the year, so there was always a large concourse at such fairs. Hence their popularity for the purpose of seeking work by those who wanted it on the land.

Far back in the days of John o' Gaunt there was granted to the little manor of Hungerford, in Berkshire, extremely novel privileges by that royal personage, which were attended by certain ceremonies of a most curious character that have survived until to-day. It is these which give rise to



(Photo: Geddes and Son, Arbroath.)

HIRING LABOURERS IN THE MARKET-PLACE, ARBROATH.

have stood the test of centuries, and are the survival of a time when all business was done at the annual fairs of the towns and villages, which usually lasted a fortnight at a time. With our grandfathers these periods of meeting old acquaintances were often the

annual appointment of the "tutty-men." The "tutty" is simply a corruption of the word "tithe," and so the "tutty-men" are the men appointed to collect the tithe-charge. There are ninety-nine people, freemen of the manor, called "commoners," who have to

pay this tithe, and from them the tutty-men collect, generally on the 24th of April, the "head-pennies."

The tutty-men rise up through several grades to the post of constable ere they are given the higher dignity. On the day appointed they are heralded by the bugler of the town blowing a blast, then the tutty-men—there are two of them—go to the village schools, and ask for a holiday for the children, which is never refused. Oranges are distributed to the schoolboys and girls. Then the tutty-men proceed with their wands decked with flowers and blue ribbons to the houses of "the ninety-and-nine."

In some documents the old day is called "Hock-day," but the other designation is most used. When the tutty-men have collected all the pennies, there is another meeting at the hall, and the accounts are made up for the past year. What with his garb, his antiquity, and his privileges, the Hungerford tutty-man is a person of importance, and the best people often undertake the office. A year or two ago it was held by two bank managers.

Almost every village, as well as the towns, of Lancashire and Yorkshire can boast of a custom at Whitsuntide which is one of the most charming of all customs connected with church and chapel, and which, although practically unknown in other parts of the kingdom, might well be copied by them. This is the Whit-Monday procession of the Sunday school children.

Every denomination has its annual procession on Whit-Monday, and the churches and chapels of the villages engage in friendly rivalry as to which can have the finest and prettiest show of banners, scholars, and decorations. Special hymns are sung; special services are held before the processions start; and in many cases special dresses are made for the auspicious occasion. The children delight, for

weeks beforehand, to attend practices of the Whitsuntide hymns, and more than one great hymn of the Church of Christ has been written, in the first instance, for these Sunday school processions. We need only mention that in them was first heard the famous "Onward, Christian soldiers," "Brightly gleams our banner," "Sound the battle-cry," and one of the most beautiful hymns ever heard in the Sunday schools, "Oh, the school of my church is the school that I love."

The first three of these hymns are now known and sung throughout the world. The fourth was probably more common twenty years or so ago than it is to-day. Yet there was a time when nearly every Sunday school in the North of England sang year after year at Whitsuntide, as it marched in procession—and sang with grand "swing"—

"Oh, the school of my church is the school that I love,
I never would leave it, I never would rove;
Whate'er be the lot that my God may prepare,
Wherever I wander, my heart will be there."

And letters from Australia, India, and America, which many ministers in Lancashire and Yorkshire could show to-day from old scholars, would amply prove the truth of this, by showing the influence, still felt after many years of absence from England, which the Sunday school of old days has exerted upon their lives.

The processions often stop and sing at the houses of the most popular people in the parish or circuit. The minister, churchwardens, or deacons are all thus honoured, and seldom do the children leave such houses empty-handed. Then, after the procession, comes the tea—and let nobody talk of a tea-meeting and enjoyment

till he has seen the healthy appetites of some thousand scholars of a Sunday school at Great Lever or Rawtenstall in Lancashire, or Hunslet or Brighouse in Yorkshire.



(Photo: S. Banks, Hungerford.)

HUNGERFORD TUTTYMEN.

(With decorated Staves and Horn.)



A SUNDAY SCHOOL PROCESSION AT PRESTON.

(Photo: A. Winter, Preston.)

Essex can boast of as singular a custom as any surviving to-day, in the celebrated "Dunmow Fitch." You know how from time immemorial at Dunmow there has been the annual "trial" of married couples who swear that they have lived without any quarrel or unkind words "for a year and a day" or more.

If the verdict of the "jury" of villagers at Great Dunmow is favourable, the selected couple are "chaired" at the annual fair, and receive a fitch of bacon as a reward. It is some encouragement for those who wish to

know "how to be happy though married," at all events!

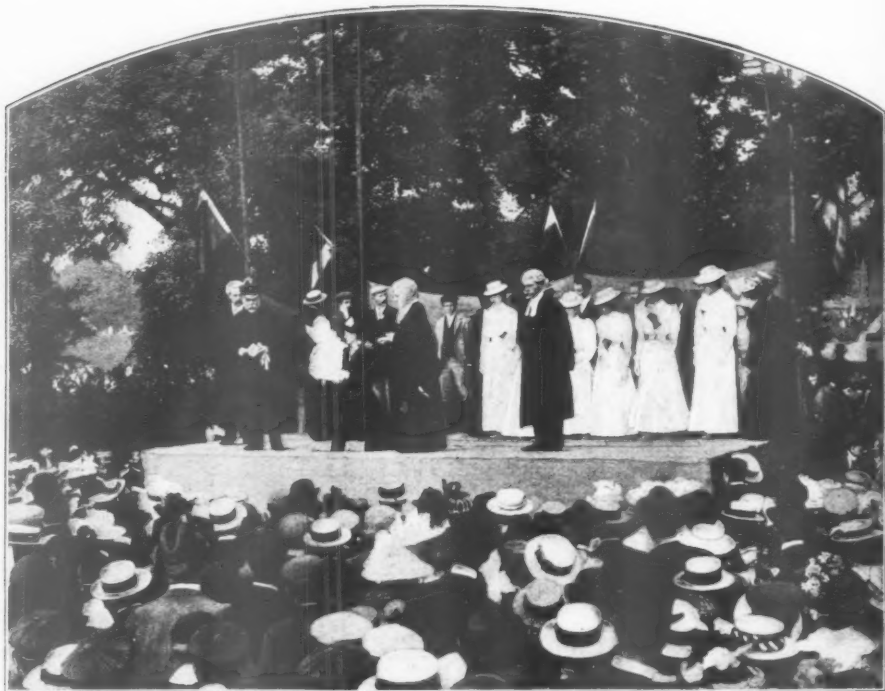
A curious custom obtains in some Cornish villages which are situated in the districts where the tin-mines abound. There are placed poles at the boundaries of the mines to mark out where such estates end. On these posts are fastened green bushes—though why, is something no one has been yet able satisfactorily to account for to the writer, except by saying that it is a custom! Formerly there was attached to this another pretty custom, equally inexplicable—namely,

that on the eve of St. John the bushes were further adorned by bouquets of lovely wild flowers. This latter practice seems now, however, to have almost, if not quite, died out.

But the bushes still are fixed, though one or two Cornish men of note have given their opinion to me that even this practice is rapidly decaying. It would be a pity for so ancient a custom to fall altogether into abeyance, even though its origin may be unknown.

At the quiet village of Grasmere—where Wordsworth's grave faces you in the peaceful churchyard—so calm and still on ordinary days, a perfect haven of rest for tired brain-workers, on one summer day of

specimens of English manhood at its best striving for the mastery in a wrestling bout! How much more blood-stirring and invigorating to see such a pure contest of skill and noble prowess than to watch the ignoble prizefight! These men of might of Cumberland and Westmoreland, assembled at Grasmere, will soon show you on this summer day what sport really is, sport without betting, swearing, cheating, and all such evils. You will get a clearer idea, after you have seen them for a few minutes, of what the Apostle meant by "wrestling in prayer," and of what Jacob really had to do when he "wrestled with the angel, and overcame." The village custom which has made Grasmere



(Photo: Stacey, Dunmow.)

THE DUNMOW FLITCH CELEBRATION.

(Administering the Oath.)

the year all is bustle and rush. This is when the wrestling-matches for the county are appointed to be held. Few indeed are the spots in England which now encourage what used to be thought such a fine sport, and of these spots Grasmere is undeniably the principal.

What a sight it is to see those splendid

famous far and wide is a custom which can be heartily recommended to other villages. Long may it flourish, and may the grand wrestlers of the Lake District be as prominent and keen in the service of the God they worship in their native vales and hills as they are in cultivating and sustaining their physical strength!

G. A. WADE.

HOW JANET BROKE THE NEWS.

A Sketch-Story. By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "Colina's Island," Etc.



HAD come through a time of great mental suffering, which, as this is not my own story, I need not chronicle, and someone suggested I should go for a change of air to Denhead. On the surface, it seemed

rather an odd place to fix on—a remote little country village consisting of one long straggling street—a Scotch village, with nothing particular about it at all. I remembered that there were a good many woods in the neighbourhood, however, and that one could just see the sea. I am passionately fond of trees, and I love the sea—when it is not close enough to roar in one's ear at nights, but near enough to walk by, when it is quiet and one feels happy. The sea is not for the sad-hearted or the pessimistic.

As well go to Denhead as elsewhere. My friend knew a cottage where I could lodge, and, the preliminaries settled, I started off. She had been wise, I saw very soon. The place just suited me. The people regarded me with the usual Scotch reserve and dignified indifference. They did not expect me to be curious about their concerns; they were quite unconcerned about mine.

Things grew somehow natural and straight again, as I sat before the open window, and watched the white buds sway to and fro in the faint breeze. Because this thing that I desired, and had thought mine, had been torn suddenly from my grasp, the world was not all black, all wretched, all despairing. There were white roses left in it still, for one thing, and they were for me as well as for other people.

By-and-by I began to know the people a little (you do not know the Scotch easily), and someone said—

"You should go and see Janet Dunbog."

"Who is she?"

"She bides her lane in the wee hoosie near the woods. She's seen an

awfu' deal o' trouble, but she's rale cheery. Folks call her *a' body's body*, for a' body gangs to Janet for advice. She'll be rale pleased to see ye. She's lame, and gey blind, noo. She's a' her lane! And she hasna muckle."

"Her lane," and "gey blind," and living alone! I sat up suddenly, feeling curiously rich and fortunate, and highly favoured—I, who was young still, and possessed more money than I could spend. I might have my own bitter poverty of heart, but this woman must be poorer far than I.

So I went to see Janet.

She was a little woman, with a curiously small pale face that had a strange lingering of colour still about it—like the last faint glow in the sky, before the sun dies. You would not have known she was blind; her eyes were perfectly natural, and her hair, though it was grey, curled still softly under her white cap. Janet had been a beauty in her youth, people said.

It was she herself who told me of her "troubles," when I asked her, once, if she had had any children. I could see her face change; for a moment her lips trembled together, then grew calm again.

"My dearie, I had four. I lost them all—and my man. Three died as wee bairnies. The last grew up to be a man—and then——"

"Don't tell me, Janet, if you would rather not."

"I'd like to tell ye," she said gently. "What for, no? I think, whiles, it helps ither folk to hear how we focht through the black waters of life. They are there, for maist folk to ford, bairnie!—there's a '*dark mile*,' as there is i' Far Lochaber, i' maist lives. I'll tell how I travelled mine."

She paused a moment, reflectively, as if looking back to that "dark mile" of which she spoke, and her eyes had a strange, deep shadowed look. I knew she was very far away from the little bare neat kitchen, and the sanded floor, and the "creepie

stool," and the big black kettle swung over the low fire. I wondered if she felt the dark about her again—the black waters over her feet.

"My man, and me, and Allan, were

ithers. And though we kent—my man and me—that a' was not richt with his heart—I mean wi' my man's—we kept wonderfu' cheery. 'Avoid a' great exertions,' the doctor said to me, 'and see



"I felt his hands lifting me up."

rale happy, bairn," she began, "rale happy and couthie (comfortable), though we hadna' muckle, and a bit ficht, whiles, to mak' the rent, and pay a' body their due. Allan was a big bonnie man, strong and hearty, and that was a great comfort, after losing a' the

he gets no great start, suddenly, or any shock.' Duncan just wrocht licht work then. He was a wood-cutter and forester by trade."

She paused again, looking suddenly out at the open door as if she had heard something.

"I was sitting like this, ae day—a glorious day it was—jist taking a bit rest, after I'd got the dinner ready—when I heard rinning wheels outside, and then an awfu' crash. I kent it was a horse rin aff, and my heart leapit i' my mouth, for Allan was to bring me hame a load of wood that day. I gaed oot, and there on the road—they had lifted him from under the horse's hoofs—was my laddie, stone-deed, wi' just ae mark under his hair on the left temple. They moved and let me look, and I took his head i' my ain lap."

We waited a moment. A cart rolled slowly by outside, and Janet drew her breath again.

"The neebours was rale kind and carried him in—but I heard their voices as if a' was far off—far off and awa' frae me. Yet you'll wonder at me. I didna' seem to be thinking o' the laddie ava! There would be time enough for that i' a' my life after. I was thinking o' my man. He was to have 'no great shock,' the doctor said. A shock would likely kill him. And Allan was the verra licht o' his een."

"'I'll gang and tell your man,' I heard a man say. 'Puir Duncan! He's i' the Strathbairan woods. I'll gang and tell him, and bring him!' I got up and took aff my apron. I mind fine how I smoothed it oot and laid it awa'. 'I'll gang mysel', I said; 'naeboddy must tell him but me.'"

"Janet! how could you?"

"I didna' ken, bairn. I gaed doon the lang white road—I mind the rowans was oot, a' red by the ditches, and the hips and the haws, and the bracken was turning yellow, but I saw them a' through a kind o' mist, and I minded the words o' the song, 'The sun looked wae as it shone on me,' but I just gaed on and on, like ane walking through a dream. When I reached the wood, I stopped, and I could hear Duncan sawing. He had been rale weel and strong for a gude while. I stoppit and peered through the trees, and I could see him in the clearing. It was sunset then, and a' thing was bluid-red. He was whistling rale cheerie. Him and Allan was awfu' taen up wi' ane o' Sir Walter's novels the lad was reading by the licht o' the wee crusie lamp, at nichts (I gathered the rashes for it, aye mysel'), and they were to finish it

that nicht. I stood still, and my verra knees gave way under me. I held on till the trunk o' a tree, wi' my arms round it, as if it was a human body—and I said 'O God! teach me hoo to tell my man.'"

She paused again. I can never tell you the tragedy of her voice, the anguish of her wrung hands. She was back in the wood, with the blood-red stain on the trees, and the merry whistling of her man was filling the silence.

"And I thocht I heard a voice say, 'Janet, tell *Me*, and he will hear!' I got up and went quite near. Duncan turned and saw me. 'Come awa', lass' he said, for whiles I cam' to meet him. 'I'm just aboot dune. We'll walk hame thegither, like twa auld lovers!' I got doon on my knees—for he would see my face and ken—and I held up my hands.

"'God abune us' I prayed, 'I *canna*' tell him, but You can tell him! There is nae love like to Thy love, and nae peety like to Thy peety! Twenty year and gone, Thou gavst us 'oor bonnie lad, and Thou hast left him wi' us, for twenty years. Tell my man—for I *canna*'—that Thou had need of him this day, and that Thou hast asked us to give him back to Thee.'"

Another silence. She lifted her head suddenly and turned round towards me with her sightless eyes.

"Janet," I whispered, "did he understand?"

"Bairn, I couldna' look! I heard nae mair. My face was buried, sobbing, i' the moss. But I felt his hands lifting me up, and I could see his face, awfu' white, but calm and still.

"'Come hame, dear lass,' he said, 'come hame wi' me.'"

We walked a' the way back, wi' oor hands i' ane anither's. We had never been nearer, i' a' oor coorting days. The laddie was awa'; we had to cling a' the closer."

"And did he live for long after that, Janet?"

"Ten years, dawtie. He died i' his sleep, wi' a smile on his face at last. They are baith waiting for me. Whiles the time seems a wee lang—till I gang, but it is His time."

That is how Janet told her tidings.

I went out of the little cottage with "long, long thoughts."



[Painted by a Native Artist.]

A MONSTER MEETING OF EMANCIPATED SLAVES IN JAMAICA. (See next page.)
(On the occasion of the Jubilee of the Baptist Missionary Society.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

AUGUST.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



ON August 28th, 1833, was passed the great **Act for Freeing the Slaves.** For abolishing slavery throughout the British Colonies, for compensating their former owners, and for the promotion of industries amongst the

slaves to be released. On August 1st, 1834, 770,280 slaves in British possessions became free, at a cost to the nation of £20,000,000. From our present point of view, it is a little difficult to understand how the abolition could have been resisted as long as it was. Especially is it curious that religious persons should so long have deemed that right in the colonies which was wrong at home, and right in the case of a black man which was wrong in the case of a white one. But the same kind of arguments used then to defend the slave trade and slave labour have been employed in our own time and have found support. There are a good many things in much more recent history which forbid our boasting. Perhaps our one ground of thankfulness is that, in this matter, we have at least moved in advance of other nations. Native races have never found better protectors or juster rulers than ourselves — despite our faults and shortcomings.

On August 12th, 1891, died James Russell Lowell, man of letters and diplomatist. To those on both sides of the Atlantic who desire the closer, though it may still be informal, connection of the two great English-speaking

nations, Mr. Lowell's memory will always be a pleasant one. Widely read and appreciated as an author in Great Britain, he was peculiarly welcome as the representative of his country at the Court of St. James. Nor will it be forgotten that, especially through his humorous work, he was a moral teacher of high value. For insight into character, shrewd appraisement of contemporary conditions, subtle irony, and resourceful humour few writers have equalled him.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We have heard much within the last twelve months of the Geneva Convention.

The Geneva Convention.

That agreement keeps its birthday in the month of August. In part it originated in the description by a Swiss gentleman of what he had seen on the battlefield of Solferino. In February, 1863, a Genevan society began to discuss the question whether relief associations might not be formed to give aid to the wounded in time of war. An International Conference was arranged for, and held in the following October, at which nearly all the Great Powers were represented. On August 8th in the following year an International Congress met at Geneva, and on the 22nd a code was signed by twelve of the delegates. The movement of mercy thus originated proved of the greatest service in the Franco-German War, when a British society formed under it freely succoured the sick and wounded of either side.

August has at least one ecclesiastical memory which is especially dear to English Churchmen, although, in fact, it

must be deemed the common property of all Christian people in the kingdom. On August 31st, 651, died Aidan, one of the pioneers of Christianity in Britain, a missionary of wondrous zeal, and of life so holy that men were readily won to believe in the faith he preached. He was, Bede tells us, "a pontiff inspired with a passionate love of goodness; but at the same time full of a surpassing gentleness and moderation." Aidan first comes before us as a monk of Iona; then from Iona he is led forth as a missionary to the pagans of Northumbria. He chose as his base of operations a new Iona at Lindisfarne, near to the royal stronghold of Bamborough. Here rose a cathedral church, and here the community of monks gathered around Aidan became, like him, missionaries to the North Country. The Venerable Bede, born twenty years after Aidan's death, has given us a striking account of the old missionary—his personal austerity, his open-handed generosity, his regard for the poor, his courage in rebuking the vices of the rich, his devotion to study, his care for the education of the clergy. The scourge of war fell upon the land, and Aidan lost by death King Oswald and then Oswin. He did not long survive the latter. Bede pictures for us the old saint's death, as described in his day. At Bamborough, St. Aidan had a church and a

lodging. When he fell ill, they set up for him a tent close to and touching the wall at the west end of the church. "By which means," we are told, "it happened that he gave up the ghost leaning against a post that was on the outside to strengthen the wall." The church was of wood, and it is said that when, some years afterwards, it was burned down, the buttress against which the dying Aidan leaned was spared by the fire. In one of his best-known sermons, the late Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, says, "I know no nobler type of the missionary spirit than Aidan. His character, as it appears through the haze of antiquity, is almost absolutely faultless. Doubtless this haze may have obscured some imperfections which a clearer atmosphere and a nearer view would have enabled us to detect. But we cannot have been misled as to the main lineaments of the man." Of the independent spirit which culminated in the Reformation, the Bishop regarded Aidan as the earliest embodiment.

Great Britain moves slowly along the line of legislative aid to the Total Abstinence movement; but it is not the less

John B. Gough, conscious of the world's indebtedness to the men who have touched the public conscience in regard to the vice of intemperance and the responsibilities of the community as well as of the individual in regard to it. We recall, therefore, with gratitude the personality and labours of pioneers like John B. Gough, who was born on August 22nd, 1817. By birth he was a Kentish man; but he emigrated to America in 1829, and to America rather than to England he belongs. A striking testimony to his powers of oratory has been given by the Warden of Merton (the Hon. G. C. Brodrick) in his "Memories and Impressions." For a combination of the power to appeal to the higher emotions and to employ broad touches of humour, he says, "I have never heard the equal of Gough." "The homeliest topics became full of pathos under his treatment, and few could refrain without difficulty from tears as he described the joy felt in a drunkard's home when the news comes of his having taken the pledge, or compared his downward course from conviviality towards hopeless intemperance to the fate of a sailing-party above the Falls of Niagara, who laugh at warnings until it is too late to stem the current, and the boat is carried over into the abyss." Gough died on February 18th, 1886.



Story the Eighth: A Sailor's Sweetheart.

CHAPTER I.

A FUSSY CUSTOMER.



REALLY, it's too bad. Rung three times, and no answer. I don't call that paying proper respect. Ring again, Lettie."

Lettie Lauderdale obeyed. She, and her mother—the latter portly,

complacent, well-dressed, a trifle older, with the same round unblinking eyes as of yore—stood at the door of a small house in High Street, close to its junction with the Precincts Road. On the door a neat brass plate informed Twychester that "Miss Margaret Flaxman," followed the vocation of dress-making.

"What can they be about? I told Mrs. Flaxman to expect us this morning. At twelve o'clock punctually, I said. And she has the dress, so she knows we are coming."

Mrs. Lauderdale rapped smartly with her parasol-handle, since the door possessed no knocker. A woman in a flurry opened to them, pulling down her rolled-up sleeves.

"Is Miss Flaxman in?" Mrs. Lauderdale spoke with reproachful dignity. "We have rung the bell four times."

"I'm very sorry, ma'am. I didn't hear sooner. My little boy he was crying, and that's why. Will you please to walk upstairs?"

Mrs. Lauderdale complied, ascending ponderously. Her audible breathing protested against the steep steps.

The room which they entered was large and

light. Dress-materials lay about. On the black horsehair couch was spread a handsome gown of light grey silk, which Mrs. Lauderdale instantly "spotted." The table was strewn with fashion-books, containing plates of inane young women in impossible attitudes and exaggerated costumes.

"I hope Miss Flaxman doesn't mean to keep us waiting half-an-hour. My time is valuable," remarked Mrs. Lauderdale, who laboured under a delusion, common with idle people, that she lived an overwhelmingly busy life. She walked to the sofa, and pinched critically the grey silk. "I shouldn't wonder if this is for Mrs. Hardy—to be worn at the Kerrs', of course. It must have cost at least twelve-and-sixpence a yard. Fifteen shillings, very likely. Absurd price for Mrs. Hardy to pay. But she has such a ridiculously good opinion of herself. She is always trying to be the best-dressed person in Twychester." Then Mrs. Lauderdale strolled in an aimless fashion towards the fireplace.

A coloured print of Her Majesty, taken from some illustrated paper, glazed and framed, occupied the position of honour above the mantel-shelf. On one side was an ancient print of Nelson, bordered by black wood. On the other side, in a modern gilt frame, might be seen a half-length military figure in full uniform. The strong face, with its broad powerful forehead and steadfast kindly eyes, ought to have been known to Mrs. Lauderdale, as it ought to be known to every man, woman and child, in Great Britain. But she surveyed it with an unrecognising stare.

"Who can that be, I wonder?"

"Why, mother, it's General Roberts—Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Why, it's only last year he was made Lord Roberts, and you must have seen lots of likenesses of him."

"Is that Lord Roberts? I'm sure I shouldn't have guessed." Mrs. Lauderdale directed her attention to a couple of photographs below—one of a soldier, with three stripes upon his arm, the other of a sailor. "Who are these?"

"Didn't Rica say that Miss Flaxman was engaged to be married to a Blue-jacket?"

"I don't remember. If she's anything like as good a dressmaker as Mrs. Winfrith declares, it's to be hoped she won't throw herself away yet awhile. Extraordinary, what a hurry people of that sort are in to go and get married. I can't imagine what for! She'll be worth nothing afterwards. I only trust I'm not making a mistake—letting that dress go into her hands. Here she comes at last. No, it's Mrs. Flaxman."

A small bright-eyed woman had come in.

"Margaret will be along this minute, ma'am. I'm sorry you've been kept waiting. She found she'd got to go out, just to match a bit of silk. Yes, the gown is all right. Margaret was that afraid of anything coming to it, she just put it in a drawer, and turned the key. 'It's a valuable gown, that is,' she says to me."

"It is *extremely* valuable, and I would not have trusted it with your daughter, but for Mrs. Winfrith's assurances that she is perfectly reliable. I would not for the world have that gown touched by careless fingers. Miss Flaxman cannot be too particular. The dress belonged to my grandmother in her girlhood—as I explained to you yesterday. If anything happened to it, the loss would be irreparable." Then Mrs. Lauderdale condescendingly remarked, "I see that you have a likeness of Lord Roberts here."

"Yes, ma'am. My husband he served under Lord Roberts at Kabul. 'Twas there he got his wound; and what with the wound, and what with the hardships, he wasn't ever the same man after. The doctors did their best, but he had to have his discharge, and he came home to me. I'd a lot of trouble with him, poor fellow, and he was uncommon patient, that he was, for he'd a lot of pain to put up with. He'd lay and look at that there portrait, ma'am, with tears in his eyes—he was *that* fond of the General. But there! nobody ever served under Lord Roberts as *wasn't* fond of him, nor wouldn't have laid down his life for the General, any day. And my husband as much as any, I'm sure. We wouldn't part with that portrait, ma'am, no, not if 'twas ever so! Not for fifty pounds, I wouldn't."

"I dare say not." Mrs. Lauderdale spoke with a touch of bored indifference. She had far more important affairs on hand than the face and character of England's much-beloved General. Had it not dawned upon her mind that, on a coming occasion, Mrs. Hardy would be clothed in a dress more costly than her own? What mattered national weal or woe, what signified battles lost or won, in comparison with a social defeat such as this? Mrs. Lauderdale stood, eyeing with a fixed stare the fine soldierly face in the gilt frame—in reality seeing only a mental picture of her best evening gown beside the grey silk.

"Yes, ma'am. My husband went through that march under Lord Roberts. And many's the kind word he had from the General. And when he had to leave the Army, his Captain gave him that picture, ma'am, for to keep in memory. My husband he never'd let a day go by, but what he'd look at it, and talk to little Margaret—she was but a slip of a girl then—about the General, ma'am."

"Ah, yes. Very proper of him. Yes, indeed. This is a good silk, Mrs. Flaxman. Nicely made too. I suppose it is for the party at Mrs. Kerr's on the 28th."

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am." Mrs. Flaxman knew that the Precincts ladies did not like tales to be told from one to another about their wardrobe plans.

"For Mrs. Hardy, no doubt."

"I'll go and see if Margaret's back, ma'am. She'd may be not know you're waiting."

Mrs. Flaxman vanished, and Mrs. Lauderdale put up a scornful lip. "Absurd of the woman not to answer. Really, these people do give themselves such unconscionable airs. I suppose the Winfriths are spoiling them, as usual. And all that talk about her old husband—it's positively exhausting. If she—Oh, good morning, Miss Flaxman. We have had to wait. Rather inconvenient—but perhaps your mother did not give my message."

Margaret tried to explain.

"Yes, of course—yes, it is always the case that something comes in between. Another time, when I make an appointment, I should like it kept to—strictly. What a handsome dress you have here! Quite in Mrs. Hardy's style! *Not* for Mrs. Hardy! Then it is for—ah! for Mrs. Kerr. She dresses well too. Well, now about the dress for my daughter at the *tableaux vivants*—"

Margaret Flaxman was only two or three years over twenty. Her gift for dressmaking had developed early. In appearance she was slight and neat, with a pale timid face.

She went to the bottom drawer of a large wardrobe, bringing thence a quaint evening gown of white satin, yellowish with age, and richly trimmed with old lace and pearls.

"A beautiful dress," she said, in her soft retiring tones.

"Yes, quite unique, I am told by connoisseurs. Of course it is worth a great deal, on account of its age, even apart from the materials. I suppose it would sell for a couple of hundred pounds. I do not want more to be done to it than is necessary. But it has to be made to fit my daughter. That is the difficulty. You will have to let out the bodice a good deal. And the lace in front of the skirt will have to be rearranged, to hide that little discoloration. It has to be worn in some scenes representing the close of the last century. So it is the very thing. You had better put it on, Lettie, and Miss Flaxman will see what to do."

The discussion lasted long. Lettie was no longer at the "kitten" stage, but had arrived within hail of her thirtieth year. She had, however, a measure of good looks.

"I'll do the best I can," Margaret's meek voice said at the close of Mrs. Lauderdale's harangue. "I will be very careful."

"And you will send it home as soon as possible." Mrs. Lauderdale, passing again near the fireplace, paused to remark patronisingly:

"Some sailor-friend of yours, I suppose."

Margaret's "Yes" gave a minimum amount of information.

"Is it true that you and he are engaged?" The round eyes examined Margaret's blushing face unblinkingly.

"Yes."

"And he is at sea now? Where?"

"In the Mediterranean."

"And his ship—?"

"The *Victoria*."

"Why, that's the Flag-ship—Admiral Tryon's. I'm afraid having a sailor-husband means a great deal of separation," suggested Mrs. Lauderdale cheerfully, bethinking herself that Margaret would under such circumstances be the more free for work. "But of course you considered all that before you engaged yourself to him, and perhaps you will not marry for some years."

The remark was left unanswered. Margaret saw the two downstairs, and came back, to replace the satin dress in its drawer. Then she walked to the fireplace, and took a good look at the "Blue-jacket" photograph.

It was a face after a type with which we in England are very familiar—frank, open, wide-browed, sunburnt, black-bearded, with watchful eyes and "ready" air. This was Margaret's "Jemmy," her promised husband, her own dear sailor. Tears gathered, as she gazed.

"Do people think one hasn't got any feeling?" she asked softly. "I don't see why Mrs. Lauderdale needed to talk about him. But if she did—that wasn't the way. Don't

I know what it'll mean? And yet I wouldn't change. I wouldn't give up my dear sailor-Jem—not for anything nor anybody in the world."

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCIDENT.

"YOU'RE working hard at that frock, Margaret."

"Yes; I want to finish it off."

Not that there isn't plenty of time.

The party won't be till the 28th; and to-day is only the 23rd. But I shouldn't like to have it laying about. It's worth too much."

"Pretty near done, isn't it? Except the lace in front."

"Yes, that's all."

"You're looking pale, my dear. Anything wrong?"

Margaret hesitated.

"No, mother. Only—thinking of Jemmy. I get sick at heart once in a while—wanting a look at his face."

"Well, I can't wonder at that. I'd enough of it too—when my husband was off, fighting in India. I'd lonesome spells at times. And no mother with me, like you have."

"Ah, mother. You're a great comfort—that you are. But—"

"You're not going to cry, Margaret."

"No, I mustn't. It 'ud spoil my work." Margaret tried to smile. "I've got such a stupid sort of feeling to-day—as if Jemmy was in danger, and I couldn't help him. I don't know why: I've never had it before."

"It's just a fancy. You've been working too hard, and you're tired. Jemmy's all right, I make no doubt. I used to feel that too, with your father. It didn't mean anything. I've got to take that frock to the Deanery for Miss Rica. Won't she look pretty, when she's got it on?"

"She's the prettiest and sweetest young lady I ever saw in my life, mother."

"She isn't one morsel sweeter than Mrs. Winfrith. She always knows just the right thing to say to everybody. That's what my husband said the General always knew too—just the right word, and how to say it. 'Tisn't everybody that does. Well, I'll leave this for you, as the boy won't be in to-day; and I'll go round by Mrs. Perkins' for a turn. I haven't seen her for a great while."

Margaret smiled assent, not sorry to be left alone. She knew how much Mrs. Lauderdale expected from her manipulations.

Hardly was Mrs. Flaxman gone before an untidy girl of fifteen bounced in. This was Jane Sweeting, only and spoilt child of Sam Sweeting, the Precincts porter.

"Whatever are you so hard at work for?" demanded the girl, lounging awkwardly. "I wouldn't slave as you do—not for something."

"I'd sooner be busy than idle."

"Well, I wouldn't. Goodness!—ain't that pretty? Whose is it?"

"Jane, you must keep off. I can't have this touched. And I'm special busy to-day. Some other time I'd like better to see you."

"You needn't be afraid. I ain't going to touch the dress. Who's it for?"

"I'd rather you should come some other time," repeated Margaret.

Jane declined to budge, and Margaret in her mild fashion was annoyed. She did not like Jane Sweeting, the idlest and most unmannerly girl in the Precincts. Many good influences had been brought to bear for her improvement; but unmitigated indulgence in childhood had left its stamp, and, despite all efforts to improve her, Jane was still the despair of the Abbey circle.

A piercing scream from below startled them both. Shriek followed shriek, with an agonised note of pain and terror.

"It's little Johnnie. What can have happened? Do see!" exclaimed Margaret.

Jane lounged towards the door, and before she reached it Mrs. Stuckey rushed in.

"Mrs. Flaxman! Where's Mrs. Flaxman?" she cried, gasping. "I want her—quick! The kettle's boiled over—right on Johnnie's foot. He's near in fits. Where's your mother?"

"She's out. I'll come." Margaret stood up, keeping her quiet manner. She had no time for thought. Those terrible shrieks and the woman's frantic alarm overpowered all lesser considerations. For an instant, while Mrs. Stuckey was dragging at her arm, she stopped to throw a light dust wrapper over the delicate dress. Then she ran downstairs with Mrs. Stuckey, Jane preceding them. Mrs. Stuckey seemed utterly at a loss what to do, and Margaret was young and inexperienced. She had, however, been wisely trained, and she could keep her head in an emergency.

"Don't try to take the stocking off," she urged. "Better wait till the doctor comes. Have you sent for him? Oh, send at once! Has Jane gone home? Then I'll run. Would you rather go yourself—really? If the doctor is out, ask the chemist what we ought to do. Poor little fellow! he is in such pain. Do make haste, Mrs. Stuckey."

Margaret would have preferred to be the messenger, for she naturally shrank from responsibility, but she had fought against this weakness, and there were reserves of strength in her gentle character. Mrs. Stuckey's state of helpless fright made it needful that she should take the lead. If only her practical little mother had been at home!

Fortunately, the doctor had just returned

from one of his rounds, and very few minutes elapsed before he and Mrs. Stuckey came in together. Margaret could not yet get away, however. The child held her fast; and the doctor turned to her for the help which Mrs. Stuckey was too much upset to give. Nearly three-quarters of an hour passed before she again entered her room.

Mrs. Flaxman was still absent. The door was wide open. Margaret remembered shutting it. Somehow, the white dress had slipped off the table, upon which it had lain, and now it reposed in a heap on the floor.

Much vexed with herself for having left it in a position which could make such a slip possible, she lifted it up, gave it a gentle shake, and looked to see whether any mark of dust told of its contact with the carpet.

Margaret's heart almost stopped beating. On one side of the wide lace which adorned the skirt was a jagged rent, three or four inches long. At first sight it had seemingly been made by the lace catching on the corner of the table as the dress fell. But Margaret quickly realised that the accident could not have come about thus.

Jane Sweeting had doubtless done it. Instead of going, as they had supposed, out of the house, she had run upstairs. Probably she had amused herself by examining the dress, and had torn the fragile lace by her rough handling. Then she had thrown it down, hoping to make Margaret believe that the accident had occurred of itself.

She stood looking at the rent, in despair. If Jane were taxed with the deed, Jane would flatly deny it. This was certain. And Margaret could bring no proof. Besides, even had proof been possible, that would not have lessened Margaret's responsibility. The blame to herself would still be the same.

What would Mrs. Lauderdale say? The richest piece of lace in the whole dress was irretrievably damaged! Margaret's own character for care and dependableness would be damaged no less irretrievably. But the most pressing question of the moment was how she could ever make up her mind to tell Mrs. Lauderdale what had happened? Her timid nature shrank with dread from such a prospect.

CHAPTER III.

A VISION IN THE ABBEY.

MARGARET sat down, drew the gown close, and began trying a new arrangement of the lace, putting it gently this way and that, to see how far the injury might be hidden.

At first she worked almost in despair. But she found herself to be succeeding beyond

her utmost hopes. It was as if the lace took its own course, under her trembling touches. The jagged tear was disappearing. As in a flash, she saw how to manage.

Soon she stopped, and lightly darned the rent, drawing together with skill the ragged edges. Then she went on with the fresh arrangement. Some amount of redraping would have been needful in any case; and stitches had been cut in readiness. A few more had to be taken out, and a good many fresh ones had to be put in.

At last the task was done, and Margaret hung the dress over the back of an arm-chair.

No trace of the injury was perceptible. It was entirely hidden. And the new draping of the lace was prettier, more graceful, than the old. The idea which had come almost as an inspiration had been carried out effectively.

She saw how successful her efforts had been. With a sense of unspeakable relief, she woke to the fact that nobody would have to be told. The lace would defy any scrutiny, short of ripping it off.

"Margaret, how busy you've been! I didn't think to be so long away, but I found a lot of things to do. And I stopped for a cup of tea with Mrs. Perkins. Is the gown



She stood looking at the rent, in despair.

done? It does look nice. What a taste you've got of your own, to be sure! It's ever so much prettier than it was before."

"I'm glad you think so, mother," Margaret pressed her hands to her burning cheeks.

"You do look tired. Have you had a cup of tea? I'll make you one this minute."

No; Margaret could not wait. A feverish impatience possessed her to get the dress off her hands. Generally she employed a boy to carry back her completed work; but this day he was occupied elsewhere. Besides, she would trust the gown in question to no hands except her own.

Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less truly, she was holding at bay a consideration which, sooner or later, was sure to assert itself. If she were to put off returning the dress, she might feel it impossible to do so, without speaking of the accident to the lace. Margaret wanted to have the affair settled and out of hand—to be able to forget it.

Whether it would or could be at an end—whether she would have power to forget—merely because the altered gown should have been sent back to the Head-master's house, she did not pause to ask.

"I'll have my tea by-and-by," she said, in reply to Mrs. Flaxman's remonstrances. She put the satin dress into a large cardboard box, carried it along the road, and gave it in at Mrs. Lauderdale's.

Some impulse drew her inside the Abbey on her way home. She did not wish yet to meet her mother's flow of talk.

In this month, June, visitors from a distance were commonly very frequent; but for once no strangers happened to be there. The building was deserted, except for a solitary Verger at a distance. Margaret went to a seat, where she had a side view of the large west window, glowing in the light of the sun as he neared his setting. She sat down, and leant forward, hiding her face.

The feeling of which she had spoken to her mother was on her again—a feeling that Jemmy was in sore peril. And she could not help him. She could only pray that he might be taken care of. But with the effort to pray came an acute consciousness of something hindering—of a blank, a weight, an incapacity. She was like a bird with broken wing, trying to fly.

She had slipped down upon her knees. It had been a trying afternoon, and she was in need of food. A sense of absence crept over her; and a sound of ocean waves was in her ears. For a while everything was forgotten. She was perhaps asleep, though not so fast asleep as to change her posture.

Suddenly Jemmy himself was by her side. Not in the Abbey. Somewhere else, far away. He looked at her strangely, gravely, as if in

reproach. No word was spoken. But Margaret thought she understood.

"He knows about the lace," she said to herself bitterly.

The words were spoken in a whisper, and Margaret lifted her head, wondering what had happened. Had she been asleep? Was she only just awake? Jemmy was no longer near; but she still felt as if she had seen him. A new dread had grasped her mind. What would Jemmy say, if he could indeed know of this afternoon's doings? Yet—how could she ever confess the truth to Mrs. Lauderdale?

She dragged herself homeward, heavy as lead.

Next morning, the 24th of June, as Dean Winfrith opened his paper, his eyes fell upon startling words:—

"(Through Reuter's Agency.) Malta, June 23rd. News of a most appalling naval disaster has just been received here from Tripoli, Syria. While manœuvring off that port to-day, Her Majesty's Ship *Victoria*, flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, and Her Majesty's ironclad *Camperdown*, collided. The *Victoria* sank fifteen minutes afterwards in eighty fathoms of water, bottom upwards. Out of a total of about six hundred and fifty men, who were on board the *Victoria*, only two hundred and fifty-five have been saved."

CHAPTER IV.

A DAUNTLESS CREW.

WHILE Margaret Flaxman was, or seemed to be, worsted in her little fight on land, the strong sailor whom she loved was being put to a far fiercer test, hundreds of miles away, at sea.

On the blue Mediterranean waters, off the coast of Syria, the British fleet was going through a course of steam-tactics, practising difficult movements. And the fine flag-ship, *Victoria*, which carried the Admiral, bore also a humbler individual, Margaret's lover, Jem Storey.

Jem was one among a crew of not far from seven hundred men and boys. Strong, alert, resolute, dauntless fellows, one and all of them. The *Victoria* was one of England's first-class battleships, steel-built, heavily armoured, with huge turret-guns of over one hundred-ton weight, and many of lesser size. In length the vessel measured about one-fifteenth of a mile. It was a small kingdom, under an absolute monarch. But the absolute monarch of the *Victoria* bowed to a yet greater authority, who was absolute monarch

over the whole fleet, one of our ablest and most experienced Admirals, trusted by all who knew him. That he should make such a mistake as he was about to make, this fatal day, would have been declared beforehand to be an absurd impossibility.

An unusual manœuvre had been signalled. The flag-ship *Victoria* and her neighbour, the *Camperdown*, were six cables apart—a "cable" being two hundred yards. Two and two, the other vessels alike were separated by six cables of distance. The *Victoria* semaphore spoke. An order went forth to the double column of stately ships to carry out a delicate evolution. Like couples in a well-known dance, they were to turn inwards, two by two, each couple in succession, towards one centre, passing onwards thence in a new direction.

The leading vessels to execute a turning movement inwards, either vessel towards the other—this was the first step. Easy enough, provided only that both had abundant space in which to move. A dancer can turn sharply on his feet, needing no more than elbow-room. A carriage, making a turn, requires a certain width of road. A vast ironclad, such as the *Victoria* or the *Camperdown*, must take a clean sweep of a semi-circle, somewhere about six hundred yards across—more or less, according to the rapidity of motion. Slower movement means a wider sweep. With greater speed six hundred yards would be the minimum of room demanded by each ship.

And only twelve hundred yards divided the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown*.

Vice-Admiral Markham, on board the *Camperdown*, noting the narrowness of the dividing space, hesitated, and was about to signal an inquiry. But the *Victoria* semaphore demanded why he waited. So, feeling absolute confidence in his chief, and having no doubt in his mind that Admiral Tryon's unspoken plan would put all right, he obeyed.

Then began the huge bulk of the *Camperdown* to swing round towards the *Victoria*—the huge bulk of the *Victoria* to swing round towards the *Camperdown*. Fast narrowed the distance between the two. To begin with, that distance had been only twelve hundred yards. And these great "Leviathans afloat" were moving each at a rate of nearly twelve knots an hour, or twelve hundred feet each minute.

Hundreds of men below, on board the *Victoria*, knew nothing of the dawning peril. Those on deck did see. But they made no sign. As in war, so in peace—as with soldiers, so with sailors—their duty is simply to obey. To obey, if need be, even unto death. If "someone had blundered," it was not for them to criticise.

Among the many who stood in full view of what was happening could be counted Jem Storey, seaman-gunner—stalwart, broad-browed, frank-faced Jem, a typical British bluejacket. Like others, he gazed quietly at the fast-narrowing gap between the two gigantic ships. He said nothing. He simply looked and waited—as did his comrades.

To travel twelve hundred yards in turning, at the rate of twelve hundred feet per minute, means—three minutes of time.

That small calculation shows at once the awful possibilities of some little mistake, some slight forgetfulness, some minute aberration of judgment, in the handling of great war-vessels.

The order given had been strictly carried out. For three minutes or so the two ships executed their turn, each towards the other, rushing towards one point. Had they been eight cables apart, instead of only six, the two points aimed at would have been near enough. But now—!

"It'll be an uncommon close shave," thought Jem, his bronzed face taking a look of slight anxiety.

The engines were suddenly reversed. The screws worked full speed astern. Those in command had realised what was coming. Every man on deck saw, knew, understood. And not a man stirred. Not a man spoke.

Then came an awful grinding crash, as the ram of the *Camperdown* drove heavily, in a slanting direction, into the starboard bow of the *Victoria*, making an enormous rent, and tearing away the strongly-armoured side of the vessel as it forced its way onward.

For a couple of minutes the ironclads were locked together, the *Camperdown* vainly struggling to free herself. Soon they parted. The *Camperdown* sheered off, and volumes of water rushed into the doomed Flagship.

And in that moment might be seen the magnificent fibre of the British sailor.

Not a man of the ship's company who saw the collision stirred from his place. Some from below, startled by the terrific shock, ran up the hatchways to learn what had happened. But no man was flurried. No man lost his self-control. No man thought of saving his own life. Each was ready, fearless, unmoved, obedient. There was no loss of discipline. There were no outcries, no shoutings. So deep was the silence which prevailed that every word uttered by the Admiral could be clearly heard.

None, perhaps, yet guessed how near the end lay; but all knew the imminence of peril. Such knowledge made no difference. The calm of that splendid crew was as unshaken as it would have been upon a day of battle.

The boatswain's shrill whistle piped to "collision stations," and each man of the

ship's company went swiftly to his post. "Hands fall in" was piped two minutes before the ship turned over. Sailors, marines, and all hands but those in the boiler and engine rooms, fell in on the port-side of the upper deck, standing four deep.

Not one among them faltered. Not one dreamt of leaving the ranks. Not one looked round to see what might be coming next. Then an officer cried, "Right about turn," and they went about, quietly as before, facing towards the side of the vessel.

Few minutes had passed since the collision, and already the ship was rolling over. The decks now slanted to such an extent as to render standing upright difficult, even for practised bluejackets.

As she gave the lurch which ended in her capsizing, the order to "Jump!" was given. Every man was to save himself, if possible. And, till that order was given, no man on the sinking ship had tried to leave it. Then from a petty officer the cry, "Now, my lads—now!"

It had all happened in a few minutes, but they were minutes filled to the brim with heroic calm, heroic courage, heroic self-devotion, heroic obedience. Death might be at hand. Yet bluejackets, marines, engineers, one and all, were true to the grand spirit of the British Navy, one and all were obedient to the last. There were no cries, no fears, no reproaches. No panic took place. Sick men below were first thought of, and the earliest work of the surgeon was to bring them on deck.

Jem Storey was like the rest, brave amid the brave, self-forgetting amid the self-forgetting. He remembered, indeed, his little Margaret, far away at Twychester, and he wondered if he would ever see her again in this life. But he did not stand still to dream. The recollection of Margaret was powerless to draw him from his duty. He was told to help a man, weakened by illness, up the companion-way, and he did it quietly, gently, not hurrying him.

There was no time for more. Jem saw what was coming, as all saw. He tied a scarf round his own wrist, and gave the other end to the man whom he had helped on deck, thereby increasing the other's chance of escape and lessening his own. Together they fell in with the rest, and waited. One brief unspoken prayer went up from the heart of the brave bluejacket—for Margaret and for himself.

Another moment, and the two had taken their leap.

Another, and the great ship, heeling over, turned bottom up, her vast screws revolving wildly in the air. All the fleet watched that sight.

A swift rush of agile sailors took place over the side of the huge inverted vessel, and along the bottom, in a last desperate effort for life. Then, with a mighty plunge, the *Victoria* went down, into the deep water, dragging with her a swirl of struggling men.

Many of them never rose again. Numbers were drowned. Numbers were struck to death or were badly injured by the revolving screws. Out of the whole crew, not far from seven hundred in number, much less than half escaped.

And the gallant Admiral, who, through some strange weakness or passing failure in judgment, had made the dire mistake which led to this disaster, clung to his ship, and went down with her.

CHAPTER V.

MARGARET'S CONFESSION.

"I THINK not, sir. It's my belief that Jem is among the lost."

Margaret spoke in a soft sad voice, and her pale little face showed lack of sleep. No wonder! She was waiting to know whether her Jemmy was with the living or the dead.

Close opposite sat Dean Winfrith, in his gaiters, both hands grasping his shovel-hat, as he leant forward.

"It's natural that you should fear. You cannot know," he said.

"That's what I keep on telling Margaret, sir," put in Mrs. Flaxman, always the first to insist upon her own little say. "She can't know. Nobody can't know. When my husband was away, that Kabul time, under General Roberts, I'd many a fancy that he'd never come home no more to me. And for all that, he did come."

The Dean's slight movement in Mrs. Flaxman's direction was of a checking nature.

"Yes," he said. "You had something to tell me, I believe."

"It's maybe only a fancy, sir. Mother says so. But—I did see Jem that day."

"What day?"

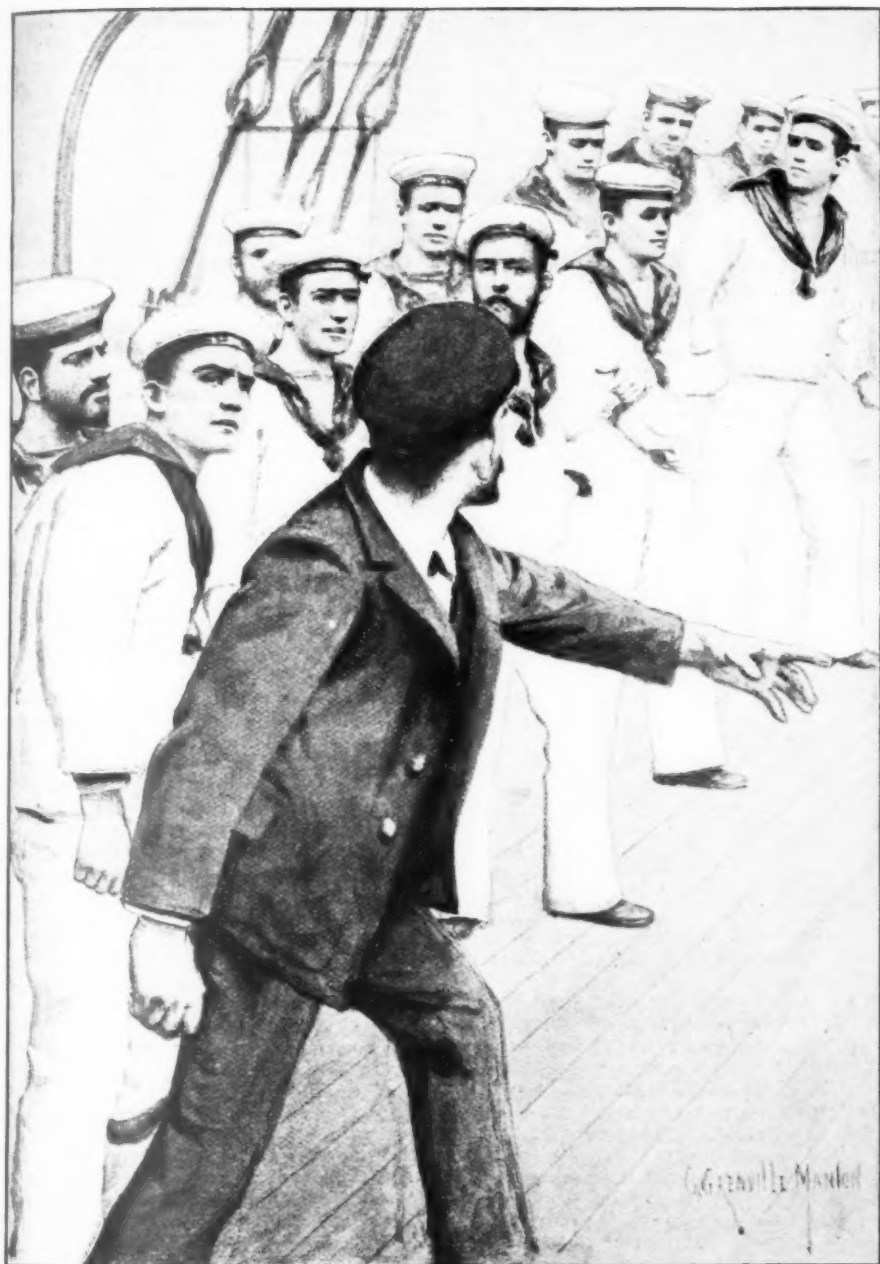
"The 23rd, sir. The day it happened. I was in the Abbey—"

"That's what she goes on saying, sir. And I tell Margaret. I tell her it don't mean anything, sir. It don't mean anything at all. When my husband—"

"By-and-by, Mrs. Flaxman. I want now to hear what Margaret has to say."

"I was in the Abbey, sir, and I suppose I was tired. It didn't seem like sleep, but I shouldn't wonder if perhaps I did drop off, all of a sudden. And Jem—"

"Try to tell me," urged the Dean, in his



As she gave the lurch . . . the order to "Jump!" was given.

kindest manner. Reserved man though he was, he could be exceedingly kind to anyone in trouble.

"He—Jem—he seemed to be with me, sir. By my side. He didn't speak, but he just looked. And I saw him—as plain as I see you. And I've felt ever since—since I heard of the ship going down—as Jem must be dead. I've felt as he was just let to come and see me before he—"

Margaret stopped. The Dean thought seriously.

"A dream would be natural, under the circumstances."

"Yes, sir. But—"

"That's just what I've been telling her, sir," broke in the irrepressible Mrs. Flaxman, "Just a common dream, and nothing more, and that's natural enough. I'm sure, when my husband—"

The Dean's hand checked her loquacity anew.

"I am not going to say that the thing is impossible," he observed gravely. "There are many matters beyond our knowledge, and it is fairly well proved that the dead have, on occasions, at the time of their death, appeared to those whom they knew and loved, as if in farewell. Such cases have been known. But I would not be too ready to think that this is a case of the kind. You were tired, and you may have dropped asleep, unconsciously. I dare say you had been thinking about Jem. Then you might naturally have a dream about him—so vivid a dream that you seemed to see him. For one such impression of another's death which comes true, there are probably hundreds which fail to come true, and which therefore are soon forgotten. If I were you, I would not dwell upon the idea. It is better to remember that Jem is in God's Hands, and to wait patiently until you learn what has been God's Will for him."

"I'll try, sir," Margaret answered submissively. But the Dean saw that she had little hope.

During those weary days of waiting for news, something else weighed upon her heavily, unsuspected by her friends—something which Margaret's own mother did not know. The girl realised that to tell her mother would mean being urged at once to tell Mrs. Lauderdale. Whatever Mrs. Flaxman's weaknesses might be, she was a thoroughly straightforward little person.

It would have been a comfort to Margaret to tell the Dean her trouble, and to ask his fatherly counsel. She could indeed have taken no wiser step. But she knew beforehand, as a certainty, what that counsel would be. From sheer cowardice she felt that she must persist in her silence. So she said

nothing to her mother or to the Dean. Nothing—though she now recognised that her silence was neither more nor less than an acted lie.

A coward! A liar! Was this what she had come to? She, the daughter of a brave Sergeant, a soldier of the Queen! She, the promised wife of a gallant Bluejacket! To have allowed herself to drift into deceit, because she had not pluck enough to meet the results of her own carelessness!

If Jem should come home, would she be able to meet him with her old confiding frankness? Would she not rather be conscious of something hidden? Would she not feel that, if ever Jem learnt all, his trust in her truthfulness would have a shake? And if he did not come home—if already he were numbered with the dead—ah! then, Margaret knew well, she would always believe that he had visited her, that in the other world he knew and grieved over her failure.

These thoughts troubled her sorely, hour by hour. Whether Jem yet lived, or whether he had passed away, she felt more and more strongly that she could never be happy if she felt herself unworthy of him.

That dread kept her awake all one night, and drove her at last to passionate prayer. In the early morning she slipped out of doors and crept into the Abbey.

The Dean's Verger was there, and nobody else. Margaret did not see him. She knelt down in the same quiet corner, where she had knelt on the day of the great catastrophe, close to one of the massive pillars. The little figure was long before it stirred. When she did look up, a radiant glow of sunshine, coming through the stained glass of the east window, had just reached the spot where she was. That unexpected glory of light seemed to arrive in direct answer to her prayer. It was perhaps symbolical of the real answer. For with it came a sense of sudden strength, of resolute determination. She knew now not only what she had to do, but that she could do it.

She went home, had her breakfast, and then said, "I've got to see Mrs. Lauderdale this morning."

"You do look white, child. Hadn't you better wait, till the paper comes in?" An early paper was sent every morning from the Deanery, while this suspense lasted.

But Margaret was aware that delay might be fatal to the carrying out of her purpose. "I shan't be long, mother," she said. "I've got to go." For once Mrs. Flaxman had the sense to ask no further questions.

Ten minutes later Margaret stood in Mrs. Lauderdale's morning room. As with many timid natures, which yet are not without backbone, the hardest part of the matter

had been the making up of her mind. Once resolved, she could go on. Though her heart sank at the sound of footsteps, she had now no thought of retreat. Jem's face was before her, and a recollection of her father helped her on. Perhaps no soldier, charging up to the muzzle of a gun, has had a much harder task before him than had timid Margaret at this moment; and Jem's heroism on the sinking ironclad found a faint echo in her effort to speak out the truth.

"Ah, you wish to know if the dress is satisfactory. It really is," said Mrs. Lauderdale, with condescending approbation. "Better than I expected."

"I am glad, ma'am. But——"

"The new arrangement of the lace in front is pretty. I did not wish for quite so much alteration. It seemed at first sight rather a pity—hardly necessary. Still, the effect is so good that I really can't complain. It suits my daughter extremely well."

"I am glad," Margaret said with difficulty. "But——"

Mrs. Lauderdale noticed her look for the first time. "But—what? I don't understand."

"I had to alter the lace more—because——" Margaret's dry lips could hardly speak the words—"because I—had an accident——"

Mrs. Lauderdale's dignified composure fled. She all but shrieked—"An accident! With that dress! With the lace! Girl—what can you mean?" She was so excited as to seize Margaret's wrist. "But I did not see anything wrong. Tell me what you mean."

Margaret stood her ground, less frightened than she had been in anticipation. "The worst was over, now she had spoken. "I am very, very sorry," she said. "I ought to have told you before."

"I should think you ought indeed! Explain yourself," commanded the lady.

"The lace got torn. It does not show. Nobody could see it, without undoing the trimming." Then, to an accompaniment of questions and ejaculations, she uttered her little tale. She did not give Jane's name, but merely mentioned the fact of a girl having been there, and of her supposition how the mischief had come about. "I have only myself to blame," she added. "It was wrong to leave the dress lying out. But the accident upset me, and I never thought of anybody going in. And I can't prove that anybody did. I only feel sure it must have been so."

"Never thought! But you ought to have thought. It is disgraceful—atrocious! A gown worth two hundred pounds! Left lying in a room, with nobody to take care of it. It might have been stolen! I might never have seen it again. Of course you meant no harm. People always say that. But the value of the dress is gone."

"I hope it isn't so bad as that. But indeed I'm very sorry."

"Of course it is as bad as that. I shall be very careful not to entrust anything of value to *you* again," declared the irate Mrs. Lauderdale. She rang the bell violently, ordered the gown to be brought, and went into a minute examination, making Margaret undo enough of the trimming to show her the nature of the rent. It was very bad, she said again and again—very bad indeed—disgraceful—unendurable.

"How you could have the face to send it back, without a word of explanation, I don't know. Mrs. Winfrith told me you were to be depended on. I shall know better now. It is most vexatious. If I wished to sell the dress—which happily I do not—I could not get anything like the sum it was worth before. And if I chose to come upon you for the difference——"

Mrs. Lauderdale made an expressive pause.

"Why, there's the Dean coming. What can he want, at this time in the morning? Something important, to judge from his face. Well, you need not stay any longer, Miss Flaxman. Of course you were right to tell me; and it is a very unpleasant thing to have happened. Good morning."

"Good morning, ma'am," responded Margaret meekly.

Mrs. Lauderdale waited inside for the Dean. But the Dean did not appear.

When Margaret walked out of the house, he turned to greet her, taking his hand away from the bell, which he had been about to ring.

"Mrs. Flaxman told me where you were gone," he said, in his kindest manner. "I could not resist the pleasure of bringing the good news myself. Sometimes I have to carry sad news—but not now. Not this time. Are you ready for happiness? Jem Storey is alive and well. He was *not* one of the poor fellows who went down in the *Victoria*."

Margaret's lips moved.

"The list of names is given. Storey is among those who escaped. He is not even hurt."

"Jemmy—safe!" Margaret spoke like one in a dream. "But I thought—Thank you, sir, very much. But I thought——"

"You thought you had lost him, because of your dream. But you see you did not know. You see it only was a dream. Jem will, I hope, be coming home to you again."

"And, oh, sir, I shan't be ashamed to see him now!" Margaret's pale face crimsoned. "I'm glad—glad—I spoke out—before I knew. What would Jem have thought of me, if I hadn't?"

That meant the telling of the whole tale to Dean Winfrith.



By A. E. Orpen, Author of "The Chronicles of the Sid," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

RENOVATING THE HEN-HOUSE.

WHENEVER one wants to do any work," said Gerrie, "there are several things we women have to see about first of all. For example, clothes, gloves, and boots, and the greatest of these is boots. I verily be-

lieve the well-recognised superiority of the Anglo-Saxon is largely due to his clothes. Fancy a French *élégante* doing anything under the sun, or the rain, which is more destructive."

"What is this all *apropos* of?" asked Kate, looking up from a book which she had been intently studying.

"My boots," said Gerrie.

"What's wrong with them?"

"Everything. They let in water, they are out of shape, they hurt me."

"What are you going to do? Go bare-foot?" laughed Kate.

"No. Get boy's stout shoes, one size too

large for me, and fill them with warm cork soles. I find the wet grass is destructive to even the best-advertised of ladies' 'hygienics.'" Gerrie had quickly found out this painful truth. Nothing made under the head of ladies' foot-gear is strong enough to stand real work. A pair of broad shoes with soles well out beyond the uppers, and thick and solid, were obtained for 10s. 6d., because they came under the head of "boy's stouts," and went in for no pretensions as to looks. The leather, however, was excellent, if somewhat hard.

"For your own wear, miss?" said the astonished shopman.

"Yes, I want something to stand wear and work," replied Gerrie.

"Then 'boy's stouts' is the thing for you, and don't you ever get 'em blacked, miss. Dubbin is what throws off the water, and the snow likewise."

"Thank you. Then I'll have a sixpenny tin of dubbin too," replied Gerrie.

That was all very well for foot-gear, but now another problem confronted the girls. They were all musical, and had learned different instruments on purpose to play together in quartets. Anne was the pianist,

and Kate was the first fiddle, while Gerrie, as was perhaps to be expected, played the violoncello, and Ellie was second violin. Of these, Kate, the youngest, was by far the best. She had had good training, and was quite a clever performer. Now work hardens the hands, and the violin demands of all things suppleness. Much anxious thought did Kate give to this subject before she ventured to discuss it with her sister.

"You know, Gerrie, if we work—really work—our hands will soon become as hard as Bridget Devereux's, and about as much good for music. You know how stiff her fingers are. They look as if they were made of wood, and unable to move. Must we come to that?"

"No, dear, we won't come to that. Although we work, we shall still cling to our ladies' pursuits, and have the attributes of ladies," said Gerrie with decision.

"Will these include soft white hands?" asked Kate anxiously.

"They shall," replied Gerrie authoritatively. "We must make up our minds always to do rough work in gloves, and very rough work in two pairs. Housemaid's gloves of soft leather cost 9½d. the pair, and stout leather ditching gloves to go over these cost 11d. the pair. Let us get two pairs apiece—that ought to see us out till the turn of the year, and it won't break us."

Working in gloves is not quite as efficient as working bare-handed, but where hands must at all hazards be preserved for some other purpose it is quite possible to work in gloves. In order, however, to obtain the completest advantage from gloves it is necessary to be able to take them off at every moment. Thus a stout apron with a deep pocket in which to thrust them at every second, whenever it is required to do some nice work with deft fingers, is an absolutely necessary adjunct of the gloves. At the bottom of the deep pocket should always be found a piece of twine, and in another pocket, where it cannot fall out, a small note-book and pencil, indelible, with the point protected so as not to break at the critical moment when hurriedly wanted.

Hetty Winthrop, the American cousin, had already obtained her training as a poultry farmer in America. Many and serious were the consultations which she held with Gerrie concerning the latter's new venture.

"First of all, you must subscribe to one of the poultry papers. That is a great help, for you get hints beforehand of what's going to be done, and you get the benefit of other people's mistakes. There are plenty to choose from—*The Fluff*, and *The Buff*, and *The Tail-feathers*. Any one will do, provided you don't go in for feathers only."

"Mine will be a business poultry farm, not a fancier's costly amusement," said Gerrie, who knew exactly what she was aiming at.

"When in doubt, keep Leghorns," is an ancient maxim," said Hetty, dimpling.

"I shall start with what I can compass," said Gerrie. "Ten Minorcas, for laying eggs to eat, fifteen Plymouth Rocks for laying eggs to hatch, and ten Brahmas for hatching fowl for the table. That will do this year."

"A good all-round selection," assented Hetty; "only, as soon as you can, have some Wyandottes—they are just splendid."

"I want ducks before 'dots,'" replied Gerrie, "sound Aylesburies or Pekins—I am not quite sure which."

"Then have three of your Aunt Henrietta's this year's ducklings. It will save their lives, poor dears, for otherwise they will all die of mud in their noses."

"Geese and turkeys I will rear from eggs myself," said Gerrie. "Turkeys will fetch fifteen shillings at Christmas, and geese nine or ten, and besides we shall want some for ourselves."

The first thing to be done was to select a suitable place for the fowls, or rather three suitable places, since three breeds were to be kept. The existing hen-house at Willowdene was somewhat on the lines of the one seen and smelt by the girls at Aunt Henrietta's place. That was to be reconstructed on better principles. The first thing to do was to disinfect generally, the next thing was to whitewash. For the former operation a six-penny sulphur candle was set alight in a saucer of water, and then the door was hastily pasted up with brown paper and flour paste, and left so for twenty-four hours.

Whitewashing is messy work enough, but Gerrie determined to shirk nothing. Behold her, therefore, entirely enveloped in an old cotton overall, her head protected by a stout towel, on a step-ladder, with a long brush, lime-washing for dear life. Quicklime mixed with water to the consistency of creamy milk, having a little paraffin added, was what she used. Quicklime is freshly burned lime which has been slaked only a few hours by water being mixed with it. This sets up violent chemical action, the oxygen of the air uniting with the lime so fast as to produce great heat. The brownish limestones turn to powdery white flour. This should not be touched by anything that can burn, as it is destructive to boots, hands, and clothes alike. Once mixed with whitewash, however, it no longer burns. Every cranny and crevice of the hen-house was thoroughly brushed with the purifying liquid and then left to dry.

Gerrie, with her face covered with whitewash till her dark eyebrows were snowy

white, emerged from the hen-house to encounter Devereux, the old Irish gardener, who had a head-shake and a grumbling comment for most things in this life.

"Be the powers, Miss Gerrie, is it a white owl as yez have made of yourself? Faith only it's meself as sees yez it's beyant belief the things you'll be after doing next, and all along of that furrin' girl as come here outer 'Merky to set yez on at new-fangled contrivances like them there."

"Devereux, I'm going to make my living off chickens," replied Gerrie.

"Mebbe, miss, mebbe," replied he dubiously; "the woman says as there's money to be got arter fowls more nor folks knows, but sure they're contrairy crathurs entirely. P'raps that's why the Lord made them on purpose for women folk to muddle wid. They be all of one piece, hins and women." From which it is clear how low an opinion Devereux held of femininity in general.

The existing perches were condemned as insanitary, and new ones were made. These consisted of long slender larch poles split in two and barked, with the arrises smoothed off, and then the whole whitewashed. One end was set in a low discarded nest, the other end into a socket on a pair of wide branching legs. Four perches, the full length of the house, and from five to eight inches from the floor, were provided. Two minutes would suffice to lift them out of their position and lay them flat in the yard to be cleaned. The floor of the house was made with brick rubbish and ashes, pounded firm, and on this was laid a deep coating of sandy earth sloping upwards from the door. The slope is essential, so that, with a broad, fine-toothed rake, the whole can be raked down every day. The rakings made some of the richest manure imaginable for the garden—home guano, in short.

Hetty had gone back to America, but she still kept in touch with Willowdene. Moreover, she had left a whole budget of "last messages" with Gerrie for the latter's useful guidance.

"Don't over-feed, and do keep accounts," was one of her most frequent sayings.

"There's no danger of my falling into the way of over-feeding after seeing Aunt Henrietta's way of doing things," replied Gerrie with a superior smile.

"You can't be too careful. People drift into it somehow without noticing. Never give your fowls so much to eat that they have time to be dainty and pick and choose. Make them gobble for dear life. The moment they stop to look it is a sign there is too much. Don't feed on boards or plates and such things, but in troughs—galvanised iron are the best. And let there

be divisions all along to prevent the greedy ones standing in the middle of the food, and so spoiling it for the rest. Those you can buy for two shillings and upwards are just the things. Have a separate trough to suit each pen of birds, and wash out and scald as if they were milk-pans, or your own wash-hand basin. That's the secret of keeping the gapes at bay."

Account-keeping is a prickly subject. There are all sorts of accounts, and one may safely say of a good many of them that they are of no account at all. Some ladies keep their poultry accounts in a box; thus all the money for eggs, fowls, and feathers is dropped into the box, and all the money for food is picked out of it. The remaining pennies, when there are any, represent the profit.

This system is faulty, because it takes no account of the value of the stock, nor the depreciation of the houses, runs, and poultry utensils. Gerrie made her own account-books, as every poultry-keeper should do, since no two farmers have the same sort of business. Stout copybooks with strong covers and good smooth paper are what one wants. Gerrie started with five sets of cash lines on the left-hand page, well-ruled and duly red-inked. These were for eggs, stock, chicks, sundry, and total. Opposite in similar proportions were the expenditure columns, thus: food, labour, houses, stock, advertising, stamps, and total as before. As soon as one page was full, both were added up, red-inked, and a new leaf was turned over. Gerrie began her farming in September, her first balance being made at the end of the year. It showed a deficit of some £5. This was because she had incurred a good deal of expense in getting new stock birds and a hen-house. The three cocks had cost thirty shillings, but they were destined to pay for themselves over and over again before the year was out.

As for the hen-house, it was Gerrie's own design, adapted to her needs, and since the patent is not applied for, poultry-girls may copy, if they like. There are any amount of hen-houses before the public—cheap ones, expensive ones, painted ones, plain ones, on wheels, on legs, and on the ground. After much anxious examination of these, and also of her purse, Gerrie decided to build her own. The great thing to remember in building your own hen-house is, that fowls are "birds of the air"; keep that always in your mind, and do not fall into the notion which seems to guide some commercial builders—namely, that they are subterranean reptiles hailing from the tropics. Fowls require air, light, dryness, and space. Gerrie's house for her first family of breeding Minorcas combined

the three first requisites; her wire run enclosed the last.

There were a cock and seven hens to accommodate. Therefore, beginning at the foundation, there was laid down a floor of loose bricks, for it was to be a movable house. The house was six feet long, four feet wide, five and a half feet high at the back, with a slope of one foot to the front. The long low side faced south, and half of it was made of close-meshed wire. A wooden partition running in two feet and a half, and reaching from the floor to the roof, prevented any draught on the roosting shelter, which was thus open to the air, yet dry and wind-proof. A well-fitting door opened from the back, to enable Gerrie to go in with her small iron scraper, dust-pan, and bucket of dry ashes. The perches were arranged round the shelter over the dropping boards. These were movable, lying close to the walls, and were twenty inches wide, and six inches below the perches. As this house was used for valuable breeding fowls, and in order to be light and portable was, moreover, of the narrowest possible capacity, it was necessary to keep it as clean as the cage of a pet bird in the drawing-room. The wired-in part was filled a foot deep with dry earth and ashes for the dust bath. The house was fitted on the outside with nest boxes. These were like miniature flour bins with a hinge cover shutting down on the top, and they were in pairs, each box being one foot two inches long, and thirteen inches high, with a front opening of nine inches. The hinged lid was furnished with a rod, staples and padlock, and the whole affair was hung by stout hooks to the outside of the house.

This contrivance suited Gerrie and the hens admirably, for the latter were able to

creep into very secret laying quarters, and the former by unlocking the lid could at any moment get her eggs without going into the house. It was rain-proof, wind-proof, and thief-proof. Later on, when this house was used as a feeding pen for young cockerels, the laying boxes were removed,



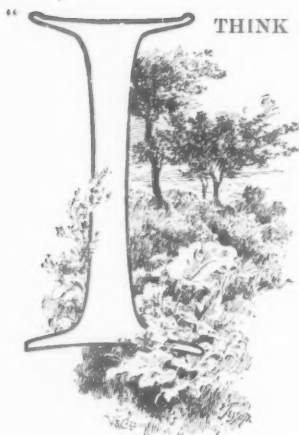
"Is it a white owl as yez have made of yourself, Miss Gerrie?"

and a feeding ledge was introduced; for in order to fatten birds quickly it is necessary to confine them to a very limited space. The feeding ledge was not unlike a tiny cow-stable, with a wee stall for every bird and one for the water-pot. This should be round and quite smooth inside. Earthenware is the best material, since it will stand a good scalding. Fresh water was put in every day, and the grit box was kept always full.

[END OF CHAPTER TWO.]

ALISON'S HERO.

A Complete Story. By Mary Bradford Whiting.



THINK that it will be best to divide Chapter VIII. into three sections," said Mr. Walford, glancing up at his niece as he pushed his chair away from the breakfast table.

Alison Walford did not answer immediately; her eyes were fixed on a letter she

held in her hand, and her thoughts were evidently far away.

"Did you hear what I said?" inquired her uncle in a harsh voice. "We must revise Chapter VIII. before we go any further."

Alison started as he spoke, and the envelope of her letter fluttered to the ground at her feet.

"What has Lyall been writing to you about?" he exclaimed, and, picking up the envelope, he sprang to his feet and stood with his back to the fire, looking down at her with a frown.

"You can see the letter, if you wish," said Alison in a low tone.

He took it from her without a word, and his frown deepened as he read.

"DEAR MISS WALFORD,—You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I am going out to

the war as a newspaper correspondent. A friend has fallen ill at the last moment, and I have stepped into his place. May I come down and say good-bye to you before I sail on Saturday?—Yours very sincerely,

"GORDON LYALL."

"The fuss that some men make about their doings is quite insufferable!" said Mr. Walford, tossing the letter back to his niece. "They seem to think that the whole business of the country is to stand still that people may go and see them off to this nonsensical war!"

"Mr. Lyall proposes to come here," said Alison timidly.

"Yes, I daresay! I am going down to Oxford on Monday for several days, and you will be kept pretty close at your work there, I can tell you. You will have to make notes of the proceedings of the whole Conference."

"Then am I to tell him that he cannot come?" said Alison in an unsteady voice.

"Certainly; he has no business to suggest such a thing. Write at once, and then come to the study. I have no time to lose."

Alison Walford had lived with her uncle ever since the death of both her parents in India from an accident, and, finding that she was a girl of exceptional ability, he had spared no pains on her education. He himself was a scholar of some repute, and his work on "The Science of History" was destined one day to take the world by storm. Alison was an ideal secretary, and, if her uncle had been kind and sympathetic, she would have enjoyed working for him; but Septimus Walford was selfish to the core, and he looked upon his niece simply as a machine.

Someone had lately come into Alison's life,

however, who looked upon her from a very different point of view. Gordon Lyall had been engaged by Mr. Walford to make extracts for him at the British Museum, and, as far as his work went, he had proved entirely satisfactory; but Mr. Walford's disgust was extreme when he met him in London one day, and told him of his love for his niece.

"Have you dared to say anything of this to her?" was his first angry question.

"I have not asked her to be my wife," said Gordon. "I think she knows that I love her; but I felt it right to speak to you first."

"I suppose you flatter yourself that you are acting in a very honourable way," said Mr. Walford with a sneer; "but let me tell you that it is a shameful thing to try and tack yourself on to a girl when you have no certain prospects. I suppose you have been counting on a dowry from me!"

Gordon's eyes flashed at the insult, and for the moment he could hardly control his anger; but the fear of adding to the trials of

Alison's position forced him to restrain himself, and Mr. Walford walked off with the complacent feeling that he had nipped his folly in the bud.

Gordon had been on his way, when he met Mr. Walford, to see his friend John Evans, who was off to the front as a newspaper correspondent, and he walked on mechanically after they had parted, though his mind was full of a surging tumult. As soon as he entered his friend's room, however, his thoughts were turned from himself, for Evans was lying on the sofa covered with a blanket, and with his face buried in the pillow.

"What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Gordon.

"It's just the most miserable luck in the world!" burst out Evans, with a wail that sounded suspiciously like a sob. "I felt a bit seedy this morning, and got a doctor in to have a look at me, and he says I've got measles!"

The last word came out with a howl, and Evans fairly put his knuckles in his eyes in his despair.

"Never mind; you'll soon get over it," said Gordon.



Looking down at her with a frown.

"I can't go for three weeks," said Evans in a muffled tone, "and *The Eagle* won't keep the post open, whoever goes must start next week."

An instant idea darted into Gordon's mind, and, though he reproached himself for his selfishness, he could not forbear speaking of it at once. Like a good fellow, as he was, Evans began to brighten up a little when he found that his loss might turn to his friend's gain, and by the time that Gordon returned from the editor's office with the news of his appointment he was able to raise a scarlet but cheerful face from the pillow and enter into all the arrangements for the handing over of his outfit.

It was the very thing that Gordon needed at the present moment; but, thankful for it as he felt, the wound in his heart ached as fiercely as ever, and it seemed to him that there was no reason why he should not, at any rate, say good-bye to Alison. Her answer was a cruel blow to him therefore, but when he read it over again he found a faint gleam of hope.

"P.S.—I *think* we shall not return from Oxford before Friday night."

She would never have added that sentence if she had not wished to see him, and, buoying himself up with this idea, he delayed his visit until the Friday afternoon.

His heavy luggage had been sent on to Southampton, and with a wild hope that Mr. Walford might relent at the last moment he brought his bag with him, so that he could stay the night if he should be asked. With his mind full of glowing visions, he got out at Eldham Station, and walked up to the house; but what was his consternation to find that his repeated knocks received no answer. He went round to the back, but met with no better success; and, with a tide of disappointment rising higher and higher in his breast, he walked down the garden in the last hope of finding someone from whom he could extract a little information. He turned the corner of the cucumber-house, and, as he did so, the figure of the old gardener came in sight, busy over his digging, with bent head and bowed shoulders.

"Is Miss Walford at home?" Gordon called out.

"Eh?" said the gardener, putting his hand up to his ear.

"Is Miss Walford at home?" shouted Gordon, determined to get to the point at once.

"Nobody ain't at home," said the gardener sourly, as he bent over his fork again.

"Where are they?" said Gordon.

"Out," said the gardener.

This was conclusive, but not explanatory;

and Gordon grasped his umbrella with a burning desire to lay it about the old man's ears.

"When will they be back?" he asked.

"Don't know," said the gardener.

"Where are the maids?" was Gordon's next question. This old curmudgeon was evidently resolved to tell him nothing, and his only chance was to interview someone else.

"Gaddin' about!" snapped the gardener, striking his fork viciously into the ground as he spoke.

It was no use wasting any more time on him; and, going down to the village inn, Gordon took a bed for the night, and haunted the station on the arrival of every train. It was all fruitless, however; no sign of the travellers was to be seen; and by the early train next morning he took his departure, and strove to forget his sorrow in the rush and bustle of the embarkation.

Alison, meanwhile, had been going through a dark time. The work of the Conference went on, and she sat pen in hand making the notes that her uncle required; but her heart was far away at Eldham, and every day she pictured Gordon's possible arrival and the blankness of his disappointment. He had said that she knew he loved her, and it was true; but she also knew that she loved him in return, and through the sad weeks that followed she read the papers eagerly in the hope of finding some news of the man whose safety meant so much to her.

Mr. Walford was quietly complacent when he heard from old Jenkins that Gordon had paid his expected visit. He had sent the maids away for a holiday, and left the gardener in charge, knowing that his taciturnity would baffle the most persistent of inquirers, and his trust had not been belied.

But now that Gordon was disposed of another difficulty confronted Mr. Walford. Alison would soon be of age, and he feared that it might be impossible to conceal from her the fact that she was the possessor of an income of £300 a year. He was her sole trustee, and up to the present the money had been paid to him quarterly for her maintenance and education. He was not an actually dishonest man, and he had no intention of defrauding her; but he feared that he should lose the hold he had over her if she knew herself to be independent, and therefore he kept the subject in the background. Her solicitor was an old family friend who lived at Bristol, and did not trouble himself to do more than send cheques and file the receipts; but when Alison came of age matters would be more difficult, and as the time

approached Mr. Walford was glad to be obliged to go to London on business. It would turn his thoughts from his worries, and he could keep a strict watch over his niece.

Alison, too, was glad of the change. In London she would hear all news as soon as it arrived, and her suspense was so great that she felt that any news would be better than none; but before she started she saw a paragraph in the paper that caused her to change her opinion.

"Among the wounded brought in after the battle was Mr. Gordon Lyall, the correspondent of *The Morning Eagle*. Going back to fetch his notebook, which he had dropped upon the field, he was fired on by the enemy, and is not expected to recover."

She looked at the date; it was three weeks ago; probably by this time it was all over. Either his wound had not been mentioned in the first telegram or in some mysterious way it had escaped her notice. She could not speak of her fears, and the feverish excitement of London only added to them, so that she was glad to be shut up in the Museum reading-room.

"You are looking very ill," said an old friend of her uncle's one day, as they crossed the vestibule.

Mr. Walford was out of hearing, and Alison could not restrain the sigh that rose to her lips.

"You want a change," he went on. "Why don't you run over to Switzerland and have a look at the mountains?"

"My uncle could not spare me," said Alison. "Besides"—she hesitated a moment—"I should not like to put him to such expense."

"Well, you will be of age before long," he said, with a smile. "I was with your father in India, and he told me all about his will.

You are an heiress in a small way—as, of course, you know!"

Alison was too dazed to make any reply, and he passed on. If this strange news was



"Gaddin' about!" snapped the gardener.

true, what a course of deception her uncle had kept up! It was impossible to ask him any questions, nor had she any friend whom she could consult; but after lying awake all night she determined that she would write to the lawyer on her own account, if her uncle said nothing to her before her birthday was over. It came just three days after the mysterious interview, and she went to the Museum with her mind full of the resolve, but she had not been there long before it was totally forgotten. Mr. Walford went to the catalogue counter, and while he was gone she picked up a newspaper which had been left by her next neighbour, and Gordon's name was the first that met her eye! He

was alive—brought home in a hospital ship—terribly wounded—a curious case—placed under the care of the eminent surgeon, Sir Travers Trenton. Disjointed sentences struck upon her brain, and instantly a plan was formed in her mind. With one glance at her uncle's distant figure, she stole out of the reading-room, hurried into the street, called a cab, and drove to Sir Travers Trenton's house.

It was half-past one, and the great surgeon had just dismissed his last patient, and was going in to luncheon, when a message was brought to him, the urgent wording of which made him pause.

"Show her in," he said, glancing at his watch; and in another minute Alison stood before him.

Agonised as she was, she had no thought of breaking down. She knew what an unusual thing she was doing, and all through the drive she had been rehearsing what she was going to say. A few clear sentences put Sir Travers Trenton in possession of her story, and he listened to it with manifest interest.

"You are in a difficult position," he said, when she had finished, "and I fear that there is more trouble in store for you. You ask my opinion of Mr. Lyall's case, and I must tell you that he will be a cripple as long as he lives."

Alison turned white to the very lips, and her head fell back against her chair. She had gone through so much in the last few weeks that she felt powerless to restrain her emotion.

"Drink this," said Sir Travers, as he fetched a glass from the dining-room and placed it beside her. "Now take off your hat, and rest a little while, and I will come back to you when I have had my luncheon."

Alison did as she was told, and by the time he returned she had regained her composure.

"I have been thinking over your story," he said, as he stood before her, eye-glasses in hand, "and, though from what you have told me I can understand that you have lost confidence in your uncle, it is not for me to counsel rebellion. You must consult your solicitor, and be guided by his opinion, but Mr. Lyall's mother is an old friend of mine, and there can be no harm in my taking you to call upon her."

Alison hardly knew whether she wished it or not, but she could not refuse; and her first sight of Mrs. Lyall's face made her forget all the awkwardness of the interview.

"Gordon has told me all about you," his mother said, when Sir Travers had left them alone together. "Poor boy! he knows that all hope is over for him now, and he wrote

this little note to you only to-day, which I was just going to post."

She held it out with tearful eyes, but Alison took it with a smile.

"It is not over," she said. "That is what I have come to tell you."

The dusk gathered and deepened as they poured out their hearts to one another, and when Alison at last rose to go she felt as though they had been friends for years. Gordon was not allowed to see anyone as yet, but she gave his mother an answer to his note, which she promised to read to him at the first opportunity. She had another letter to write as well, which she posted on her way back to the hotel, so that it was nearly dinner-time before she opened the door of their private sitting-room.

"Will you have the goodness to inform me where you have been?" said Mr. Walford, with a furious look.

"I have been to see Gordon Lyall's mother," said Alison, calmly, though her heart was beating fast.

"Ah! I heard that he was dying. I suppose you went to indulge in a little sentiment!"

It was a brutal speech, but it restored Alison's courage.

"He is not dying," she said, "and I am going to be married to him as soon as he is better."

"So that is your gratitude!" was his reply. "I have cared for you all these years, to be disobeyed at last! But you will find that I can prevent it."

"You forget that I came of age to-day," said Alison firmly. "I have written to Mr. Brown."

"What do you know about Mr. Brown?" demanded her uncle, with a start of astonishment.

"I know that he is my solicitor," said Alison, "and therefore I have written to tell him that I am twenty-one, and also that I am engaged to be married."

Mr. Walford was so absolutely bewildered that he could say nothing more, and Alison took advantage of his silence to leave the room. She felt bruised and stunned by her uncle's harshness, but what pained her even more was the thought of the many falsehoods that he had told her. It would be impossible for her to go on living under his roof, even if he had the power to keep her money from her, and she resolved that she would go out as a governess until Gordon was able to marry.

"I cannot let you sacrifice yourself for me," said Gordon, when she told him her plan. "There is no pension for me, you know—no honours, no V.C. I am only a blundering correspondent who forgot his notebook!"

"You are my hero," said Alison, "and that is enough. I am going to take care of you until you are strong enough to work; and then you shall write a great book, and be rich and famous and take care of me!"

"And if your uncle turns you into the street?" said Gordon mournfully.

"Then I will find a way of earning my living," said Alison with a smile.

But Alison was not turned into the street. Angry as her uncle was, he knew very well that for his own sake it was better that things should be settled quietly. He forgave his niece very kindly, therefore, and explained to Mr. Brown that he had kept her in ignorance of her fortune because he had always been afraid of some folly of this sort. It was a miserable match for her; but she was deaf to all his advice, and therefore she must have her own way.

There were many who agreed with him when they heard that Gordon Lyall would be on crutches all his life, but Alison was not troubled by their commiserations. At last she had found the love that she had longed for since her parents' death; Mrs. Lyall was a true mother to her, and her husband showed her by his every look and word that she was more to him than all the world beside. Gordon had much suffering to undergo, much weariness and many deprivations; but nothing seemed to cloud his bright nature or dull his zeal for study; and as Alison waited on his helplessness, and at the same time saw the success of his literary efforts, she might well be excused for looking on him as a hero, who, though undecorated with crosses and medals, was conspicuous for valour on the battlefield of life.



"It is not for me to counsel rebellion."

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"Gordon has told me all about you," his mother said, when Sir Travers had left them alone together. "Poor boy! he knows that all hope is over for him now, and he wrote

this little note to you only to-day, which I was just going to post."

She held it out with tearful eyes, but Alison took it with a smile.

"It is not over," she said. "That is what I have come to tell you."

The dusk gathered and deepened as they poured out their hearts to one another, and when Alison at last rose to go she felt as though they had been friends for years. Gordon was not allowed to see anyone as yet, but she gave his mother an answer to his note, which she promised to read to him at the first opportunity. She had another letter to write as well, which she posted on her way back to the hotel, so that it was nearly dinner-time before she opened the door of their private sitting-room.

"Will you have the goodness to inform me where you have been?" said Mr. Walford, with a furious look.

"I have been to see Gordon Lyall's mother," said Alison, calmly, though her heart was beating fast.

"Ah! I heard that he was dying. I suppose you went to indulge in a little sentiment!"

It was a brutal speech, but it restored Alison's courage.

"He is not dying," she said, "and I am going to be married to him as soon as he is better."

"So that is your gratitude!" was his reply. "I have cared for you all these years, to be disobeyed at last! But you will find that I can prevent it."

"You forget that I came of age to-day," said Alison firmly. "I have written to Mr. Brown."

"What do you know about Mr. Brown?" demanded her uncle, with a start of astonishment.

"I know that he is my solicitor," said Alison, "and therefore I have written to tell him that I am twenty-one, and also that I am engaged to be married."

Mr. Walford was so absolutely bewildered that he could say nothing more, and Alison took advantage of his silence to leave the room. She felt bruised and stunned by her uncle's harshness, but what pained her even more was the thought of the many falsehoods that he had told her. It would be impossible for her to go on living under his roof, even if he had the power to keep her money from her, and she resolved that she would go out as a governess until Gordon was able to marry.

"I cannot let you sacrifice yourself for me," said Gordon, when she told him her plan. "There is no pension for me, you know—no honours, no V.C. I am only a blundering correspondent who forgot his notebook!"

"You are my hero," said Alison, "and that is enough. I am going to take care of you until you are strong enough to work; and then you shall write a great book, and be rich and famous and take care of me!"

"And if your uncle turns you into the street?" said Gordon mournfully.

"Then I will find a way of earning my living," said Alison with a smile.

But Alison was not turned into the street. Angry as her uncle was, he knew very well that for his own sake it was better that things should be settled quietly. He forgave his niece very kindly, therefore, and explained to Mr. Brown that he had kept her in ignorance of her fortune because he had always been afraid of some folly of this sort. It was a miserable match for her; but she was deaf to all his advice, and therefore she must have her own way.

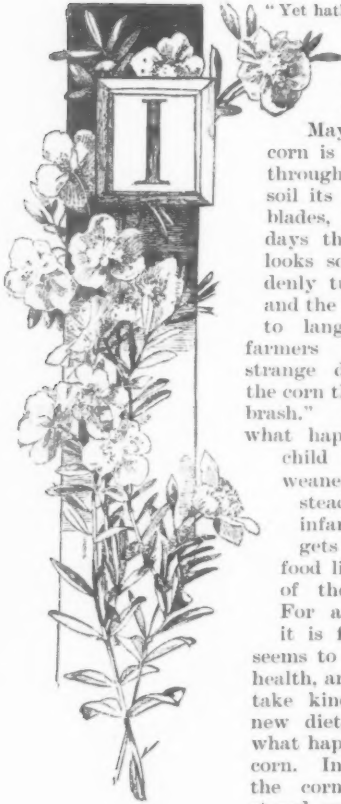
There were many who agreed with him when they heard that Gordon Lyall would be on crutches all his life, but Alison was not troubled by their commiserations. At last she had found the love that she had longed for since her parents' death; Mrs. Lyall was a true mother to her, and her husband showed her by his every look and word that she was more to him than all the world beside. Gordon had much suffering to undergo, much weariness and many deprivations; but nothing seemed to cloud his bright nature or dull his zeal for study; and as Alison waited on his helplessness, and at the same time saw the success of his literary efforts, she might well be excused for looking on him as a hero, who, though undecorated with crosses and medals, was conspicuous for valour on the battlefield of life.



"It is not for me to counsel rebellion."

SELF-ROOTING: A WORD FOR THE YOUNG.

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



"Yet hath he not root in himself."—ST. MATTHEW xiii. 21.

IN April or the beginning of May, when the corn is sending up through the brown soil its first tender blades, after a few days the field that looks so green suddenly turns yellow, and the blades seem to languish. The farmers call this strange drooping of the corn the "speanin brash." You know what happens to a child when it is weaned, and instead of its infant's milk it gets ordinary food like the rest of the children. For a few days it is fretful, and seems to fall off in health, and does not take kindly to the new diet. That is what happens to the corn. In the seed of the corn there is stored up a supply of food for the young

plant that grows out of it when it is sown in the ground. This amount of nourishment is enough to enable the young plant to send up a green blade out of the soil into the air and sunshine. But when it has done that, it can do no more; for the store of food in it is in this way used up, and the plump seed in the ground becomes a wizened, empty shell. And then the young plant must shift for itself. It can no longer live off the seed, but, by making a root for itself and sending it down into the soil, can find its own food. It has not at first strength to do this, and therefore it becomes sickly for a time. It falls off just as a child falls off when it is weaned. But by-and-by it recovers itself, and shoots up stronger and greener than ever. It has now got a root of its own, and is no longer dependent upon the seed.

It can get its own food, and it soon grows from the blade to the ear, and from the ear to the full corn in the ear.

Now, so is it with the highest life of each one of you. You cannot live long upon the faith of father or mother. You cannot always depend for the nourishment of your soul upon the teaching and acquirements of your friends. At first, indeed, when you are a mere child, you are helpless, and must be fed by the labours of others and by the food they have procured for you. But as you grow up, you must by-and-by have a root of your own, which you must send down into the spiritual soil, and draw from it what will nourish your own faith and love. You must be rooted yourself in the Divine love if you are to thrive. Depending upon others for your religious support, you would soon share the fate of the young corn-plant that lived only upon the seed sown in the soil, without a root of its own. You would soon exhaust all that others could do for you, and you would find in human beings, however willing and capable of helping you, but a poor supply of nourishment for your immortal hunger, and it would soon fail you, and you would have to pine and wither away. You would never grow in grace, or be fit to bring forth fruit for your own good and for the good of the world. You must, therefore, have a root of your own. Each of you must send the root of your being into Christ's inexhaustible fulness, from which day by day you will receive all the materials and forces that will enable you to grow up into the Divine likeness.

The intermediate period between the complete dependency of infancy and the comparative freedom of youth, when young people are able to think for themselves and to choose between the evil and the good, is a time of danger. It is like the "speanin brash" of the corn, and the weaning time of the child. Many young people are apt to fall away at such a time from the faith and love of their childhood, because they have no root of their own, no experience of the power of religion in their own case. The simple, unconscious religion of their childhood has lost its hold upon them, and they have not as yet been able to get a hold of a religion which they have made their own. They therefore often cease to be religious altogether, and give themselves up wholly to the things of the world. If in maturer years they should by the

grace of God be converted from the error of their ways, their after life will be in the nature of a contrast to their childhood's piety; it will not be a growth and unfolding of it, but something strange, and therefore not so beautiful, or satisfying, or useful. This is not the kind of religious growth which the Bible approves most of. It loves to dwell rather upon such examples of youthful piety as those of Samuel and Timothy, whose religion was always the same, grew up continuously and without a break from early beginnings of piety and goodness; whose life was a beautiful unity from beginning to end, from childhood to old age.

This is the kind of religion I wish each of you to have. I wish each of you, while you are still growing from the seed as it were, still enjoying all the good influences of home and church and school, to put out a root for yourself into the soil of God's grace; and, without leaving the dear old religion you have learned at your mother's knee for a single moment, to make that religion your own by your personal experience of its sweetness and power. I wish you to take upon yourself, now that you know what you are doing, before you leave the parental roof and go out into the world for your own support, the vows which your parents took upon themselves for you. They vowed and consecrated you to the Lord; vow and consecrate yourself now to the Lord. While you are still under their care, take the responsibility for your soul into your own hands, and commit it to God yourself.

And thus there will be no pause or break, no falling off, in your spiritual life. Your goodness early begun will grow with your growth, and increase with your years. All that is fair and beautiful in your childhood you will take up into your maturer years. The same faith and love that ministered to your well-being when you were a child, will minister to your well-being when you have become a man or a woman. The same Saviour whom you loved when you were young, you will continue to love when you are old; for your love has always been rooted and grounded in His love.

There is a tree in India called the Banyan, or sacred fig-tree, which the natives worship because under its shade their teacher, Buddha, lived. It looks like a whole wood, rather than a single tree; for each branch that it produces from its main trunk, sends down to the ground a number of long, straight stems, which, when they reach the ground, immediately take root and send up other stems, which in their turn, when they have attained a certain size and height, send down other stems which also root themselves; and so the tree grows and spreads until it covers a

great extent of ground. All the branches remain in the parent-trunk, but they each send down roots of their own into the soil, and so the tree preserves its vigour and freshness without any pause, or break, or falling off.

Near the town where I live there is a remarkable example of the same manner of growth as in the Banyan in one of our own native trees. It is a yew tree, and is the most wonderful for size you ever saw. Its trunk is hidden by the multitude of branches that have come out of it. These branches bend down in long, graceful curves to the ground, and there they take root, and shoot up again into the air in the richest masses of evergreen foliage, so that the tree covers a great extent of ground, and you see nothing but a perfect wilderness of verdure. The reason of this extraordinary luxuriance of growth is that the branches of the tree are not only supported and nourished by the parent trunk, but each of them has a root of its own besides, and draws directly from the soil its own nourishment. Each is still connected with the parent tree, although it is a tree of itself, and has its own roots, and is drawing force and life and the materials of growth from the ground for itself.

That is the kind of spiritual life I should like each of you to have. I should like each of you to be planted in the house of the Lord at the same time that you are still growing under the pious influences of your own home. You thrive well at present, no doubt, as branches in the parent trunk, supported by the religious life of your home and taught by others. But you must remember that you are supported on the religious life of your parents and of your teachers, nourished by the good influences of your home and church and school, in order that you may grow strong enough and wise enough, like the Banyan tree and the yew tree I have spoken of, to send down roots of your own to the ground, and draw up from the spiritual soil force and life for your own growth.

If you have a root of your own, while you continue as a branch in the parent tree, you will flourish exceedingly. If you are yourselves joined to Christ, and live a life of faith in Him and personal love to Him, there is no limit to your growth in grace. You will grow like the corn, and increase like the vine, and cast out your root as the cedar of Lebanon.

My dear young friends, in the light of what I have been thus trying to explain and to impress upon you, let me ask each of you if you can say that your father's God is your own personal God? Can you each say, "Jesus is mine, and I am His"? Have you a root

of your own, or are you merely a branch in the life of others? If you are good and pious only because others around you are so, what will you do later on, when you have to leave your home, and earn your own bread, and be dependent entirely upon your own resources?

A little way beyond the yew tree I spoke of, in the same policies, there is a large horse chestnut, whose branches also come down to the ground, but do not quite reach it and take root there. One of them did actually touch the ground, when it began immediately to put forth a root of its own; and it grew so vigorously that by-and-by it broke off from the parent tree by its own weight. You see the broken end of the branch still remaining attached to the tree, shrunk and withered; and you see the part that was broken off and made a root for, itself in the ground, three times as thick, sending out branches and twigs, and covered with the most luxuriant foliage. The contrast

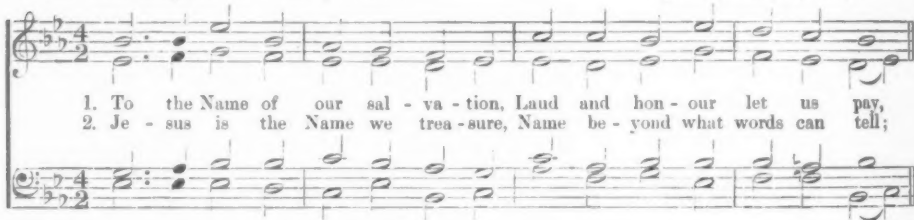
between the two is very remarkable, and shows what an immense advantage it is for a branch to be on its own root, instead of on the root of another.

And in like manner, by the very law of life, your branch will have to break off very soon from the parent tree that nourished and supported it so long. If it has no root of its own, it will soon wither under the blighting atmosphere of the world. But if you are personally united to the Lord Jesus, if you have an individual interest in His finished work, you will be able to resist the temptations to which you may be exposed in the broader arena of life, and to continue pure and pious in the midst of the most hostile circumstances, robust in faith and rooted in the law of your God, with mind and heart consecrated to the highest service. Laying hold in this way on eternal life, it will make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of your Lord Jesus Christ.

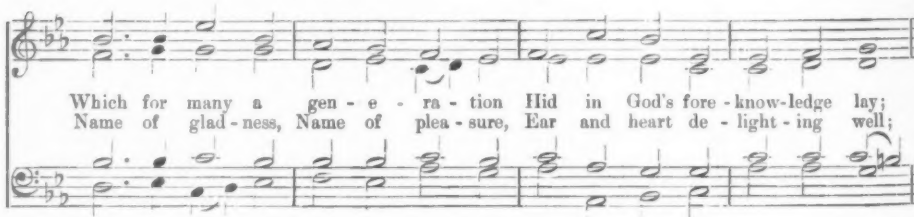
The Name we Treasure.

Words translated from the Latin by NEALE.

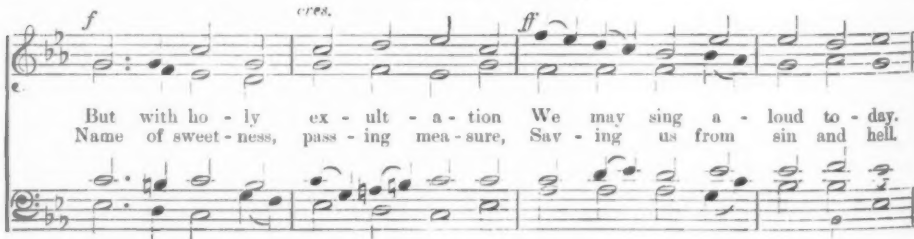
Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.
(Vicar of Hestington, York.)



1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - our let us pay,
2. Je - sus is the Name we trea - sure, Name be - yond what words can tell;



Which for many a gen - e - ra - tion Hid in God's fore - know - ledge lay;
Name of glad - ness, Name of plea - sure, Ear and heart de - light - ing well;



But with ho - ly ex - ult - a - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.
Name of sweet - ness, pass - ing mea - sure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.

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The Davenport Bequest

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LETTER FROM JESSIE.

ARRIVED in London, Raymond Ellis, after some search, secured a couple of modest rooms in Bloomsbury, and then and there began a sedulous hunt for employment—a tutorship or private secretaryship—which would enable him to earn his own living. He knew his father's determined nature too well to doubt that the threat of disinheriting him would be carried out. And even if it were not, now that he knew how Richard's fortune had been founded upon the ruins of another man's hopes, the riches and luxuries of The Towers had become hateful to him. What right had he to roll in sumptuous carriages, to eat and drink of the best, to live in the gratification of every whim, when Stephen Haynes and his family, who but for his father's wicked treachery would now be rich, had to drudge in a laundry for a living? How they must hate and despise him! No

wonder they detested the very name of Ellis, since for a quarter of a century they had found it synonymous with fraud and wrong!

He was far too proud to apply to any of his father's friends whom he had known in former days, and who might have been able to find him a post. He could not appeal to them without revealing that he and Richard Ellis were now at variance, which would naturally excite unpleasant comments and surmises. So he could only adopt the method open to the great multitude of undistinguished people who are compelled to search for work in the metropolis. His experiences in answering advertisements and applying at agencies were highly instructive to the rich man's son; they gave him an insight into many things of which he had never even dreamt in his luxurious home, and filled him with a great pity for the numbers of men, many well-born and -bred, who are glad to take almost any employment which will earn them bread. Tutors and private secretaries, as he very soon found, were a drug in the market. Not even his good Oxford record served to differentiate him from dozens of others, equally well qualified, but obliged, through lack of capital and influence, to accept less than the wages of a skilled mechanic. He had a small store of money;

enough to live on, for three or four months on his present frugal scale, so that his need for immediate employment was not great. But he was determined never to accept another sixpence from his father, unless the most ample restitution were previously made to Stephen Haynes; and as that seemed never likely to happen, the sooner he set about earning his own living the better.

His mother wrote to him, expressing great surprise at his continued absence, and wondering why he and his father had disagreed. Richard Ellis would not, and Raymond certainly could not, enlighten her on that point. His mother had no idea that Raymond contemplated earning his own bread; such a course would have appeared to her too silly and quixotic for words. But what disturbed him far more than Mrs. Ellis's vague complaints was a long letter from Arthur Bent. After giving a most minute and graphic description of the memorable meeting in the Corn Exchange—a description which made Raymond, being behind the scenes, colour to his very temples, and draw his breath hard—Arthur went on to announce the determination of the Haynes family to relinquish the laundry, since it had transpired that the lease had been purchased with money advanced by himself.

It was a very great blow indeed to Raymond; for his one consolation hitherto in this miserable affair had been, that at least the Haynes were in a fair way to earn a good living, and that he personally had done what little he could do to undo the cruel injustice perpetrated by his father. He had always hoped and trusted they would never find out they were indebted to him for assistance. He well knew why his father had revealed the truth to Rupert; and he guessed what a humiliation it must have been to the proud, sensitive young man to be taunted in the face of a crowded public meeting with being ungrateful for charity received from the Ellises. And now the upshot of it all was that, like himself, the Haynes were to be driven out of Barminster! "Can anything I or anybody else can do for them, in the future, ever atone for all the misery my family has caused them?" he thought ruefully.

He sat down at once and wrote to Arthur, imploring him to do his best to persuade the Haynes to remain at the laundry; and he also waived ceremony, and addressed to Jessie an earnest—indeed, pathetic—appeal that she would forgive all the misery his family had caused to hers, and grant him the greatest favour in her power by consenting to retain the business in which she was already beginning to flourish. Recent events had brought about his own exile from

Barminster; but it would make him very unhappy if he thought they were to be driven away also.

Jessie promptly replied. He read the letter with a half-smile on his face; for he seemed to see the little, determined, self-reliant writer in every line of it.

"DEAR MR. ELLIS,—It is kind of you to interest yourself about our affairs; but I wonder that you should imagine we could possibly remain at Barminster after what has happened.

"We feel ourselves in a false position here, and have quite made up our minds to go back to London. No doubt, you acted with the best intentions in advancing us money; but if you had known us a little better you would have understood that under no circumstances whatever could we accept anything like charity from you and yours. Justice is what we want; not doles in money.

"I am afraid this sounds rather ungracious, but I don't wish to be so. We have quite made up our minds to leave on Thursday week, and shall be glad if you will tell Mr. Bent what you wish done about the laundry premises. No doubt, he can easily find you another tenant. We have furnished him with full particulars, and a list of the fixtures; and I am glad to think the machinery is in a much better state than it was, thanks to the pains Rupert has bestowed on it.

"My brother desires me to say he has applied to Morrison and Lucraft, who, on his referring them to you, engaged him at thirty-five shillings a week. We intend to take some cheap rooms, and all live together. No doubt, Stella and I can find something to do.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

"JESSIE HAYNES."

He read the neatly written little epistle through again, with a smile and a sigh at the curious mixture of information and snubs, primness and resentment in it. Never was there a more characteristic letter, down to the references to the "list of fixtures" and the "machinery," which stung Raymond not a little. Evidently she was determined only to treat him on a business-like footing; a friend he could never be—only an acquaintance, detected in impertinent meddling, and to be avoided ever after. It seemed as if she never would, or could, understand his motives in advancing the money for the laundry. She would persist in regarding it solely as "charity"—hateful word!—not as an act of reparation. It was some slight consolation to know that Rupert had obtained the situation mentioned by Raymond, but it was not enough to serve as a set-off against his sister's hostility.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STOLEN THIMBLE.

IN pursuance of Raymond's injunctions, Arthur Bent did not fail to make his way to the Whitton Road laundry and endeavour to persuade the tenants, albeit at the eleventh hour, to reconsider their determination to leave it. It cannot be said he was very hopeful as to the result, but, if only for his own satisfaction, he was resolved to do his best.

He could not but notice, as he went up the gravel path leading to the front door, how, even in this short time, the aspect of the place had improved under the auspices of the new tenants. Winter though it was, the garden was neat and trim, the windows of the house were spotless, the blinds and curtains daintily arranged, and the little sitting-room in which he found Stella, engaged in mending sundry pairs of socks, was the picture of cosiness on that raw February day. She looked pale and sorrowful as she gave him her hand.

"My sister is in the ironing-room, but I will send for her," she said, as she rang the bell. "I'm glad you have come, Mr. Bent; we wished to see you about the fixtures."

"And so you are really determined to leave Barminster?" he said soberly. "It is not flattering to your friends here that you seem so eager to get out of it!"

"Friends? We have no friends here!" she exclaimed hastily. "At least, none but Mr. Derwent, and—and—"

"And my unworthy self, let me hope you were about to add," Arthur rejoined, with an eager glance at her pensive face. "Our acquaintance has not been a very long one, Miss Haynes, but I hope you will always allow me to consider myself your friend."

"You have been very kind indeed, Mr. Bent, and we are most grateful to you."

"Then I hope you will not let me lose sight of you, even after you leave Barminster. I should be delighted to renew our acquaintance in London, to which I often go on professional business."

Stella hesitated. The old objection that, although he was so friendly, she had been taken no notice of by his mother and sisters, was still as strong as ever. She doubted if Mrs. Bent, who in her way was quite as proud and ambitious as Mrs. Ellis, would consider Stella and Jessie Haynes, who made their living by keeping a laundry, suitable acquaintances for her family. Barminster was simply honeycombed with narrow-minded provincial exclusiveness and prejudice, and Mrs. Bent, who had lived there thirty years, was in no wise superior to her surroundings.

Stella took the shortest way out of the

difficulty by raising her candid grey eyes to his face. "If your people would like you to come to see us, Mr. Bent, when we are settled down in London, come by all means. But, as we don't know the rest of your family, it puts us in a rather delicate position, you see."

He did see, and reddened with vexation to think that Stella probably guessed that his popular, fashionable mother and sisters would turn up their noses at people who kept a laundry, and consider intercourse with them a descent in the social scale. And if it had been improbable Arthur's family would ever countenance them before, it was absolutely impossible to expect it now, after the action of Stephen and Rupert at the political meeting had mortally offended all Mr. Ellis's supporters, and set the whole city buzzing like a nest of hornets.

Just then Jessie entered, evidently very far from being her own bright self. She, too, expressed pleasure at seeing Arthur, but somewhat discounted the value of the compliment by drawing a list of the fixtures out of her orderly desk, and commencing a discussion of various legal problems, with all the acumen of a veteran householder of fifty. Arthur was conscious that his attention wandered many times during the process. His eye travelled from Stella, pensively sitting opposite, to the tiny thimble she had taken off upon his entrance, and laid on the red baize tablecloth. What a wee thimble it was for such a tall girl to use!—smaller, he was sure, than any of his sisters could have put on! A most unreasonable desire suddenly sprang up in his breast to become possessed of that thimble—an article not usually coveted by the legal profession—and Jessie repeated, "What about the blinds?" three times before he even knew she was speaking to him.

He apologised with a start. "The fact is, Miss Haynes, 'my head's in a creel,' as the Scotch say. I can't throw myself heart and soul into helping you to leave this place, because I had an urgent letter from Raymond this very morning, entreating me to do all I could to persuade you to stay! Do think better of it! Or, at any rate, wait a month or two and think it over."

But she shook her head resolutely. "We all feel, Mr. Bent, as I explained to you before, that we can't possibly stay in Barminster now. Besides, my brother has accepted a situation in London, and we shouldn't like him to live there alone. We were allowed to take this laundry under false pretences—not that I am blaming you in the least!—or we should never have taken it at all!"

"And we don't really want to go away!" added Stella, in a tone of suppressed pain.

"Oh, no, we shall be extremely sorry to leave—but we must!"

"Supposing, now, instead of having Raymond for your creditor, you would allow me to pay him back, and then remain on here

father is a bosom friend of the Ellises, and it might make unpleasantness if you encouraged their *bêtes noires*! And again, think how humiliating it would be for us to remain here now that everybody knows that it was



"We have no friends here!" she exclaimed hastily."—p. 919.

as my tenants at an annual rental?" he suggested diffidently; but Jessie was up in arms immediately.

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Bent! That would merely transfer our obligation to you, and you would only be doing it out of charity!"

"Oh, please don't say so!" he urged.

"No, it would never do," continued the girl with decision. "In the first place, your

Mr. Raymond Ellis who advanced us the money to take this place. You can't wonder that we feel we would rather die than profit by their 'charity,' as Mr. Ellis called it at the Corn Exchange."

"I may tell you the capital was entirely Raymond's, a legacy from his great-aunt. Not a shilling of it came from his father."

"Well, and now about these blinds?" Jessie

resumed, taking up her list again, entirely unconvinced. Arthur tried to turn his attention from that distracting thimble and its owner, but with such partial success that he felt sure Jessie must think him the most stupid young man about household affairs she had ever seen.

"What shall you do with your furniture?" he asked, when the list was done with.

"We are going to sell it by auction. Father has spoken to Mr. Long. Luckily, we have very few debts, and what we have I hope the proceeds of the sale will cover."

He did not dare to suggest that, if they had any need of ready money, he would gladly make them a loan. But he determined, if possible, to keep his eye on them in London. "You'll let me have your new address, won't you?" he said coaxingly. "The—the new tenants may want to ask questions about the machinery and things."

Jessie sighed. She was more sensitive than ever in her poverty, and fearing that only privation and hardship might be their lot in London—as they had been before—she was not anxious to admit even the kindest of strangers to their humble quarters. Arthur Bent—a fashionable young man, junior partner and eventual heir of a flourishing lawyer's practice, who lived in a fine house and fared sumptuously every day—was not likely to feel at home in the shabby lodgings in a London back-street, which from henceforth must be their abode.

"I cannot tell you our new address, for we have not decided anything yet," she answered, quite truthfully. "But if you wish to write on business"—laying a significant stress on the word—"my brother Rupert will be with a firm of engineers, Morrison and Lucraft, in Charing Cross Road."

Arthur mechanically took it down in a monogrammed notebook, and then, as no hint of tea was offered, he felt constrained to take his departure. He sighed as he looked for the last time round the snug, homelike little room, for Jessie gave him no invitation to repeat his visit before their departure, and he felt he could hardly call again without one. No doubt, the sisters would have their hands full during the brief remainder of their stay in Barmminster.

"I'm so sorry you're going!" he reiterated, as he shook hands. Stella, he noticed, winked a tear from her long eyelashes; but Jessie seemed quite composed. "I do earnestly hope you may be very happy and prosperous in London!—and—come back again here, some day!"

"Where's my thimble?" suddenly called Stella, when Arthur had gone. She was looking with dismay from the vacant tablecloth to a yawning chasm in Rupert's sock.

"You must have dropped it on the floor," opined Jessie, as she returned to the supervision of her ironers. Stella accordingly went down on her knees to find it, but without success; and the disappearance of that thimble remained a household puzzle for many months.

She was not likely to guess that Arthur, exercising some skill he had acquired as an amateur conjurer, had cleverly "palmed" it, and at that moment had it safely concealed in his waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

IT was one thing to satisfy the easily soothed suspicions of an audience of personal friends, self-interested dependants, and political sympathisers; but Richard Ellis found it quite another matter when the adverse political party in Barmminster, and the great British public at large, came to learn what had transpired at that memorable meeting at the Corn Exchange. The next morning all the newspapers—not only the local journals published in the city, but the great London dailies—contained accounts, more or less guarded, of what had happened. And whilst many of these journals sympathised with Mr. Ellis on an uncalled-for attack, made presumably by some spiteful political opponent, others suggested, in plain language, that if there was not even the faintest scintilla of truth in Mr. Haynes's story, the candidate for Barmminster owed it to his constituents, no less than to himself, to instantly take action against his accuser.

Mr. Bent, senior, who had been called in to advise the master of Connington Towers, was strongly in favour of such a step, which was the last thing Richard Ellis desired. The millionaire had little to fear from Stephen Haynes, for a long purse always has an advantage over absolute poverty; but the damaging fact that his own son Raymond was convinced of his father's guilt would, he felt sure, tell terribly against him. Mr. Mowbray would be another dangerous witness; not because he had the remotest suspicion of his employer's integrity, but because he was absolutely honest, like Raymond. Even if the testimony of these two could be shaken by clever cross-examination, a slur would still probably remain upon his name, in the estimation of the great British public—that dread and incorruptible tribunal which, happily for this country, is of more avail than all the courts of law in checking and punishing evil-doers. It would never be forgotten that his own son sided

against him; as Raymond would, he knew. The eloquence of the most silver-tongued of lawyers could never explain that awkward fact away.

Of course, he dare not avow so much to Mr. Bent, to whom he discoursed vaguely of being magnanimous to a poor madman, of the unfairness of dragging a pauper like Stephen Haynes into costly litigation, and of the difficulty of obtaining evidence, as the patent had been brought out so many years ago. Every parliamentary candidate was liable to undergo an ordeal of slander and spite; things were said, and accusations made, in the heat of a contested election, which would never be thought of at other times. And further, as Richard reminded Mr. Bent, inventions are the very things to which it is most difficult to prove an absolute claim; for in numbers of instances several clever individuals in different places have hit on the same idea about the same time. Thus Stephenson, in introducing the locomotive, merely improved upon a number of other men's ideas; several inventors lay claim to the steamboat, many electricians combined to produce the telegraph, and Sir Humphry Davy's great invention of the safety lamp was rivalled by the construction of another by George Stephenson, almost simultaneously. It might even be that Stephen Haynes had invented a meter, something like the Ellis meter; and in that case it would probably be exceedingly difficult to convince an obstinate British jury that it was not the same which had made Richard Ellis's fortune.

Mr. Bent, though in his secret heart far from satisfied, was obliged to acquiesce in the decision of his old friend and client. After all, Mr. Ellis ought to know his own business best. But the lawyer writhed as he read some of the comments in the opposition newspapers, plainly hinting that there was something very mysterious in the attitude of the candidate for Barminster which needed to be explained. Richard writhed also when he saw them; for malicious enemies, not to say pretended friends, took good care that copies of these journals should be delivered to him, with all the damaging paragraphs carefully marked. But he trusted to his hitherto unblemished character, and to the lapse of time, to weather the storm. Once duly elected, some other excitement was sure to spring up, and Stephen's accusations would be forgotten.

But the effect of all this was very irritating to Richard's temper and nerves; so that a less propitious moment for the disclosure Horace Derwent and Grace had to make to him could hardly have been found. The young Vicar, when he came to The Towers to request the sanction of Grace's parents to

their engagement, was received with a harshness which tried his self-control to the uttermost.

"I cherished quite other views for my daughter, sir," stormed the angry father. "She has been brought up in luxury, and is quite unsuited to be the wife of a poor clergyman in the slums of the city! No doubt, you think that you will receive a handsome fortune with her; but I assure you such will not be the case. If Grace marries you, it will be against my wish, and not a single sixpence shall she ever have from me! So you had better take warning."

"It hurts me very much, Mr. Ellis, that you should believe me capable of such mercenary scheming," returned Horace undauntedly. "I hoped you knew me better than that. Had it not been that my affection at last carried me beyond the bounds of self-restraint, I should have still gone on loving your daughter in secret, as I have done so long. But the time came when I could no longer hide how dear she had become to me; though I deeply regret that you disapprove of our engagement."

"Disapprove! Why, I consider it the most senseless piece of nonsense I ever heard. Grace is the last girl in the world to endure privation and poverty. She would be no use as a poor clergyman's wife! I would never have let her do any work for St. Jude's at all, if I had thought this would be the end of it!"

Horace bit his lip to restrain an indignant reply; and Grace, rising, laid her hand lovingly on his arm. "You need not fear, father, that I shall ever regret my choice! And I am willing to wait for Horace any number of years! I'm very sorry you disapprove of my chosen husband; but I could never be happy with anyone else, and we must be content to wait until you see fit to give your sanction."

"Which will be never!" snapped the millionaire. "And I call it very unkind and inconsiderate of you, Grace, to add to my troubles just now, when I have so many other causes of perplexity and annoyance! One would think my family were in league to vex and disappoint me! You are of age, so I suppose it's no use my forbidding your engagement. But I cannot welcome Mr. Derwent to my house after this, and though no doubt you will contrive to meet elsewhere, I shall make it known to all our friends that this foolish affair is not sanctioned by me! If Mr. Derwent thinks it right to encourage a girl to disobey her parents, I do not!"

A deep flush rose in the young man's cheek. "I would not for worlds encourage your daughter to disobey you, Mr. Ellis; and after this, I shall not intrude at The

Towers. Neither shall I try to meet Grace without your knowledge, though, no doubt, we must sometimes encounter each other accidentally in society. But my affection will remain unchanged; and I must wait and hope until you see fit to withdraw your opposition."

When he had taken his departure, sorrowfully enough, Mrs. Ellis attacked her daughter in unmeasured terms. She was furious at the failure of all her ambitious schemes for Grace, and had no hesitation in saying so.

"Just imagine a girl with your fortune and good looks flinging herself away on a beggarly parson! I'm sure, if you had given him the slightest encouragement, you might have married Lord Lyncliffe! Have you taken leave of your senses, Grace?"

"Indeed, mother, the strongest feeling I have in the matter is that Horace is far too good for me."

"Too good, indeed! What utter nonsense! It is the greatest presumption on his part to aspire to you! But you had better think twice before you marry him; for I'm sure your father will cast you off if you do, and how you are to live on Mr. Derwent's miserable stipend I can't think! Just think of some of the poor clergymen's wives—Mrs. Masters or Mrs. Stanley—with about ten children and nothing to keep them on! Last time I called on Mrs. Stanley there was a hole in one of the curtains I could have put my hand through; and there was no cream for tea, only milk, in a cracked jug! Imagine you coming down from *this*—and she looked round the magnificent drawing-room with keen appreciation of its beauty—"to poverty and want!"

"But I shall not be a beggar if I marry Horace, mother. He has a sufficient income to live on quietly, and he earns money by writing in the papers. He would take pupils too, if absolutely necessary."

"Well, I call it absolutely flying in the face of Providence," persisted Mrs. Ellis. "It isn't as if he was likely to rise in the Church, and become a bishop—he has far too many crotchets for that! He never tries to conciliate rich people, or make himself popular in society. He likes drudging in those horrid slums better than anything else in the world, and, no doubt, he'll make you do the same, and the end of it all will be that you'll catch fever or smallpox, or something horrible, and lose your life as a penalty for your folly!"

"Well, mother," gently returned Grace, "don't you think even that would be better than never trying to do any good in the world? I feel quite ashamed to think how many opportunities I have wasted already, and how little I have cared for those less

fortunate than myself! If I hadn't known Horace, I should have degenerated into a thoroughly heartless, selfish woman of the world."

"Well, Grace, I hope you may never live to rue your disobedience and ingratitude to your parents," responded Mrs. Ellis solemnly, with an air which somehow conveyed that her real desire was for exactly the very opposite.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FINAL WRENCH.

RICHARD ELLIS thought the stars in their courses must be fighting for him when he learnt, through Mr. Bent, that Stephen Haynes and his family were about to leave Barminster. Nothing could possibly have given him greater pleasure; for, despise him as he might, still it was not pleasant to know that his old enemy was living almost at his gates, his heart full of bitterness against the owner of The Towers. But once out of Barminster, and swallowed up in the teeming vortex of London, there would be an end for ever of Stephen—at least, so far as Richard was concerned. His slanders would be forgotten, and the real history of the Ellis meter would never be known.

The clamour raised by his political opponents still continued, however; and Mr. Bent, who was keenly alive to his old friend's reputation, took the opportunity of pointing out that the malice of his enemies would have less to work upon if Raymond returned home at this juncture. "I don't want to pry into your family affairs, Ellis, as you know," added the cautious lawyer. "But it is rumoured in the town that it is true you and Raymond had a serious quarrel on the subject of the Ellis meter—that he urged you to make restitution, and you refused."

"I wonder you attach any importance to paltry Barminster gossip, Bent! Don't you know that the people here will say anything?"

"I shouldn't attach the slightest importance to it, if Raymond hadn't flung up his candidature, and gone off in such a hurry. As I said, I don't wish to pry into his reasons for all this; but the fact of his going, and still remaining away, gives an air of credibility to these rumours which is most unfortunate. It may—I don't say it will—prevent you being elected."

Richard Ellis paced up and down, his brow contracted in anxious thought. His heart was still as bitter as ever against Raymond, though he had not yet carried out his threat of actually disinheriting him; but he

saw what an advantage it would be to him to have his son's presence and countenance at this crisis. And though he was extremely unwilling to have to eat humble pie before his own child, still, it was a question whether it might not be better to do that than lose the election.

"It is true that Raymond and I have had a slight disagreement," he said at length. "You know how hot-headed and quixotic he is!"

"I can only repeat that it's most unfortunate. From what Arthur tells me, it seems he has no intention of returning home at present."

"Has Arthur heard from him?"

"Oh, yes. It appears he has taken up his quarters in Bloomsbury—a funny fancy, isn't it? I should have thought he would prefer the West End, as usual," observed Mr. Bent, who had no suspicion that Raymond's resources were straitened.

The next morning Mr. Ellis, on his way to a political gathering, drove along the Whitton Road past the laundry. Turning his keen eyes upon it as he passed, he beheld a cab at the gate with luggage on it, and his old enemy Stephen helping the cabman to bring out some more trunks. Evidently the Haynes family were about to quit Barminster for ever, and his heart throbbed with fierce gratification at the thought. He had not been so cheered by any occurrence for a long time, and subsequently at the meeting he made a most brilliant speech, and was congratulated by everybody upon his certain chance of success.

But if the heart of the millionaire throbbed with selfish joy at the abandonment of the humble enterprise which had meant so much to the Haynes girls, to them the occasion was absolutely tragic in its sadness. To have to leave this modest, but comfortable, home, and an assured independence, and settle down once more as waifs and strays in the great whirlpool of London, was painful beyond measure. On that last morning, when the furniture, already labelled, and divided into lots, awaited the auctioneer on the morrow, and the cab was at the door, Stella, suddenly missing Jessie, found her pacing one of the alleys of the deserted garden, her small frame fairly shaken by sobs. The elder sister, her own eyes filled with tears, put her arm round her waist, and tried to comfort her.

"Dear old Jessie, don't grieve so! I know it's hard, but—we shall still have each other in London, and we could never stay here under an obligation to Mr. Ellis!"

"But to leave it all, when we might have been so happy here, seems too cruel! And what is there before us in London but

privation and misery? We can't all live upon Rupert's wages, you know!"

"Oh, I hope we shall find something to do. Come, dear, or we shall lose the train."

But still Jessie lingered, looking from the box-edged borders, which in the summer she had hoped to see filled with flowers and fruit, to the cosy little house, with its red-tiled roof, and laundry-buildings and orchard behind it. However, the sound of Stephen's imperative voice shouting that his daughters would miss the train unless they started directly, abruptly compelled her to turn. But her feet dragged and faltered as she trod that gravel walk for the last time, as if she were going to immediate execution. She heard none of her father's petulant scoldings when she was in the cab; she was too miserable to care about external things. It was very seldom that plucky Jessie thus gave way to her feelings; but, like most habitually bright and cheerful people, when despondency did attack her it was in its very worst form. Ever after she looked back upon that day as the darkest in her life, when nothing seemed worth living for any more, and it appeared useless to struggle any longer against remorseless Fate. The sooner it was all over the better, she thought sadly, as the cab rattled them for the last time through the familiar streets, crowded as usual with people going about their own business or pleasure, who gave no thought to the despair which filled her and Stella. If the end of all her endeavours must be an unnamed grave in a crowded London cemetery—so be it!

The sudden appearance of Arthur Bent, carrying a bundle of illustrated papers in one hand and a good-sized basket carefully covered over in the other, as they pushed along the crowded platform to find seats in the London train, afforded a wholesome change from these morbid thoughts. It was cheering to see a friendly face, and she recollected that in a casual sort of way he had contrived, during a chance meeting the day before, to find out by which train they were starting.

"This way, this way, Miss Haynes," he cried, intercepting Stella as she was about to get into a compartment already containing several rather unsavoury-looking passengers. "I've taken the liberty of having a carriage specially reserved for you, as I thought it would be more comfortable."

He led the way to a compartment labelled "Engaged," and amply supplied with foot-warmers. The unexpected kindness and attention as nearly as possible broke both the girls down again, and Stephen, when he appeared with the tickets, blew his nose two or three times with unnecessary violence.

Rupert had already been in London a week, having entered upon his new employment.



"Which will be never!" snapped the millionaire.—p. 922.

"Just a few grapes and things—nothing really worth thanking me for—which I thought might be nice on your journey," he said, as he presented the basket to Stella. "Have you secured comfortable rooms?"

"Rupert says so; he engaged them for us."

"Shall you be anywhere near Raymond?" hinted Arthur. "He's in Bloomsbury."

"Oh, no!" said Jessie, and stopped short most provokingly. If Arthur expected she would give him an invitation to call when he came to town, he was disappointed, for none came. So he added, half-defiantly, "I don't mean to lose sight of you, you know!"

And then, as the last door was banged, and the whistle blew, came the time to part. Arthur shook hands with all three, taking Stella's limp fingers last, and his parting glimpse revealed her sitting in her corner, a veritable figure of woe, with the tears streaming down her pale cheeks. The sight seemed to tug at his very heartstrings; he felt a most unreasonable desire to stop that train by hook or by crook, haul Stella out by main force, and kiss and pet her until her grey eyes twinkled in a smile again. The hard-headed young lawyer felt in his waistcoat pocket to ascertain if the little thimble was still there, and, finding it was, set off back to his office at a great pace. It was February certainly, but somehow the streets of Barmminster had never looked so ugly or so depressing as they did that day. He felt as if he loathed the city and everything in it, the law and all connected with it, and could settle to nothing because of the obligation he felt to look at his watch every ten minutes, to see if the travellers could have arrived in London yet. How he wished he could annihilate time and space, so as to be before them at the terminus to welcome them!

Thanks to Arthur's kindness in supplying them with literature, not to say an abund-

ance of such delicious fruit as had never come their way before, the exiles found their journey less trying than they had feared. Rupert was on the platform to meet them, and soon they were at Brixton, in a small side-street of which three tiny rooms had been secured. It being winter, they seemed snug and cosy; though in the summer they would probably be unbearably hot. The table in the little sitting-room was spread for tea, and adorned by a magnificent bouquet of early spring flowers.

"Rupert, you naughty boy!" cried Jessie aghast. "How could you be so extravagant as to spend so much in flowers?"

"Don't worry yourself; I didn't buy them. Mr. Raymond Ellis, who has been to see me at the works twice, would insist on sending them for you, when he heard you were coming. He seems determined to be friendly; I couldn't snub him, if I tried."

"We want no Ellises here!" cried Stephen, glaring at the innocent flowers.

"He has had a serious difference with his father—so much so that he has no intention of going home at present, and is actually looking for a situation. Just fancy what a change it must be, after his life of luxury!"

What with Raymond's flowers, and the rest of Arthur's fruit, their first tea in London was an unexpectedly luxurious and cheerful meal. Rupert reported well of his situation; and although Stephen, according to his wont, grumbled at leaving the laundry, which he extolled as an earthly Paradise—now that they had lost it—at the small rooms, and at pretty well everything else, his family were too well accustomed to his lamentations to care much about them. The only thing that mattered, it seemed to the girls, was to find employment; and they discussed half-a-dozen schemes before they went to bed.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.]

THE DAWN.

By Clara Thwaites.

At every dawn some promise is fulfilled,
Some happy heart by hope's fruition
thrilled;

To some sad breast, oppress'd by
divers cares,
Joy comes, an angel guest, all unawares.

At every dawn some lovely blooms unfold,
The inmost beauty of their heart of gold;
By purple calyx hidden for awhile,
Sun-touched, they give the radiance of a
smile,

We sleep through chiming hours, and on
our eyes

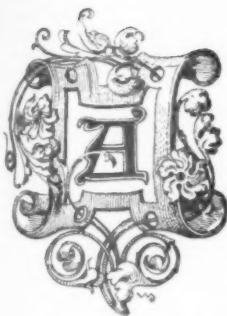
Will break at dawn some sudden sweet
surprise.

When song-birds trill, and fields are bright
with dew,

The robe of praise is given us anew.

A fresh anointing for a spirit worn,
A new sweet song wherewith to greet the morn;
This is the promise for our pilgrim way
Until the dawn of our Eternal Day!

SOME LAST LETTERS.



GREAT deal of pathetic interest attaches itself to the last letters of men and women who have played prominent parts in life, and been much before the public eye. Some of them have been written in full view of death, others while the tide

of life still flowed fast and strong, many in calm old age; but almost all bear some characteristic stamp which, when regarded in the light of later days and years, seems prophetic to survivors and to succeeding generations. All are more or less revelations. Death lends them a weight and significance undreamed of by the writers, and they are not only precious mementoes to kinsfolk and friends, but full of meaning to the world at large.

The last, or "all but the last," family letter written by "Albert the Good," though he toiled painfully through much business correspondence during the few more days that remained to him, was to the Princess Royal, now the Empress Frederick, on her twenty-first birthday.

"Windsor Castle, November 19th, 1861.

"May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind! True inward happiness is to be sought only in the internal consciousness of effort systematically directed to good and useful ends. Success, indeed, depends upon the blessing which the Most High sees meet to vouchsafe to our endeavours. May this success not fail you, and may your outward life leave you unhurt by the storms to which the sad heart so often looks forward with a shrinking dread!

"Without the basis of health it is impossible to rear anything stable. Therefore see that you spare yourself now, so that at some future time you may be able to do more."

Eighteen years afterwards, when Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt had seen her husband and children stricken with diphtheria and helped to nurse them through it, and had lost her youngest, her "little May Blossom," from the fell disease, she wrote what proved to be her last sad letter to the Queen, feeling confident of the sympathy of her mother's heart, and little thinking that she was to be snatched away from the husband and family she loved so absorbingly.

"December 6th, 1878.

"Louis and Ernie will go out in a close carriage to-day, though it rains, but it is warm. Louis'

strength returns so slowly. Of course, he shuns the return to life, where our loss will be more realised; to him, shut off so long, it is more like a dream. I am so thankful they were all spared the dreadful realities I went through—and alone. My cup seemed very full, and yet I have been enabled to bear it. But daily I must struggle and pray for resignation; it is a cruel pain, and one that will last years, as I know but too well.—
Ever your loving child,
"ALICE."

Only a week afterwards, on December 14th, the gentle writer crossed the dark river, and went to rejoin the little one she so deeply mourned, and the beloved father whose name was the last word on her lips.

A letter written in the very face of death was the last one penned by Queen Marie Antoinette, only an hour or two before she suffered on the scaffold, to her husband's sister, the brave and affectionate young princess who had been her companion in joyous days, and who chose deliberately to accompany the unfortunate royal couple and their children to prison, rather than escape alone to a place of safety. Comparatively early in their bitter troubles Louis XVI. was torn from his family and guillotined. Then the little Dauphin and his sister were snatched from her arms and taken she knew not whither, with their aunt, who still clung to them. The unhappy Queen, worn out with



(Photo: Messrs. Bateman, Old Bond Street, W.)

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

sorrow and half-starved in her miserable cell, was called before the Convention on October 15th, 1793, questioned incessantly throughout the day and night, and condemned to death on the morrow. When she got back to the Conciergerie she asked for pen, ink, and paper, of which she had been deprived for a year, and wrote the following beautiful words of farewell to the sister-in-law who had shared her prison and her bitter griefs.

"16th October, 4.30 a.m.

"It is to you, my sister, that I write for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to

one day, when they are older, they may be able to rejoin you, and to enjoy to the full your tender care. Let them both think of the lesson which I have never ceased to impress upon them, that the principles and the exact performance of their duties are the chief foundation of life; and their mutual affection and confidence in one another will constitute its happiness. . . . In our own misfortunes, how much comfort has our affection for one another afforded us! And in times of happiness we have enjoyed that doubly from being able to share it with a friend; and where can one find friends more tender and more united than in one's own

family? Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I repeat emphatically: let him never seek to avenge our deaths.

*a vous ma sœur; en particulier, de toutes les prières que sans le
voulon j'aurais pu vous faire. Je pardonne à tous mes ennemis le
mal qu'ils m'ont fait. Je dis icy adieu, à mes tantôt et à
tous mes frères et sœurs, à mes amis, l'idée dans l'esprit
pour jamais, et leur peine, soit un des plus grands regrets que
j'emporte en mourant, qu'ils sachent du moins, que même jusqu'à
mon dernier moment j'ai pensé à eux. Adieu ma bonne et tendre
sœur; puisse cette lettre vous arriver, pense toujours à moi je
vous embrasse de tout mon cœur; ainsi que des parents et de
enfants, mon Dieu qu'il est déchirant de les quitter pour toujours
adieu adieu je n'ai plus d'envies que de mes devoirs spirituels
comme je ne suis pas libre dans mes actions ont néanmoins
peut être, mais je proteste icy, que je ne lui
donne pas un mot, et que je le traiterai, comme un être
absolument étranger.*

H. F. Jaquier

legé

L. Le Linier

A PORTION OF THE LAST LETTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(Bearing her signature, and countersigned by the prison authorities.)

a shameful death, for such is only for criminals, but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent, like him, I hope to show the same firmness in my last moments. I am calm, as one is when one's conscience reproaches one with nothing. I feel profound sorrow in leaving my poor children; you know that I only lived for them and for you, my good and tender sister. You, who out of love, have sacrificed everything to be with us, in what a position do I leave you! I have learnt from the proceedings at my trial that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! poor child: I do not venture to write to her; she would not receive my letter. I do not even know whether this will reach you. Do you receive my blessing for both of them. I hope that

worn out, at the age of sixty-seven. His last letter was to Mr. James Lawsone, sub-principal of the College of Aberdeen, who had been chosen as his colleague, and whom he was very anxious to see installed. It was written when strength failed him fast, rather more than two months before the end.

"All worldly strength (yea, even in things spiritual) decayeth; and yet shall never the work of God decay!

"Belov'd Brother,—Seeing that God of his mercie, fair above my expectatione, has call'd me ones againe to Edinburgh, and yet that I fell nature so decayed, and daylie to decay, that I liuke not for a long continuance of my battell,

their friend. Probably they, as well as England, were in his mind as he prayed a few hours before his death:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature . . . I may, I will come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service. . . . Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them."

And, again, among his last articulate utterances:

"I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people."

It is not likely that such a man at such an hour had only his own little corner of the world and the Church in his mind's eye.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, whose English home and haunts were chiefly in South Bucks and Hertfordshire, was a



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(From the Painting by Gilbert Stuart.)

much greater letter-writer than most of the men of his day; probably from having been so much in his colony and keeping up a correspondence with his family at home, and from the habit of writing on business

and friendship to the colonists after he had left them for ever. Whether his last letter still exists does not seem to be known



WILLIAM PENN.

(From an Engraving by W. Grainger.)

by his biographers, nor by the Rev. W. H. Summers, who has so thoroughly studied the Quaker and Puritan traditions of Buckinghamshire. Mrs. Webb, in her "Penns and Penningtons," says: "On the 24th of Fifth Month (July O.S.), 1712, William Penn commenced a letter to James Logan, in which, after feelingly alluding to the death of his wife's father and mother, his pen suddenly stopped under the pressure of a paralytic seizure. It was the third time he had been assailed by paralysis, but on the present occasion far more severely than ever." Stoughton, writing later, says: "Suddenly the pen—that busy pen—stopped, and stopped for ever, under the pressure of a paralytic seizure."

The great George Washington, the Father of the United States, died almost suddenly, after retiring to his beloved home at Mount Vernon, and reverting to the busy, pleasant life of a country gentleman. On the very day when he caught the severe cold which carried him off in forty-eight hours, he wrote his last letter, which was to Mr. Alexander Hamilton respecting a proposed military academy. Like all his correspondence, it was eminently business-like.

"Mount Vernon, 12 December, 1790.

"SIR,—I have duly received your letter of the 28th ultimo, enclosing a copy of what you had written to the Secretary of War, on the subject of a Military Academy.

"The establishment of an institution of this kind, upon a respectable and extensive basis, has ever been considered by me as an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the Chair of Government I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it, in my public speeches, and other ways, to the attention of the Legislature. . . .

"I sincerely hope that the subject will meet with due attention. . . .

"With very great esteem and regard, I am, etc."

His great yet humble soul passed away on the 14th, and his last words, recorded by Tobias Lear, who was with him to the end, were:

"I feel myself going (I thank you for your attention); you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two—three—days after I am dead. Do you understand me?"

Lear answered, "Yes, sir"; and he replied, "Tis well."

The last published letter of William Wilberforce, the great philanthropist, was to his son Samuel, afterwards the "silver-tongued" Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. It was on the subject so near and dear to his heart, the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies.

December 28th, 1832.

"I should wish to suggest to you an idea that . . . it might have a very good effect for any of my reverend children to be known to manifest their zeal in the great cause of West Indian emancipation, and slaves' improvement. I really believe we are now going on admirably. The slaves will, I trust, be immediately placed under the government of the same laws as other members of the community, instead of being under the arbitrary commands of their masters, and (perhaps after a year) they will be still more completely emancipated. . . . It is not a little vexatious to find people so ignorant, as too many are, concerning the real state of the slaves, notwithstanding all the pains that have been taken to enlighten them."

Coming further down the nineteenth century, we find the genial and versatile Charles Dickens, who wrote so much for the benefit of the poor and oppressed, and whose influence is seen and felt in many of the philanthropic works of the present day, making an appointment for the very day on which he departed this life. This last letter was addressed to Mr. Charles Kent, and shows that the writer was not overshadowed by illness but immersed in his ordinary business.

Gads Hill Place,

Higham by Rochester, Kent,

Wednesday, Eighth June, 1870.

"MY DEAR KENT,—To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as, in addition to my

usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle with Wills. But I hope I may be ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be—why, then, I shan't be.

"You must really get rid of those Opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering:

'These violent delights have violent ends.'

I think it was a father of your church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Verona?—Ever affectionately,

"C. D."

None of his earthly appointments on that 9th of June were kept, for he was stricken

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Widener of Eighth June 1870

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Ever affectionately

CD

CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.

down with a fit as he seated himself at table after writing all the morning, and passed away as the shades of evening fell.

One of the most pathetic last letters ever written was penned by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce to his daughter-in-law, whom he loved as if she had been his own child. On the 18th of July, 1873, he said to Mrs. Reginald, "I cannot think why I feel so depressed," and when she and her husband left him in the evening he took leave of them with unusual tenderness. The next morning, before entering on the day's duties, at the close of which he was going down to Leatherhead, he wrote to her as follows:—



(Photo: B. F. Kenney, Boston, Mass.)

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Winchester House, July 19th, 1873.

"It is very dull indeed without you, and I had no bulletin from the beloved ones this morning. I hope to hear to-morrow at Holm-bury. I hope that to-day's colder air will not make them worse. I am trying to get down to Lavington Friday night, and to stay till Saturday at five, then driving to Chichester, and so get to Portsmouth on Saturday evening. My dearest love to Reg. and the darlings.—Your dearly loving

"S. WINTON."

In the evening of that day, while canter-

Jan. 2nd 1886
Dear dear Niles.
Thanks for the good wishes & news. Now that I cannot work it is very agreeable to hear that the roads go so well & that the busy women need not worry about things.

(By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. Ltd.)

ing over the turf with Lord Granville from the railway station to Holm-bury, he was thrown from his horse and killed instantly—unless, indeed, he had died suddenly in the saddle, and fell from it. Some of those who knew him best and loved him most felt that, like Enoch, he was "translated."

The well-known American authoress, Louisa M. Alcott, whose wholesome, clever stories are read wherever the English language is spoken, was the mainstay and providence of her family almost all her life, and a wonderful example of filial and sisterly affection. Always delicate, though always hard at work, rheumatism and severe headaches took possession of her when about fifty, and the father she so much loved and revered, only preceded her by a few hours into the spirit land. Her last note was written to an aunt, one of her mother's sisters:—

"February 8th, 1888.

"DEAR AUNTIE,—I little knew what a sweet surprise was in store for me when I wrote to you yesterday. As I worked this morning, my good Doctor L—" (Rhoda Lawrence) "came in with a lovely azalea, her round face beaming through the leaves like a full moon. . . .

"It stands beside me on Marmee's" (her mother's) "work-table, and reminds me tenderly of her favourite flowers; and among those used at her funeral was a spray of this, which lasted for two weeks afterward, opening bud after bud in the glass on her table, where lay the dear old 'Jas. May' hymn-book, and her diary with the pen shut in as she left it when she

I appreciate my blessings
I am sure you & I are both
wish I could "summarise" the
book room under Joe's
"Bap" or 3rd story, & hope
to do it by & by when Dad
& I are all safely there.
The disjunct of the moment
which will never be too
tired or too old to
remember & be grateful.

your friend
L. M. Alcott

A LETTER BY MISS ALCOTT.

last wrote there, three days before the end. "The twilight is closing about me, and I am going to rest in the arms of my children. . . ."

"Slow climbing, but I don't slip back; so think up my mercies, and sing cheerfully, as dear Marmec used to do, 'Thus far the Lord has led me on.'—Your loving "Lc."

She died on March 6th, about a month after the date of this epistle, and, by her own desire, her coffin was placed across the feet of her father, mother, and sister, that "she might take care of them, as she had done all her life" in the beautiful Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Concord.

The life of the American soldier-hero, "Stonewall" Jackson, has recently been published, and, though chiefly taken up with military details, it gives many life-like glimpses of the wonderful man who, though not bred to war, took such a prominent part in the struggle between North and South. The very appellation by which he will always be remembered shows his inflexible character as a leader. Jackson's Christian name was Thomas Jonathan. But at the battle of Bull Run on July 21st, 1861, when the day seemed lost, he rallied his brigade in line on Henry Hill. The general in command got his broken troops together, saying, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians." The words stuck, and thenceforth Jackson was invariably spoken of as "Stonewall."

His last letter was a dispatch to General Lee a very few hours before the engagement in which he was mortally wounded.

"Near 3 p.m., May 2nd, 1863.

"GENERAL.—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever-kind Providence will bless us with great success.—Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, Lt.-Gen.

"The leading division is up, and the two next appear to be well closed.

"T. J. J."

The fight at Chancellorsville came on rapidly, and early in the evening of that very day Jackson was shot in the right hand, and twice in the left arm, cutting the main artery and crushing the bone below the shoulder. The limb had to be amputated, and he sank a week afterwards, after believing most of the time that he should recover. His young

wife and babe were brought to see him, and he was conscious almost to the last.

Recent events in the Soudan and the victory of Omdurman, with the praiseworthy scheme of a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, lend fresh interest to every word of the late General Gordon, who was martyred and massacred within the walls of that grim and cruel city.

The last letter that Gordon wrote was to his sister, and shows clearly that he thought the end was fast approaching.

"14th December, 1884.

"This may be the last letter you will receive from me, for we are

on our last legs, owing to the delay of the expedition. However, God rules all, and, as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I fear, owing to circumstances, that my affairs pecuniarily are not over-bright.—Your affectionate brother,

"C. G. GORDON.

"P.S.—I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have 'tried to do my duty.'"



"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

"Roddy" Owen's last letter was never sent, but was found after his death between the pages of his diary:

"July 11th.

"I am seated on a rock surrounded with the desert, the only European here, with seven cases of cholera on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst., but I think we've tackled it. The quarantine has so upset arrangements that it is within the bounds we do not prosecute our journey to Dongola as

yet. But we must stick to Khartoum as an objective, and, bar European complications, the dream of Cecil Rhodes looks likely of accomplishment."

To return to men of peace. Dean Stanley, whose calligraphy was the despair even of

years and honours on August 10th, 1897, wrote what appears to be his last letter to a brother a few days previously, and was evidently feeling the burden and heat of the day intensely.

"Bishopsgarth, Wakefield.
August 1st, 1897.

"I was bowled over by the heat at last. I never knew such a month—not one night all July in which, with windows open, I could sleep under more than a sheet! On Thursday I was half asleep all day, and very limp, and on Friday could not remain in the Conference Hall, but stole away and sat alone in the library, half asleep all afternoon and feeling very seedy. . . . All yesterday and to-day am doing my appointed work, though I suppose I am not very vigorous. . . . I wish Rudyard Kipling had omitted the last verse in his recession hymn; it would, I think, be better without it."

These last letters of men and women whose lives will be landmarks to all time, are full of the romance, the pathos, even the irony



(Photo: H. H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.)

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

those who most desired his letters, and baffled his relations and the very postmen who had to deliver them, dictated from his death-bed to Dr. Harper a lengthy letter about a monument in Westminster Abbey to the Parliamentarian chiefs, with all his customary clearness, and desired him to send it to the editor of *The St. James's Gazette*.

The latest and most interesting epistle of Lord Tennyson's, among his "last letters" in his son's biography of him, was written:—

"To the Zemindar Bechari Lal.

"August 27th, 1892.

"I thank my young brother of the East for all the good wishes he sends to his old brother of the West, and I rejoice that he has sung in their common tongue (English) the praises of that great and good Sovereign to whom all her subjects owe such deep reverence and love. Accept every best wish (not forgetting the wish that practice may, as you say, make your verse perfect), and thanks too, for your little books.—Believe me, truly yours,
"TENNYSON."

Bishop Walsham How, who died full of



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE LATE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

of life. There is not an ignoble thought in them, but they all show the simple spirit of that best humanity which so lives as to be ready to cross the Border at any moment.

THE TALK OF CLEPSTONE.

A Complete Story. By Agnes Eve.

CHAPTER I.



CHILLY, grey afternoon in early May. Mrs. Smyth is sitting at her usual post in the bay window commanding a view of the long High Street. Two gipsy carts with weary, patient horses and bedraggled women on

their way to a neighbouring fair do not make a very lively prospect, and Mrs. Smyth, wrapped in a large plaid shawl, turns from its contemplation to glance at the highly polished grate, and its newly-arranged ornaments, with a notable housewife's sense of comfort. It is possible that her husband might prefer a blazing fire, but his opinion, very properly, is not asked for on the subject. A ring at the front door promises a welcome diversion; a plaintive voice in the hall, then a careful rubbing of boots on the mat, and Mrs. Norton is announced. She gives a little gasping shiver, but politeness conquers.

"Ah! dear Mrs. Smyth," she exclaims, "as usual, your spring cleaning finished and over, whilst all the rest of us are in the midst of the bustle and turmoil; and the sweeps and paperhangers are so busy they don't know which way to turn, and naturally anxious to oblige all their customers. Then the breakages! Jane has just slipped with a trayful of glasses, and I felt so unnerved that I thought I would throw on my waterproof and run across for a chat! And *how* is Mr. Smyth?"

"Very well, except for a fidgeting cold in his head," replied his wife. "But really, my dear, I cannot take any credit for early spring cleaning when I remember that my mother had always finished by the first of April, and she never allowed fires again until the fifth of November! Now Mr. Smyth's family held such *very* lax notions. You will have to part with Jane—always peeping over the blind instead of minding her work. I watched your window, and have seen her there no less than five times to-day. Now, who is Mary Armstrong's Australian correspondent, can you tell me? for I met the new postman on Wednesday, and he asked me where Miss Armstrong lived. The letter had the Melbourne postmark, and was directed in a round hand, with the old-fashioned 'M' for Mary. I never heard that she had any relations abroad, but"—with a glance towards the window—"here is Mrs.

Laurie, looking as if she had stepped out of a handbox, as usual. She ought to know, if anybody does, as Richard Laurie manages all Miss Armstrong's business."

Mrs. Laurie shook hands with the two ladies, sank into a chair, and loosened her handsome sable cape.

"We have stepped back into winter again," she remarked, with a slightly patronising air, "so I have brought out my furs. Your beautiful steel fender; like a mirror, Mrs. Smyth. I really should like my new parlour-maid to see it. She came to me from Miss Armstrong—"

"Ah, of course," cried Mrs. Smyth, "and surely Miss Armstrong is not breaking up her establishment, and going to Australia?"

"You have heard of that letter? Then there *can* be no breach of confidence in telling you that my brother-in-law admitted, when I asked him, that there was an Australian letter, but I could only gather that it came from a Mr. Charles Anderson. You know how provokingly reserved Richard is. No doubt you remember the Anderson family?"

Mrs. Laurie was a new-comer, not having lived in Clepstone more than twenty years or so, and when local topics were discussed she often felt herself at a disadvantage.

"Mr. Anderson's farm was within half a mile of my uncle's," put in Mrs. Norton, who always had a struggle for her fair share of conversation. "Such a nice young fellow—a little wild and extravagant perhaps, too fond of hunting and a good horse. Mr. Armstrong was very partial to him, and always said he was a good-hearted, well-meaning lad. He was constantly at the Rectory."

"Always at the Rectory?" cried Mrs. Laurie. "You may depend on it, then, that an old attachment for Mary is at the bottom of it."

"And that explains why she refused Mr. Gregory, for I'm certain as I can be of anything that he made her an offer within three months of his having the living. Isn't it wonderful?" continued Mrs. Smyth philosophically, "what can be passing under our very eyes, as it were, and yet we see nothing of it!"

"That certainly is the solution of the mystery," said Mrs. Laurie. "Richard would tell *me* nothing, of course; but my husband was fortunately in the room, and when he said, 'I hope poor Anderson is getting on rather better?' Richard told him that he was very prosperous, and had just made a lucky hit, selling some land."

"It speaks well for Charles that he should

remember Mary in his prosperity. I always thought him a very nice young man," said Mrs. Norton.

Just then sounds of loud sneezing and coughing, coming from the hall, announced Mr. Smyth's return, and both ladies rose at once.

the topic, apparently to Miss Laurie's annoyance, as she was saying petulantly:

"I cannot imagine why everybody should be gossiping about such an uninteresting



"Oh! stop, for mercy's sake, Richard!" cried Mrs. Laurie.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK after this conversation May—fickle coquette that she is!—was now all smiles and bright sunshine. It was Mrs. Laurie's "At Home" day—a function looked upon with disfavour by Clepstone people as savouring of innovation. It had been introduced by Mrs. Laurie's eldest daughter, who was considered to hold very advanced ideas. Her uncle Richard often joined these gatherings on Wednesday afternoons, and was always welcomed; not that he contributed much to the general conversation—he would have said that it was not necessary to do so—but his presence gave a certain piquancy to a ladies' party, and he made himself useful in handing bread and butter, at least. A tall man of forty or thereabout, with sleepy grey eyes and a brown beard partly hiding a humorous mouth.

The cheerful drawing-room was almost full when he came in, and talk was going on very briskly. Mary Armstrong, of course, was

love affair: a middle-aged woman, with her hair turning grey—for it *is*; and the dowdy way she used to dress was much more becoming, to *my* mind, than all those new clothes that she blossomed out in on Sunday! She evidently felt uncomfortable in them, for did you see how she blushed as she passed our pew? Just as if she were a girl of seventeen! Now, Uncle Dick, you must have noticed it?"

"My dear," said her uncle, "I was completely blinded by *your* brilliant toque. You must have ransacked the jeweller's, bird-fancier's, lace-maker's, silk-weaver's——"

"Oh! stop, for mercy's sake, Richard!" cried Mrs. Laurie, "and give Mrs. Smyth some cream."

"But Mary did look very charming, and it is quite right that she should pay some attention to her dress, and try to look as attractive as she can. She was so pretty when Charles Anderson went away twenty years ago," said Mrs. Cornett, the doctor's wife.

"With a crinoline and chignon, I suppose!" said Alice Laurie, tossing her head. "They

have not met yet, remember, and Mr. Anderson may change his mind when he sees her again."

"And Miss Armstrong may not think him improved," said Mrs. Smyth. "A great, broad-shouldered, burly colonist would look sadly out of place in her pretty rooms and refined surroundings."

"But he need not be rough and colonial," said Alice. "You know Melbourne is a splendid city——"

"Now, Miss Alice," interrupted Mrs. Smyth, "of course you are a very clever young lady, and have been to a grand London school, but some of us do know what to expect in an Australian, and I have not had a cousin settled there for thirty years for nothing! Such descriptions as there were in his letters! Drought and floods, and then floods and drought! Sheep dying off by hundreds, and poor fellows actually going mad from thirst and loneliness in the bush!"

"But Mr. Anderson has been living in Melbourne, Mrs. Smyth," persisted Alice, "and very likely he will be quite slim and well-dressed, and wear pince-nez! I long to see him."

"Well, well, our minds will be set at rest next week," remarked Mrs. Cornett, pacifically.

"Is Mr. Anderson expected in England, then?" inquired Richard Laurie.

"Oh, yes; why, we thought you knew. We hear he is coming by the *Amethyst*. Of course, he will lose no time in hastening to his lady-love, and will be here on Wednesday afternoon at the latest. Poor Mary! how excited she must feel; Charles Anderson was always a favourite, and if Mary does marry at last, I'm glad it will not be to a stranger; he often said to me what a jolly place the old Rectory was. It is fortunate that Mr. Gregory preferred the new house by the church, and left Mary to live on in peace with her flowers and books. I should hardly think it likely that Charles has become very corpulent, being so particularly fond of riding," concluded Mrs. Cornett. The very idea of such a calamity seemed to distress her. Richard Laurie suddenly discovered that Mrs. Norton was tealeaf and neglected, and went to the rescue.

Then Alice's voice was heard above the buzz of conversation.

"I'm afraid Mr. Anderson will find Miss Armstrong so frightfully behind the times, do you know. In Melbourne people are so advanced; and when he sees her poring over her musty, old-fashioned books, he will imagine himself back in the last century. Actually I found her reading one of the 'Essays of Elia' when I called last Friday! Fancy wasting time on such an antiquity,

when you can get such lovely up-to-date books! But she does not appreciate *them* an atom!"

Mr. Richard Laurie here took his leave, and was immediately himself the subject of discussion. Mrs. Smyth concluded that he was becoming a confirmed bachelor, and that it was just as well, with so many young nephews and nieces, that he should remain so.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CORNETT was really fond of Mary Armstrong, and was harassed to think that such a momentous question had to be settled without the advice of an older friend, so, with a certain shyness, for Miss Armstrong, with all her gentle manner, was a rather dignified lady—she turned her steps to the old Rectory, which was at the country end of the High Street. The hall door stood open, and Mrs. Cornett passed through, and tapped at the door of the room where Mary now spent so many lonely hours—half drawing-room, half study—long and low, with large bay windows, through which the afternoon sun was streaming, and glinting on the glass doors of the old bureau, as if pointing to the treasured china bowls and cups within. Mary was at her writing-table—yes, the notepaper was a foreign sheet! She rose with a pleased look of welcome.

"You are busy, dear," said Mrs. Cornett.

"Oh, my letter will not be finished for a day or two, I daresay," said Mary brightly. "It needs a great deal of consideration."

"To—Australia, Mary?" faltered Mrs. Cornett.

"Yes," returned Mary, with a surprised look. "You are tired, dear Mrs. Cornett: this heat has come so suddenly. Here is the tea. It will be so nice to have someone to chat with; I always feel more lonely at tea than at any other meal, 'the old, familiar faces' gone for ever! We used to say it was the pleasantest time in the day; and father came in so brightly with his little stories from the parish! Do you remember Mr. Charles Anderson, who left Clepstone some years ago? Oh! that tiresome Mr. Gregory: here he is, coming to scold me as usual, and I did so want to talk something over with you!"

"Good afternoon, Miss Armstrong," said the unwelcome visitor. "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Cornett? How you must enjoy this cool, charming room, such a contrast to the close garret chamber of your neighbour in the lane"—turning to Mary. "No amelioration of *her* lot, poor soul!"

"Now Dr. Cornett was telling me only this

morning that Miss Armstrong had sent in a beautiful easy-chair, with no end of cushions, and enough jelly to last her a week," cried Mrs. Cornett.

Mary was at the tea-table.

"You take cream, I think, Mr. Gregory?" she asked.

"Yes; and two lumps of sugar, if you please. But it is personal ministration, Miss Armstrong. Jelly may serve as a salve to the conscience, but I've found there is nothing like sitting in a sufferer's close and stifling room to clarify the mind, and help in the consideration of a perplexing and—er—momentous question."

"Then he has heard about Mr. Anderson's letter," thought Mrs. Cornett. But she said aloud, "Miss Armstrong is the very kindest person in the parish, Mr. Gregory: always the first to be appealed to in trouble."

"Indeed! I am delighted to hear it," was the answer. "And have you considered my proposition that you should put a window in the church to the memory of my lamented predecessor, Miss Armstrong?"

"Yes, I have thought about it carefully," said Mary, "but have not come to any decision yet."

Mr. Gregory looked annoyed.

"I prefer the plum cake, thank you—or is the sponge home-made? I am so restricted as to diet; my London physician recommends the greatest caution."

"Oh, yes; you explained all that to Dr. Cornett and me last Monday, you know," said Mrs. Cornett, vainly racking her brain to remember some invalid whom it was Mr. Gregory's bounden duty to visit then and there. But no: justice was done impartially to all the good things on the pretty tea-table, and the delicate china cup was filled and refilled in spite of her wicked hints about the awful dangers of tannin. At last, in desperation, Mrs. Cornett herself rose, and Mary, getting her hat and a large basket from the hall, proposed to walk with her as far as the almshouses. Mr. Gregory politely insisted on accompanying them, and, leaving Miss Armstrong at old John Green's door, escorted Mrs. Cornett to her own. The ladies exchanged meaning glances as they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

WEDNESDAY has come round again, and a very eager and excited group of ladies has met in Mrs. Laurie's drawing-room. Alice is speaking in a tone of triumph.

"Now, Mrs. Smyth, you confess that Melbourne can turn out a gentleman. Really Mr. Anderson might have sat for my imaginary word-portrait except that he wears

glasses instead of pince-nez. But he looks years younger than poor Miss Armstrong. I'm really sorry for the shock her appearance will give him. Uncle Dick said he had a business engagement at the old Rectory this morning, and was actually following Mr. Anderson, though he knew, like everybody else, of his arrival. I told him he would certainly be *de trop*, but he only laughed and said that he should like to make all Clepstone envious by having the first introduction, and that he would leave directly he found he was not wanted—which would happen in about three minutes, I should think. I made him promise to come in this afternoon, so we shall hear a little about the affair, at all events."

"Mr. Richard has had a great deal of business to settle with Miss Armstrong lately, hasn't he? I often see him turning in at her gate," remarked a lady who lived in the Rectory lane.

"Mr. Merridew leaves legal matters so much to him now. I should never be surprised to hear of his retirement from the firm in Richard's favour. He speaks most highly to my husband of his brother's acumen!" remarked Mrs. Laurie, who preferred a long word.

"How people alter! I should not have known Charles again. May I sit near the window, please?" gasped Mrs. Norton. "I feel almost faint with excitement!"

"But you don't suppose that everything will be settled in one interview, surely," said Alice scornfully. "I wouldn't snatch up the handkerchief as soon as it was dropped—though, of course, one can't be sure what a middle-aged person might do."

"I wouldn't venture to trouble you, I'm sure, Miss Laurie," said poor Mrs. Norton anxiously looking on the carpet.

"Oh, Alice alludes to an old Eastern story," laughed her mother.

"Mrs. Smyth," whispered Mrs. Norton, "here they are, all three—and Mary looks so happy, the darling! Oh! I hope he will be good to her. She is saying good-bye. Hush! 'We shall meet again on Saturday,' she says, and now she is coming in with Mr. Richard."

There was actually almost a silence in the room as they entered, Richard Laurie with his eyes at their sleepiest, and Mary Armstrong with a most becoming blush and pretty agitation.

"I never saw her look sweeter," whispered Mrs. Cornett to Mrs. Smyth. Even Mrs. Laurie was fluttered, and caught her sleeve in the sugar-tongs.

"Richard—I mean Mr. Laurie," began Mary, "has been telling me you are wondering who Mr. Grant can be, the gentleman we have been talking with. He is an architect

from London, and will make a plan of a little wing to be added to the almshouses. I must explain it to you. My dear father, it seems, was most generous to a Mr. Charles Anderson, who left Clepstone after his parents' death many years ago, and settled in Melbourne, and, sudden prosperity having come to him, the loan has just been returned. I have been very anxious to use this money as my father would have liked best, and after many consultations with—with Mr. Laurie, we have decided to enlarge the almshouses. I'm afraid you all think that I have not acted wisely," said Mary anxiously, turning to Mrs. Cornett and Mrs. Laurie.

"We are certainly rather surprised, Miss Armstrong," began Mrs. Laurie, with great dignity.

"Now, may I tell our secret, dear?" asked Richard.

Mary smiled in the happiest way. "I see it is guessed already," she said. "And I am never to feel lonely again, Mrs. Cornett."

"The Australian gentleman is at the front door again. He says, 'Could Miss Armstrong meet him for a few minutes at the almshouses?'" announced the smiling maid, and,

after hasty *adieu*, Richard and Mary hurried away.

"Well I never!" was Mrs. Smyth's first remark. Then she turned fiercely on poor Mrs. Norton. "It was *you*, Angelina, who started that ridiculous report about the *Amethyst*."

"Oh! my dear, no. I'm sure I never started anything! But you know how it amuses Edwin to look down the list of vessels expected to arrive, and he only *thought* the *Amethyst* would be a likely one for Mr. Charles to come in. My poor head is in such a whirl," moaned Mrs. Norton.

"Nobody had the presence of mind to congratulate our dear Mary, and I'm sure I'm as pleased as—as Punch!" cried Mrs. Cornett. "I shall go and meet her and Mr. Richard, and tell them both so."

"And I feel inclined never to speak to Richard again," said Mrs. Laurie hotly. "Such reticence is simply revolting." Then, after a moment's pause, and turning to her daughter, she continued, "As Richard will be far too much occupied with Miss Armstrong to remember the duties of hospitality, I shall ask your father, Alice, to invite that Mr. Grant to dine with us on Saturday."



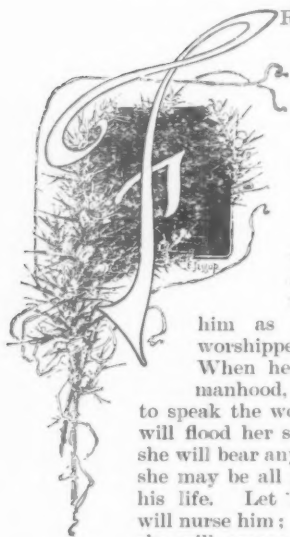
"It was you, Angelina, who started that ridiculous report."

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER

CHRIST'S DEALINGS WITH WOMANHOOD.

By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

PART THE FIRST.



FROM his cradle to his grave, man owes all to woman. She bears him in sore travail, nourishes him from her breast, cradles him in her arms, teaches him to walk, rejoices over his attempts to speak, worships him as no devotee ever worshipped his deity. When he grows to young manhood, she waits for him to speak the word of love which will flood her soul with ecstasy; she will bear any suffering if only she may be all to him and share his life. Let him be sick, she will nurse him; let him be weary, she will amuse him; let him be thwarted and hated by his fellows, she will take his side against the world. In death, she closes his eyes, performs the last sad offices, and follows him to the grave, though she be the only mourner.

But what a return man has made to her! Too often his plaything and his victim, not, as the Creator intended, his helpmate, comrade, and friend; the sharer of his hopes, fears, and aspirations; the good angel of his pilgrimage.

Take the verdict of the older religions, for instance. The condition of woman, in the judgment of the ancient religions, was little

better than that of a slave. If married, she was the property of her husband; if unmarried, she was his toy or slave, never his equal. The utter impurity of men reacted on the similar degradation of the other sex. St. Paul reflected the prevailing spirit of his age when he wrote the well-known verses with which the Epistle to the Romans opens. The state of things in Palestine was not much better. So low was the prevailing habit of men in their intercourse with women that to talk with a woman in public was one of the six things which a rabbi might not do. And herein there is a curious accidental analogy between Pharisaism and Buddhism, for in India a Buddhist priest is not only forbidden to look at or speak to a woman, but he may not hold out his hand to his own mother, even if she be drowning.

How greatly Christ has altered woman's status! The second Adam has placed the crown again on the head of Eve, not restoring her pristine innocence, but giving her, what is better, purity. Nothing is more characteristic of Christianity than the honour which it places on the weaker sex; and woman is blind and dull indeed if she does not yield to Christ her adoring gratitude that He has wrought for her as a true knight, delivering her from her enemies, and making her heart glad, not with the fading flowers of Paradise—a handful of which the rabbins say she plucked as she passed out of its closing gate—but with the immortal flowers of Heaven—Faith, Hope, and Love.

And this revolution was effected, not so much by our Lord's words about woman generally, as by His dealings with the particular women who gathered around Him in His earthly life, from the time when they bent over His cradle to the hour when they

wrapt Him in pure linen for His burying, and bent beneath the outspread hands of His parting benediction. He had dealings with women of every age, from the little maiden of twelve, whose pale cheeks flushed with health as He called her back to life with His awakening "*Talitha cumi*," to Peter's wife's mother, who, as soon as she felt the returning tide of life, arose and ministered unto Him. He had dealings with women of every rank, from the wife of Chuza, a great man at King Herod's court, to the poor widow, whose entire living was represented by two mites, which make a farthing; and of every kind of character, from Mary, the holy sister of Lazarus, who broke her alabaster box over His head, to the poor outcast, who broke hers on His feet, kissing them, and wiping them with her hair. He had dealings with women in every condition of distress and need, from her who was following her only son to his grave, to her who stood at His own grave weeping, her tears being suddenly transformed into joy, as at Cana the water into the ruddy wine.

In all His dealings, we are most arrested by our Lord's quick and true sensibility. There is a difference between sensitiveness and sensibility. By the former we are able to receive impressions, whether from nature or man, vividly, intensely, and retentively; but by the latter we do more: we allow those impressions to affect our behaviour and bearing towards others, so that we know before they speak what they are feeling, and instantly adapt ourselves to it.

This, it has been said, is the highest touch of beauty in character. It is this which charms us in a friend, that he can read the transient expression in our face, and modify himself to suit the feeling that we are ourselves but half-conscious of possessing; that he can be silent when we are disinclined for speech; that he can detect in a moment when we are hurt and suffering; that he will trust us still, even when our upper surface is hard and cold, because he discerns the love which burns in our heart. Such a one is always sought after in society, and becomes the centre of a group, because men know instinctively that he can understand and develop them, and bring out their nobler selves. They are at their best beneath the fascination of his presence, the charm of his personality.

It was this trait in Christ's character which gave Him His marvellous power, as man, over all with whom He came into contact. He always knew how to take them. In this way also, as well as divinely, He knew what was in man, and often answered the thoughts and questions which were glancing through their minds before they found

expression. He startled Nathanael by His accurate reading of his character, so that he cried out, "Whence knowest Thou me?" Before Him all men and women stood revealed, and He spoke not to what they seemed to be, but to what they really were. His enemies were often abashed by His disclosure of their antagonism, whilst the penitent realised with thankfulness that emotions had been recognised which he knew to be in his heart, though he never expected to be credited with them.

Such was the clue which determined Christ in His dealings with women. He knew how the woman felt when, as she entered Simon's house, she was met by a dead silence, whilst every eye followed her steps, and she was exposed to the withering scorn of those heartless Pharisees. He guessed the burning shame that crimsoned the woman's cheeks, who had been taken in an act of sin, whilst she stood ringed around by that shameless group of men, old and young, accusing her with many words. Even in His dying moments He realised what Mary was thinking of, asking herself how she could bear the awful solitude alone, and suggested that John should take His place, and bring her to his home. This was one secret of His mighty power. Women did not need to explain themselves to Him—He had searched and known them, more truly than they knew themselves.

This quick sensibility arose in part, and on the human side, from the complexity of our Lord's nature, combining as it did in its marvellous compass the masculine and feminine properties of human character—there was the strength of the one and the tenderness of the other. As man He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, but with womanly patience He endured the cross. With unflinching fortitude He met the attacks of His foes, with unutterable emotion He wept over Jerusalem. As the second man, to use the Apostle's phrase, He warred against and vanquished the dark powers which were leagued against our peace; but as the seed of the woman, to use the marvellous phrase of Genesis, as the Virgin's child, He was moved with compassion, and laid His healing touch on blind eyes or seared skin, much as a woman will do, be she mother or wife. There was so much of the woman in Him that He could read woman's heart with a glance that never erred or faltered.

He was thus able to call forth, appreciate, and give credit for the best of which men and women were capable. He never flattered, but always seized on the one point of character which shed its beauty over the whole. For instance, when Nathanael came to Him, He said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in

whom there is no guile," and when the centurion had given proof of conspicuous faith He cried, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." It was specially so in His dealings with women. When the thrill of contempt of the fallen woman passed from guest to guest, He recognised and held up to view her exquisite tenderness: "She loved much," "She hath not ceased to wash My feet with her tears." When the poor widow cast her two mites into the Treasury, He gave her full credit for the generosity of her donation—her all. When He was near, women grew pure, as though the spell of His personal purity had exorcised impurity for ever: they brought forth their alabaster boxes; they rose to heights of faith of which they had not dreamed themselves capable, as the Syrophenician mother did; they spake of living water, of spiritual mysteries, as the woman of Sychar did; and, regardless of themselves, they braved the Roman guards, to anoint His body, or to speed with the good tidings to His disciples, who mourned and wept. As the sun draws out the rarest perfumes from the flowers, so the presence of Christ seemed to awaken the depths of all hearts that could feel its spell and fascination. It was as when the morning beams first struck the statue of Memnon, eliciting music. Nor was it the transient response of mere emotion: whatsoever things are true, just, pure, and lovely were brought into prominence, never to recede again into the shadow of neglect, but to remain as the crowned peerage and nobility of the soul.

It is a worthy trait of growing Christ-likeness in ourselves when we are able thus to summon from their graves the nobler qualities and attributes of human character, which may, like Lazarus, have been too long confined to their graves, with heavy stones lying on the grave-mouth. Taking our impulse from Christ, we should continually set ourselves to discover and elicit the noblest and fairest traits in the men and women around us. Thus we shall gain more and more of His power to detect in those with whom we come into contact, beneath all that is evil and forbidding, the unalterable features of the Image of God, whilst we also in our turn are changed into that Image from glory to glory.

His Dealings with the Sinner.—There was an irresistible attraction in the person of Christ to the fallen. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him." This was so notorious that His enemies derived from it the epithet which they thought would stomp Him with eternal disgrace and infamy, but which has become His noblest title—"The Friend of Sinners." There was no suspicion of His personal purity; it was like

the purity of the snow which rests on some Alpine peak, standing aloft against the blue holiness of heaven. His was not the innocence of the untempted saint. He had been subjected to the most fiery solicitation of the evil one, but it had met with no inner response. He had passed through the miry paths of the world, but no smutch had darkened His robes. He had met and realised in battle the full force of evil, and knew it, not by yielding to, but by resisting, it; and because of the perfectness of His inward purity He attracted the impure with an infinite longing; was able to sympathise with the weakest and most wayward, and succeeded in breathing the breath of His own purity into each fevered and corrupt nature. This was the purport of His repeated exhortation, "Go, and sin no more."

There is a pseudo-purity, the imitation and mockery of the true, which repels the lost by its severity and scorn. Such was the boasted righteousness of the Pharisee. But the purity of the Saviour was accessible, tender, hopeful, and inspiring. In the words of the Apostle, "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy." Broken, disappointed, deceived hearts, in dismay and bewilderment, never turned to Him in vain. His was an infinite compassion for the ruined, an infinite gentleness for the fallen. It is hardly to be wondered at that men did not at once understand that, though there was attraction, there was no affinity; that there might be contiguity without congeniality, sympathy without similarity.

Recall for a moment the fallen woman in whose heart He kindled the fire of a vestal purity and around whom He flung the mantle of unsullied whiteness—"the woman that was a sinner." Her very name, at His suggestion and direction, is withheld!

"The hand that might have drawn aside
The veil, that from unloving sight
Her tender form avails to hide,
With tender care has wrapped it tight.

"He would not have the sullied name,
Once fondly spoken in a home,
A mark for strangers' righteous blame,
Branded through every age to come."

It was enough that she should be known as the woman who had had much forgiven and who loved much. Her sin had been gross, but her penitence was sincere and deep. See those tears pouring still from their unexhausted fountains over His feet! The very intensity of her nature, which may have accounted for her fall, now poured itself forth at the Redeemer's feet with the vehemence of an unquenchable affection. He understood it all, knew her self-loathing, her self-abasement, her agony of repentance,

her vows and resolves, her break with the past—that she had already stepped out into a new life, that she was already canopied by a Heaven of Purity and Love. It was this that made her so bold. Simon could not see it, but Jesus did. He might be respectable in his life, rigid in his morality, unquestionable in his orthodoxy; but he had no sense of sin, no love for God, no tenderness, pity, hope. Rigid as an iceberg, and as frigid. But the Lord knew that the woman had been saved by her faith, and told her so. Her sins had been forgiven, and of this her love was proof, and with High-Priestly right He assured her so. With the key of David He opened the door into the blessedness of the pure in heart, and when He opens none can shut.

"The woman taken in the very act." Across the marble pavement of the Temple courts, on which the morning sunlight was casting long shadows, they led her—with no pity on their hard, cynical faces, no sorrow for her sin, and intent only on "tempting Him." To them her sin was just an interesting specimen, a case for discussion, much what a malformation or excrescence, prepared and placed in spirits of wine, is to the surgeon or physician. They thought to impale the Nazarene on the horns of a dilemma and to compel Him to pose as a relentless censor, or as an opponent of the Mosaic law. What was it to them that the woman's face was scarlet with shame? But He felt it. They thought only of the sin, He of the sinner. The sense of her sin and their sin, her blushing shame and their shamelessness mastered Him. "He could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. . . . In His burning embarrassment and confusion He stooped down so as to hide His face, and began writing with his finger on the ground." So for the first time the woman saw the effect of her sin on an infinitely pure and holy man: as a man may see, as he passes, his own distorted features in a mirror. The sight was more appalling than all the thunders of Sinai, than all the stones which might have hurtled through the air to her destruction; and it was enough. In the meanwhile His assailants pestered Him with their cunningly devised question, and probably sneered at His silence, little weening that He was silent, not with the embarrassment caused by inability to reply, but by the confusion of face which overtook Him as He encountered their utter shamelessness. Then, lifting Himself up, He flung one terrific sentence into their midst: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"; and again He hid His face. Silence fell on the group, amid which conscience began to

work. First the oldest of her accusers, phylacteried and hoary, convinced of sin, withdrew back into the crowd, followed by the next, and the next, till all were gone, and the woman was left facing the Lord, alone, so far at least as her accusers were concerned, but still surrounded by the throng whom He had been addressing. Then He lifted up those awful yet tender eyes, and met hers. Ah! how great the change that had passed over her face! She had heard His challenge to her accusers, had realised that it was meant to help and succour her, had conceived fresh hope for herself, and was conscious of a warm rush of gratitude to Him, Who had dared to interpose on her behalf at the risk of losing His own influence with the people. From the expression of her face the old hard look was gone. Repentance, resolve, yearnings after a new and better life, the consciousness that she was trusted, love towards Himself, like shuttles, were hard at work, weaving a new habit for her soul. Jesus knew it all. She had seen her sin reflected in His shame and agony, had learnt to measure more accurately its full enormity and evil, had turned from it for ever. How could He condemn her? He had come not to judge or condemn, but to save. The stones of Sinai had failed to regenerate men, but the light of the glory of God upon His face and the purifying love that streamed from His heart, would do all that was needed to lift men and women from the dust to sit with princes, to transform the inner life and its outward expression, that where sin abounded grace might much more abound, that as sin had reigned unto death even so might grace reign unto eternal life.

The woman that came at noon to the well of Sychar. At noon, because she had no desire to face the averted looks of the women of her town, familiar with the story of her life. She came for water for the physical life; He gave her the water of eternal life. She came with a bucket; He opened up a spring that should rise to everlasting life. She drank to thirst again; He taught her never to thirst more. She took umbrage that He, a Jew, should ask for water; but He led her to want to hear nothing so much as the sound of His voice, as He searched the secrets of her past. She wanted to evade His solemn pleadings for purity and righteousness; but He compelled her to listen, until she became a transformed character and His eager evangelist. She thought only of the locality of worship; He taught her the spirituality of the Deity and the universality of His pitying love. Jew, a greater than Jacob, Prophet, Messiah!—such were the steps by which she climbed from the low level of her sensual

life to worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

These, probably, are only specimens of His dealings with many such; they are but "parts of His ways." And in the land of the pure-hearted, where there entereth nothing that defileth, it is certain we shall meet many whose past will be known only to Him, though we may guess that there has been something unusual in their redemption from their exceeding devotion as they cry, "He loveth us, and loosed us from our sins in His own blood."

His Dealings with the Sorrowful.—"When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." "When Jesus saw her weeping, . . . He groaned in His spirit, and was troubled. . . . Jesus wept." "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

What Mrs. Barrett Browning said, with her inimitable grace, to her husband must have been felt by multitudes of women as applied to Christ:

"A heavy heart, Beloved, have I borne
From year to year, until I saw Thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys."

In his earthly life Jesus met women who remembered a blessed past, which they thought was gone never to return, its circles for ever broken, its loves and fellowships for ever vanished, its dear embraces and caresses for ever impossible—such was the widow at Nain; women who had been involved in a coil of misrepresentation and misconstruction, from which they had found it hard to disentangle themselves—as, perhaps, His own mother; women who, because of some strange frowardness and awkwardness in their blood, could not realise their ideals or accomplish the work for which they felt themselves most fitted—as, perhaps, Mary Magdalene, out of whom He cast seven demons; women whose hearts were broken with the scorn, the pride, the selfishness of the world—as the woman that crept to kiss His feet. These are but a few of the types of woman's sorrow, the travail out of which she bears her sweetest, noblest gifts to the world. But to all our Lord had a message, to each He adapted Himself. When He came, He wiped tears from off all faces, and there was no more mourning, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. These first things passed away when He smiled; and as He sat among the broken-hearted, He said, "Behold, I make all things new: these words are faithful and true."

For some He broke into the gaol of the grave, and brought forth their beloved. Touching the bier with a hand that could not be defiled by corruption, arresting the

progress of the procession of mourners with the strange assurance that tears were out of place, and reuniting severed hearts, in anticipation of that coming time when those that sleep in Jesus will come with Him, and those that are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet them in the air, the bitter pain of severance forgotten in the rapture of a union that shall never know another parting.

For some He removed the mistakes which had beclouded their vision. They looked for one who should redeem Israel without stooping for a moment beneath the low portal of death, and whose princely soul should defy apparent misfortune and defeat. These mistakes He set Himself to correct. The mind of woman is largely intuitive: she leaps to her conclusions by the flash of thought, which further examination may compel her to abandon. With how many sorrows she thus pierces her heart! Things are not what they seem. Christ sets Himself to show that death is necessary, that death may die; separation "for a little while," that He may be with us "all the days"; loss, as the investment for eternal profit; a night of weeping, as the prelude of the morning of eternal joy. We hastily judge and misjudge; we leap at conclusions, which we must abandon; we find fault with love, because we love less, not more. Christ wipes away our tears by explaining that, whatever the appearances may have been, there was never a moment of unkindness, never one that did not brim with saving health. This is what women need most. They can bear any suffering, if only they are allowed to understand, or at least be furnished with sufficient proof that the Heart they trusted has not failed.

His Dealings with those of various Degrees of Faith.—He was very careful to educate the faith of the timid and immature, knowing that, if love is the wine of life, faith is at least the chalice that holds it.

There was, first, the woman who for twelve weary years had suffered many things of many physicians. She is generally quoted as the emblem of little faith. Wrongly, as I judge. If her faith had been as little as they say, she would not have been satisfied with a touch of the hem of His garment—she would have waited her opportunity to grasp its folds, to attract His notice, even to take His hand. She would have supposed that for need so great as hers He must give a considerable share of His attention and care. But she reasoned thus, "Of any other holy man it would be necessary to have much, but of Him it is necessary to have only a glance, the virtue which may be obtained by a touch. I do not need even



By William Hilton, R.A.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

to touch Him, for the garments which He wears must be so full of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, that to touch them will be to secure balm for my healing." One crumb from such a loaf is better than a granary full of flour from others; one drop from this river is equivalent to the river of another's help. Her faith was not little, but great, or she would never have been content with a touch. Still, it needed the education which Christ hastened to give. She believed in her heart, but, to give her perfect liberty, she must confess with her mouth, and so He stayed until she had told out all the truth. Did she feel it hard? If so, a glance into His eyes assured her that He loved her perfectly.

Next there was the woman of Syrophenicia. Her faith needed developing. At a glance Christ knew its quality would allow Him to put an unusual strain upon it. He viewed it with rare joy, because of the capacity He saw in it. A bar of iron becomes of incredible value when it is wrought into watch springs, but all iron is not capable of being put to such uses. If it is, it has passed through much, and will have to pass through more. Her faith needed two additions. She must understand that, as the Messiah, she had no claim upon Him. He forced her through a strait place of suffering to stand upon the cliff whence the entire horizon of His infinite greatness broke upon her, and she no longer thought of Him as Son of David, but as her Lord. Faith grows strong on knowledge; the wider and truer our conception of God, the larger and stronger our faith. She needed also for the perfecting of her faith to take a lower place. First, a truer conception of Christ, next, a truer conception of our infinite need and unworthiness, are the two wings on which faith makes her loftiest flight. As the pendulum had swung into the infinity of His power, it must now swing into the utterness of her need; so by His mention of the children's bread, He led her to confess that she was but a dog under the table, though even as such she dared to assert her claim to crumbs. Christ alone could have discerned the possibility of such a confession; He alone could have the tact and precision sufficient to lead the heathen mother to take up such a position.

The last of these cases is that of Martha. The eleventh chapter of John is as much the story of the development of Martha's faith as of the raising of Lazarus. The Lord must have the faith of someone, man or woman, as a pivot on which His power could work. Throughout His earthly life He always waited for this; without it He was (so to speak) paralysed, and could do no mighty works. But where could He find it at such a time? Mary was sitting still in the house. The Apostles were somewhat demoralised. "Let us also go," they had said, "that we may die with Him." The only soul that offered itself as possible was Martha's, and to her He turned. There was capacity in her for a faith that could receive its dead back to life; but it must be brought to that self-same thing.

"There shall be a resurrection for thy brother," the Master said.

"Yes; I suppose some day everyone will rise. But 't is a long while to wait."

"Nay, woman. Do not postpone the wonder-working power of God to the long future. Dare to believe that it is *here, now*. I AM the Resurrection. Let thy faith live in the present tense."

He left that seed to germinate in her soul, and then, at the grave, reminded her: "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

At first there was an appreciation of the difficulties of the case, and next an answering look in her eyes which told Him that her faith was equal to His challenge. Blessed was she that believed, for there was a performance of those things spoken by the Lord. According to her faith it was done unto her, and Lazarus came forth. But this also was hers, that as they unswathed the sheeted form of Lazarus, so the Lord had unbound her faith from ceremonies which had too long stayed its exercise. It was loosed and let go.

Amid the dark problems and mysteries of this mortal life Jesus is still bent on the same Divine purpose of quickening, expanding, and educating our faith. It is worth His while and ours.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.



TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.



(Photo: G. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.)

MRS. W. S. CAINE.

A BUSY WORKER.

THE wife of Mr. W. S. Caine, J.P., has earned a prominent place among women workers by her varied and energetic activities during a long series of years. A daughter of the late Hugh Stowell Brown, who held such a distinguished position in Liverpool as the popular and beloved minister of Myrtle Street Baptist Chapel, Mrs. Caine was early led to take a keen interest in Temperance work, an interest which was only intensified by her happy marriage. She was one of the earliest members of the British Women's Temperance Association, and has from the first been identified with the work of the Women's Total Abstinence Union. Mrs. Caine is a very pleasant and effective speaker, and has rendered great service not only on the platform but in an unceasing round of committee work. Her well-balanced judgment and intense desire to advance the Temperance movement impart a value to her efforts in this direction which cannot be over-estimated. Her labours among the poor of South London have given her a knowledge of the needs of the working classes, which she continually uses to good purpose in her public addresses. Poor folk and the suffering and sorrowing have no truer or more sympathetic friend than Mrs. Caine.

OPEN-AIR WORK.

The glorious summer weather with which June commenced gave a great impetus to open-air work. In the early days of the Temperance movement the advocates had of necessity to carry on the propaganda in the open air; very few mission halls or school-rooms were accessible to Thomas Whittaker and his comrades, so that the village green and market square were usually the places in which Temperance meetings were held. The modern fashion of ceasing work for the summer months is much to be lamented. Statistics show beyond question that the hot months of the year are the publican's harvest-time, so that the "live" Temperance worker can have little sympathy with the practice of abandoning the work in the summer. The open-air meeting is a capital means of recruiting folk who cannot be got at in any other way. Short, bright, brotherly speeches, hearty singing, and a few flags flying to attract passers-by are among the essentials for open-air work; a small table with a pledge-book should not be forgotten. "Strike the iron while it is hot" is a proverb which certainly holds good in open-air work. If a stirring speaker puts the case for total abstinence fairly and squarely, there are generally some folk in the crowd willing to give total abstinence a trial—people who, if not caught there and then, while in the mood, will never take the trouble to go round to the mission-room or schoolroom.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

The Hon. Conrad Dillon, Hon. Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, is making a special effort to lead the public not to put temptation in the way of our brave troops when they return from the front. Lord Roberts and many of the most distinguished officers are in cordial agreement with Mr. Dillon's movement. It is, of course, not intended for one moment to do anything to lessen the enthusiasm and heartiness of the national recognition of the soldiers' labours; the only desire being to protect the brave fellows from degrading themselves by the temptations to intemperance which thoughtless but well-meaning people may place in their way.

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER.

There are special reasons why every effort should be made to ensure that the ensuing

winter's work shall be thoroughly successful. The closing months of the old century and the opening months of the new century must be utilised to the full for gaining recruits. A pledge-signing crusade ought to be a definite feature of the work of every Temperance society this coming winter. In the country villages, equally with the great towns, an intelligent effort to increase the membership would surely result in some considerable additions to our ranks. It must not be forgotten that, although Parliament can do much to lessen the temptations to intemperance, the most effective weapon with which "to fight the drink" is still the old-fashioned pledge of total abstinence.

A FAMOUS COFFEE PALACE.

Newark-on-Trent rejoices in one of the most handsome and palatial coffee palaces in the kingdom, the famous Ossington Coffee Palace, which was erected at a cost of £25,000 and presented to the town by Viscountess Ossington. It is largely attended by carriers, visitors to the town, and many cyclists. There is abundant "accommodation for man and beast." In addition to a well-equipped restaurant, there are clubrooms, together with a spacious assembly hall, billiard-room, smoking-room, stabling, and a large yard for the accommodation of carriers' carts. The commanding situation of the premises may also be noted, as too frequently Temperance houses suffer from their being placed in the inaccessible and out-of-the-way quarters of a town. The cost of sites in prominent thoroughfares has, of course, to be borne in mind; at the same time, if counteractives to the public-house are to do the work expected of them, they ought, at any rate, to be placed in such positions as to attract the notice of those for whom they are expected to cater.

THE CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The practice of having Temperance sermons on a stated Sunday, while good in a way as a demonstration of united action, has its weak side, inasmuch as those "dear hearers" who have no desire to be influenced can stay away from service on Temperance Sunday. Preachers who, without any previous announcement, bring the claims of the Temperance movement before their congregations undoubtedly render very great service. An "unexpected Temperance sermon," if we may so express it, should occasionally be given. By such means there can be little doubt that many easy-going, good-natured people might be led to see the gravity of the drink problem. The apathy of the Christian public towards the fearful growth of intemperance would be shocking, did we not remember that it has its origin more in want of thought than want of heart.

TEMPERANCE BOOKSTALLS.

The circulation of literature does not receive nearly so much attention on the part of Temperance workers as it deserves. If every Temperance society had a bookstall at every one of its meetings, there can be no doubt that much good would result. In the hands of a capable, intelligent worker, the bookstall would readily earn a profit, which could be given to the society's general fund. Lady helpers willing to take a practical share in disseminating healthy reading might usefully consider this suggestion. Sometimes an evening's entertainment contributes very little Temperance information to the assembled audience; a well-supplied bookstall might be the means of putting before the thoughtful members of the audience the latest new periodicals and books bearing on the question, and so form an important factor in educating public opinion.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE OSSINGTON COFFEE PALACE, NEWARK.

WHEN THE SON OF MAN COMETH.

A Prophetical Note.* By the Rev. W. Preston, D.D., Vicar of Raskelfe.



O shall it be when the Son of Man cometh." Thus did our Lord prophetically declare the state of the world would be just prior to His return to earth. But to what does He refer? To the condition of mankind in the time of Noah before the Flood. "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." The sign of Noah is significant. The antediluvians paid no attention to the premonitory signs of the times. They were absorbed in their everyday concerns; engrossed by the things of sense and of time; "eating, drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." Not that these matters are in themselves sinful. The sin lay in being unduly taken up by what was lawful. They looked not beyond them or above them; the eternal interests of the future were not attended to; the warnings of the preacher of righteousness were not heeded. There existed "an evil heart of unbelief." The building of the ark was a speaking sign of a coming catastrophe, and of a nearing end of the Dispensation, but it made no impression. Doubtless the God-fearing Noah who affirmed that a flood would come, and pointed to the ark which he was constructing as a given sign that it was coming, and nearing too, was regarded as something of a fanatic, a false prophet, an over-righteous, weak-minded person. The response to his appeals was, "Let us eat and drink," and enjoy life while we can." Men were incredulous.

As they were then, so is it to be previous to the Second Coming. Matters around may indicate that the "end of all things is at hand," but men will be incredulous. Signs prophetically announced may be around, but multitudes will not heed them. Indications of various kinds that the great drama of this world is on the eve of being wound up may present themselves, but the majority will be indifferent. Our Saviour has predicted what will be. *Worldliness* characterised mankind just before the Flood. The like is to be prominent as the evening of the present Dispensation is setting, and the Sun of Righteousness is about to appear to "pled with all flesh by fire and by His sword." Is it not well that we should examine the state of the world as it was in Noah's time

from what is revealed about it in Scripture, so that we may be in a position to discern where we are at present from the characteristics of our own times? The old antediluvians were no rugged, untaught savages. Education, civilisation, and knowledge had made much progress. There existed a love of art and of music, with culture and luxury. But, withal, profligacy, immorality, and sensuousness extensively prevailed. The men of science, doubtless, scoffed at the idea of a universal flood, declaring it to be irrational and contrary to the laws of nature. If any uneasiness was at first felt by the preaching of Noah, it was evanescent. Men continued unconcerned to the very last.

Worldliness, selfishness, luxury, with scientific knowledge and the love of art, were marked features in "the days of Noe," and before the "fountains of the great deep were opened" and the remorseless Flood put an end to the world as it was. Have we not the like to-day, and that in a degree far in advance of any period during the last eighteen hundred years? It is a luxurious age, a boastful age; an age in which the majority see good alone in this present uncertain life, and give little, if any, thought to God or to the world beyond, toward which they travel. If warned of a coming flood of Divine wrath which will overtake all the ungodly, they are incredulous. If told that the day of the Lord will come "as a thief in the night," and unexpectedly will burst upon an apathetic world, they will not believe it. If pointed to the signs of the times, which are forcibly significant and bespeak that the "coming of the Lord draweth nigh," they wilfully shut their eyes to them. They like not to be disturbed in their worldly ease, or to think that they must leave a world which contains their all, and with which they are quite satisfied. Ah! so was it with the antediluvians. It is what was to be expected. It is such as has been foretold. In it all we have an additional sign of the times, a further intimation that this Dispensation is also nearing its end, and that soon, perchance sooner than many imagine, the lines of prophecy will have run out, and He Who is coming will come to be glorified in His waiting and believing people.

* The author is alone responsible for the above Prophetical Note.—Ed.]



A Fairy Parable. By Myra Hamilton, Author of "The Wonderful Purse,"
"The Strike of the Flowers," Etc.

ONCE upon a time, in a sunny land far away, there dwelt a magician who had a lovely daughter, whose name was Thyra. The old man was a student of white magic, and, therefore, he fully deserved the respect in which his neighbours held him, for he always used his knowledge to attain good ends or to create happiness. Sometimes he employed his learning to ease pain or to assist the needy and sorrowful; so that in the little town in which he lived his many deeds of kindness soon made him most beloved. His popularity was, no doubt, increased owing to the charms of his lovely daughter, who was as good as she was beautiful. Ever since her babyhood the neighbours watched her grow up with wonderment, and, after the death of her mother, she never lacked for kind friends.

Everybody admired Thyra's dark, almond-shaped eyes, her smooth white skin and her dear little mouth, while the abundant black hair, which she dressed to fall gracefully at each side of her head so as to hide the tips of her dainty ears, was the envy of many.

Now Thyra's ears gave her a great deal of trouble, and for this reason she was always anxious to keep them concealed beneath her tresses. Instead of being pale and delicate in their colouring, like the interior of a sea-

shell, their edges were generally hot and red, and directly the girl was among strangers she felt so ashamed of them that she could hardly raise her eyes. When she stood chattering to the maidens of the village, she was secretly bemoaning this drawback of hers, and though the ears belonging to her friends might be large and ill-shaped, she always yearned to possess them. Since she had taken to dress her hair so loosely, she knew, however, that this defect was less noticeable and she therefore felt happier about it. Occasionally she had spoken to her father upon the subject, but he had only laughed at her complaints and declared he did not wish it otherwise.

The general opinion among the people who dwelt near them was that this damsel would soon be wed; but though many suitors came forward with offers for her hand, they were all rejected. Thyra took a violent dislike to some; others, her father, though in the beginning pleased with their appearance, dismissed curtly after a long conversation with them, until all wondered what he meant to do. But at last came the rumour that the rich Duke, Ingeropadu, had become enamoured of Thyra's beauty and desired to marry her; and then everybody nodded their heads and sagely declared the old magician had been right to wait for so wealthy a son-in-law, and, no doubt, he felt very happy to think how soon his daughter would be comfortably settled for life.

At length the afternoon arrived when the prospective bridegroom was expected to visit the girl in her own home and make her acquaintance and that of her parent. For a long while Thyra, attired in her best clothes, sat by her father's side, mechanically doing her knitting and dreaming of the future. A considerable period had elapsed since either of them spoke, and there was no sound to disturb the stillness of the summer's day, until suddenly the girl caught her breath with a quick, short gasp.

"See, father, see!" she cried. "Yonder is the carriage that belongs to the Duke who wishes to wed me. Oh, what will he be like, I wonder?"

"What matters his face," he responded, "if his heart and brain are in their right places? Duke or no Duke, he must correctly answer the two questions I put to all who seek your hand, before he can hope to claim you as his bride."

The maiden's eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the advancing carriage, and as she gazed a vision of the wealth and jewels that would be hers should she become this man's wife rose before her. She was not discontented in her present surroundings, for she loved her father dearly, and was perfectly happy tending their little home and making him comfortable in it, but, nevertheless, she could not help thinking what a fine marriage this would be, and how envied she would be in the village when her betrothal was announced.

At last she roused herself, and, with a wistful sigh, picked up her knitting again and began to count the long row of stitches impatiently.

"Rich men are rarely clever men," she said sadly. "If this nobleman has a kind face, won't you alter your test, father, and make it easier for him? How can you expect him to succeed where so many others fail?"

But the old man shook his head.

"If he cannot satisfy me," he said firmly, "he is no fit husband for you; therefore he shall depart the way he came."

In a minute or two the dusty coach stopped before the little gate, and the magician hurried forward to open it and to greet the new-comer with all civility; while Thyra moved away to fetch some hospitable refreshment, which she presently offered to him.

The Duke gulped down the beverage in one draught, and then, glancing up at the giver, he uttered an exclamation of surprise at the sight of her wondrous beauty. But the maid stood before him, quite indifferent to the admiration he so openly expressed. Indeed, she hardly noted his face. For her thoughts were still occupied with his magnificent equipage and the many signs of wealth that

surrounded him. Rings glittered upon his fingers, the scabbard of his sword was set with precious stones, while his mantle, which was profusely trimmed with fur, was fashioned of costly velvet. With her hands clasped lightly together, Thyra listened to her father holding forth to Ingeropadu concerning the rules that all who sought her had to submit to.

The Duke frowned as he heard, for he did not care for Astrup's conditions. He was not clever, he knew, and he dreaded having to tax his brain to provide the knowledge he felt he lacked. With an impatient gesture, he bade the magician hurry.

"Acquaint me with the question I have to answer," he commanded, "and let me learn the other test. The sun will soon sink behind the valley, and then I must return, though whether alone or accompanied by this lovely maiden does not seem for me to decide."

Astrup softly approached Ingeropadu and laid his hand upon his arm.

"See yonder lizard sunning himself on that flat stone?" he whispered. "If you have the power to approach the little creature without startling him or making him run away in fear, it will prove that your heart is full of kindness and show that you have patience also."

Thyra held her breath in suspense. Here, surely, was a simple test, and, as she listened, she felt confident that so wise a man would know how to act.

But the Duke did not appear to be very sanguine himself.

"Tis nonsense," he cried angrily. "If the reptile sleeps, all the world may approach him; but, if he is awake, it is impossible to draw near. Look, he is dozing now; therefore, just to prove how silly your request is, I will not only go near, but I will lift him in my hand."

The old man nodded approval, and then stood softly chuckling to himself, while Thyra bent forward, her lips parted in eagerness, her bright eyes dancing with excitement.

With his head high in the air and one hand grasping the hilt of his sword, Ingeropadu advanced a few paces, but when he was quite close to the stone the lizard gave a frightened start and bolted away.

The Duke pursued him, and, drawing his weapon, he poked the blade in and out of the bushes, determined, in his anger, to kill the little creature that so wisely avoided him. With a cry of dismay, the girl darted after him, and would have thrown herself before his sword had not the Duke's hand been suddenly seized from behind and firmly held.

"Release me!" shouted the enraged nobleman, struggling violently to free himself. "Release me!"

But his captor refused to do so until Ingeropadu promised to sheathe his steel. When this was done, he turned haughtily round, for he felt somewhat curious to see who had dared to thus interfere with him. To his surprise, he found his antagonist to be a tall, boyish-looking youth, attired only in rags, while his bare feet showed signs of much weary toil along the dusty roads. But in spite of his poverty and the hungry look in his pinched cheeks, the lad carried himself bravely, and stared defiantly at the elder man; nor did he seem at all abashed by his splendour.

"Who are you?" Thyra asked breathlessly. "I have never seen you here before. What do you seek?"

"I am a maker of verses," was the proud reply; "and I wander about the land with my little instrument as my sole companion, rejoicing at the sunshine, the flowers, and the many beautiful things I see around me. Indeed, when I am not too hungry or tired, I sing from sheer happiness. But now I have come this way in search of a wife. I look for Thyra, the daughter of Astrup, the magician, for I hear her hand is only to be bestowed upon one who can prove he possesses a kind heart as well as wisdom. My heart is tender enough, I know, but I cannot speak for my head—though what matter that? Perhaps, when the lovely maiden saw my tatters, she would have naught to say to me, however great my learning might be."

Thyra laid her hand upon his arm and looked at him with pitiful eyes.

"Speak not so bitterly," she pleaded. "I am the magician's daughter, and thy poor raiment offends not mine eye. Should the Duke fail to win me, thou, too, shalt hear of the obstacles that stand in the way of my marriage. I like thy gentle manner, and as thou hast no sword with which to slay the helpless, thou art more than welcome within our peaceful garden."

When the Duke heard these words of courtesy, he ground his teeth and stamped upon the path, just like an ordinary mortal who has been vexed and has no drop of blue blood within his veins to help him to be dignified.

"Ask me the other question," he cried gruffly. "And then, if I do not succeed, I will begone. The maid has a sharp tongue in spite of her gentle beauty, but I fear it not. When she is my wife, I will break her spirit!"

As Thyra heard these words she shuddered to herself, and, somehow, the attraction of Ingeropadu's wealth did not appear as great as it had hitherto been.

"Tell us," said Astrup, "why my dear child should have two ears which, though

beautifully formed, are continually red at the tips. There is one reason for this which I know full well. Rack your brains, therefore, and try to solve the mystery."

But though the Duke pondered long and seriously, he could find no answer to it.

The great man opened his lips once, twice, three times, but still no words came. At last, with a supreme effort, he pulled himself together, and, removing his hat from his head, he made the damsel a sweeping bow.

"I have failed," he candidly admitted. "But though I am not worthy of your hand, your image will be graven on my heart for ever. Farewell! Farewell!"

As he let himself out of the little gate and jumped into his coach, the tears sprang into Thyra's eyes and dropped silently down on to the dusty soil at her feet. At last, unable to check her disappointment any longer, she burst into angry sobs, and, throwing herself on a garden seat, she rocked herself to and fro and refused to be comforted.

"You have sent him away, father," she wailed. "I shall never, never be married while you insist upon an answer to those silly questions."

And then the maker of verses approached, and, kneeling before her, he looked into her sad face.

"Lady," he said wistfully, "I am poor, and have only a very humble home to offer thee; but if it were otherwise, should I have a chance?"

The girl clasped her hands together.

"Thou!" she cried eagerly. "Ah, but why speak of it? Thou art not able to solve this mystery, I am sure. Canst thou guess why my ears should be so red?"

And then, as he gazed upwards, he smiled sweetly upon her.

"Because all know of thy beauty, and in marvelling words discuss it daily," he replied. "The admiration that is so openly expressed is the cause of so flattering a result. Dear heart, am I right? Thou alone shalt tell me."

When she confessed he was correct, she bent over his bowed head as though she would embrace him, but with a sudden recollection of what was to come, she rose to her feet and held out her hand.

"Thou hast succeeded so far where others have failed," she said. "But all is not won yet. See, the lizard is basking in the sun once more. Hast thou the power to approach him?"

Quietly he unstrung his guitar and struck a few plaintive notes on the instrument. Then, kneeling upon the ground, he commenced to sing. And the words of the little song that came from his lips told of the love he felt for the maiden—a love so tender and

true that it would teach her to forget his poverty; a love that would even be content to worship her, if she wished it, from a distance; a love that would be faithful unto death.

As the lizard heard, he slowly opened his eyes, and, instead of running away, remained quietly listening to the tale that was being unfolded. At the end of the second verse, however, he stirred restlessly, but, instead of retreating, he moved slowly forward, and, creeping up the leg of the youth, he found a way to his heart and nestled there.

Then, as the good magician smiled his assent, the young man looked into Thyra's face and spoke.

"Fair lady," he said. "See, even the lizard trusts me, although I am a stranger here. I have replied to thy two questions. Wilt thou hearken to one from me?"

But she knelt on the ground by his side, and sang to his accompaniment the rest of the song.

And thus, though no other words were spoken, the maker of verses received his answer.



T. R. MILLAR. 1800.

"Release me!" shouted the enraged nobleman.—p. 951.



FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

AUGUST 19TH.—Seed Growing. The Storm on the Lake.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark iv. 26-41.*



POINTS. 1. God's grace in the heart works secretly, but shows itself openly.

2. God's grace increases and produces great results.

3. "No need for fear when Christ is near."

ILLUSTRATIONS. A Root Rescued. Passing along the street

one day, a gardener passed a heap of rubbish, partly burned, thrown in the road. He noticed a root that seemed dead and withered, but he took it home, examined it, planted it and carefully tended it. It prospered and grew, till, after years of care, a majestic vine covered with clusters of grapes was the result. So can God's grace work in the heart even of one who seems dead in trespasses and sins. The apparently dead soul under the Gardener's care may become a fruitful vine. No human life is hopelessly lost while the love of God seeks the unsaved.

Possibilities. It was spring, and the ewes were bringing forth their lambs. One ewe had three, and the shepherd threw one into the hedge that there might be more milk for the other two. A poor woman employed at the farm begged to have the lamb to care for, and took it home, nursing it herself with milk from a bottle, and successfully reared it till it could eat grass for itself. She turned it out upon the common, and in due time it produced twins. By care she raised in a few years a whole flock of sheep from the single ewe, and eventually became a woman of means. "A little one shall become a thousand."

A clergyman from New York went to preach in a village. It was winter, and, a snowstorm coming on, only one little girl was present. He went through the service as carefully as if there had been many there. He preached to that little girl, and God gave him that soul, and he was never better repaid. To his knowledge that child, as she grew up, was the means of bringing at least twenty-five people to know and love their Saviour, including one of the preacher's own sons.

A Boy's Faith. A German botanist, travelling in Asiatic Turkey, saw a rare flower hanging from an inaccessible precipice. Desirous of possessing it, he offered first five shillings, then ten, then a sovereign, to a hesitating English lad in the

party, if he would be slung with a rope over the edge of the precipice and cut the plant. The boy hesitated for a minute, and then, struck with a new thought, said, "Wait a moment, and I will fetch my father to come and hold the rope; then I will willingly go down and get the flower." So if God our Father is our Friend, and Jesus Christ our Saviour is with us, all is well, and we need fear no evil.

AUGUST 26TH.—Two Miracles of Mercy.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark v. 21-43.*

POINTS. 1. The touch of faith by a woman in need.

2. The touch of power by Christ.

3. Christ must be confessed openly.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Unbelief the Worst Sin. A young man in deep distress of mind applied to Dr. Goodwin for consolation and advice. After he had laid before him the large and black list of sins that troubled his conscience, the Doctor reminded him that there was one blacker still which he had not named. "What can that be, sir?" he despondingly asked. "The sin," replied the Doctor, "I refer to is that of refusing to believe in Jesus as a Saviour." These simple words banished the anxious man's guilty fears.

"O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath
The more shall he receive."

God's Power Linked with Man's Weakness. General Newton worked for years and years before he succeeded in blowing up the rocks in the channel of the East River opposite New York, commonly known as "Hell Gate." He toiled on till he had made a cavern, filled it with explosives, and fixed the magical wire connecting the rock with the bank. Then, when all was ready, he took his little daughter Mary to the bank. She was only two years old, but acting upon his instructions she touched the wonderful button. Instantly there followed a mighty sound, the upheaval of rocks and water. Helplessness itself was the little maiden, but the power was through the father.

So with Jairus. His child was dying, and soon died. He was helpless. But he believed in the Saviour's power. His touch of faith moved the Saviour's power, and in an instant death was vanquished—the child lived. Man's weakness was linked with God's power. So too shall it be with the soul. God's power can raise a dead soul. Only believe. All things are possible to him that believes.

Christ to be Confessed. Among the many martyrs who suffered in Africa (A.D. 202) was a young mother named Perpetua. When she was apprehended, her father implored her to profess herself a heathen. "My father," she said, "if that vessel be a pitcher, can I call it by any other name?" "Certainly not," he answered. "Neither can I call myself by any other name than that of Christian." When she was placed at the bar, her old father suddenly appeared with her infant. "Spare the grey hairs of your parent," said the judge; "spare your child; offer sacrifice for the welfare of the Emperor." "I will not sacrifice to false gods; I am a Christian," was all she could reply. She was sentenced to death, and when her time came she was tossed and gored in the circus by a mad cow, and then despatched by a gladiator. But her boldness in confessing Christ before men has animated thousands of tender women and girls to do the same.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.—The Mission of the Twelve Apostles.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark vi. 1-13.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ's humility a cause of offence.
2. Christ's ministers sent to preach repentance.
3. The punishment of those who reject the Gospel.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Christ the Occasion of Discord.** There never lived anyone who has so deeply moved the hearts of men as Jesus Christ has done. He has changed the course of the world's history; His teachings are received by the foremost nations of the earth; millions of men call themselves by His name; for His sake men have lived as none others were able or willing to live, and for His sake they have died as none others could or would have died.

But in proportion to the veneration, faith, and love with which Christ is regarded by multitudes is the unbelief, contempt, and hatred which others display towards Him. To this day the Jew curses that name, and the infidel brands it as the name of an impostor. Do we regard Christ as worthy of our warmest love? There are those who regard Him with a passionate hate. The same Jesus, the same Gospel, is a saviour of life to some, and of death to others.

American Missions. An American boy was dedicated by his mother from his birth to go out as a missionary to heathen lands. When he became a student, his own mind turned to the same desire. He and some fellow-students used to hold a prayer-meeting in a wood. A thunder-storm one day drove them to take shelter under a hay-rick. There amid the storm the question of missions was discussed. Prayer for guidance was offered up while the dark clouds were passing away and the clear sky breaking out after the storm. The result of that open-air prayer-meeting was the formation of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Five assembled at its first meeting, and seven at its second. Thousands now gather at its annual meetings; its missions reach all over the globe; it has sent out more than twelve hundred missionaries; it has upwards of 50,000 converts from heathenism; it has nearly 400 schools, in which 10,000 children are being taught the Christian faith. The twelve Apostles

sent out by Christ have had wonderful imitators. Well may we say, "See what God has wrought!"

Rejecting Christ. I stood in the street one day listening to a young preacher. He was very much in earnest, and spoke in burning words of the danger of rejecting Christ. He told the story of his own life, how he had been careless and godless, turning a deaf ear to the warnings of conscience and going in the ways of the wicked. Then he told of his conversion, brought about by the prayers and example of a godly sister. As he spoke some mocked, and some laughed at the idea of so young a man turning a saint and a preacher. He quietly opened his Bible and read these words: "He that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me."

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—The Death of John the Baptist.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark vi. 14-30.*

- POINTS. 1. Conscience makes cowards of us all.
2. The folly of making hasty vows.
3. If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **The Memory of Conscience.** The death of Charles IX. of France was a terrible one. He had authorised the massacre of the Huguenots on the fearful night of St. Bartholomew, and was haunted by its horrors during his dying moments. "I know not how it is," he said to his surgeon, "but for the last few days I feel as if in a fever. My mind and body are both disturbed. Every moment, whether I am asleep or awake, visions of murdered corpses, covered with blood and hideous to the sight, haunt me. Oh! I wish I had spared the innocent and the imbecile!" He died two years after the massacre, and to the last moment the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew were present without ceasing to his mind. (Smiles' "Duty.")

Boldness in Preaching. When we lay the axe to the root of the tree, as John the Baptist did to Herod, when we hew off men's very members, when we snatch them like brands out of the fire, when we make them see their faces in the law of liberty, the face of a guilty conscience, there will be need of much boldness. A surgeon who has to search for a wound and to cut off a mortified limb must not be faint-hearted or bring a trembling hand to do so great a work. John, the simple prophet in uncouth dress, had to preach to a great king who was living in sin. He spake no smooth things, poured forth no honeyed words; but at once rebuked the sin, and then patiently suffered for the truth's sake.

Suffering for the Truth. In the early days of Christianity, when many martyrs laid down their lives for Christ's sake, a great man named Adrianus, seeing them suffer grievous things in the cause of Christ, asked the question, "What is it which enables them to bear such terrible sufferings?" Then he was told of the "inward" counterbalancing the "outward." He was told of the "inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for those "who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." And thus was Adrianus won, not only to conversion, but to martyrdom also, for he manfully laid down his life for Christ.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Courage and Prayer.

A DRIVER in the Artillery thus wrote in a letter from South Africa. "We have got some brave men in the British Army, but I saw more than one kneel down and say his prayers that night"—before the Modder River fight. This is a curious opinion as to the incompatibility of praying and being brave. Has the writer of these words never heard of Lord Lawrence, who feared man so little because he feared God so much? Marshal Montluc, of the French army, acknowledged that he had been often overcome with fear in battle, but recovered his self-possession after prayer. During the American Civil War a man in the Army of the Potomac was asked if he had ever prayed. He replied, "I believe that every man of us did when we went into action."

"May your Shadow never Grow Less."

THIS Oriental salutation is capable of more than one interpretation. Two sinister fulfilments threatened a man whose surname, bequeathed to him by his father with other and less enduring legacies, was lost in the sobriquet of "Drunken Jim." His shadow certainly grew shorter, for his knees bent, his shoulders slouched, and his head poked, as his spirit to look the world in the face gradually melted away. Again and again, more often for the sake of his family than for his own, a friendly hand was stretched out to raise him up. "It breaks my heart to see them dear children starving," a compassionate neighbour and a strong Temperance man said as an argument for spending time and money in the desperate attempt to save "Drunken Jim" from himself. The object of his care was not wholly inappreciative; but he had lost faith in himself, his wife had lost hope, and his children had lost love for him. Husband and wife listened incredulously to the assurance that they might lay hold on the power of God. Jim did sign the pledge once, he said; and for a good long while he kept it, and got on well with a coster's barrow. But he had to deliver something at a brewery. The atmosphere was full of drink, and a glass of ale was pressed upon him. Farewell from that moment of temporary

enjoyment to the resolution of turning over a new leaf! Jim's shadow on his own wretched doorway soon grew thinner as well as shorter, for he gradually sank into a nameless grave. But he left behind him a shadow that seemed as though it would never grow less. It fell on his children, whose pasty faces and spiritless manner were the evidence of past starvation, and it blighted their prospects in life. That one glass of ale had disastrous results. Before offering intoxicating drink to strangers, careless, good-natured persons would do well to consider St. Paul's



JIM'S SHADOW.

admonition: "that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

The Most Interesting Church in the Kingdom.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that no place of worship in all the kingdom can claim anything like the strange history which has attached itself to the famous Cathedral of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, or the Parish Church, as it

the ordinary Church service was carried on, whilst in the other John Knox thundered forth his anathemas against the worship then being celebrated at the other side of the partition. As there was still plenty of room to spare in the old church, a portion of it was next set aside for use as a grammar school, and here on week-days the youth of Edinburgh gathered to be taught. Then the town clerk of Edinburgh, not having enough space at his disposal in the buildings assigned to him by the Corporation for



ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, FROM THE WEST.

(Photo: A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.)

is called. The vicissitudes this church has gone through are simply incredible, did they not rest upon the surest recorded evidence. As a place of history and historical associations second to none in Scotland, St. Giles' Church must ever be interesting; for, to mention only one of many such events connected with it, was it not here that Jenny Geddes, of famous memory, threw her stool at the head of the minister who first tried to introduce the Liturgy of the Church of England into Scotland by the King's command? But it is not of the historic side of the celebrated church's story that we wish to speak here so much as of its various changes as a useful place during the troublous period of our ecclesiastical history, when it was considered that the parish church was the fittest place for any mortal thing that it was likely to do for at all. After the Reformation, St. Giles' Church was divided into two parts by a partition, and was made to form two kirks, in one of which

his use, took another part of this church, and turned it into a special office for himself. No wonder, therefore, that, as the police-courts in the town were not so big as were needed for the work of the guardians of the peace, criminals began to be brought into St. Giles' Church, and kept there till they had been tried, instead of being lodged in a regular gaol. As the citizens saw their church used for almost every municipal purpose possible, it cannot be the cause of astonishment that, later on, a master weaver, wanting more room to carry on the manufacture of cloth, obtained leave to set up some of his plant in the sacred place of worship where so many other trades were being managed! And he did so, making the old church to echo with the rattle of the looms day by day. Surely, however, St. Giles' Church reached its lowest pitch of degradation when the national executioner, as we are told, thought it was the best and most convenient place for keeping the gallows, and so here was brought that dread

symbol of the majesty of the law, and from here it was fetched to the exterior of the edifice when any son of Scotland had to be executed for his crimes. The population of Edinburgh seems at last, however, after many years, to have been struck with the idea that, after all, the uses to which their parish church was being put could hardly be considered to add to its



INDIAN PYGMIES.

dignity or sanctity, so they determined to have a change. They cleared out most of the infringers, and, as more churches were needed for the city, they divided St. Giles' into four churches—one in the choir, one in the middle part, one in the south-west, and one in the north-west. And, at the same time, one long aisle was kept for public meetings, and the space under the tower was set up as a regular police-office! As service occasionally went on in more than one of these churches at one and the same time, the result can be well imagined. It is scarcely credible that this state of affairs lasted till 1832, and then the police-office was removed, and three churches were made instead of four. In 1867, however, after so many long years, it seems to have dawned upon the authorities that even three churches in one were not all exactly what they ought to be, and so at last St. Giles' Church was made one church again, as it was intended to be at its first erection. And so it has remained ever since. But what an extraordinary history this famous pile has had!

Pygmies in Mind and Body.

Two thousand years have passed since the traveller Ctesias brought home a tale of his encounter with some gnome-like inhabitants of the rocky fastnesses of India. According to this ancient Gulliver, the power of growth denied to their limbs was concentrated in their hair and

beards. Their minds were well-developed, and in battle they could withstand warlike neighbours twice their own size. Their cattle were dwarfed in proportion to themselves. This was highly convenient for the pygmy milkmaids. It was also, no doubt, convenient for Ctesias that there was no contemporary to challenge his stories. Fiction and imagination have peopled the forest glades with pyxies and brownies; but what have these myths to do with a matter-of-fact world? After sifting travellers' tales from their romance, a certain proportion of reality remains. Some particulars of a remnant of a pygmy tribe in the Nilgiri Hills, South India, have been obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Wapshare, a gentleman who has an estate near to their haunts. Quaint, diminutive figures, decked out in their best and carrying grand umbrellas, may be sometimes seen on Sundays marching to the

Gudalur Bazaar. But their home is in the jungle and roots are their staple food, so their marketing is of a rare and simple character. They eke out a living by selling honey and wax, or bartering them for grain or old clothes. Occasionally they cultivate patches of ground in a valley, or even hire themselves out for a little light work, but they are unsatisfactory labourers. These people are generally regarded as a branch of the Kurumber tribe, but they call themselves Naikers. About twenty years ago a traveller, Dr. Jager, stayed with Mr. Wapshare, and with his help took the measurements of one or two who could be induced to submit. He remarked that they were smaller than the smallest Andermans he had ever met. During the past year (1899), Mr. Wapshare gave a kind invitation to the Headman of the Naikers to pay him a visit. The little chief, who bears the name of Mara, is great among his people, and he was quite disposed to stand on his dignity when he discovered that his age, his height, his weight, and his portrait were wanted. His age was about fifty-eight; his weight, eighty-four pounds; his

height, four feet five inches. With a great deal of trouble, these particulars were obtained; but nothing would persuade him to allow his portrait to be taken. A photographic camera always alarms the uninitiated, but Mara declined even to be sketched. He could not rise superior to the superstitious fears of his tribe, who believe that death will follow surely and swiftly on their having their likeness taken. We have, however, secured the accompanying photograph of three members of the tribe from Mr. Penn, of Ootacamund. The superstition of neighbouring tribes is the pygmies' great protection. Their taller brethren credit them with powers of witchcraft, and dislike as much as they fear them. Whilst these dwarfs are regarded as interesting scientific curiosities, the fact is not often recognised that they are waiting for the knowledge that will transform their stunted bodies into temples of the living God.

Foolhardiness v. Bravery.

"HE has fallen! He has fallen! Help, help!" The startling cry rang shrilly over the quiet hill, where a moment before everything had been so peaceful and calm. It was a shepherd who shouted, and he had been walking along the cliff and driving his small flock of sheep home to the fold. The path he took was safe enough on the slope of the grassy downs, but quite close yawned the rocky precipice of the cliff, and below foamed the ever-restless sea. It was a striking contrast. The young man of whom the shepherd shouted had been some distance ahead, and the shepherd had watched him pausing on the edge of the cliff and looking down. Then the shepherd had warned him, but the man had walked a few steps forward and looked down again, as though minutely examining the face of the cliff to ascertain the best method of descent. Presently he deliberately let himself down, as though he were slowly finding a foothold on the rocky projections of the precipice. Soon the shepherd reached the spot, and with a strange fascination he bent over the cliff and watched the young man's descent. Here and there on the face of the cliff the foolhardy climber searched and scrambled, but below him the rock receded for a space, and above him it overhung. He put out his foot, as if by any chance he might stretch down to the next ledge. Then he lost his hold and fell, and there rang out the startling cry for help from the shepherd. The cry reached the windmill

near, and the miller was soon on the spot with a rope. Far below the two men could see the motionless figure lying dark in the white surf of the sea. "I will go down," said the brave shepherd, "if you will twist the rope round that stone and hold it; my dog will keep the sheep together." There was a stone near by cropping up above the turf, something like a rough, low post. To this stone one end of the rope was bound, and the shepherd, fastening the other end about his body, quickly let himself down the precipice, the miller guiding and assisting him from above. The brave attempt at rescue was successful. In time the two men brought the sufferer to the top, and found him in a shocking state, gashed and bleeding, but still living. With care and attention he ultimately recovered, though the doctor said it was as by a miracle. "And it was all through his foolish recklessness," adds the shepherd when he tells the tale. "He'd been up and down so many mountains so often, that he thought he could do anything; but, ye see, he couldn't." Well, is it not the same in life and in conduct? Successful effort often causes prudence and discretion to be thrown to the winds, and foolhardiness takes the place of bravery. This is one of the lessons we all ought to learn—namely,



"The path he took was safe enough."

to discriminate between the two, and to rule our conduct accordingly. Otherwise, in one brief moment, a rash and foolish act may suddenly transform our life from comparative peace and calmness to a terrible tragedy.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from June 1st, 1900, up to and including June 30th, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

OUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

EIGHTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	267	7	11
Friends, Hutton Rudy	0	15	0
Anon.	0	1	0
Per F. Tomlinson, Ulleskeif	0	5	0
L. S. and A. C. Lochee	0	13	0
Per Bessie Bennett, St. Cleer	0	6	0
Miss Cust, Bridlington Quay	0	10	0
Per B. R., Windermere	0	10	0
G. Pritchard, Chatham	0	15	2
M. Gray	0	1	0
S. Holdich	0	5	0
A. Thomas, Princes Risboro'	0	2	6

£271 11 7

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: A Glasgow Mother (121st donation), 1s.; J. McE. (15th donation), 1s.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: An Irish Girl, 12s. 6d.; "Devonian" 5s. 5d. The following amount has been sent direct: A. W. C., 2s. 6d.

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: S. Holdich, 5s.; A. Bishop, 2s. 6d.

For The Indian Famine Fund: J. S., 5s.; A Constant Reader, Brighton, 7s.; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; G. W. E., 2s. 6d.

For The London Missionary Society: G. E. F., 4s.

For The Armenian Relief Fund: G. W. E., 2s. 6d.

Correction.

We regret that the name of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., was mistakenly placed under the drawing on page 792, instead of that of the actual artist, his brother, Mr. C. W. Wyllie.

THE QUIVER WAIFS' FUND.

Dr. Balance Sheet for the year ending June 30th, 1900.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, June 30th, 1899	26	7	11	By Cash paid to Dr. Barnardo	16 0 0
Subscriptions received and acknowledged in the pages of THE QUIVER since last Balance Sheet	18	14	0	Do. Miss Sharman	15 0 0
		<u>£45 1 11</u>			Balance in hand	<u>14 1 11</u>
							<u>£45 1 11</u>

THE QUIVER SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

Dr. Balance Sheet for the year ending June 30th, 1900.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions received and acknowledged in the pages of THE QUIVER	271	11	7	By Amount handed over to the Mansion House Fund	250	0 0
		<u>£271 11 7</u>			Balance in hand	<u>21 11 7</u>
							<u>£271 11 7</u>

THE QUIVER CHRISTMAS STOCKING FUND.

Dr. Balance brought from last Balance Sheet

£ 1 7 0 Carried forward to next distribution

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

100. To what does our blessed Lord liken the growth of grace in the heart of man?

110. From what parable do we learn not to despise the smallest effort of growth in grace?

111. What do we learn from the action of Jesus in stilling the tempest on the Sea of Galilee?

112. From what do we learn that our Lord wore on His garment the fringe which, according to the law of Moses, the Jews had to wear?

113. On what three occasions were the Apostles St. Peter, St. James, and St. John alone permitted to be with Jesus?

114. What Jewish custom is referred to in connection with the raising of Jairus' daughter?

115. What was the cause of our Lord's rejection by His own countrymen in Galilee?

116. St. James, in his Epistle, speaks of "anointing with oil" those that were sick. When was this done by the Apostles?

117. What condemnation did our Lord pass upon those who refused to listen to the message of the Gospel? Quote a passage.

118. In what way did St. John the Baptist die?

119. Quote a passage in which we are warned against making rash vows.

120. What lesson do we learn from the conduct of St. John the Baptist?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 864.

97. Because it was the Sabbath day, which terminated at sunset, after which the sick might be carried to where Jesus was (St. Mark i. 29-33).

98. St. Mark i. 35.

99. That, though Jesus healed the man, He ordered him to go to the priest and offer the usual thankoffering (St. Mark i. 40-44; Lev. xiv. 3, 4, 10).

100. At the house of St. Peter (St. Mark ii. 1; St. Matt. viii. 14).

101. The power on earth to forgive sins (St. Mark ii. 10).

102. To call sinners to repentance (St. Mark ii. 17; St. Matt. xviii. 11; St. Luke xix. 10).

103. That works of necessity and mercy may be carried out on the Sabbath (St. Mark ii. 23-28; St. Matt. xii. 5).

104. The "shewbread" consisted of twelve loaves, specially prepared, which were placed every Sabbath morning upon a table in the Holy Place and after remaining one week were eaten in the Holy Place by Aaron and his sons (St. Mark ii. 26; Lev. xxiv. 5-9).

105. Those who were possessed by unclean spirits fell down before Jesus and cried out, "Thou art the Son of God" (St. Mark iii. 11).

106. Doing the will of God (St. Mark iii. 35; St. John xv. 14).

107. To St. James and St. John, the sons of Zebedee (St. Mark iii. 17).

108. Indifference to God's word (St. Mark iv. 15).

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(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.)

"GIN A BODY KISS A BODY."

BY MAUDE GOODMAN.

NATIVE PASTORS.

A REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO-DAY.

By F. M. Holmes.



(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

ENOKA.

(Evangelist-leacon of the Kwato Church, New Guinea.)

POINTING out of the church window, the speaker said:

"Outside there, in the harbour, men have been diving. What for? They have been diving for all kinds of precious things. But while they are below others at

the top are doing some very important work. They are pumping air down below, so that the men there can continue their labours. The men below could not do their work without the men above."

Then turning to his comrades, who, with him, were going to New Guinea, he declared:

"We are like those divers. We are going to the unknown depths of New Guinea heathenism. We are not seeking for gold, or for pearls, but for men's souls. But what are

you people in Samoa going to do? You are like the men on the top, and while we are working yonder in New Guinea you are to be working here in Samoa by supplying us with the air by which we are to live. We want you to hold us up



(Photo: Sun Lun, Hong Kong.)

THE REV. WONG-YUK-CHO.

(A Native Pastor of the London Missionary Society at Hong Kong.)

in your prayers, so that we may live in an atmosphere of prayer, so that by breathing and living in a spirit of prayer we may be strong in our work."

Who was this speaker? A European missionary, you will say; an Englishman probably, who was addressing an audience of sympathetic white folk before starting on some new enterprise.

Not so. The speaker was one of the native pastors from the London Missionary Society's Institute at Malua, and he was delivering a valedictory address before departing with others as a missionary to New Guinea.

The incident is significant. It strikingly illustrates a remarkable feature, which is becoming increasingly apparent in the life of the world to-day. We mean the development of a large army



(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

THE REV. DAVID SYKMU.

(A Native Indian Pastor, London Missionary Society.)

of native Christian pastors and teachers, acting not only as ministers in their own country, but also in some cases going forth as missionaries to other lands. One of the more prominent objects, indeed, to which European and American missionaries seem now to be devoting their efforts is the training of native pastors. The idea seems to be increasingly realised that, if the various countries are to be fully evangelised, the work must be accomplished by the natives themselves. Hence the growing attention which is bestowed on the subject.

In the South Seas the policy has been

a short time back, and before resuming work in New Guinea he gave some interesting particulars of the native teachers and pastors and their work. We may therefore glance first at them.

"In every island of the South Seas," said Mr. Hunt, "where the Gospel has penetrated, the apostolic spirit has been manifest; that is, the man has desired to preach and teach others. Our policy is to try and encourage young men to offer themselves for training as teachers. We have different grades, ranging from catechists and evangelists up to the fully ordained minister, who has passed through a full theological curriculum



(From Photo: supplied by the Baptist Missionary Society.)

SOME BAPTIST ASSISTANT MISSIONARIES IN BENGAL.

developed by the London Missionary Society to a remarkable extent. Thus in twenty years the Society's churches in that region alone have sent out, in round numbers, no fewer than 250 native pastors or teachers as missionaries to New Guinea and other islands; and the work that the Society has accomplished could not—one of its English missionaries admitted—have been accomplished but for the "splendid help" rendered by the native teachers.

This gentleman, the Rev. A. E. Hunt, was stationed for some years in the South Seas, and is well acquainted with the whole subject. He was in London

and through higher grade schools. Such are to be found in the London Missionary Society's Institute at Samoa, and the Wesleyans have a similar institute at Tonga, Fiji. Still further, we often send a native Christian who has knowledge of the Gospel story, and has given evidence of a changed life, to take temporary charge of a village."

There are many striking stories of the heroism displayed by the native teachers. One such is told of Maanaima, who was trained at the Malua Institute, Samoa. He offered for service in New Guinea, and was accepted. His father was an honoured pastor for thirty years,



(Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

NATIVE PREACHERS IN THE ELORE DISTRICT,
SOUTH INDIA.

and three of his brothers were also in the ministry.

Well, he went to New Guinea, and six months later the missionaries were seated in committee at Apia, when, opening one of the letters which had been brought them, they were shocked by the startling news: "Maanaima is dead!"

The news was broken to one of his brothers, who, in turn, told the family. After consulting together, they sent a message to say that they still wished to have a representative in New Guinea, and another brother offered to go in place of the dead man. Eventually the news came that the first report was untrue—it was Maanaima's wife who had unhappily died of fever—but the determination to fill up the vacant place was the same.

Women also manifest a similar heroism. A teacher named Enari died at his post, but his wife would not return to her own country. Eighteen months afterwards she told one of the English

missionaries that when her husband died she could not, she dare not, go back. She was, she said, only a widow, but she begged to be appointed to a village where, to use her own words, she might do a little work among women and children.

And how do these native pastors preach? In the older stations they follow something of the older English method. They have the orthodox introduction; the firstly, secondly, thirdly, and the application. But a striking feature is their faculty of illustration, which is often very rhetorical. The valedictory address already quoted shows how they will utilise the ordinary things of life in their addresses. Samoan teachers, declared Mr. Hunt, are born orators. They make really brilliant speeches, and some of them are very poetical and very fluent.



(Photo: Johannes and Co., Mandalay.)

THE REV. DR. MARKS AND THE REV. JOHN TSAN BAW.
(The latter was the first ordained Native Clergyman of the Church of England in Burmah.)

Some are ordained ministers, like Congregational ministers in England; and in Samoa the pastors are entirely supported by the free-will offerings of the people. In every village of Samoa there is a native church, a native pastor, and a native day- and Sunday-school. The churches are built, the pastors supported, and the schools maintained without one penny of present cost to the London Missionary Society. The English missionary, in conjunction with the native pastors, recommend a minister to the church, which has power to accept or reject. The principle throughout is to teach the natives to accomplish all religious work for themselves.

But the employment of native agency is being emphasised in all mission fields. The same spirit which animates the Samoan teacher inspires the New Guinea native evangelist, such as Enoka, evangelist-deacon of the Kwato church; the Indian pastor, such as David Sykmu, in

or no religion, are all being trained on much the same principles, and in pursuance of much the same policy. Altogether, the London Missionary Society have about 4,000 native agents, as compared with 300 European missionaries. These figures show how actively the Society is developing this branch of its work.

In a similar manner the Church Missionary Society has nearly 400 native and Eurasian clergy, with over 6,000 native lay teachers, as compared with 1,153 European workers, of whom 600 are ladies. In the Society's Fukien Mission, China, which has seen several reverses, and at one time seemed likely to be abandoned, a number of native clergy have now been ordained, and a photograph of several was taken, with Archdeacon Wolfe (who has done so much for the mission), in the centre (*see* page 967). These clergymen are not ordained without preparation, and most of the



(From Photo: supplied by the London Missionary Society.)

THE REV. TARA DATT AND FAMILY.

(The London Missionary Society's native pastor, Begowar Almora.)

the Pareychorley pastorate; the Chinese minister, such as Wong-Yuk-Cho, of Hong-Kong. Men of widely different races, of widely different ethnic religion,

Societies have theological institutes where native ministers may be trained. So, also, in China the Presbyterian Church of England and the China Inland Mission are

developing the use of native agents; while in the provinces of Shantung, Shansi, and Shensi, where the Baptist Society is at work, it has 122 native evangelists and fifty-three mission workers to staff its 346 stations and sub-stations.

In India, where the Baptist Society was the pioneer British Missionary Society at work in 1793, it has now 120 native evangelists and 111 European missionaries to staff its 192 stations and sub-stations in Bengal, Orissa, and the North-West Provinces. Theological training for native assistants is conducted at Serampore, and some of the classes in the college are under the charge of a Brahman convert named Babu Durga Kauta Chuckerbutty. Hymn-writers, too, may be found among them, and one of the Baptist assistant missionaries in Bengal, Babu Koilas Chandra Sircar, of the Bakargung, is the author of a hymn which has been much sung—"Jesus, India's only Saviour." The mission work in several districts is in charge of native agents, and conventions of these native pastors and teachers are held. At one, in 1898, about eighty Bengali Christian preachers were present, beside students in the College, European missionaries, and visitors from other missions.

In a similar manner, the Church Missionary Society are largely using native help. In the Ellore district, South India, a native clergyman, named the Rev. M. Jivaratnam, is pastor of the town of Ellore itself and a certain district around it. He has between 700 and 800 Christians, besides other adherents, under his charge, and it is worthy of note that he and his elder brother, who is pastor at Masulipatnam, were the sons of Christian parents. The Rev. M. Jonah is pastor at Polsanipalli, with the charge of about 700 Christians. He was, for some years, a school evangelist, then a catechist, and was afterwards ordained. In the Siravada district, where he first laboured, there are now, it is said, many converts, the result of his work. The senior evangelist of the mission is Mr. L. Gnananandam, who has seen nearly twenty years' service in various grades. He is described as an able preacher and a good man of business. He is stationed at the town of Nuzaneed, a valuable preaching centre, where a public hospital and dispensary are placed.

The first Burman to be ordained in



(Photo: Rev. A. Logsdail.)

THE REV. ABRAHAM BODIA.

(A native clergyman, ringing the church gong.)

the Church of England was the Rev. John Tsan Baw, a missionary in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He came of a family of Baptist Christians, for his grandfather was the first Burman pastor of the Baptist Mission, and helped Dr. Judson in translating the Bible into Burmese. Tsan Baw was at the Society's College at Rangoon, but also visited England, and, having completed his course at St. Augustine's College, returned to Burma in 1883. He worked chiefly in the mission district around Rangoon, and was the means of converting many from Buddhism, after which he was removed to Upper Burmah. After twelve years' work, however, he was unhappily stricken with cholera and died, leaving a widow and three children.

Another of the Society's native clergy, at work in the district of Singbhuna, is

the Rev. Abraham Bodia, who ministers to a congregation of from 300 to 400 native Christians. There being no bell to his church, he beats a gong instead. Twice the gong is sounded: the first occasion to warn the people to prepare for church—as they cannot boast a single timepiece in the neighbourhood—and the second time for the service itself.

Naturally some of the native pastors have been trained in mission schools; and an instance is seen in the Rev. Tara Datt, of the London Missionary Society. He was a pupil in the Society's school at Almora, and attributes his first desire to be a Christian to his teaching there. His father was doctor to the Rajah of Nepaul, and when he went to that state he took Tara Datt and his young wife Sarah thither. On their return, Tara desired to profess Christianity, but his wife was strongly opposed. However, he won her over by patient teaching, and by degrees she came to take part in mission work herself and to preach at religious fairs. Tara and his wife have a numerous family: Lydia, the eldest, has studied medicine in Edinburgh, and is one of the medical women in connection with the



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Bishop Street, W.)

BISHOP ISAAC OLUWOLE.

(Native Assistant Bishop in Western Equatorial Africa.)

Mission. Another daughter is a teacher in a Christian girls' school, while some of the sons hold Government appointments, and Joel takes a lively interest in mission work. Tara Datt himself has charge of evangelistic and medical work, and also superintends a mission school at Bageswar.

Another notable instance of training in a mission school is seen in Bishop Isaac Oluwole, of the Church Missionary Society's Mission in Western Equatorial



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN UGANDA.

(The Rev. H. W. Duta and family, including a relative named Luimbazi.)



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society)

ARCHDEACON WOLFE AND NATIVE CLERGY, FUKIEN PROVINCE, CHINA.

In the group, looking from left to right, there are—*standing*: the Revs. Yok Sing Mi, Ho S' U Hok, and Tung Chung Beng; *sitting*: the Revs. Archdeacon Wolfe, the Ven. Archdeacon Wolfe, the Revs. Ling Sing Mi, Ho S' U Hok, and Tung Chung Beng; *sitting*: the Revs. Tong Muk Tung (since deceased), Ngai Kik K'i, Wong Kin Tai (since deceased), Ting Sing Ki (since deceased), and Ting Sing Ang.]

Africa. He was born in Abeokuta, his parents having professed Christianity a few years previously, and as soon as he was old enough he went to the mission school. Then in 1865 he entered the Training Institute for Teachers, but on account of disturbances in Abeokuta the institution was two years later transferred to Lagos. In 1871 the future bishop became a tutor. He then studied at Fourah Bay College in Sierra Leone, and after visiting England became Principal of the Lagos Grammar School in 1879. It was Bishop Sidney Hill—successor to Bishop Crowther—who about 1892 selected him to assist in pastoral oversight; and also chose another native of the country, Charles Phillips, an old and tried worker, for a similar post. On June 29th 1893, Mr. Hill, Mr. Oluwale, and Mr. Phillips were consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral. Quite recently the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated the Rev. James Johnson, another native of Western Africa, as Suffragan Bishop of the Niger.

In the heart of that once "Dark Continent" of Africa the Church Missionary Society, as everyone knows, have missions in Uganda. The oldest convert in that mission, and one of the first native pastors, is named Henry Wright Duta, a man highly respected throughout Buganda, and a leader of the native Christians. His wife Sarah

is described as a kind and intelligent woman, and a great teacher. With their three children they formed the first Christian family in Uganda.

In like manner, the Universities' Mission, also working in East and Central Africa and comprising the two dioceses of Zanzibar and Likoma, is now quickly training native teachers and clergy. The centre, or headquarters, of the Mission lies at Kiungarri, two miles from Zanzibar town. Between 100 and 200 teachers and several native clergymen have already been sent from this institution among their own people. Altogether the Universities' Mission, which was only founded in 1859, have about 120 native workers, including eleven clergy, as compared with about eighty European workers, including twenty-one clergymen.

So, in various parts of the world, the different Societies are steadily developing the policy of training native pastors. Not only practical common-sense, but also increased efficiency, sound economy, and the possibility of extended spheres of work, commend this course of action.

What the results may be, no one can exactly foretell. They may involve developments of forms and of organisation quite different from those of the European missionaries, but more or less characteristic of the various peoples and countries themselves.



NATIVE CLERGY CONNECTED WITH THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

A STORY OF CHAPEL LIFE.

By Harry Davies.



Ezra and Mary Jane walked out regularly.—p. 971.

IT'S gettin' a reg'lar scandal!" said Auntie Anne emphatically, the while she cut up the French beans for dinner.

As she uttered the last word of the sentence she sliced at the vegetable with positive viciousness by way of emphasising the strength of her feelings.

The summer sunlight glimmered through the leaves of the great elms that cast their cool shade over the paved courtyard at the back of the farm. The golden rays, shooting down through the thick tracery of interlacing boughs, were broken up into a thousand gleams, which danced over the stones with ceaseless movement as the wind stirred the leaves above. From the hayfield beyond the garden came the hum of the reaping machine, and somewhere amongst the hedgerows a yellow-hammer was singing fitfully. The elms lazily whispered and rustled as the breeze passed through them. Every sound of the countryside was drowsy and faint in the hush of the sweet air. Only Auntie Anne seemed to be thoroughly awake as she thumped the earthenware pan on the stone slab.

Merry, Auntie Anne's niece, stood up and turned the skirt of her dress down

(she had pinned it about her waist to help with the French beans).

"P'raps they don't want to get married, Auntie Anne," she said.

"Not *want* to get married!" gasped Auntie Anne, looking at Merry with horrified amazement. "Not *want* to get married! I always said you was the most extraordinary child. Whoever heard of sech a thing! Not *want* to get married indeed! What are they engaged for ef they don't *want* to get married? What have they bin engaged for and walkin' out for ten years? Answer me that!"

Auntie Anne put her arms a-kimbo, and waited for Merry's reply in triumphant expectation.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Merry. "I couldn't think of any other reason. If they want to get married, then, why don't they?"

"Why don't they—that's just it! It's a reg'lar scandal! Ten years engaged—ten years promised to each other—and no signs of bein' married yet!"

Auntie Anne worked off her indignation on the cabbages as she pulled them this way and tore them that, and plunged them into the water, and generally turned them inside out in her search for grit and caterpillars.

"Anyways, I suppose they know their own business best," said Merry.

Auntie Anne grunted. "It's gettin' beyond bein' their own business, it seems to me!" she said. "It's gettin' a public scandal, an' when it comes to that it's other people's business as well. Ten years! Think of it! Ever sence you was a little girl of nine them two have bin under a promise to marry, an' have walked out reg'lar once a week. Everybody's seen 'em takin' their walk! It en't any dark secret. Everybody knows as they're engaged. Anyways, everybody's had time enough to learn it. An' what I ses is that it's time they did their duty by each other and by everyone as knows 'em. To think of 'em gettin' engaged ten years ago, an' to be still sittin' in different pews in chapel every Sunday a-lookin' at each other like two goshawks! I've watched 'em a-starin' one another in the face while they was a-singin' until it made me feel like smackin' 'em both! It's time they was in the same pew together, an' there's an end of it!"

Auntie Anne was a woman of decided views, and always expressed herself vigorously. But her utterances were not one whit too emphatic in the present instance, for she was voicing the general opinion on the subject. The tide of public feeling was beginning to run very strongly in our little chapel with regard to Ezra Dunning and Mary Jane Thackaberry. It was, as Auntie Anne said, a regular scandal that these two were not yet married, and the feeling of the whole church was slowly being forced into this determined position—that something must be done. Whatever were they thinking about? Here was Ezra with a bald patch on the top of his head, and his remaining hair rapidly getting grey! When he had become engaged to Mary Jane he had had a fine array of curly brown locks. Here was Mary Jane with wrinkles fast gathering about her face! When she had become engaged to Ezra she had been as smooth-cheeked a country lass as you could wish to find.

"It en't reasonable," said old Ebby Simmons, who always loved to have his say: "an' what's more, it en't right! Ef them two en't a-goin' to get married, what are they keepin' engaged for? Here's two wheels, so to say, as is intended for the same cart. What's the good of 'em

a-keepin' separate from each other? The cart will never go ef they don't unite together. Better as the cart had never bin built at that rate, and better as Ezra and Mary Jane had never made their promise to each other ef they en't a-goin' to make a home together. Here their lives is passin' away, and they shows no more signs of startin' the cart a-goin' than they did when they passed their word to one another. It's opposed to common sense, that it is!"

And meanwhile, Sunday after Sunday, week in, week out, Ezra and Mary Jane came to chapel regularly with their big hymn-books (a present to each other) under their arms, and sat in their respective pews, whence they could see each other when they stood up to sing, and greeted each other after service was over on the self-same step outside the chapel door; and Wednesday after Wednesday they took exactly the same walk across the clover meadow and the wheatfield of Griffith Gaunt's farm, and thence by the piping reeds of the brook, in exactly the same matter-of-fact way as they had done ten years ago. And yet they seemed no nearer marriage than they had been at the first. Truly, as Auntie Anne observed, it was becoming a public scandal, and something must be done.

Ezra, as you may have gathered, was a man who moved slowly. He had been walking out with Mary Jane over those identical fields and past that identical brook for two years before he announced his wish to be engaged, which made twelve years in all. It was on a Wednesday evening, two years and four days after Mary Jane and he had taken the first walk together, that he "spoke" to her.

The maiden Spring had ripened into the rich, sweet womanhood of Summer, and the woods were gorgeous in their many tints of green. The setting sun, peeping over the hills of the west, sent forth long rays of good-bye to copse and meadow. From the wheatfield came the call of a landrail, and ever the stream sang on, clear and sweet, amidst the sedges.

"Crake, crake!" called the landrail from the wheatfield, and its harsh cry came with a softened cadence across the meadows, and seemed to mingle melodiously with the song of the brook.

Ezra looked at Mary Jane as they turned round the bend of the brook, and

cleared his throat. By that sign Mary Jane knew he was going to say something, and she looked at him in turn.

"They ses," began Ezra slowly, "as married life is cheaper than single life."

A blush, redder than the peony, rushed helter-skelter over Mary Jane's round cheeks.

"Crake, crake!" came the harsh call over the meadows, and Mary Jane never heard a landrail's cry in after-years but it stirred her heart with sweetest memories of that evening.

"Yes, they ses that," repeated Ezra, with an air of deep meditation.

Mary Jane looked at the patent leather toe-caps of her kid boots, bought specially for walking out with Ezra.

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "I have heard that they ses so."

"I guess we had better be engaged then," said Ezra, after due deliberation.

"Crake, crake!" came the call of the landrail again across the fields. Mary Jane's blood was running like a mill-race in her veins, and her heart was thumping painfully. It had come; the golden moment of her lifetime had come. And the same delicious thrill took possession of this country lass as might have come to the gentlest born maiden that ever dreamed of future knight.

"I've no objection, ef you wish it," she said.

They walked on in silence, still along the bank of the stream.

"Of course we en't a-goin' to get married yet," said Ezra at last, cautiously.

"No, Ezra," she replied.

"Not for a long time," said Ezra.

"No, I didn't expect it," answered Mary Jane.

"We might be engaged, but it en't committin' ourselves like to anything," Ezra went on, after another pause.

Mary Jane expressed assent.

"In fact, I don' know as we'd better call it engaged," said Ezra. "Suppose we say we are promised conditional."

This had not the right ring about it to Mary Jane's ears.

"I can't follow you there, Ezra," she said. "Either we are engaged or we en't engaged. I don't like half promises."

Ezra pondered long and deeply.

"All right, we'll be engaged, then," he said anxiously.

And it was thus Ezra and Mary Jane

became pledged to each other. And Mary Jane went home, her heart dancing with happiness, and told her mistress that Ezra had "spoken" to her. And all night, in her attic room at the gable end of the farm, she dreamed of Ezra, and of the little home which they would share together.

The years passed on, and still Ezra and Mary Jane walked out regularly with prim sedateness, taking exactly the same direction, and talking intermittently of exactly the same things. Ezra was not very free in conversation, and for a quarter of an hour at a time they would stroll on without exchanging a word. Such remarks as passed between them were chiefly anent chapel affairs or daily happenings at their respective farms.

"We finished thatchin' the ricks to-day," Ezra would say.

"You've done it very quick this year," Mary Jane would answer. "We en't half through yet. But then you are mostly ahead of us in the outdoor work."

A silence would ensue as they went on towards the stream bank.

"Mr. Martin's a better farmer than Mr. Loverick," Ezra would say. "That's how we always finishes afore you."

"Yes, that's it," Mary Jane would reply, and again they would walk on in silence.

"Mrs. Loverick's a better hand indoors than Mrs. Martin, though, and that's how your butter is always better than our'n," Ezra would say.

"Yes, there's no doubt as our butter is about the best around here," Mary Jane would reply complacently.

The stream would fill up the next silence with its babbling, and mayhap the soft "Peewit, peewit!" of the lapwings, as they wheeled, would come floating down the breeze.

Ezra's conversational powers having been exhausted for the nonce, Mary Jane would enter into the breach.

"There's a good deal of quarrelin' goin' on among the choir just at present." (Mary Jane, like everybody else, save the minister and a few of the better educated folk, always pronounced it "koyer.")

"Ay, so there be," Ezra would reply. "They'm at it hammer and tongs."

Another silence as they skirted the stream bank.

"I don't know what call that bumptious little Caleb Diggle has got to mix himself up with it," Mary Jane would say, in pursuance of the subject. "What's he got to do with the koyer? He's made things twice as bad sence he's meddled in the dispute with his quarrelsome ways. But there! I suppose he must have his say on everything, or the world would come to an end."

"Ay, that's about it," Ezra would reply.

When they reached the spot where the pollard willows hung over the banks of the stream, and the water spread out into a shallow pond in which the cattle loved to stand on a hot summer's day, Ezra grew mournfully sentimental.

"Well, I s'pose we'll have to get married some day," he would say, with an air, half of dread, half of resignation.

"I s'pose so," Mary Jane would reply in a low voice.

"It's a terrible expense, gettin' married," Ezra would proceed anxiously.

"Yes, it is," Mary Jane would respond sympathetically; "but there's no hurry on my part, Ezra."

"We'll have to think about it some day, though," Ezra would say, with a mingled intonation of relief and valiant resolution. And there they always left the subject.

Ezra and Mary Jane would as soon have thought of taking any other walk than that through the clover meadow and wheatfield, and by the brook, as they would have thought of kissing each other. Hence the brook and the wheatfield and the clover meadow grew to know them very well. There was not a single pollard by the water's edge, not a single sedge in the murmuring stream, but knew Ezra's sentence by heart: "Well, I s'pose we'll have to get married some day." They heard it in summer when the sinking sun threw long beams across the woods. They heard it in the autumn, when the silver moon cast her glimmering sheen upon the quiet fields. They heard it when young Spring came piping and dancing over the hills. And in winter the old brass tripod in front of the kitchen fire at the farm heard it, and blinked and winked wisely in its aged doze. And meanwhile the years went on, even unto ten in number, and the marriage still receded into the distance as a thing of vague futurity, a contin-

gency of "some day." Nor did Ezra, when referring to it, become more confident in his tone. In his rustic, slow-moving mind, marriage had from the day of his engagement seemed to him as a high and difficult mountain which he would have to climb at some indefinite period—a mountain requiring infinite effort and worry and expense to cross. And as time went by, leaving him more and more settled in the rut of his present life, the mountain loomed larger and larger, and seemed more difficult of ascent. Yet he continued to speak of it at intervals, in a wistful and anxious way, as a bad business which must be faced at some distant period.

"Well, I s'pose we'll have to get married some day," he would say.

He had an uneasy feeling that, unless he made the remark, he was not keeping up his courtship properly.

"I s'pose so," Mary Jane would always answer, looking down at her boots.

When Auntie Anne went on the warpath with any grievance, or fancied grievance, or any wrong that required righting, the whole neighbourhood could not fail to know it. As I have said, Auntie Anne was a woman of decided opinions, and always expressed herself in vigorous terms. Thus it was that she banged the earthenware pan on the stone slab when she spoke of Ezra and Mary Jane, and her irascible but decidedly pretty old mouth settled into that determined curve which we all knew so well. You may say it was none of her business, for you did not know her, but nobody at the chapel would have dared to say it. For everything was Auntie Anne's business, whether it was rating people for their shortcomings or helping them in their troubles. And no one who knew her gainsaid her right to express her opinion on all subjects under the sun, from the treatment of a baby to the soundness of doctrine of any minister in the county. She had a marvellous influence in the church, and when she added her views on the subject of Ezra and Mary Jane's interminable engagement to the strong feeling which was already existing, some of the members felt it was high time to take action.

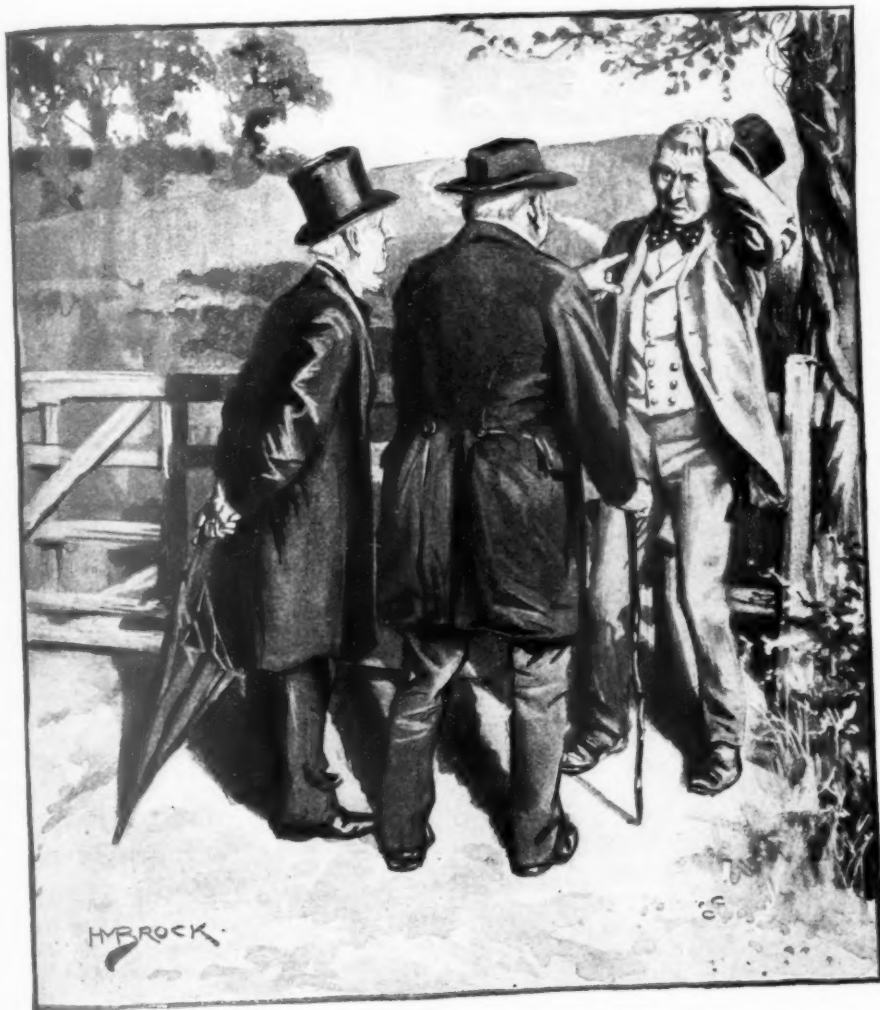
"Ef Ezra won't see what his duty is, he must be made to see it," said John Woolridge.

"As Auntie Anne remarks, it's gettin' a reg'lar scandal," put in Ebby Simmons. "Here's two wheels, so to say, as is intended for the same cart—"

"Ay, ay, we've had that illustration often enough, Ebby," said John. "It en't a bad 'un, but when one 'as heard

seems to me," said Ebby sheepishly, and thereupon he retired into himself in limp discomfiture. He had been very proud of that illustration about the cart.

"No," said John. "It en't any good a-talkin' about carts, and makin' long illustrations out of 'em, just like you was



"Your engagement has gone on long enough."—p. 975.

it half a dozen times at full length one is inclined to take a sledge-hammer and smash that cart of your'n into bits."

"Well, at any rate, that's how it

the minister. It's clear as somethin' 's got to be *done*! This engagement of Ezra and Mary Jane's 'as gone on long enough. They en't showin' proper respect

to the church by actin' like this. As Auntie Anne ses, it's time they was in the same pew together. That's my opinion too, an' I think it's clear as somethin' ought to be *done*. Talkin' about carts en't no good whatever. It's time as Ezra was made to understand as the church 'as got strong feelings on this subject. You leave it to me and Aaron Lees. I think as we've got an idea as will make Ezra hurry up a bit."

Now, it was to John Woolridge and Aaron Lees that the task fell each quarter of collecting the pew-rents and allotting sittings to any new applicants. A week before the payment was due they would place a timely reminder in each pew in the form of a slip of paper (containing the name of the pew-holder and a note of the amount) neatly folded up in a very tiny square envelope. It was the general rule for the pew-holders, in response to this hint, to bring the money the following week, wrapped up in the slip of paper and enclosed in another envelope, and to hand the packet mysteriously to John or Aaron as they stood near the door, on either side of the aisle, for the purpose. There was a general conspiracy to make believe that John and Aaron were simply there by accident, and that nothing was further from their minds than the subject of pew-rents. The members of the congregation would assume an air of surprise at seeing them stationed there, and then would proceed to talk to them with an over-elaborate attempt at naturalness, as though it were no surprise in the least, after all. After a few polite words, they would shake hands, and then, in a hurried, surreptitious kind of way, pass their envelope into the palm of John or Aaron. And John or Aaron would accept it with the same air of mysterious secrecy, and hide it away stealthily on the seat behind them. Those who had not brought the money would hurry past in a shamefaced and embarrassed manner, and the two sentinels would appear to be profoundly oblivious of their presence.

These latter recalcitrants, if they did not pay within three weeks of the quarter-day, would receive a formal call from John and Aaron in company. There would be the same air of surprise at seeing them, the same voluble conversation on every subject under the sun save pew-rents, the same ornate pretence at

ignoring the object of their visit. And as they rose to leave the defaulting pew-holder would slip the paper into the hand of one of them with exactly the same air of secrecy. Whereupon John and Aaron would profess to be utterly at a loss for a second or two, as to what the mysterious packet might mean.

Ezra Dunning received his "seat account" in the ordinary way, and paid it in due course, placing the money in the envelope in that grudging, anxious, careful manner which had grown upon him of late years. Mary Jane Thackerberry brought her money on the same Sunday as Ezra, and put it in Aaron's hand after the approved fashion as she went out. And Ezra and she met outside the chapel door exactly as they had done for ten years, suspecting nothing. But as Ezra walked homeward from the week-night service on the following Monday evening a thunderbolt fell upon him. He went down the gravel walk from the chapel door, talking to Davy Padwick, and little guessing what was in store for him. At the gates he found John and Aaron, who came towards him with deliberate intent.

"Good-evening, Ezra," said Aaron. "We're walkin' your way, and should like a few words with you."

Ezra felt slightly surprised, but said nothing.

They walked on down the lane, across the turnpike road, and over the stile into the field-path.

It was when they had reached this point that Aaron turned to Ezra.

"Ezra," he said, "you're aware as how it was pew-rent day yesterday?"

"Yes, sure enough, Aaron," replied Ezra, in blank dismay.

"An' you're aware as how this is the time for makin' any changes in the sittin'?"

"Yes, sure enough," said Ezra again, his mouth wide open with amazement.

"Well, we jes' want to say as we think the time 'as come when we should put you and Mary Jane down for the same pew."

Aaron paused, and looked Ezra straight in the face.

Ezra was stupefied. He did not gather the real import of Aaron's words.

"Put us in the same pew!" he echoed blankly.

"Yes, Ezra Dunning," said Aaron

gravely. "We both feel, and everybody else feels, as it's time you did your duty by Mary Jane Thackaberry. You've bin engaged to her for ten years, and there's no more signs of your marryin' now than there was afore you made the engagement. It en't right, it en't fair, either to Mary Jane or to the church as you are both members of. What is an engagement for, ef it ain't to marry within a reasonable period? It's the feelin' of everyone as you've passed the reasonable period, an' as the time 'as come when we should tell you so. Therefore we've come to the decision as you and Mary Jane must sit in the same pew from next quarter day onward. Them's your feelin's as well as mine, John Woolridge?"

"My feelin's to a word," said John.

"An' the feelin's of everyone as we've spoken to?"

"Everyone," answered John Woolridge stolidly.

Ezra's face was blanched with dismay and apprehension. He stared at Aaron, his mouth wide open and his lower lip trembling. He tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"So we've decided to put you and Mary Jane down for the same pew from next quarter-day," repeated Aaron, with the air of a man who has delivered his final judgment.

"No, I won't," gasped Ezra, in accents of sheer terror.

Aaron turned upon him quickly.

"D'you mean to say, then, Ezra Dunning, as we are to tell the church as you've simply bin playin' with Mary Jane all these years?" he asked severely.

"Yes—no—I mean as—not next quarter day, Aaron," he said piteously.

"Yes, next quarter day," replied Aaron firmly.

"In twelve months' time," begged the miserable Ezra coaxingly. "In twelve months' time, Aaron. I'll pass my word to that, Aaron."

"No, Ezra Dunning," replied Aaron pitilessly; "you've had plenty o' time to think about it."

"The quarter day after next then," said Ezra beseechingly. "The quarter day after next, Aaron!"

"It en't no use, Ezra," returned Aaron, shaking his head with inflexible determination; "we've made up our minds. Your engagement has gone on long

enough; from next quarter day we puts you both down for the same pew!"

And thereupon they left him, and Ezra went home across the fields, looking an abject picture of misery.

There was quite a flutter among the members of the church when Ezra, in a bottle-green suit, many sizes too large for him, and a huge red tie, which would persist in hitching up over his collar behind, despite all his efforts to keep it down, was married to the blushing Mary Jane. He was greatly agitated throughout the ceremony, during the greater part of which he was calculating in a fit of agony the amount which he had paid out for expenses incidental to the wedding; and as he came through the open doors, with Mary Jane (all resplendent in a lilac gown) upon his arm, his eyes fell upon the smiling onlookers with a most dejected and reproachful expression. He tried to smile as congratulations followed him and Mary Jane down the gravel path, but it was such a sorry attempt that it died away into a grimace.

There was another flutter on the Sunday after the wedding, when Ezra and Mary Jane, in their wedding attire, sat in the same pew together, and sang out of the same hymn-book—a huge tome presented to them by Auntie Anne.

It was noticed, too, that Ezra had a neater look about him. His thin hair was brushed to better advantage, and his tie no more strayed over his collar. But he still wore a most worried and dejected look.

"I always did maintain, an' I always will," said Auntie Anne to Merry, "as a man is always the better for having a woman to look after him. Look how George Dobbs have got over his flighty ways sence he had 'Melie' to take him in hand. An' look how Ezra Dunning 'as smartened up sence he married Mary Jane. He's a different man both in appearance an' character, an' he can say a word for 'isself nowadays when there's any discussion on, instead o' bein' a heavy block o' wood like he was. Mary Jane 'as done all that in her quiet way. Oh, yes! there's no doubt as a man is all the better for a woman to look after him!"

NATURE'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

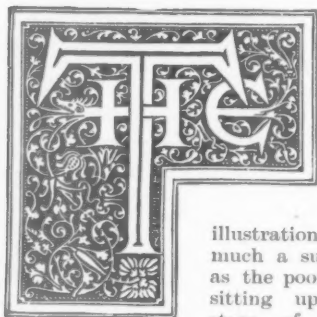
THE PROBLEM OF PRESERVATION IN THE BIRD-WORLD



YOUNG OYSTER CATCHER HIDING AMONGST STONES ON THE SHORES OF A HIGHLAND LOCH.

By R. Kearton, F.Z.S., Author of "With Nature and a Camera," "Wild Life at Home," Etc.

Illustrated by Photographs taken direct from Nature by CHERRY KEARTON.



MAN who can turn over the pages of Nature's great book without lingering to admire its wonderful

illustrations is just as much a subject for pity as the poor blind beggar sitting upon the stone steps of the market cross. He has eyes, it is

true, but cannot see the master-strokes of the Great Draughtsman whose pencil has done so much to delight the humblest seeker after knowledge.

I propose in this paper to give a few instances of the wonderful way in which the great problem of preservation in the bird-world has been solved.

The Common Guillemot is a bird ordained

to live almost entirely upon the sea. When it seeks land for breeding purposes, it makes not the slightest pretence whatsoever at nest-building, but simply drops its single egg on the top of some bare flat rock-stack, swept by all the winds that blow from the bosom of God's eternal ocean. Obviously a very dangerous situation, but let us see how place and circumstance have been robbed of their peril in the most simple and ingenious manner. Instead of the Common Guillemot's egg being shaped like other birds' eggs, it has been so elongated that, when moved by a fierce gust of wind, it does not roll away to destruction like a marble, but simply spins round upon its own axis like a top lying on its side, and by describing a very small circle is saved from slipping off its native ledge and falling into the sea far below.

Were the Tawny Owl—which is another bird that does not trouble to make any nest at all—to exchange its hole in a decayed tree or hayloft of some old barn with the Common Guillemot for a season or two, its remarkably

round eggs would all be swept to destruction, and soon the bird's weird "Too-whit-too-who" would cease to be heard in our islands.

Where it is necessary for young birds to begin to run about amongst coarse grass, through pools of water, and amongst stones in search of food directly they are hatched, they must emerge from their shells large and strong. That difficulty has been successfully met, and the parents—Snipe, Peewits, Sandpipers, Golden Plover, and many other members of the wader family, lay abnormally large eggs in proportion to the size of the bird. But another extremely awkward point now arises. The ranks of these birds are thinned by natural and other causes at such a rate that each pair of birds must rear four chicks in order to supply the demand. Four abnormally large eggs to be covered by one small hen! How shall they be tucked away so that no space shall be wasted between each? The answer is, they have been made so remarkably pyriform in shape that they fit into a small cavity in such a way that practically no space is wasted in the nest, and if the curious observer cares to turn the large end of one of these pear-shaped eggs towards the centre of the nest during the temporary absence of the owner, she discovers something is wrong upon her return, and immediately sets to work and puts the matter right.

Some small birds, such as the Corncrake, laying large eggs for their size, and a long number of them, surmount the difficulty of covering them all at once and imparting an equal degree of heat by adding to the materials of their nests as incubation advances, and thus making them more concave and necessarily more accommodative.

Turning from shape, and the useful ends it secures in the preservation of birds' eggs, we naturally come to a consideration of their wonderful coloration, and the part it plays in their economy.

The Kentish Plover would long ere this have become extinct as a British species but for the fact that it makes not the slightest nest of any sort, and its eggs resemble the illimitable shingle upon which they lie, in such a marvellous manner that they cannot be distinguished by the most practised eye a yard or two away, and are, when found, as a rule, only detected by their greater symmetry of shape than the surrounding pebbles.

Other birds, such as the beautiful Terns, have to trust to the same means of escape from danger, and when an island upon which they breed in any numbers is landed upon, the visitor is obliged to examine the sand and shingle very carefully at each footfall, lest he

should accidentally crush some of the little inconspicuous treasures lying in his path.

The problem of preservation by no means ends with the safe appearance of the living contents of an egg. From the time many chicks are hatched until they are able to fly about with their parents, they are in almost hourly danger of being seized by ruthless claws and carried off as prey, hence they are clothed in a harmonising dress of down or feathers, and are given an instinctive knowledge that their best chances of escaping any threatening danger lie in trusting implicitly to its benefits. A newly hatched Peewit will, before it has cast all the shell of the egg from which it has just emerged away from its body, stop its running about and instantly crouch flat upon the ground should it see the



PEEWIT OR LAPWING'S NEST AND EGGS.

(Showing pyriform shape of eggs allowing them to lie closely together.)

shadow of a bird passing overhead, or hear its mother's cry of alarm.

It is useless to search for the downy chick of a Ringed Plover amongst the shingle on the sea-shore unless its precise locality be known. It is much more probable that it will be trodden upon than found. If you wish to see one, you will have to retire to some distance and watch the female parent bird through a pair of field glasses. When she can make sure the intruder has gone, she will run swiftly towards the whereabouts of her children, and, sitting head to wind, will

utter a few low, sweet, motherly notes that tell of safety and a little, warm, loving breast to crouch under. In a few moments up start three or four wee bundles of fluff, that look for all the world like pebbles with legs on. They run with incredible swiftness towards her, but a sharp-eyed Herring Gull, passing

the utmost discomfiture. What has become of the baby Plovers? Instantly the marauder was seen, every one clapped flat where it was and trusted to escaping detection by its remarkable resemblance in coloration to the surrounding objects.

The accompanying pair of illustrations



Young
Ringed
Plover.

(Almost invisible from
its likeness to the
pebbles.)

Young
Ringed
Plover.

(Photographed on a
black cloth.)



overhead, has seen them move, and at once swoops. The depths of a mother's love are just as difficult to measure in the bird as in the human world, and away the brave little Ringed Plover starts in defence of her offspring, and although but a tiny creature compared with her adversary, by attacking him from beneath and behind, drives him off in

sufficiently explain the practical value of harmonisation. If young Ringed Plovers were called upon to struggle for existence, on an unnatural background, such as that represented in the second picture, the species would in a few years become as extinct as the Dodo.

No young bird ever has a dress of showy,

conspicuous feathers given to it to start life and face the world's perils in. Take the gaily-coloured Robin, for instance. His children are all dressed in sober brown, because to inexperienced youngsters, who are either recklessly bold or insufficiently instructed, a red breast would be a positive danger. The same thing prevails in the cases of the Dipper, with its snowy-white breast, and the Ring Ouzel, with its spotless gorget. Their chicks are plainly dressed, and lack these adornments so as not to attract attention and thus court danger.

The Oyster Catcher is, as everyone will be prepared to admit, a conspicuous, noisy bird, that displays itself from afar and never fails to advertise its presence, during the breeding season at any rate. Its offspring differs widely. The plumage on its upper parts bears a remarkable resemblance, as will be seen in our illustration on page 976, to the stones amongst which it lives, and when danger threatens the wise creature, unlike its noisy parents, holds its tongue and, crouching quite flat, escapes.

All our beautiful Seagulls, by reason of their

liberal display of white plumage, may under almost any circumstances be seen from afar, but not so any of their children; they are all more modestly attired, and neither in down nor feather are so easy to find as might be imagined when looked for amongst heather, bracken, rocks, and peat banks, where their backs often resemble the chequered patterns made by sunshine and shadow upon the ground.

Many other interesting instances of how God's wild creatures are cared for and preserved could be cited, and it behoves us more and more to seek recreation and enjoyment in studying what lies around us, ready to instruct and elevate. The fowls of the air teach us many great lessons. They are models of industry, devotion, and patient fortitude; perform all manner of useful tasks for man, and ask naught in reward save that they may be allowed to live, love, and labour in peace. They delight us by their beauty, and cheer us with their songs, have their times of plenty and times of famine, joys and sorrows, just as we do, but yet never once ask, "Is life worth living?"



YOUNG OF THE GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL.



By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

TERMS OF PEACE.



THE next morning Raymond, on going downstairs to his solitary breakfast, was startled to find a letter in his father's handwriting lying beside his plate. He had heard from his mother and the girls; but his father's writing he had scarcely expected to see again.

*"Connington Towers,
Barminster."*

"Although I have waited in vain for any sign that you repent of your undutiful conduct, I am still willing to give you one more opportunity of being reconciled to me. I am starting for London to-night, and shall expect you to meet me in my private room at the Hotel Cecil, to-morrow, at eleven. I have something important to say to you.

"RICHARD ELLIS."

Raymond's heart gave a wild throb as he perused this utterly unlooked-for epistle. "Can it be possible that father has thought

better of it, and is about to make restitution at last? What a blessed solution of all our difficulties, if it should be so!"

But a mind like Raymond's, honest and true, was incapable of understanding the tortuous intricacies of his father's policy. Self-interest, and self-interest alone, urged him to seek reconciliation with his son; and no thought of making restitution ever crossed his mind.

Though he was still as angry with Raymond as ever, he had taken such alarm at what Mr. Bent said about the construction placed on his son's absence that he intended to try and induce him to come back, and thus give the lie to all the rumours current in Barminster about their having quarrelled. The boy had had leisure to reflect what the loss of Connington Towers would mean to him; and perhaps his experience of Bloomsbury lodgings would induce him to think more favourably of his luxurious home.

Raymond's kind heart could not but be shocked when he saw how jaded and ill his father looked, when he visited him at the appointed time. "It's nothing!" said Richard irritably, as his son began some dismayed remark. "Only the natural consequence of the worry of this election—and other things! It's fearful! I have to address a large meeting at Goreham when I go back to-night, and two more to-morrow. Thank goodness it will be settled one way or the other next week! But I must tell you I am less confident of the issue of the contest than I was; for

Bent tells me it is believed in the city that you are a supporter of Stephen Haynes against me. It may lose me the election; for ever since that meeting in the Corn Exchange the papers have done nothing but insinuate shameful charges against me."

"Nobody can regret what has occurred more than I do, father; but it is my duty to tell you my views have not changed in the least."

"Really, my family seem to be in league to annoy and disappoint me!" fretted the millionaire. "Grace has just engaged herself to Horace Derwent, a poverty-stricken parson with a church in a back slum, when she might have had her choice of Lord Lyncliffe, or half a dozen eligible men! I never heard such folly!"

"Derwent's a good fellow, father—a very good fellow," said Raymond gently.

"That's all very fine, but he hasn't got a penny piece; and, if Grace persists in marrying him, she shall never have a farthing from me! Surely, Raymond, now that you know I have this additional worry, you won't vex me further by continuing your undutiful conduct? I will not punish you for it, as I had intended, if you will come back with me to Barminster, and let bygones be bygones. Stephen Haynes has left the city, and his name shall never be mentioned between us again, if you will only come home."

The entreating tones were so pathetic that, if anything could have shaken Raymond's determination, it would have been seeing his father thus abase his pride to plead with his only son. But justice must come before private feelings.

"I can only come back to Barminster on one condition," he said steadily, but hoarsely. "That you make immediate restitution to Stephen Haynes!"

"And, pray, what is your idea of restitution?"

"I have made a careful calculation, and I consider he has a clear claim to half your property."

"Raymond, my poor lad, your brain is certainly affected! This is simply raving madness!"

"You cannot deny, father, that before you—you introduced the Ellis meter you were poor. The invention brought you in a large fortune, and enabled you to start the works and bring out other profitable patents since. But for that meter, you would certainly not be where you are to-day; and you still derive a large income from it. And therefore I say that it is only just you should hand over half your property to Stephen Haynes. If you do, you will still be a rich man; you will still have the works, and a large income; and you will be—oh, I can't say how much

richer in peace of mind and the approbation of your fellow-men!"

"I suppose you have seen Haynes, and he has put you up to make this preposterous demand?"

"I have not seen him, and he knows nothing of my suggestion."

"Now listen, Raymond," began Mr Ellis, very slowly and solemnly. "I have heard you patiently so far; but my forbearance has its limits, and I tell you that, unless you now accept my terms, you will never speak face to face with me again. When we parted at The Towers, I threatened to disinherit you; but I have not made a fresh will as yet, because my property is so constituted that its disposal required time for reflection. If you come home with me to-day, you shall have the generous provision I originally intended for you, and the reversion of Connington Towers. But if you persist in absenting yourself, causing all the scandal-mongers in Barminster to gossip, I shall cut you off with a shilling the first thing to-morrow. I shall leave everything so tied up that the others could not help you if they felt inclined. So you can choose between your infatuation about Stephen Haynes and your duty to me. Take time to carefully consider your choice."

"I don't need it, father," sorrowfully answered Raymond. "My mind was made up long ago. Unless you bestow half your property on Stephen Haynes, I can never come back to The Towers. Oh, father! father!" and he covered his face with his hands, whilst the tears dropped from between his fingers, "don't let me plead in vain! Be just, and take into consideration poor Stephen's miserable, disappointed life! Only do this, and I will never oppose a wish of yours again!"

"And publicly avow myself a liar and a rogue before all the world? Is that all the regard you have for your father? But I need say no more. I only regret that I have stooped so far as to argue with a rebellious and disobedient son, whom henceforth I renounce and disown!"

He strode across the room to the fireplace, and stood there with his back to Raymond, inflexible determination manifest in every line of his tall, stalwart figure. For a brief space his son remained standing with downcast face by the table; and then, with a long sigh, he made his way slowly and sadly from the room, knowing he had, by his own act, cut himself off from his family for ever. And yet, agonising as it was, he knew that, were the interview to come over again, he must still return the same inflexible "No!" to his father's arguments. Better poverty and privation than riches and prosperity gained at the price of another's ruin!

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN BAALBEK ROAD.

"HOW did he manage it?"

That was a question the Haynes family often asked themselves during the first few months of their sojourn in Baalbek Road, Brixton. They referred to the manner in which Raymond Ellis, despite coldness from Stephen and some lingering distrust on Rupert's part, succeeded in making good his footing in their new abode. Before they had time to consider whether it was advisable to become intimate with the son of the man who had so deeply wronged them Raymond's cheery face had become a familiar adjunct to Saturday afternoons and holiday occasions.

Even Stephen surrendered at last. At the beginning he treated the intruder with a freezing courtesy which might have disconcerted a crocodile; but, as it produced not the smallest effect, he gradually thawed, and condescended to treat his old enemy's son as a human being—not as an Ellis. Cunning Raymond knew how to humour the old man's weaknesses, and seldom came without bringing some interesting paper or periodical for Stephen. Pennies were too scarce at Brixton to be spent on newspapers; but Raymond would cheerily walk all the way home afterwards to save his omnibus fare, more than repaid by the pleasure of bringing a little brightness into Stephen's dull life. Raymond would think with regret of the endless bookshelves in the great library at The Towers, filled with most expensive editions of all the great English classics, which were seldom opened, and did little good to anybody; and of the piles of newspapers and magazines which, after tossing about on the tables for a few days, mostly unread, disappeared into the servants' hall. Here was poor Stephen, absolutely delighted with a sixpenny reprint of some English masterpiece; how he would have revelled in that beautiful library! "If I ever go back to The Towers again," thought Raymond to himself—"not that it's likely, for of course I never shall!—I will take care that our books at last are some good to somebody!"

For the rich man's son was learning many valuable lessons in these days; lessons which all of us need, whether rich or poor—of sympathy for the woes of others, of consideration, of unselfishness. The world as seen from the drawing-room windows at The Towers was one place; the world as seen from a shabby lodging-house parlour was something very different. The only link between the two worlds, indeed, was that Raymond had known Jessie in both; and

that fact largely accounted for the cheery contentment with which he accepted his reverse of fortune, resigned himself to count his shillings as he had not counted his pounds in former days, and was always ready with some comical quip to cheer up any member of the Haynes family whom he found at all depressed.

After a time, Raymond obtained a post as secretary and amanuensis to an old blind gentleman, who needed someone to come in for a stated time every day to read to him and write his letters. Mr. Ayre was crotchety and peculiar, a woman-hater and a cynic; but the salary he gave enabled Raymond, with what he derived from the rent of the laundry, which had been re-let by Arthur Bent, to pay his way.

From Barmminster Raymond learnt that his father had been duly elected to Parliament; but his majority over Sir David Lyle, the opposition candidate, was mortifyingly small. The strain of the election and other matters had so told upon Richard that Dr. Pyne was called in, who talked of want of tone and a weak heart, and sent him down to Brighton to recruit. Home was so sad and different now, Grace—who was Raymond's chief correspondent—wrote to her brother. Father was not a bit like himself; and it was so miserable with dear Ray away, and Horace forbidden to come near the house! Why, oh! why, did her brother not come back again? It was not possible that he could have offended his father past all forgiveness!

Grace knew nothing of the real cause of quarrel, and Raymond was not disposed to enlighten her. His loyalty to his father would not suffer him to open his lips on the subject to a living soul.

Stella, after a great deal of difficulty, had obtained a situation as book-keeper and cashier in an estate agent's office in the City, at the munificent salary of twelve shillings a week. When she demurred at such small pay, she was told that young women as clerks are as plentiful as blackberries, and she might either take it or leave it. So she took it; and positively grew to esteem herself fortunate to secure it, when she found how terribly overcrowded are all the employments open to women, save only domestic service. Surely there must be a joint loose somewhere in our social armour when young women will work from early morning till midnight in a shop or restaurant for six or eight shillings a week, without board or lodging, yet scorn the same wages, *plus* a comfortable home, in a private house!

But Jessie, bright, capable Jessie, could find nothing to do. The employment agencies scorned her modest acquirements as a governess,

talked of Girton and Newnham, and London B.A. degrees, sneered at her French because she had never been out of England, and were firm that she must learn to play the violin. A clerkship, or a post of any kind in the City, proved equally unattainable. How many weary miles she walked, how many dirty flights of stairs she climbed, how many sneers and snubs she patiently faced, how her heart sank day by day with the consciousness of being only a drag, and not a help, to her dear ones, those may guess who have been in similar straits.

She was returning from a fruitless expedition to Bayswater one bright May afternoon, when, on turning a corner, she unexpectedly encountered Raymond. His old gentleman also lived at Bayswater, and his day's work was just done.

"What an unexpected pleasure!" he began heartily; but Jessie, who was very nearly crying, had much ado to answer him calmly. Cheerfully she could not speak.

"I'm afraid something is the matter," he said sympathetically, as they walked on in quest of an omnibus to take her home.

She swallowed down a great lump in her throat. "It is so disheartening, the way we poor working girls are treated! I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning of a most delightful situation—companion to a lady, must be young, and sixty pounds a year! The address was to be had at an employment agency in the West End. As you can imagine, I set off immediately. I had never been to that office before; but the woman was very plausible, and said before she would tell me the address I must pay her registration fee—seven-and-sixpence. She told me I was sure to get the situation, as I was just the companion the lady wanted. Well, I paid my seven-and-sixpence—and you know they are not too plentiful with me—and started off to the address given, a square near Hyde Park. Just as I reached the door, a girl came down the steps of the house, looking red and angry. 'Are you here in answer to an advertisement from the ——— Employment Agency?' she asked me, as I was going up. 'Then I may tell you the whole thing is a swindle—no lady wanting a companion is known here, and I've already seen six other girls sent away before you came. That Employment Agency, I'm told, is a notorious fraud; they'll never find you a situation, if you remain on their books till Doomsday!' And I've found out it's all true—they advertise situations which have no existence, just to entrap the unwary, and I shall never see my money again!" said Jessie mournfully. "And goodness only knows how many more poor creatures have been robbed in exactly the

same way, who perhaps have scarcely got seven-and-sixpence in the world!"

"What a dastardly shame! I should like to shoot the harpies who prey on poor girls like that!" cried Raymond indignantly.

"Well, I do regret the money; and a situation seems farther off than ever. If I were taller and smarter-looking, I'd put on a cap and apron, and go as a parlourmaid. I could get £25 a year, for ladies haven't the impudence to offer parlourmaids 'no salary, but a comfortable home,' as they do to governesses!"

"Come in and have a cup of tea," said Raymond coaxingly, as they passed an enticing confectioner's. He had unlimited faith in the power of tea to soothe the hurts of the feminine soul.

She hesitated, not liking to let him pay for her. He was as poor in his position as she was in hers, and her independence was, if possible, greater than ever since coming to London. "It's too early," she objected.

His only response was to open the door. Jessie salved her pride as she sat down at a marble-topped table, with the determination to eat nothing but bread-and-butter—no cake or sweets—which resolution Raymond promptly frustrated by requiring the waitress to bring everything which took his fancy.

"I had a letter from Arthur Bent this morning," he said, as Jessie filled his cup from the pretty china teapot. How nice it was to have her to pour out his tea! "He's coming up to town on Saturday for a day or two, and is very anxious to have your address, and to know if I would take him to call on you on Sunday afternoon. I didn't like to promise anything until I'd seen you."

A flush rose to Jessie's pale olive cheeks. "Please don't bring him," she said. "He was very kind to us at Barminster, certainly, but—but you know what our rooms are like, and how difficult it is to receive visitors there! And—and what is the use of keeping up the acquaintance? Mr. Bent is quite out of our sphere."

"There I can't agree with you!" cried Raymond warmly.

But she shook her head. "He is, for he has money and position, and we—are poor nobodies! His people, I'm sure, would look down on us, and his mother and sisters never noticed us at Barminster. It would be much better for us not to see him again."

"But supposing he won't agree to that? I—I—of course, it's no business of mine, but I'm sure he has a great admiration for your sister."

"And if he has, what good can come of it? His family, I'm certain, would never

consent to his marrying her. And Stella, I'm sure, would be far too proud to enter any family only to be snubbed and looked down upon! To see him would only unsettle Stella, and make her unhappy. Please don't let him come!"

"What a little Spartan you are!" he said, rather discontentedly.

"I only wish I were!" sighed she, with a

road more than another," remarked Jessie half an hour later, as they turned into a long, unlovely street of the third-rate London type, with two streaks of ugly houses, all exactly alike, with a door and a bay-window on the ground floor, and two stories above, with two small windows in each, "it's the name! Could anything be more idiotic?"

"Certainly, there doesn't seem much connection between this

commonplace hideousness and the great Temple of the Sun," he answered, waving away a man hawking ferns. "Oddly enough, I had quite made up my mind, in my prosperous days, that the very next time I went abroad I would go to Baalbek and see those stupendous ruins."

"I should like to see them too! It's too tantalising to think of all the lovely places there are, and I've never been anywhere—have just lived poked down in a little corner all my life! I'm the most ignorant, untravelled girl in London at this moment!" said Jessie mournfully.

"You should go to Baalbek on your wedding tour," he suggested, with an odd inflection in his voice.

"Margate will be more likely—if I ever have a wedding tour at all, which is very doubtful! But I should love to travel. I want to see if the Mediterranean is really as blue as people say, and whether the Sphinx is grand and majestic beyond words, or only an ugly battered image with its nose knocked off!"

"I can certify to the Mediterranean blue—I haven't seen the Sphinx. You could do that comfortably, either going to or returning from



"Am I always to suffer?"

recollection of her late humiliating experience. "Surely working-girls need to be clad in armour of triple steel!"

"If there's one thing I dislike about our

Baalbek, which is, I believe, between Damascus and Tripoli."

"I shall go when they'll take you all the way in an omnibus for twopence—not before!" she said despondently. "Baalbek Road is about as near as I shall ever get, I expect."

"If I had it in my power, you should start to-morrow," he rejoined, a cloud passing over his open face. And remembering what he had sacrificed and must now be enduring for conscience' sake, she felt rebuked. The contrast between Connington Towers and his present life must be fearful.

"Come in and have another cup of tea, and see father," she said hastily. And he did.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STEPHEN'S DREAM.

NOTWITHSTANDING Raymond's mention of Jessie's prohibition, Arthur Bent could not rest until he had coaxed his friend to take him to call in Baalbek Road on Sunday afternoon. But feminine tact, as usual, had outwitted them; for Jessie, suspecting that they might come, had persuaded her whole family to go out for a walk. Much disappointed, Arthur had to return to Barminster without seeing them. He made it no secret to Raymond that he was quite unable to forget Stella; though he confessed that he did not think his family would approve of his marrying her. But he would wait for her, he earnestly declared, for ever and a day; his people would surely come round in time. Raymond was not very sanguine about this, but would not say so, as he hated to act as a wet blanket.

The next event was that Mr. Ayre, whose eyes had been very troublesome, was ordered off by his doctor to Wiesbaden; and nothing would do but Raymond must accompany him to take care of him. The young man's kind heart was touched into consenting; though he regretted leaving his friends in Baalbek Road, as he frankly told Jessie in saying good-bye. She also knew she would miss him unspeakably, though she did not say so; and when the door had closed behind him, and she heard his footsteps echoing down the empty street, a cold sinking of heart seized her such as she had never known before. For he was absolutely their only real friend in the great wilderness of London; and to the untravelled girl Wiesbaden was a terribly long way off.

She little knew what deep waters she had to pass through before she saw him again. The greatest trial of her life was close at hand. One evening Rupert came home

poorly and shivering, having caught cold at the works. The day before, after being for some time in a very hot part of the factory, near a huge furnace, he was called to check the contents of some cases which were being unpacked outside in the yard. For an hour he stood in a cold east wind, which blew as it only can in May, and contracted a thorough chill. As a day's rest did not help him to shake it off, Jessie sent for a doctor, who pronounced it a most serious case of pneumonia.

It was not often that Jessie gave way; but after the doctor had gone she did, for a few minutes, yield to absolute despair. Her beloved brother, their chief bread-winner, incapacitated for weeks; the cost of a long expensive illness to be defrayed; and all the money coming in, Stella's twelve shillings a week! It was enough to appal the stoutest heart.

A terrible illness it was, with all the disadvantages of small rooms and limited resources. Jessie and Stephen shared the nursing between them; they could not afford to pay anyone to help them. The three half-starved themselves to buy luxuries for the invalid; and when costly articles were needed, which outran their shallow purses, Jessie ordered them in from the shops in the most reckless manner, without stopping to think how they were to be paid for. She could not hesitate when Rupert's life was at stake.

Rupert grew steadily worse, and the doctor insisted upon calling in a second opinion. Stephen was well-nigh distraught. "I tell you!" he raved, his wild eyes gleaming, "if my boy dies, Richard Ellis will be his murderer! But for his treatment of us, Rupert would never have had to earn his bread as a common workman, at everybody's beck and call, and this illness would never have happened. Is there a God in heaven Who cares for these things? Is Richard always to prosper, and am I always to suffer?"

Jessie sat by the bedside in dumb misery. Rupert was quite unconscious—had only been sensible at rare intervals, for many days—and his father's bitter tones could not penetrate to his dull ears. His sister's thoughts, in the midst of her grief, would stray to the old terrible problem of ways and means; how the dreadful doctor's bill, the huge chemist's account, and the many costly items needed in the sick-room were ever going to be paid for. It was not that she grudged them to dear Rupert; he should have had bottles of liquid gold had the doctor ordered them; but oh, the black, black future! And she was earning nothing! A line to Arthur Bent would probably at

once have procured her a loan; but she shrank sensitively from this. She could not beg, for the terrible mortification which ensued on the only occasion when they had stooped to request a loan would never fade from her memory.

The two doctors met in consultation, the result of which was that they pronounced that, unless a change for the better occurred within twenty-four hours, the patient could not rally. All three sat up that night; they could not have slept, had they gone to bed. The doctor came again at midnight, and stayed for an hour, when he was called away to a still more urgent case. The change would come—if it came at all—about dawn, he thought; and he left minute instructions what to do, and what nourishment the patient must have. In wide-eyed, wakeful misery the two girls sat by the bedside; whilst Stephen, who was quite exhausted with watching, dozed in an easy-chair. All at once he started up with a wild cry, and stood, his eyes upraised and his hands outstretched, as if addressing some unseen person. "No, Richard Ellis!" he cried, in a voice quite unlike his own. "No! you shall not take my only son from me! I will have *your* life instead!"

As Jessie, terrified, sprang to his side, he staggered, and but for her assistance would have fallen. "Father, you are dreaming! What is it?" She had never seen him look so wild.

He put his hand to his head in a dazed way. "Yes, I was dreaming. I thought Richard Ellis was here, and I was fighting with him for Rupert's life. Did I cry out?"

Just then Stella lifted her hand warningly. Rupert was stirring, with consciousness in his eyes, and a change in skin and temperature which poor overwrought Jessie hardly dared to interpret favourably. The doctor's instructions were at once carried out; and when the good man hurried in once more he announced that the crisis had been favourable, and, if no further chill or other complication ensued, Rupert was safe.

"Try and persuade your father to go to bed, Miss Haynes," murmured the doctor in the passage. "He looks quite worn out."

"He had a most singular dream," said Jessie, with a shiver at the remembrance of that wild cry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

RAYMOND, who had written twice from Wiesbaden, and hearing nothing, good or bad, from Baalbek Road, concluded his friends were all right, was terribly startled when, on returning to London, he

called, to find Jessie alone in the little sitting-room, looking like a half-starved ghost. Rupert was much better, but still terribly weak; and anxiety, and insufficient rest and food, had left a mark on his sister which it seemed unlikely could ever be effaced. Raymond stood and stared at her in consternation for a minute, and then involuntarily opened his arms. With a cry she ran to him, and, dropping her head on his shoulder, was instantly folded in his embrace.

When he heard of the terrible ordeal they had all gone through, he was most indignant that they had not telegraphed to him, and he would have come instantly, regardless of Mr. Ayre. He guessed, only too well, what it meant to have the chief bread-winner stricken down. All was settled between them, in that first moment of intense sympathy and feeling, without any need for words. Jessie belonged to Raymond, and Raymond belonged to Jessie, beyond all question. It mattered nothing that he was poor, with uncertain prospects: let the future bring what it might, they would share it hand in hand. And so that shabby little sitting-room became Paradise; and Stephen, returning from an errand, found Jessie looking so radiant with happiness that he hardly recognised his pale, sad daughter. Though he liked Raymond personally, so great was his detestation of the very name of Ellis that it was a blow to him to learn that they were engaged, and he could not regard it as a cause for rejoicing.

Even in the midst of his bliss, however, Raymond was not without his own anxieties. His father, in spite of his change to Brighton, still remained far from well, though he would not give in, and talked confidently, reported Grace, of his plans for the future. His heart was still so weak that he had to avoid all excitement. "How I wish I could go to him!" said Raymond wistfully. "But as things are, I can't, unless he sends for me. He's always had such splendid health that I can't imagine him being ill."

Neither he, nor anyone else, realised the actual gravity of the case. Even Dr. Pyne was not prepared for such a sudden and abrupt change for the worse as took place a few days after; for the obscure and peculiar form of heart complaint from which Richard Ellis had been suffering some time before it was discovered frequently lasted without a fatal termination for many years. He had such a splendid constitution, and had rallied so much, that the doctor quite expected to pull him through. But after a severe attack late one night, Dr. Pyne felt it his duty to inform the patient and his friends that Richard had but a very short time to live.

The mad, wild terror which shot into the once keen eyes as Mr. Ellis learnt that his

days were numbered, disclosed an unpreparedness for death beyond the ordinary. Grace fell on her knees by the bedside, and Mrs. Ellis burst into loud sobs; but he waved them imperiously away. "Leave me alone! I want to think!"

So they withdrew to an adjoining room—all save the nurse, who concealed herself behind a distant curtain, in readiness for anything. And there the millionaire lay, face to face with the consequences of his long wrongdoing—at last. In the heyday of health and strength it had seemed a very small, venial offence to rob another man of the fruits of his toil. But now, when riches, honours, worldly advantages, were slipping from his grasp, he saw himself for the first time as he really was—Richard Ellis, the false friend; Richard Ellis, the swindler and thief.

He thought of his past life as he lay there—that life which was so prosperous and admirable in the eyes of his fellow-men, so wicked and so miserable in his own—and would have given all he possessed at that moment to repair his own wrongdoing and be once more a humble underling in an engineering firm, with Stephen Haynes for his attached friend. Poor Stephen! What a hard life his had been, although he invented the Ellis meter! And he, Richard, might die before he could undo any part of the tremendous wrong he had done; and then what would become of him? Surely Stephen's haggard face would rise up to accuse him before the bar of Eternal Justice—ay, and win a hearing there, though he could not obtain redress here!

Oh! if he had only listened to Raymond, and made restitution in time, instead of quarrelling with his son, and disinheriting him in his will. His will! That was another torturing thought, and hastily he touched a bell close to his hand.

"Send Miss Grace," he said to the nurse, "and then go."

When Grace, alarmed, hurried in, he bade her get his keys and search in a certain drawer for his will, which was in an envelope, duly endorsed. "Burn it!" he commanded, when presently she returned. "Here!" he added, with a flash of his old resolution, as she looked half-doubtful. There was no fire lighted, but the coals were already laid in the grate in readiness; and, puzzled and startled, she laid the envelope on them, and held match after match to it until it was consumed. "Is it burnt?" he eagerly asked.

"To ashes, father."

"You swear it?"

"On my word, father."

The invalid gave a sigh of relief. If he died without making a fresh will, Raymond

would not be disinherited, nor Grace herself left with a mere pittance.

"You're a good girl, Grace. I was wrong to take your engagement as I did. Now send a telegram to Raymond, and tell him to come at once, and bring Stephen Haynes. Say I can't wait, and, if necessary, they must have a special train. And early to-morrow, fetch Bent to make a fresh will. Do you hear?"

But when Mr Bent, deeply concerned at the condition of his old friend, arrived at ten o'clock, Mr. Ellis had had another dangerous attack, and was in a weak and half-conscious state, recognising nobody. The lawyer secretly rejoiced when he learnt that the former most unjust will had been destroyed, though it was very important that another should be made; and, after consulting Dr. Pyne, he arranged to remain at The Towers, in the hope that Mr. Ellis might rally sufficiently to express his wishes.

When the news that his old enemy was on his deathbed, and desired to see him, was brought by Raymond to Stephen Haynes, the latter at first refused to go to The Towers. To do so would be a tacit act of forgiveness, and Stephen's was not a nature to forgive readily. But at length the sight of Raymond's grief and distress prevailed to soften him; and at three that afternoon he entered for the first time in his life the sumptuous mansion whose owner he had been accustomed to denounce in unmeasured terms in former days.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEW WILL.

ABOUT five o'clock, Richard rallied somewhat. "Has he come?" was his first question to Dr. Pyne, who was sitting beside him. Guessing who was meant, the doctor said "Yes."

"Bring him to me," continued Richard, in a stronger voice than he had used for some time. The doctor, after administering a stimulant, complied; and Raymond and Stephen entered the sick-room together. Raymond at once went forward to the bed, and, stooping over the sick man, murmured his regret at seeing him thus. But, although evidently pleased to see his son again, Richard's gaze travelled beyond him to the gaunt, shabby figure standing irresolutely near the door. He held out his trembling hand with an imploring gesture. "Stephen!—my old friend Stephen!"

At that, Stephen came slowly and reluctantly to the bedside, his thin face working with emotion; but he still said nothing.

"After all, you've had the best of it, Stephen," murmured the dying man. "Yes,

you have!—I've had the money and the luxury, but you—have been an honest man! Do you think I haven't felt it? Oh, Stephen! if I could only change places with you! Then I shouldn't need to ask your forgiveness on my deathbed for the great wrong I have done to you."

A strange grandeur seemed to the watchers standing silent and absorbed in the background—Raymond and Dr. Pyne—to come all at once upon the haggard, gaunt man who in everyday life was too fretful and peevish to claim the status of a hero. He drew himself up, and looked down at the helpless figure in the bed. "Yes, thank God, I'm an honest man!" he said. It seemed as if it had never occurred to him to feel the unspeakable dignity of such an attribute before. "Yes, I would rather be that than have The Towers! And so I can afford to say that I forgive you, Richard. I do. I would not have had the whole world at the price you have paid for your fortune—poor Richard!"

And, as his once dearest friend looked up at him imploringly, he took Richard's feeble hands, for the first time for nearly thirty years, in his own, in a friendly clasp.

"God bless you, Stephen!" murmured Richard brokenly. "I never thought you would give me your hand again!"

But here Dr. Pyne interposed decisively. There must be no more conversation at present, he said, and Mr. Ellis must rest awhile. But although Grace had come into the room again, and Raymond was looking anxiously on, Richard seemed to have no eyes for anybody but Stephen. His old comrade must sit down beside him, and support him by his arm; perhaps he would rest more easily so. And presently, resting against Stephen, he dropped into a light slumber.

Raymond thought it the most pathetic thing he had ever seen, to behold these two old enemies, the spoiler and the spoiled, thus reconciled in the presence of death. He could not keep the tears from his eyes. Oh, if this reconciliation had only come earlier! How happy they might all have been together, and how much grief and suffering would have been spared!

In about an hour's time the dying owner of The Towers awoke once more; quite conscious, but perceptibly weaker, for his hour was drawing very near. He requested that the others might be called, and Mr. Bent, to make a fresh will. When they were all gathered round, his wife, who could not restrain her sobs, had to be led away again; but the rest grouped themselves by the bed, as he wished them to hear his last commands. Though very weak, Dr. Pyne, at

his request, certified that he was of sound mind, and quite fit to make a will.

"Not all that," he said hastily, as the lawyer began a formal preamble. "It's all very simple. Half—half of everything, except The Towers, to Stephen Haynes."

Stephen, unable to believe his own ears, looked at his old friend in amazement; but the sick man firmly repeated, "Half to Stephen Haynes—the real inventor of the Ellis meter."

"Thank God!" Raymond could not help exclaiming. Justice was done at last, and Stephen in his old age would be a rich man.

Mr. Bent, in obedience to a sign from Dr. Pyne, hastily wrote down the following directions, in the briefest manner compatible with legal phraseology. "The Towers to Raymond, my dutiful and high-principled son," repeated Richard, with a glance which made Raymond's eyes fill with tears. "Half of the rest to Stephen Haynes, and the residue to be divided in equal shares between my wife and my three children, with the special request that Grace will marry Horace Derwent."

Grace fell on her knees by the bedside, and raised his thin hand to her lips. "Oh, father!" was all she could say. To thus have her father's sanction to her engagement, albeit only at the eleventh hour, was a consolation to her beyond all price. The nurse was then called in to act as one witness, and Dr. Pyne was chosen as the other. Very slowly and cautiously, the sick man was raised up in bed, and, a restorative being administered, he contrived at length laboriously to effect a feeble but legible reproduction of his usually bold signature. As the pen fell from his fingers a spasm of intense relief and thankfulness crossed his face. "Half—to Stephen Haynes," he murmured, his eyes returning once more to his old friend's agitated face. "You won't go away and leave me, Stephen—you'll stay with me to the end, won't you?"

Nor did Stephen leave him during his remaining hours. Horace Derwent came to join the group round the bed, and, at Richard's request, read the words most suitable to those who show repentance, however late. It was a scene none of the watchers ever forgot: the invalid growing more feeble every hour, and supporting him, hand clasped in hand, Stephen Haynes. Even Raymond came second now, so intense was his father's desire to make the most of the presence of the long-estranged friend of his youth. What the measure of their affection must once have been was now plainly to be discerned.

Gradually the dying man sank into a state of lethargy, from which it seemed unlikely he would ever wake. For two hours or



"Stephen!—my old friend Stephen!"—p. 987.

more his heavy breathing was the only sound audible in the room, save occasionally a stifled sob from one of the girls. But just as the bright June sun was beginning to shine in at the windows, Richard opened his eyes again. "You're sure you quite forgive me, Stephen?" he whispered anxiously.

"Indeed I do, old friend."

"Stephen Haynes—inventor of the Ellis meter," murmured Richard, slightly moving his head so that it came closer to Stephen's arm. After that he spoke no more, though, when Horace began to read again, he evidently heard and understood the sense of the words.

"He shall save his soul alive," concluded the impressive voice, never more impressive than in the hush of that death-chamber.

It was the last sentence to reach Richard Ellis's ears in this life. And not one of the weeping group assembled around him would have had it otherwise, could they have chosen.

CHAPTER XXX.

AND LAST.

A GREAT deal of what had happened at The Towers remained wholly unintelligible to the people of Barminster. Wealth, however, is such a power that the local magnates did not trouble to inquire too curiously why the death of Richard Ellis should leave Stephen Haynes a rich man. Needless to say, now that the girls no longer needed to keep a laundry for a living, and it became known that Jessie was Raymond's promised bride, they went up in the estimation of the city by leaps and bounds.

Stephen decided to settle down once more at Barminster, as Raymond, finally abandoning all intention of adopting a wholly political career, was going into partnership with Rupert in the works, as Stephen was now too old for active life. The offer was naturally eagerly accepted, and Raymond himself looked forward with all the pleasure of a schoolboy to the prospect of being able to fiddle all day long with the delightful little brass wheels and models which had such a fascination for him. Rupert had already many ambitious schemes in his inventive young brain; and his practical knowledge would be invaluable to Raymond. Stephen also would be taken into their councils, and the end of his unfortunate and weary life bade fair to be much brighter than its beginning.

When the Haynes family were fairly settled in their new house at Priory Hill, Mrs. Bent, bland and smiling, called upon them, ostensibly as new arrivals just established in the city. Both then and ever afterwards she and her set kept up the fiction that the Haynes had never been in Barminster before. Old days at Myrtle Cottage, and at the laundry, were buried in oblivion; nor would Mrs. Bent permit anybody to allude to them in her presence. Very soon afterwards followed the announcement of Arthur's engagement to Stella. His parents not only saw no reason to object to it, but, as Stella would have a nice little fortune, they were very glad to give their consent. Her future daughter-in-law was a charming girl!—Mrs. Bent eagerly assured all her acquaintances. Sister to Raymond Ellis's future wife, and so sweet-looking and amiable! Her brother was very clever—in fact, the Haynes were a most superior family altogether! The astute lady had already made up her mind that Rupert, in his new sphere as Raymond's partner, would be a catch well worth angling for on behalf of one of her own daughters. Whether she will succeed in this laudable endeavour remains to be seen.

About six months after Richard Ellis's death, Jessie and Raymond were quietly married by Horace Derwent, as they intended to spend the winter abroad on their wedding tour. Their itinerary comprised the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Baalbek. "Why Baalbek?" everybody asked. What an odd fancy for a young bride and bridegroom, who might reasonably have been expected to prefer gayer places, where there was some society! But Jessie and Raymond only laughed; they had no intention of taking the world at large into their inner confidences.

Almost Raymond's last act before leaving England was to assent to a request from the remainder of the Davenport Trustees that he would consent to join their body in the place of his dead father. He did so very gladly; and it is certain that no genuine tale of distress will ever be poured into his ears in vain. "I consider we owe all our happiness to the Davenport Bequest," Jessie has said more than once. "The only application we ever made for a loan was refused, certainly; but, had it not been for the existence of the Fund, Stella and I might never have become acquainted with our future husbands. And in that case, I should never have known how good, how true, how honourable my Raymond is!"

[THE END.]



By A. E. Orpen, Author of
"The Chronicles of the
Sid," Etc.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY CLUTCHES.



"MY aim and object," said Gerrie one morning in the darkest days after Christmas, "shall be to have eggs from September to February, and fat chickens from April to July."

"Just the season when eggs and chickens don't happen," said Ellie.

"They shall happen under my rule," replied Gerrie. She was meditating a great venture, nothing less than the purchase of an incubator.

"If my hens won't hatch eggs in February, I shall do so myself," said Gerrie. "I'll give them till January 20th."

When this important date arrived there was not a hen at Willowdene which had the remotest idea of sitting. Oh, dear no! Some of them were only at their fifth or sixth egg. Then Gerrie went to the store closet, which was a quiet, low room over the kitchen, not very light and certainly not

draughty, and she set to work to unpack a mysterious parcel that had come about ten days before.

"I gave the hens first choice," she said, in palliation of her conduct, "but they wouldn't, so I will."

With an illustrated catalogue in her hand, and a type-written letter spread out before her, and many a "Let me see now" on her lips, Gerrie slowly unpacked her first incubator and set it up in position. Far be it from the mind of the writer to tell the name of Gerrie's incubator. Only it was not one of the dearest in the market, nor the largest. Having lighted her lamp, and put in her thermometer, Gerrie locked up the store closet, and put the key into her pocket, and went away for twenty-four hours.

The incubator was warranted to keep unvarying hen temperature. Would it? Gerrie dreamed that when she went to look next morning the incubator was frozen solid, and the chickens, already hatched, were covered with hoar frost, like Polar bears in Nova Zembla.

It was no such thing. The self-regulating thermometer showed an unvarying temperature. The incubator was going to sit like

the good old wooden hen that it was. In went thirty-five eggs, and down went the cover. There were fourteen Plymouth Rocks, eleven Brahmas, and ten Minorcas, all fresh and new laid, not one over two days old. As Gerrie intended to improve her stock, and make a name for the Willowdene chickens, she set up a diary for each breeding pen, in order to keep a record of the best layers. This is particularly necessary, so that only the best birds be retained. As soon as one came up to the standard Gerrie had set in her own mind, it was raised to the peerage, and had a ring put around its leg. This is a most useful contrivance, as it enables one to keep the selected bird from the clutches of the executioner, even if the poultry farmer herself should happen to be absent.

Gerrie became more and more excited as the all-important 10th of February drew near.

"I know exactly how an old hen feels—just crazy to see whether her eggs will hatch," said she on the 8th of the month. "I almost want to sit up all night and watch the first chipping."

It was an anxious moment, certainly, to see whether the twenty-one days of assiduous care would be attended with success. Twice every day she had gently turned the eggs, and every morning she had filled and settled her lamp. Fortunately the incubator seemed to work up to its advertised character, and never rose above 105°. So the great day drew near. Gerrie sat in the store closet a good deal on the afternoon before, and locked the door that evening with a sense that a crisis was at hand. When she went in next morning there was a horrid sticky flat thing, with a hideous wobbling head, lying prone on the top of the eggs.

"A chicken—my first chicken! Oh, you darling!" said Gerrie with maternal blindness to its unmitigated ugliness. Several eggs were chipped, and one little white-tipped beak was plainly visible. The Minorca eggs hatched first, thus indicating from the outset their character for precocious vigour. In the course of the day and night twenty-one eggs hatched, and Gerrie could pronounce the incubator so far a success. She removed the chicks into the drying box, and kept all the egg-shells carefully cleared away. This is most important, as a broken egg-shell might easily "cap" some little chick on its entrance into the world. For one whole day after being hatched leave the chickens alone without food, but be careful to admit air while keeping up the temperature to about blood heat. At the end of one whole day the chicks are dry puff balls of softest down, with beady eyes and alert legs.

The first meals consist of hard-boiled eggs mixed rather dry with ground oats. If they do not know how to pick up the food, tap the board with a pencil softly several times. This is a fair imitation of the signal, inherited through the ages, from a mother hen to her chicks that she has got something nice to eat, and the incubated youngsters will infallibly obey the inherited instinct.

Incubators should not be used instead of hens, but in conjunction with them, in order to get out early hatches; the natural system can come in later in the season. In setting hens one of the worst troubles to guard against is the presence of different parasites, which are the cause of the loss of innumerable chickens. The nest boxes should be treated with hot lime, and underneath the setting hen should be a little sawdust soaked in naphthaline. Wood shavings are better than straw, since this breeds mites. A little Persian insect powder may be dusted under the wings and tail of the hen.

There was a small conservatory off the drawing-room at Willowdene, and in this Gerrie placed her chickens in their warm "brooder," to which was attached a tiny wire run. They were placed on the border under the big geranium, and in less than a week they were scratching from morning to night in the dry soft earth, hunting for grains of cracked wheat which Gerrie had hidden there.

Aunt Henrietta—as, indeed, everyone else—visited these new denizens of the greenhouse with much interest.

"Well, to be sure; I must say it is a sight on a cold winter's day like this." (It was snowing slightly outside.) "Gerrie, my dear, you are a genius. I think now you can do anything, work miracles even, and make poultry-farming pay. I'll rear no more chickens, but will buy from you. Put me down for forty pairs a year."

"Then I'll buy another incubator to-morrow, and go in for early ducks also," said Gerrie promptly.

When the chicks were three weeks old they were put into a cool brooder, having been gradually hardened to it; and this was set in a sheltered corner in front of a rhododendron bush out of doors. They were very healthy, having had good food, plenty of grit and water, and perfect cleanliness.

The first incubator turned out chickens every three weeks; the second went in for ducks, geese, and turkeys, because these took four weeks to hatch. Gerrie's hands were full all day, and even at night too, for at ten o'clock she went with a lantern and gave a supper all round of ground oats. This kept the little birds warm for the night with the combustion of the heat-producing food.

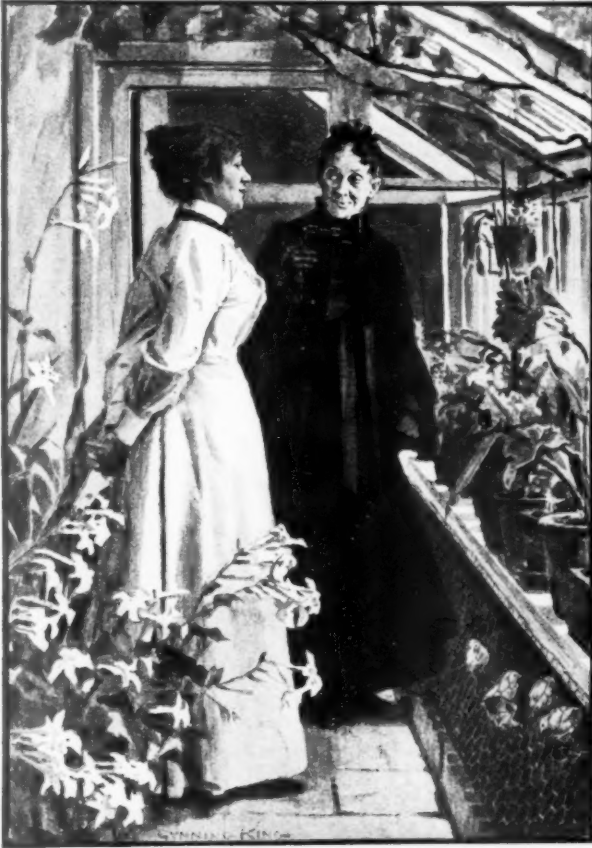
People came to buy eggs which produced such hardy chickens. The Willowdene name was emerging from obscurity. There was a great run on the Plymouth Rocks the moment the hens in the neighbourhood began to sit, which was not till the last week in April. As Gerrie's hatchings were fairly over by then, she sold all her eggs at 2s. per dozen, and the receipts column began to mount up.

A sharp eye was now needed on the laying pens. The very moment a hen had come near the end of her laying Gerrie popped her into the fattening coop for a couple of weeks,

Gerrie knew that they had nearly done for the season, and the next step would be sitting, and then moulting. Nothing keeps so badly as poultry; besides, eggs were a drug now in the market, and the earliest hatched pullets would begin to lay in August.

She was beforehand with everything, and began to fatten her young cockerels as soon as she could tell them from the pullets.

More pens were hastily knocked together out of packing-cases, and runs were put up everywhere — among the apple-trees in the



"Gerrie, my dear, you are a genius."

and then sent her off to the fowl market. Chickens were so scarce by the middle of May that the dealers were ready to pay 2s. 6d. each for plump young hens. Some people said it was a pity to sell them while they were laying "so beautifully," but

walled garden, in the place where cabbages were going to be planted, in the lower end of the paddock, and in the haggard. In every direction there were hens, chickens, cockerels, pullets, and Gerrie, scratching, digging, fattening, and feeding for dear life.

"Be the powers, Miss Gerrie," said Devereux, in unbounded admiration of her stir and energy, "if yez had the entire world for yer chickens, it's a bit o' the moon as ye'd want for to fatten cockerels in."

Turkeys have a reputation for delicacy that is founded less upon the constitution of the turkey than upon the ignorance of those who first reared them. The birds hail from a warmer and a dryer clime, but so do hens, and they can be acclimatised. The one thing needful to guard against is damp in the young stages of turkey life. Possibilities of shelter must be afforded, and a good range, as they are long-legged birds. But they can live, and thrive too, in the wettest portion of the kingdom, as the writer of these articles can vouch, having seen fine flocks of forty and fifty turkeys in a mountain gap in Ireland, a thousand feet above the sea-level, where she verily believes it rains once every day and twice on Sundays.

Beware of two things—Indian meal and old wives' tales. The former gives liver complaint, and the latter red peppercorns to eat. When pepper was a rarity, it was supposed to be a cure for all things; every newly discovered drug is credited with universal curative properties by the ignorant. People do not any longer give peppercorns to children, but they do to fowls. It is an abomination; it merely irritates the digestive organs and puts them out of order. Never give a peppercorn to a newly hatched chick, according to the country superstition. It does not make it hardy; it merely makes it sick.

Except for breeding purposes, do not keep cocks. They eat up food, make a great noise, and lessen the number of eggs very materially. Undisturbed working hens are best for egg-production, and they lay better if not given too vast a run, when their energies are dissipated in excited chases after the alert fly and beautiful beetle.

An early morning meal, hot and appetising, of house scraps boiled over night and warmed up again, mixed with oatmeal, neither slippery nor floury, but firm and moist, is the best thing to start the day with. A little chopped meat, such as comes from the trimmings of the joint, and is rejected by the dog-owner of the family, is just the thing for the laying hens. Green food should be given at eleven o'clock in the shape of a cabbage, a turnip, or fresh-cut grass.

Gerrie had no trouble about this. There was grass and to spare at Willowdene, and the hens picked for themselves. Also the garden supplied an amount of refuse that materially lessened the food bill. All the same, the supper of grain at four o'clock should never be omitted; not in mixtures, but in turnips, oats, barleymeal, wheat, buckwheat,

and only occasionally Indian corn, although it must be admitted the fowls do love it.

As fowls have no teeth of their own, they must be kept always supplied with grit, since this is the only means they have of chewing their food. Chickens require grit just as emphatically as old hens, though, of course, in smaller sizes. The drinking water, too, is a most important matter. Fresh water must be given every day, and the water vessels should be frequently scalded out with boiling water. An inverted beer bottle in a sardine tin fastened to the side of the hen house is a good home-made contrivance, while the more aristocratic birds can have a crystal fountain, made on the same principle, but costing about ten times as much. The dust bath of dry earth or sifted ashes is an absolute essential to health, and this should be changed frequently, since it soon gets full of microbes. Birds, moreover, should be often moved and given fresh ground. It is amazing how quickly poultry will foul up their ground if they are in a confined space. A little move every day is not too much for growing chickens, which will thereby be kept in perfect health and vigour. Over-crowding, too, is a cause of disease in hens, as it is in human beings. About twenty-five is a safe number to keep in any one pen; but, of course, where the birds can range over a great space of ground almost any number may be kept, provided they do not all roost together.

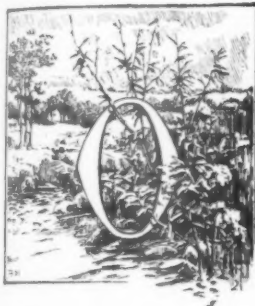
In spite of Aunt Henrietta's melancholy experience, Gerrie found that ducks were really easier to rear than chickens. They are hardier, they require a less amount of heat to bring them forward, and they look after themselves at an earlier stage of their career than do the little chicks. Their houses, too, are far less costly to build, since the birds always sleep on the ground. Herein lies their one danger: the ground must not be damp, else they will get cramp. Clean dry straw, removed once a week and shaken up every morning, fulfils the highest aspiration of the duck in the way of comfort. Water to play about in is not a necessary of life—indeed, dry-reared ducks fatten faster than those with an unlimited water range; but they never look as pretty, for a duck on land is the height of ungainliness, while nothing is more fascinating than to see them play in the water. Gerrie was pestered with rats eating her ducklings until she nailed a piece of close meshed wire netting under their house. This baffled the rats, who were further treated to a medicine advocated in one of the poultry papers. A severe course of this treatment was followed by the interment of over a hundred rats in less than a week.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

The CHRISTIAN'S BOOK of DAYS

SEPTEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

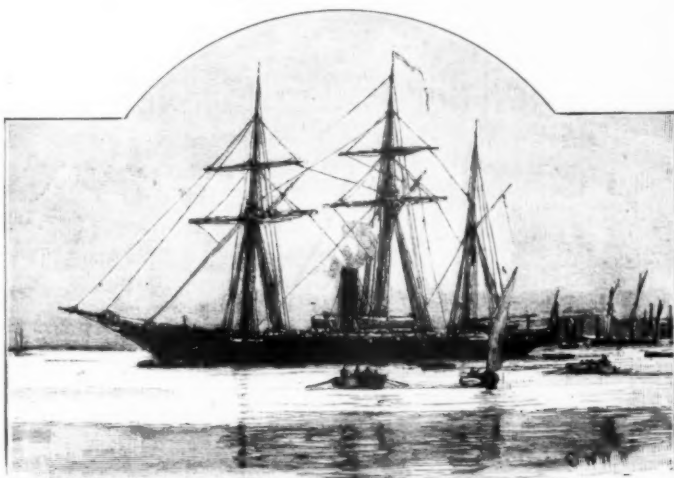


NE of the features of modern Church history has been the consolidation of the Anglican Communion throughout the world. That consolidation has been

one General Council of her members gathered from every land." The plea was heard and discussed in England, and in February, 1867, Archbishop Longley issued his invitation to the first Lambeth Conference. It met on September 24th, and was attended by seventy-six bishops. Some doubts were felt at that time as to the value of such a gathering, and a few English bishops absented themselves on that account. But the Conference has since drawn out the adherence of the whole Anglican Communion, and the numbers attending have steadily increased. It met again in 1878, 1888, and 1897.

very largely the work of the gathering which at first was known as the Pan-Anglican Synod, but has since been more reasonably called the Lambeth Conference. Although the advantages of such a gathering had occurred to some English clergy, the first movement towards its formation came from the Colonies. It was suggested, no doubt, by the difficulties of the Church in South Africa, and was put into words by the Anglican Church in Canada. At its Provincial Synod, held on September 20th, 1865, it was agreed to urge upon the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Convocation that means should be taken "by which the members of our Communion in all quarters of the world should have a share in the deliberations for her welfare, and be permitted to have a representation in

On September 14th, 1872, the Arbitration Tribunal appointed to consider the American claims against Great Britain on the "Alabama" account of the damage done to American commerce by the *Alabama* and other privateers, held its final meeting and delivered judgment. The damages



THE ALABAMA.



JOHN HOWARD VISITING AND RELIEVING THE MISERIES OF A PRISON. (After the Picture by F. Whistler.)

awarded against Great Britain amounted, with interest, to some £3,229,000. They were paid; and although the sum originally claimed was near £10,000,000, it appeared in the end that the award was much larger than the claims which could be substantiated. The fact is the more interesting because of the recent tendency of arbitration in which Great Britain and America are concerned. The shock received to the principle of arbitration by the Delagoa Bay award may be serious; but at least we are left with the consolation that the two Anglo-Saxon nations have done their best to promote the peaceful settlement of international disputes. At this distance from the events it may be useful to recall the facts which led to the formation of the tribunal at Geneva. The *Alabama* was a screw steamer built at Birkenhead. During her construction it leaked out that she was intended to act on the Confederate side in the war between the Northern and the Southern States. Before, however, the formal orders to seize her reached Liverpool, the *Alabama* slipped off to sea. Her career between July, 1862 when she left our shores, until her destruction in the Channel in June, 1864, is one of the romances of naval warfare. The facts, however, were by no means romantic in regard to their effect on Union shipping, nor yet in regard to the responsibility of the British Government. Before 1862 was out notice was given that a demand for compensation would at a suitable time be brought up, and when the States had settled their internal differences they turned to the *Alabama* question. It might have ended in war; but we had shown culpable neglect, and we had the grace to admit it. After prolonged negotiations the arbitration tribunal was formed, in due time the decision was given, and then we paid the bill.

"I was . . . in prison and ye visited Me," are words of Christ which in some ages seem to have had little meaning for Christian nations. The condition of our own prisons

John Howard, Christian Philanthropist.

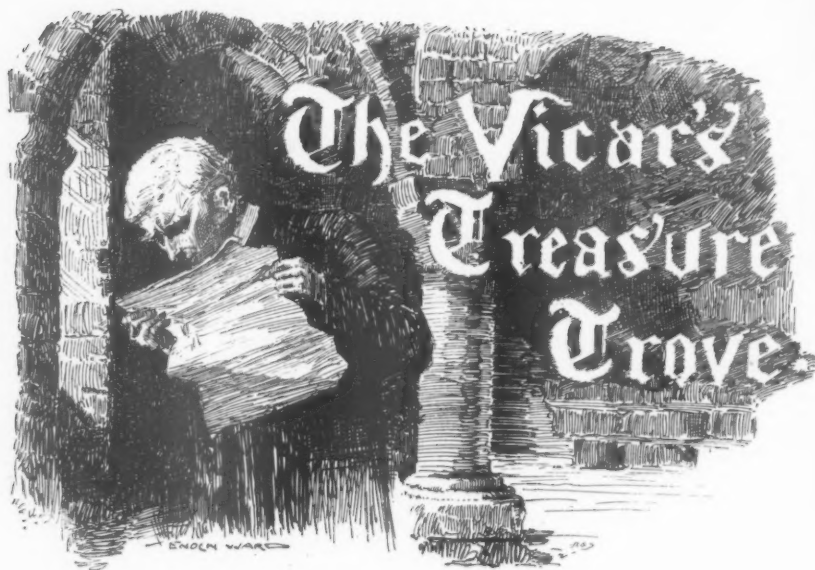
when John Howard began his investigation in 1773 were bad enough to shock a part at least of the community of his day. Howard was born on September 2nd, 1726, and, like some others who have devoted themselves to the service of their fellow-men, he enjoyed ample private means. His life's work was determined by an experience of his own. The ship in which he was sailing to Lisbon fell into the hands of the French, and he was consigned to a French prison. Instead of being content to regard his sufferings as peculiarly due to the

inhumanity of his country's foes, he began to look at home. In 1773 he resolved to devote himself to the investigation of prison life with a view to its reform. He visited most of the English gaols, and laid the results of his inquiries before the House of Commons. He then extended his investigations to Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. The results of his work were speedily seen in the improved treatment of prisoners in Great Britain, and his proposals were also viewed with sympathy abroad. He died, engaged upon the work of his life, at Cherson, in South Russia, on January 20th, 1790. The proceedings at the centenary celebrations of January, 1890, showed how deeply the example and labours of John Howard had influenced the world.

September is a great month in the history of the British arms in India. On September 23rd, 1803, General Wellesley

Three Indian Anniversaries.

(afterwards Duke of Wellington) won the battle of Assaye. His opponents were a Mahratta army of some 50,000 men. The point at issue was not merely whether the British should successfully resist the Mahratta Confederacy; but whether the British power should be dominant in India. The battle was begun and finished under three hours. Within that period Wellesley's 5,000 men crushed a powerful army, capturing 102 guns; and that after marching twenty-four miles. The battle virtually decided the war in the Deccan, and was one of the victories which were turning-points in the history of India. In a year when critics of the British nation have thought they saw signs of the Empire's decadence, it is perhaps instructive to recall our position in the year of Assaye. On May 17th the short peace with France came to an end, and we declared war upon our old antagonist. We had grave troubles in Ireland, where in the month of September there were several executions for high treason. Consols stood that month at 56, and the price of the quarter loaf was 8½d. September has other Indian memories. September 20th, 1857, a day just three years after the victory of the Alma, saw the fall of Delhi complete. The little force that so long had held its ground with dogged persistence outside the great city at last prevailed. They had fought like giants, and they did much to save India. The same September was the month in which Havelock forced his way to the besieged Residency at Lucknow, the final relief of which did not come until the following November.



By J. F. Rowbotham, Author of "'Solomon Built Him an House,'" "The Parson's Lighthouse," Etc.



THE church of St. Anne's, Sleighbury, had been at one time the most beautiful church, and indeed, the most magnificent edifice, in the county of Somerset, but at the period of our story was on the very verge of complete

dilapidation and decay. There had been nothing done to stay the ravages of time for fifty years past, and the consequence was that year after year the state of things grew worse. This was partly due to the enormous size of the edifice, for this parish church, like a few others only in England, was as large as a small cathedral, and the project of restoring it was too formidable a task to confront lightly. But a series of unfortunate incidents had rendered the work of restoration quite out of the question. There was no squire in the parish, the old family of the Chichesters having become extinct half a century ago, and their lands having gone to others. And, secondly, the living of Sleighbury had, owing to a falling tithe and a series of bad tenants on the glebe, sunk so low that the vicars had enough to do to provide for themselves and

their families, without the burdensome addition of restoring a dilapidated church as well.

But at the time of our story Mr. Smedleigh was vicar, and though the living was, if possible, now worse than ever, the dream of the restoration of the ancient fane seemed never absent from the vicar's mind. He paid more attention to his church than to his parish—such was the common remark about him among the few neighbours whom he possessed in that sparsely populated district. At least half of every day he might have been seen wandering about the church, carefully scrutinising every pillar, examining the stones, measuring the walls, and, in fact, comporting himself in every way as if a complete restoration of the building were a thing of the near future, instead of being a mere dream and chimera, which could never be realised, and served only to beguile the spare moments of an idle life. Such, in fact, after a while, came to be the view taken by the vicar himself. He cherished the restoration of his church, but cherished it at last as a wild and extravagant fancy. And people who remembered him a man in the prime of life coming to the benefice now shook their heads, as they saw the old white-haired clergyman, moving like a ghost about the ruins (or what

were fast becoming such) of the once gorgeous and stupendous pile of St. Anne's, Sleighbury.

The state of the church was indeed deplorable to the last degree. The enormous nave was seated with those high, old-fashioned pews, which give such an archaic appearance to the churches that possess them, but, in the case of St. Anne's, gave the aspect of utter dilapidation; for they were completely rotten and worm-eaten, and to lean upon them was to break them, to touch them was to make them crack.

But what made the church most unsatisfactory was not the condition of the pews and galleries, but the insecurity of the roof; for which reason no services could ever be held during a high wind. Yet, reared upon a very forest of fluted pillars, with basket capitals and foliated wreaths unending, it was a noble covering and crown to the grand old church beneath it.

One evening the aged vicar was, as usual, engrossed in some unimportant occupation in the church—it happened that on this special occasion he was cleaning, as well as a brush and water could clean it, a pillar stained with lichens, and green as grass from very age. He had finished his labours at the pillar, and was purposing to retire from the church to his house, for the hour was getting late, although on this beautiful summer's evening darkness had not yet set in. The sun was pouring a very flood of golden glory through the stained-glass windows, which lit up the quiet church, and gave a weird and unearthly aspect to a scene which in itself was strange and heavenlike.

Before leaving the church, the vicar determined to go down to the crypt for something which he had forgotten, having imagined that it was with the other simple masonic tools which he was employing round the pillars. The lost article was a little chisel, with which he was wont to pick the lichens out of scrollwork, or from the more delicate traceries of carvings, and by the aid of which he had wiled away many an idle hour in his beloved church, and in the most beloved part of it.

"The chisel must be in the crypt," said the vicar to himself aloud. "I am sure I left it on the great stone altar there, before I came upstairs."

And with that he began descending the steps which led to the subterranean chamber.

The crypt, which was supposed to be a century or two older than the church itself, and to date from the tenth or eleventh century, had been used as a church or place for prayers until a period considerably later than the Reformation, by the Roman Catholic ancestors of the squires of Sleighbury; and

scattered about it in profusion were several relics of that superstition—among others, a great stone altar, which reared itself on the left-hand side of the crypt, as one went downstairs.

The vicar, groping his way down the dark steps, was astonished to find the crypt bathed in comparative light, for the rosy hues of sunset streamed through its windows, illuminating every corner of that subterranean chamber.

He went straight to the stone altar, and, imagining that the chisel must have lodged perhaps in a niche behind some stone leafage or branchlets, which were carved with amazing delicacy round the edges of the stone, he began to grope with his fingers behind and on all sides of these decorations. In doing so, he must have pulled a piece of the stone in a peculiar way, or pressed upon a hidden spring—he never knew rightly which—for, to his unbounded surprise, all of a sudden a great piece of the scrollwork rolled forward, as if on a hinge, revealing behind a vast cavity in the stone, in which was a wooden chest, with a rusty key hanging by a string to the lock.

The vicar at first stepped back a few paces and gasped for breath. Then, recovering himself, he walked up to the chest, and, inserting the key in the lock, turned it. The creaking of the rusty key echoed through the silent crypt with a ghost-like sound. The lid, being opened, revealed a folded parchment, reposing on a large parcel done up in some strong cloth and firmly tied.

The vicar took the first of these treasure troves, and, carrying it to an aureole window near, he read the writing by the light of the setting sun. The parchment ran as follows:—

"The Last Will and Testament of Sir Frederick Chichester, Baronet, of Sleighbury, in the county of Somerset, October 19th, 1711.

"I, Frederick Chichester, having lived a sinful life before God and man, and having now reached an extreme old age, in which I have repented of my wickedness, am anxious to make atonement and reparation to God for my sins, and also to the vicars of Sleighbury for my dishonesty, seeing that I have appropriated tithes and moneys belonging to them, and converted the same to my own use. Since it was the wish of my father and grandfather, both of whose money I have foolishly squandered, that the ancient church of St. Anne's, built by our family, should be one day restored, I have put aside the sum of £8,000 for that purpose out of my fortune, and have placed it in the chest underneath the parchment."

Here the vicar trembled violently, and the blood rushed in a torrent through his frame.

Here was the grand object of his life achieved at last. But the next instant sent the blood coursing back from his face again, and he stood rooted to the spot with terror.

"I place it in this niche of the altar," continued the document, "and in this very spot, because it was here that in my youth I struck down, in my anger, my companion Richard Dowden, who had provoked me, and saw him fall in a pool of blood at my feet, for which crime I had to fly the country; and may the Lord have mercy on me in His judgment for an act heinous, terrible, and perhaps never to be atoned for! In expiation of this, and also to carry out the wishes of my ancestors, I devote this money to the restoration of the church, and secrete it here so that it may escape the notice of my family, who, if they knew of such a testamentary devisal, would at once divert the funds from the purpose intended. Let the vicar of Sleighbury, for the time being, be he who he may, take this money and use it as he pleases for the restoration of the church. Perhaps in a century the treasure will be found, by which time the church, already dilapidated, will have all the more need of restoration. But if even then my treasure lies hid, one day, when the edifice has become a ruin, the money will at length be discovered, and then it will serve to rebuild St. Anne's, to the glory of God, for the atonement of my sin, and in fulfilment of the wishes of my forefathers."

Such was the conclusion of this extraordinary document, and the vicar, having finished its perusal, walked over to the chest and commenced to undo the parcel. He plunged his hands in the glittering contents, when he had opened the packet, and, taking a handful of the coins to the window, found they were gold guineas and silver pieces of the reign of Queen Anne and the later Stuarts. In all, there must have been quite £8,000, or even more, in the bag which lay in the chest.

Not knowing what to do, and utterly bewildered at the magnitude of his discovery—fancying sometimes that his head had turned, for which reason he pinched his arm several times to make sure of his own consciousness—the vicar, in an abstracted and mechanical manner, tied up the parcel, restored the parchment to its place, and locked the box. Before consigning the treasure to its original position, he made sure that he fully understood the working of the hinge by which the scrollwork revolved. Having at last satisfied himself on this particular, he let the scrollwork swing to with a snap, and walked slowly from the crypt, immersed in reflection, and lost in astonishment at the extraordinary events of the evening.

The shades of night had fallen throughout the church. But for the moonlight there was

complete darkness. The aged clergyman had to grope his way through the aisles, when he had ascended to the nave; and he turned the handle of the church door with a sigh of relief, at the prospect of emerging from this edifice of wonders and even terrors into the free air of night.

As he crossed the threshold he heard the church clock chime the hour of eleven. He was intensely surprised at this. It was late daylight when he had read the parchment and first handled the money. Yet he must have delayed quite an hour or two afterwards, pondering and abstracted, without thinking of the time—for now it was eleven o'clock. Just as he was shutting the church door, he thought a black shadow, blacker than the shadows of the nave, passed close by him—though whether entering or leaving the church, he did not know. At first he fancied it was somebody. But afterwards he explained it as the waving of a large bunch of ivy, which hung over the church door, and made this fitful and black reflection of itself in the moonlight.

On arriving home—the vicarage was just over the road, on the other side from the church—he found the whole household in bed. The hour was half-past eleven. The house was quite quiet, and on the table in the dining-room, where the lamp was still burning, was a scrawl from his elder daughter, who, since her mother's death, had taken the control of all the domestic arrangements, telling him in what cupboard some article for the supper table was to be found.

The vicar sat down to his supper in a state of unusual elation.

"Poor girls!" he said to himself. "They are quite in ignorance of what good fortune has befallen me. To-morrow morning how I shall surprise them! I shall not have a wink of sleep, I am sure. After waiting for years upon years, to find my dream carried out at last!"

Having finished his supper, the vicar betook himself to rest. But the morning, which was to break so happily for him, wore another aspect entirely—unexpected, unsummed. At about seven o'clock there was a loud ringing at the hall bell, and a mounted messenger, with a telegram in his hand, was found to be at the door. Gertrude, the elder daughter, hastened up to her father's bedroom, bearing the missive in her hand.

The vicar, who had awoke from dreams of gilded cupolas, Gothic cathedrals, stalactite architecture, and what not, was little prepared for the plain, horrible, prosaic announcement that confronted him—as different from his dreams as night from day. The telegram proved to be from his son Mark, who was in business as a stockbroker in London, and who

was said to be amassing a large fortune by expert dealings on 'Change. It ran as follows:—

"Expect me in an hour's time. I have been in your neighbourhood for the last two days, but have not been inclined to come home."

The advent of the messenger was followed, in a shorter time than that indicated in the telegram, by the arrival of Mark himself, who, pale as death, and haggard as a sick man, staggered up to his father's study, where the vicar, having dressed and partaken of a cup of tea, was composing himself as best he might in expectation of his son's visit.

"My dear boy, how is it with you?" were the father's first words, as he took his son's two hands in his, and pressed them fervently. "What is the matter? What has gone wrong with your affairs, my dear son, that you should hang round your own house—for what is mine is yours, my boy—for days together, not daring to come in? Tell me! Unburden yourself to me, so that I may see if I can help you!"

"I will unburden myself to you, father," replied Mark Smedleigh. "But as to your

helping me, that is past dreaming of. It would be impossible. I am a ruined man; and there is only one chance of salvation for me—"

"What is that?" asked his father eagerly.

"Eight thousand pounds," replied Mark.

"If I could get this sum, or have the use of it even for a few days, everything might be righted. All would be well. But this is out of the question—for in my present state of difficulty nobody would trust me—nobody would believe in me. My ruin is complete. My prospects are hopeless. And you, father, as you know but too well, are a ruined man too."

The vicar had, indeed, entrusted his slender fortune to the management and disposal of his son, and for some time past had received very large interest for his money, which astonished and would have alarmed him if he had not had profound confidence and blind reliance in the financial genius of his beloved boy.

With pain and difficulty Mark proceeded to tell the tale of his misfortunes—how he had been entrusted with large sums by clients, with complete and unfettered control of the



All Mark's remonstrances were of no avail.—p. 1002.

same, to use to the best purpose for their interest. Taking advantage of the opportunities thus placed in his power, though at the same time with the strictest integrity and good intentions, he had embarked nearly all the money, together with his father's and his own, in a big "deal" connected with the Maruba Gold Crushing Company, which, as he phrased it, "looked as if it were a moral certainty." Like so many "moral certainties," this particular one proved a gigantic failure; "and within a few days," continued his son, "within a few days, father, the whole terrible story will be out."

"Not terrible, my son, for you have done nothing culpable, nothing guilty, nothing that—would place you within the pale of the law?" asked Mr. Smedleigh, laying his hand timorously on his son's arm.

"No, father," replied his son firmly. "I have not sinned in that way. There has been no embezzlement, no misappropriation."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the father.

"But there has been gross rashness, culpable folly, which will be terrible in its consequences. For unless I can immediately obtain £8,000—"

His father gave a start, and turned deadly pale.

"—Which would at once turn this terrible collapse," continued his son, "into a dazzling triumph, and bring in tens of thousands instead of losing single ones; but unless I can do this I am a ruined man, you are ruined, and scores of unoffending, innocent people will be ruined likewise—people who have done no harm, except credulously entrust their money to my keeping—on them will the blow fall, and it will be an awful one."

The vicar rose up from his seat and paced the room for some little time in a state of great emotion.

Eight thousand pounds could save his son and himself and countless others from utter ruin. And £8,000 he had—completely at his own disposal, unknown to anybody, for even to his daughters, in the sudden and terrible events of the morning, he had not breathed a word about his treasure trove. The great surprise and delightful intelligence which was to have made the morning so rosy had been forgotten in the black and gloomy events which had supervened. The £8,000 were in the church—a treasure trove at the disposal of the vicar. He might advance the sum to his son, and then restore it out of the profits. He might give it to him and not ask for a return. Both things were possible, and either would save his well-beloved son from ruin.

"Eight thousand pounds, my son," remarked the vicar, suddenly stopping in his walk and facing his son, "strange though it may appear to you, I have at my disposal! Yet in such a

way that, to apply it to any purpose but the one for which it is intended, would be wrong and dishonest. You would not wish me, I fancy, you would not urge me, to do this."

"Ought not all considerations to be sacrificed," returned his son, "in presence of such an emergency? If you have £8,000, father, for the love of Heaven and for the sake of our own prospects—for yourself, for my sisters, for us all—advance it to me! Let me have the handling of it only for a few weeks, a few days, and I will undertake to turn this reverse into a victory."

"It is useless," said the vicar, waving his hands and suddenly stopping in his walk with a firm and determined expression on his face. "It is idle to talk to me. My resolution is fixed. I cannot give you the money, though I have it at my disposal, though I know where it is—"

"Where it is?" interrupted his son with surprise. "Why, where is it, if it is not in the bank or invested in some securities?"

"It is," replied the father, hesitating, "it is—it is in the place where it is intended to be used. This money—this money is for the service of God, and not for man. Though I am brought to utter ruin, though I have to beg my bread in the street, yet will I not touch a penny of it. See, Mark"—here he took down a large sheet of foolscap from a shelf in the library—"hand me the pen and ink, my son."

"What are you going to do, father?"

"I am going to write my resignation of this living, and to forward it at once to the patron. I and your sisters must go out into the world, my boy. You can come with us, if you like. But they and I must certainly go. I can never keep up this house, the servants, my position in the parish, my rank as vicar, on the trifling and utterly inadequate income which I draw from my glebe and tithe—£70 a year for the expenses of a vicarage! It is out of the question. I must resign and seek employment as a curate—in these days," added the vicar bitterly as he began to write, "when curates are better paid than vicars."

All Mark's remonstrances were of no avail. The resignation was written, the two girls were taken into confidence. There was a scene of tears, of grief, of dismay, for the family had lived in the vicarage all their lives—had been, in fact, born in it—and to leave the old house was like going into exile. Nevertheless, their father was immovable. The family conclave endured all day. The news, which would fall like a thunderclap on the village, was to be published on the morrow. The girls retired to rest. Their father and their brother sat up talking until late in the night.

[END OF PART I.]

The Life and Work of the Redeemer.

CHRIST'S DEALINGS WITH WOMANHOOD.

By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

PART THE SECOND.



His dealings with the ardently emotional.—He did not check the woman that kissed His feet. He rebuked those that murmured about the waste of the precious spikenard. It was sufficient justification that it was the expression of a loving heart to Himself. "Me ye have not always."

As a gardener will screen a tender flower from nipping winds and the unkindly touch of the Frost-King, so He flung around her the mantle of His protection, saying, "Trouble her not." He did not reprimand the woman who, with irrepressible emotion, blessed the mother that had borne Him. And when the women essayed, after His resurrection, to hold Him by His feet, He was not moved to anger, but tenderly disentangled Himself, saying, as He did so, "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended." Woman's love must needs express itself. If denied expression, it pines and droops. It is more needful to be able to give expression than to receive it. The Master knew this, and did not say nay. When the women that followed Him from Galilee ministered to Him of their substance, He accepted their provision with royal grace.

But when their love threatened to be content with the physical and sensuous He gently chided it for not rising to its higher possibilities. To the woman who coveted the blessing of motherhood He unfolded a closer relationship: "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it." To those who clung to His earthly presence He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away." To Mary Magdalene, who clung to Him with ardent affection, he said, "Touch me not, but go tell My brethren." To her who spoke of the right and left of His person He spoke of the cup and the pain. His one aim was to lead them into the higher range of spiritual experience, and, taking the tendrils of their affection which lay along the dark mould, He taught them to trail along the trellis-work supplied by His ascension to the right hand of God.

Hast thou lived on too low a level, Woman's heart? Hear the Master's call, "SURSUM CORDA!" ("Lift up your hearts"),

and answer gladly, "*We lift them up unto the Lord.*"

His dealings with the misunderstood and misjudged.—Mary, the sister of Lazarus, sitting at Christ's feet, had learnt many things, which were hidden from the wise and prudent—from Martha, the busy and executive house-keeper, and from Lazarus, the undemonstrative and ordinary man of affairs. She became concentric to Him, and therefore eccentric to all beside. This exposed her to misunderstanding and rebuke. Martha said, somewhat petulantly, that it was hardly fair for Him to permit her to sit there and allow all the business of preparation to fall upon one pair of hands. And Judas sneered about the waste, and muttered something about the needs of the poor—not that he cared for the poor, but because he carried the bag. But Mary made no attempt at self-vindication. She knew that He understood, and that was enough. Being reviled, she reviled not again; persecuted, she threatened not, but committed herself to Him Who judged righteously. She was silent to the Lord, and waited patiently for Him, not fretting herself in any wise to do evil. And He took her part. "Hers," He said to Martha, "is the best choice. It shall not be taken away from her." And in answer to the murmur, which Judas had led, as it circled round the supper-table, He said, reading out her heart, "Till the day of My burying hath she kept this."

This is perhaps the most telling illustration of His quick sympathy with woman's heart of anything in the Gospels. It is the woman's inalienable right to pay the last office to the dead. Almost instinctively man retires, when the breath has left the body, and woman girds herself to her last office. She is willing to suffer much and long, if only at the last she may be entrusted with the helpless clay. To Mary's quick intelligence there was no doubt of the direction in which events were hastening during the last six months of the Lord's life. She saw that His life was doomed. As it had been with all the prophets whom God had sent to His people, it must be with Him. The husbandmen who had done to death the servants whom the King had sent to receive the fruits of the vineyard would not be likely to spare the

Son Himself. Already she heard that they were plotting to put Him out of their way. Had not Caiaphas said, enigmatically, that it was expedient that one should die for the nation, rather than that the whole nation should perish? And probably she remembered how the headless corpse of the Baptist had been given to his faithful disciples, who had buried it with due reverence. So she hoped that the body of Him Whom she loved would not fare worse. Whether He was assailed by some sudden *émeute*, and hurried out of the Temple to be stoned in the valley of the Cedron, as probably Stephen afterwards was; or whether He should be arrested, and executed in prison, as John the Baptist had been; she hoped that the beloved remains might be entrusted to her loving care, and with a view to this, she had purchased and was keeping her vase of precious ointment. It may be that our Lord had spoken to her as He spoke to His Apostles more than once, of His approaching end, and had explained to her that His life was not to be taken from Him by force, but that He was about to lay it down of Himself. He may have told her that He would be surrendered to the Gentiles, and crucified. The cross was without doubt clear in His own view, and He may have disclosed it in all its horror to her. She knew that she would have no opportunity then of doing as she would. The Roman soldiers would have no sentiment of pity, no sympathy for her woman's yearning, so she would be beforehand, and anoint Him beforehand, that the sweet perfume might remind Him, as it arose from His flesh, through all the hours that followed, of her love, and that He should not go to His end without receiving as many and as rich expressions of love as money could procure.

"Love is the true economist,
She breaks the box, and gives her all;
Yet not one precious drop is missed,
Since on His head and feet they fall.

"Love is the truest providence,
Since beyond time her gold is good;
Stamped for man's mean "three hundred pence,"
With Christ's, "She hath done what she could."

His dealings with the sick.—Woman has borne more than her share of the pain and sickness of the race; and especially in Eastern lands her sorrows, foretold in Eden, have been greatly aggravated by ignorance and superstition. This, also, touched a tender chord in the compassionate heart of Christ, and there was a special grace and thoughtfulness in the way in which He extended His help.

In Peter's home there was sickness, disciple though he was. The best and most useful are not screened from the intrusion of pain

and death—nay, sometimes it seems that they have more than their share, that the works of God may become manifest to them and through them. "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and straightway they tell Him of her." Indeed, for Himself, "He saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever." "And He came, and took her by the hand, and raised her up." There was a peculiar tenderness in His approach to the couch of this suffering and perhaps aged woman. It was not enough to speak the word from a distance, but He stood beside her as though she had been His own mother, and took in His own the poor fevered hand, hard with the toil of her life. Is it to be wondered at that she arose, and began to help her daughter in ministering to the little band which filled the house, and for whom the meal was being prepared?

The thoughtfulness of Christ for the daughter of Jairus was equally beautiful. The years of her life were the same in number as those of the sickness of the woman whose case had arrested the Master on the way. How Jairus must have grudged that pause! Of what use, he must have thought, is it to linger thus on the road over this attenuated skeleton, whose wasted look gives evidence that the end is near, whilst my little daughter, on the threshold of her young life, may be saved for scores of years, if only He does not tarry? A kindly word, however, reassured him. The doleful sounds of Eastern mourning met them as they approached the house, which He silenced by the assurance that the maiden did but sleep. That was not worthy to be called death from which the sweet child would so soon awake. And, indeed, since Jesus came and passed through death, death has lost its terror, and is not more terrible than the falling asleep of a tired man. "Our long disquiet shall be merged in rest." From that moment, at the word of Jesus, the ugly old name of death has been superseded by the tender euphemism of "sleep." Our dear ones sleep in Jesus, thus we may say of them, though we know them to be dead. They are no more unconscious than we are when we sleep, but they rest from their labours; and they shall awake and rise up refreshed for the morning of Eternity. It was peculiarly thoughtful of our Lord to invite into the still chamber, where the lifeless body lay, the father and the mother of the damsel. He knew that the child would be startled, when she opened her eyes, to see so many strangers gathered round her bed: it would perturb the little bashful maiden. But if her mother were there, the startled eyes, after passing quickly from one to another, would light on the dear,



THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

well-known features, and rest on them with perfect trust, exchanging tender glances, not without a certain coyness, as though she must not say all she would until they two were alone. What music in the summons, "*Talitha cumi*"! They were as fresh to Peter when, years after, he told the story to the evangelist Mark as when he heard them first in the old Aramaic speech, the common tongue of Palestine. Ever since then the Master has been laying His hands on little maidens and bidding them rise to a new life; and tens of thousands have heard His summons, "*Talitha cumi*," and have risen up to a new and beautiful existence. But even this does not exhaust the Master's tender thought. Breakfast must follow waking; and it fell in with all St. Luke's physician's training to be able to record that the Master commanded that something should be given her to eat. How eagerly the child looked up into His eyes, and the mother bustled off for food! and how, in after days, they cherished every feature of that memorable episode!

Then, again, another story is recorded of His divine thoughtfulness. His attention was attracted to a woman so bowed together by "a spirit of infirmity" that she could in no wise lift up herself. It was in a synagogue, and on the Sabbath. He knew that it would still further embitter His enemies, but He could not refuse to liberate her from her bitter thralldom; and apparently, without solicitation on the part of the woman, and to satisfy the compassion of His own nature, He called her to Him, laid His hands on her, loosed her from her infirmity, and she was made straight. It was a royal and generous act of mercy and help to one whose case was more than usually distressing and painful.

In this way He still moves among the painstricken and sorrowful. Whoever may read these words, be they young girls or aged women, let them take their comfort to themselves. The poor sempstress, the women and girls employed in sweaters' dens, working mothers who come back from a day's charring to begin a day's work in their own home, little slaves in steep houses, where all the washing is done at home, invalids who spend their days in darkened rooms and their nights in suffering, mothers whose hearts are sick with disappointed hope, wives who have to bear an intolerable load of oppression, tyranny, unkindness, suspicion—all these women may solace themselves in His thoughtful care, Whose acts while on earth explained with what depth of meaning He spoke the words, which surely were intended most closely to apply to women, as they have certainly been most often appropriated by them, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My

yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

His dealings with the ambitious.—Our Lord had fled from the Sanhedrin to Perea, and thence to the little village of Ephraim. The time of His offering was at hand, for the Passover feast approached. Already the pilgrims were thronging the roads to Jerusalem. Our Lord and His disciples essayed to join one of these northern caravans, which was perhaps made up of many of His early friends and neighbours. Amongst these was Salome, the wife of Zebedee, a Galilean fisherman, whose home was at Bethsaida, though she was often found among the women who followed Christ, ministering to Him of their substance. The whole party may have met for their evening encampment near the celebrated end of the Jordan at Bethabara, and after the usual greetings had been exchanged the mother approached, accompanied by her two sons, and prostrated herself before the Master, asking His assent before her petition was made known. "What wilt thou?" was the gracious reply. Then, with a mother's absorbing ambition for her sons, she preferred the request that they might sit on His right and left in the Kingdom which, in common with all the rest, she believed to be imminent. The rest of the disciples were much displeased when they heard that request. To them it savoured of an over-riding ambition. Yet it may not have been due to this alone. The mother and her sons may have been prompted by a sincere desire to serve Christ's redeeming purpose. They realised that His Kingdom would mean deliverance and blessing to their fatherland, and their one desire was to share the responsibilities and perils, if only they might hasten the end He had in view. These aspirations may have been misguided, but they were not ignoble. They were neither unworthy for the men to cherish nor for the mother to sympathise with. It is good for a woman to enter into the life-aims of her children. It is not well for men to live to themselves in a thought-world of their own, else they drift apart and miss the blessed interchange of thought and intercourse, of mutual interests and aims. In answer to the requests of mother and sons, the Lord spoke sorrowfully of the cup and the baptism of which the aspirants to the throne must partake, and asked if they were able to drink of that cup and be baptised with that baptism. But it must not be supposed that then, for the first time, they were made aware of the cost of their close identification in His glory. Before they made their request they had carefully considered and

reckoned the price they would be called upon to pay. There is a very close connection in St. Matthew xx. 18, 19, between the Saviour's communication of His pending persecution and death and the word *then* which introduces Salome's interposition. "Then," as soon as these words had been spoken; "then," in view of the cost implied; *then* came to Him the mother of Zebedee's children. And the Lord did not rebuke either her or them, only insisting that those who would be great must be the ministers and servants of all. It was as though He said, "Be ambitious for the best; seek earnestly the highest which is within the reach of man, but see to it that your heart is set on all that shall serve and save mankind. Let the most menial services be sought for with the passion with which men of the world seek after fame and emolument, if only by these means ye are better able to comfort and help your fellows." "Wherefore dost thou set thy heart on the first places?" says St. Chrysostom. "That thou mayest be before others? Choose then the last place, and then thou wilt enjoy the first. So that if it be thy will to become great, seek not to become great, and then thou wilt be great. For the other is to be little. For the arrogant is of necessity base, and, on the contrary, the lowly minded is high. For this is the height that is true and genuine, and exists not in name only, nor in manner of address. For that which is from without is of necessity and fear, but this is like to God's. Such an one, though he be admired by no one, continues high; even as again the other, though he be courted by all, is of all men the basest. The one is an honour rendered of necessity, whence also it easily passes away; but the other is of principle, whence also it continues steadfast. Since for this we admired the saints also, that, being greater than all, they humbled themselves more than all; wherefore, even to this day, they continue to be high, and not even death hath brought down that height."

His dealings with His mother.—How much He owed her! Her virginal purity; her ready acquiescence in God's choice for her, at whatever personal cost; her intimate knowledge of Scripture, which underlay all His teachings; her insight into the meaning of the Covenant made with the ancestors of the Hebrew people; her devotion to the Temple and its sacred rites; her patriotism, in which burned the unconquerable spirit of the Maccabees—all were a precious and inalienable possession passed from the mother to her Child. And He never forgot His indebtedness; and on the cross it was the one thought that pre-

dominated above all others, "What would become of her?" He knew that the sword must enter her soul, and made what provision He could to soothe her pain.

For thirty years they lived together, in such love and faith as this world has never paralleled. It was an ideal life, that in the carpenter's home in the highlands of Galilee, while the silences of nature, reigning over the hills, reflected the marvellous parenthesis and pause in God's redeeming purpose, between the opened heavens of the Nativity and of the Baptism. In the earliest years He was subject to her, learning obedience, yielding in all things to the dominance of her sweet woman-nature, and absorbing into His expanding soul much of her loveliness and grace. The discourses and parables of His after-life no doubt were due to the talks which Jesus and Mary would have had together, as she minded the hens, patched the family garments, hid leaven in her meal, trained the vines about the cottage porch, or as they watched together the processes of agriculture and husbandry. The belated girls, excluded from the wedding-feast, the incidents of the two sons sent to labour in their father's vineyard, and of the husbandmen grumbling over their pay; the habit of watching the morning and evening light, the growth of lilies, and the home-coming of the birds, the swoop of the eagles on the carcase, and the creeping of the fox to its hole, may all be dated to those far-away days when the mind of the growing boy, speaking after the manner of men, was so quick to notice and so eager to ask questions. And from whom would He so naturally receive replies as from His mother?

Twice, after He had taken up His public ministry, she attempted to re-assert her former prerogative, but in each case He lovingly but firmly restrained her. It was necessary that He should be about His Father's business, and He could have but one fountain and origin of authority. Once, in her eager haste, she would have precipitated His action before His hour had come. He must needs await the hands slowly moving round the dial-plate of His Father's will till they reached the precise, predestined moment. She understood in some measure, and turned to the servants, sure that He would do something, proud to establish an apparent association with Him in whatever He might effect, convinced that somehow He would need their co-operation. Afterwards, in her motherly anxiety, she attempted to stay Him in the mid-current of His ministry, eager to keep Him from excessive toils and to save Him from precipitating an open rupture with His antagonists. But again He made it clear that natural relationships could not sway

Him, and that, indeed, if they were not in harmony with the will of God, they were not so close akin to Him as those which were rooted and grounded in a common devotion: "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father," He cried, as He looked around on the crowded throng, "the same is My brother and sister and mother." Into this relationship Mary was destined to enter in after-years, when at the cross she had learnt to yield herself to the will of God, and to prepare for that descent of the Holy Spirit for which she waited, as we are expressly told, in the upper room.

Such are some of our Lord's more salient dealings with women. Always courteous and thoughtful, always reading their inner, nobler selves, giving them credit for the best, eliciting the loveliest and holiest traits, crowning

their deeds of sacrifice with His smile, as when He smiled on the poor widow who cast her two mites into the Treasury, protecting them from insult and hostile criticism, raising them to stand on the same level with men in all their higher relationships, and assuring them of a world where they should not be given in marriage, where that side of their nature should no longer be esteemed the more important, and where they should be as the angels of God. And His most gracious behaviour and treatment struck a new key-note, and gave a new conception of the relationship that should subsist between the sexes in His Kingdom, where there is neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, male nor female, but Christ is All and in All.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only

Arrayed in White.

A NEW HYMN TUNE.

Words by CHARLES WEELEY.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus. (Lond.),
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)

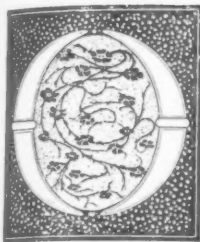
1. What are these ar-ray'd in white, Bright-er than the noon-day sun? Fore-most of the
2. Out of great dis-tress they came, Wash'd their robes by faith be-low In the blood of

sons of light, Near-est the e-ter-nal throne: These are they that bore the cross,
yon-der Lamb—Blood that wash-es white as snow: Therefore are they next the throne,

Nobly for their Mas-ter stood; Suff'ers in His righteous cause, Follow'rs of the dy-ing God.
Serve their Master day and night: God re-sides a-mong His own; God doth in His saints de-light.

Horses at Home.

A VISIT TO AN EQUINE HEALTH RESORT.



ONCE upon a time Acton was a fashionable rendezvous for hypochondriacs from town, who betook themselves thither in order to drink the waters of its spring. Of late years it has become once more a health resort and

watering-place—this time for horses.

Setting forth from the Great Western Station, and crossing the railway bridge, a walk of a few hundred yards down the countrified road brings us to some picturesque and pleasant-looking farm buildings; and, turning in at the gate, we at once descry long ranges of loose-boxes, from which two or three brown and grey heads look out inquiringly to see who comes. This is Friar's Place Farm. If there were such a thing as transmigration, one might fancy some of the old monks come back in equine

form to pass tranquil days here, though they would, no doubt, have arrived at the conclusion, before this desirable haven was reached, that self-flagellation was a work of supererogation and the pilgrims' peas a luxurious substitute for whip and spur, and that the world and its bearing reins were a vanity and vexation of spirit on which they gladly turned their backs to seek the peaceful hermitage of pasture and loose-box. There is a restful, leisurely air about the scene, despite the sound of stablemen at work and the bark of a dog: a cat slinks along in the sunshine, hens are clucking and pecking, ducks gobbling in their pond, and chattering sparrows enjoying a meal among the straw in the yard. The horses "at home" occupy a street of loose-boxes, roomy, well-kept, and comfortable.

"We have about forty-seven horses in now," says the manager, when we apply at his little office to be allowed to inspect the premises. "They are mostly old favourites, though there are a good many temporary cases, too—animals



A VETERAN IN "THE ROW."

sent here for rest and treatment which will make them strong and fit for work again. We have the whole of this range of stabling, and hire more as we require it."

If the benefits of the Home of Rest were

ex-cavalry man, Mr Davis, formerly of the Dragoon Guards, who not only overlooks the whole concern with the economically small staff of four assistants, but does good work as inspector also. The Duke of Portland is president

of the society—the Portlands are notable leaders in the humanity movement, the Duchess being president of the Society for the Protection of Birds; and numerous well-known names, titled and otherwise, are among the patrons, including the Duke of Hamilton, Lady Wolseley, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord Brassey, Lord Ronald Gower, the Duchess of Wellington, Sir Walter Gilbey, Mrs. Pinero, and Miss Rhoda Broughton.

As to the class of horses sent in as patients, "Well, we have all sorts," says Mr. Davis—"cabmen's, costers', sweeps', and so on. We don't take those of large cab proprietors, as they are able to look after their own animals and can afford more than half a crown a week"—which is all the charge for stabling, pasture, food, and veterinary treatment at Acton, to a working horse-owner provided with a subscriber's letter; while poor Neddy and Jenny, the hard-worked



MR. DAVIS AND "OLD MAN."

thoroughly known, it is difficult to suppose that all the loose-boxes at the farm would be sufficient for its needs; but it is a comparatively recent institution, and the public have not "taken it in" yet.

The idea originated with the late Miss Lindo about ten years ago, who, having found by practical experience that a summer's rest transformed a broken-down £5 hunter into a good working animal, bethought herself that a place which would serve as a holiday home for horses to whom their masters might not be able unaided to afford either the rest or the accommodation, would be a boon to man and beast. A couple of meetings at the R.S.P.C.A. offices set a society on its legs in 1886; and after a four years' essay in a tentative way with sick horses at Neasden, and an asylum for used-up old favourites at Sudbury, the present capital premises were procured at Acton, where every department is immediately under the society's eye (and a vigilant eye has Mr. Sutherland Safford, the secretary, who has been associated with the project from its initiation), and where it has an excellent representative and manager in an

donkeys of costers and others, are taken in on the same recommendation absolutely free.

The Old Favourites' department is supposed to be self-supporting, though if £26 a year always covers the cost of loose-box and forage, pasturage, veterinary supervision, grooming, clothing, and whatever else the elderly or valetudinarian horse may require—and failing strength does not necessarily mean smaller appetite and fewer oats—the home's manager might give a lesson to a good many horse-keepers. Here, with a card affixed to each dwelling to give the name of the owner of the animal, description, and diet, like the cards above hospital beds, are domiciled the venerable horses who have the luck to spend a few years of rest and tranquillity at Friar's Place, instead of being sold into a slavery of neglect and ill-treatment or passed into the knacker's hands and shipped to the Belgian sausage-makers the moment they can no longer work as of yore.

The *doyen* of these old pensioners has reached the great age of forty years; she is a bay mare, and has been in the home a number of years; but if old age has affected her pristine

charms, she has plenty of life in her yet, and can run up the stable yard with quite youthful liveliness. She does not, in fact, appear so decrepit as either the aged and shaggy veteran of thirty-seven, who is her closest rival in longevity, or as "Kitty," a poor old partially paralysed invalid, who watches us pathetically, with her restless head hanging out of her box. Kitty is the oldest inmate (though the bay mare is the elder in point of years), having come in on February 15, 1892, and hers is by far the saddest case, for if she lies down she cannot raise herself on her feet again, and is consequently put in the slings every night to give rest to her weary legs. The majority of these old favourites, however, have but little sign of the invalid about them, and now and again an owner who has pensioned off his worn-out servant, as it was imagined, for the rest of his natural life, takes him out again at the end of a year or eighteen months—a fact at which Mr. Davis clearly feels somewhat aggrieved, though in itself it is splendid testimony to the care taken of the animals at the institution, if not entirely to the credit of the owners.

Running Kitty hard in length of tenancy is a horse of first-class breed, who came in but a month later, and occupies the first loose-box. This is "The Grand Old Man," an officer's charger in his high-mettled youth and later the property and favourite of a lady, upon whose death her husband, unwilling that his wife's pet should fall on evil days, sent him to pass a happy old age here. An army veteran also is "Bones," who was in the Horse Guards Blue; there was a popular belief that nothing would put flesh on his noble frame, but you want the X rays in order to study his anatomy to-day.

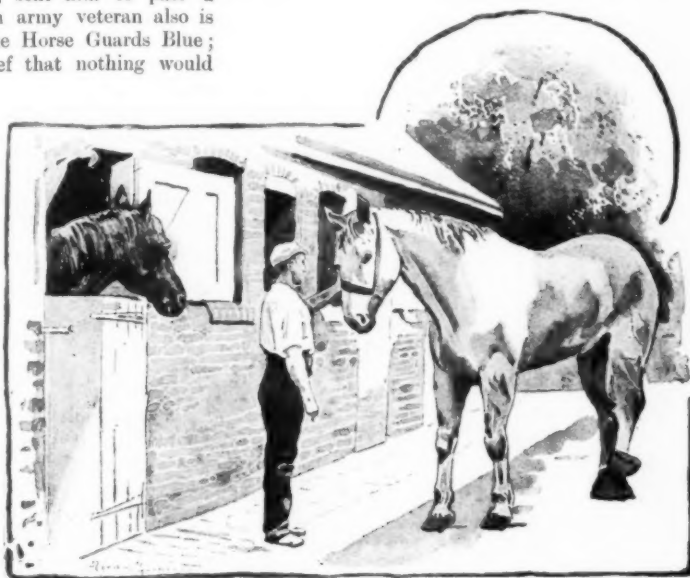
"What a pity it is," we can but remark, "that horses are unable to express their feelings and speak in some kind of language, as a dog does with bark and whine."

"Oh, but some of these horses will talk to me," cries the kindly manager. "You'll speak to me, won't you, Cocoa, old fellow?" And "Cocoa," a handsome creature

with a glossy black coat and the most intelligent of equine countenances, turns from his manger to meet the caressing hand. "Cocoa" belongs to the society's stud; he was the property of a lady who, having known him once stumble, became nervous of driving him, and benevolently offered the welcome gift to the home. No visible blemish is the result of that stumble, nor has the fault been repeated, though "Cocoa" has done yeoman's service since then, so that the present has proved a very valuable one.

Why does the society require a stud? Because it lends out horses to those who bring their own animals for rest and are in need of a *locum tenens*. A small amount is charged for the loan, and a strict guarantee of good treatment exacted, the horse having, moreover, to be taken every week to a veterinary surgeon for inspection. No infectious case is received for treatment, nor is any that is likely to want more than six weeks "in the wards"; but if, at the end of the six weeks, a horse would be the better for a little further rest, why, he stays and has it. As witness "Mike," who is a sweep's pony, and has been an inmate for nine weeks. Mike had been out at grass all the winter before he came to the Home, and was in a very low, sickly condition; but he is going out of hospital to-morrow, as fresh as paint.

"There are no very bad cases in just now," the manager tells us. We should have come



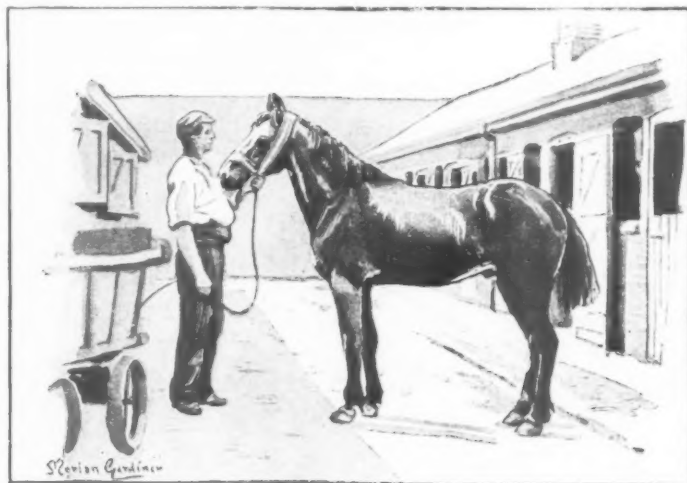
A NEW ARRIVAL.

after the Epsom meeting or the Ascot week, or at the end of the London season; but I do not know that we are anxious to see any dreadful cases, though Mr. Davis naturally takes a pride in the contrast presented by the appearance of a horse on its reception and on its discharge.

The latest arrival is a grey, belonging to a greengrocer, and going very lame in consequence of sand-crack in the near hind hoof; he is a nice animal, but has "gone to pieces," and will need some time and care for his recovery;

ever, are matters which come (or should come) under the cognisance of the magistrates, and the victims are not likely to be blest with an experience of the Home of Rest unless some pitiful witness of their sorrows should buy up one of these melancholy steeds and send him to take unprecedented holiday or to end his laborious days in peaceful pasture at Acton.

It is small wonder that, with the English love for horses, and under some sense of the tremendous debt we owe to those intelligent



READY TO LEAVE THE HOME.

and the whole operation of riveting the sand-crack is explained to our untechnical ears. Near neighbour to him is a woodchopper's horse, in for rest and convalescence after being blistered for inflammation, and next to him the useful hacks of a cabman and a sweep; and so on, some requiring special veterinary treatment, some merely rest. What the value of such help must be to the owners can scarcely be calculated; and it is this working class of horse proprietors, we are assured, who usually care for their beasts best. The man who has, for example, his own cab and pair not only understands his animals better, but finds it very much to his advantage to use them considerably—a virtue not always so clearly appreciated where he is but a driver associated with a large stud. The worst cruelty of all, Mr. Davis declares, is to be found at the seaside, committed not only, as we suggest, by the galloping cockneys who hire unhappy horses and donkeys by the hour, but by drivers and livery stable keepers themselves. These, how-

and patient servants, England should lead the way in establishing a hospital for the invalid and the aged, where the less opulent among horse-owners may give their old favourites a peaceful autumn to their industrious lives, and where the poor man's beast is provided with rest, care, and doctoring to bring him as comfortably as may be through the ailments of horseflesh and send him back to the shafts sound and well. But even in England the ultra-gratitude of man has probably not often left horse or donkey mourning. The Home of Rest has had but some thousand inmates; and how many thousands of horses are there in London alone who stumble along in jaded weariness, and at last die for want of a few weeks in such a hospital? How many who, when infirmity shall have robbed them of the powers they have so obediently and gallantly exercised for our pleasure or our profit, are heartlessly doomed to an old age of misery, or who, honest and faithful in their lives, receive at our hands but the wages of death!

LINDA GARDINER.

HIS DREAM CHILD.

By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Britomart," "Gentleman George," Etc.



I was a sunny afternoon in spring, when even Regent's Park, in its new green raiment with blossom embroideries, looks half poetical and all beautiful. A little High School girl, whose

fluffy flaxen hair was in curious contrast with her deep brown eyes, sat herself down on a bench with her strap of books dangling from an idle hand. A tall, thin old man, whose white hair almost touched the collar of an old-fashioned coat, turned the gaze of a dreamer upon her from the other end of the bench. A slightly observant person would carelessly have pronounced him "a bit soft"; but the little girl vaguely recognised the sweetness of his look as his gaze rested long on her, so long that she smiled, as little girls do, for no reason but that her heart was light. Then he smiled too, a little shy colour came into his pale and hollow cheeks, and he spoke with a slight stammer, but with the confidence of another child. "Is your name Alice?" he said; and the child, surprised, opened her big dark eyes all the wider.

"No, sir. Hester—they call me Hetty—Hester Wingate."

"Ah, well," he said absently, "I thought now it was Alice."

"But why, sir? Did you think you knew me?"

"Eh?" he repeated, and for a moment he did not seem to hear or understand; then the sweet, vague smile came back. "Nay, I suppose I don't know you, little Hester Wingate. I was thinking of some other young maid with lint-white locks and brown eyes, and it seemed to me that she was called Alice. Hester's a pretty name, my child, and Hetty too; but I would you had been Alice."

The child, though neither a timid nor a self-

conscious one, fidgeted a little awkwardly and uttered a small embarrassed giggle. It was a strange old gentleman, but yet—he was nice.

"Are you fond of the name of Alice, sir?" she ventured.

He started a little, as if from a dream.

"Yes, my dear, yes. It is what my child should have been called."

"Have you a child, then?"

He stared at her without replying for a moment; then a smile, half pathetic, half whimsical, twisted his long, sensitive mouth.

"Have I a child? No—I believe I never had. But if I had had, surely she would have been a little springing, light-hearted girl with dark eyes and flaxen hair. When I turned my head and saw you sitting there I said to myself, 'There she is—my little Alice.'"

"What can he mean?" the child asked herself. "Has he had some little daughter who died called Alice? He looks—somehow—sad, but not at all cross or old gentlemanish." For, to tell the truth, Hetty Wingate was not, as a rule, fond of old gentlemen; perhaps not so very fond of any "grown-ups." She had no father or mother. The maiden aunt who brought her up was kind in essential things and just, but not one born to win children's confidence. Hetty had her school friends and her fancies; and was, though perhaps lonely, a perfectly happy child, just twelve years old.

The old man, reading her perplexed looks, hastened to explain himself. "Don't think me mad, little woman," he said, with a pleading note in his voice. "I don't think I am; only I dream a good deal of days long and long gone by, and of things that never were, but might have been. I never really had a little girl called Alice, except in dreams. I'm an old widower, and live alone in two rooms with a good dragon of a housekeeper who calls me Master Charles (Charles Arnold is my name, dear—now we've exchanged cards); but I fancy I have one now and then, and she is just like you. When a child came skipping up to the bench and sat down by me, I looked at her and said to myself, 'Why, it's little Alice Arnold—

she has her hair and eyes, and just her way of looking happy.' So, you see, that's how it all is."

He paused a moment, and then went on abruptly, "You play at pretending pretty often, don't you?"

Hetty dimpled. "Yes, of course," she answered. "It's such fun! You see, one gets tired of being only just *oneself*, so—"

He nodded. "Yes, yes, that's it. It's quite true. Well, now, though I'm old, I play that game too, when I'm tired of being just myself—a poor 'old bachelor' in two rooms. So if you'd let us be friends, we might play together, mightn't we?"

The child looked at him doubtfully. She had never even thought of playing with a white-haired old gentleman before. Yet he certainly had kind eyes, and something about him—yes, it was odd, but something about him seemed to be of her own age!

"Don't you think we really *might* be friends?" he asked anxiously.

"Well—" She halted. "I—I don't know you at home, you see."

"But tell me about your home," he urged. "You are not in a great hurry, are you?"

"N—no. I haven't to be in till half past one, and it's a very little way. I live at Clancarty Terrace, over there. I haven't anybody but an aunt—Aunt Ellen—Miss Marshall. My father and mother died in India when I was a very little girl, and they never had any other children. If we are to be *friends*," she added, with a shrewd little air of common-sense that made her look rather less of a child than he did, "you ought to know Aunt Ellen, you see, and pay a call on her."

"I will, if I may," he returned eagerly. "I'm quite respectable, I used to be in a public office till they pensioned me off. I live on my means now, and that is a gentlemanly thing to do, I believe. The vicar of the parish and the doctor will vouch for me." Then, as if the ludicrous side of this struck him, he began to laugh. It never took much to infect Hetty with laughter, for she was a young person with a sense of humour, so she laughed with him. He stretched out a long, bony hand, into which she placed her small, solid fingers, and they were fast friends in a moment.

"Let's pretend," he said, "you're Alice, and I've known you since you were a long-clothes baby with a red, squeezed-up, funny face; and stop here talking as long as you can. When may I call on Aunt Ellen? This afternoon?"

"No, I've got gymnastics and lessons to learn; Saturday afternoon would do best. But will you come, really?"

"To be sure I will. I shall be in a hurry for Saturday; it's the best day in the week,

don't you think? A holiday when folks go for jaunts."

"Yes, it's a holiday, and now and then some of my friends ask me to conjuring entertainments; but Aunt Ellen does not often give treats. Sometimes we drive in a fly to Hampstead Heath and have tea with Uncle James, and once I went to Richmond. But *you* haven't a holiday on Saturday, have you?"

"On every day, my dear. I'm an idle old fellow, and I haven't to work particularly on Monday or Tuesday either. Yet the old feeling of Saturday sticks to me, and I go somewhere—to the Abbey, or National Gallery, or moon round the old bookstalls, and treat myself to a print or book. I'll call on Saturday, and till then I'll plan some glorious jaunt for you and me—if only Aunt Ellen won't object," he added, with one of his suddenly anxious looks, appealing, as it were, to Hetty's superior wisdom. "Maybe I'd better call on her first, and make her understand that I am really to be trusted with you."

"Why, of course you are!" There was not a shadow of mistrust in the innocent eyes; and, in truth, his own were quite as guileless. "I am not a bit afraid."

"Ah, but that's not all," he cried. "I wonder, now, if you could *like* me, to begin with, little Alice. Do you think you could? I've heard folks say that I'm not quite 'all there.'" And he laughed, but with some uneasiness.

"Oh, yes, I can like you," she returned sturdily. "I don't *gen'ally* like old gentlemen, but you are different. They're mostly rather gruff and grumpy, arn't they? They snub one a bit. But you're not; you're nice."

The quaint, long, pale face quite glowed with gratification.

"You think me *nice*. I'm so glad. I'm sure, anyway, I'll not snub you. Now don't you think it was a lucky chance for me that you sat down on the bench just now?"

Hetty agreed; she had a due regard for other people's morals, and feared it would make him conceited if she uttered her private opinion that it seemed as if it were going to be lucky for *her*. It was really nice of him, and not according to her conception of an old gentleman, to think so much of her friendship. They chatted a while longer on the bench under the blossoming horse-chestnuts; then he accompanied her home to Clancarty Terrace, carrying her books; took off his soft old hat to her as he left her, smiling with pride, on the door-step. Elderly gentlemen, as a rule, did not salute her small ladyship with such sweeping obeisances.

"Oh, he *is* a nice old man!" she said, delighted, and she skipped inside, feeling the joy

of a new dignity. She told something, with due reserve, to Aunt Ellen, who never quite "understood" things; and Miss Marshall gathered that some stranger had taken a fancy to Hetty. But it "would not do," she declared, shaking her head in a way which always exasperated Hetty, "to be talking to people one knew nothing about." Hetty was, though an imaginative, yet a sensible child, and she had long ago found out that arguing with Aunt Ellen always made her more firmly convinced on her own side, so she forbore to say what she thought, that she hated being prudent and saying things "wouldn't do." She awaited her new friend's manoeuvres with hope, dashed with some fear for his judgment. She never doubted that he would keep to his programme. Her trust was justified; Mr. Arnold called next day, armed with credentials, and as Miss Marshall fortunately found that he had a sitting at her church and was a friend of her friend the vicar, and that the same doctor attended both, and also that Mr. Morley, the aforesaid vicar, declared Mr. Arnold to be the kindest and most inoffensive of men—if a little visionary and eccentric—she actually gave her consent to his entertaining her niece after his own fashion on the very next Saturday afternoon. Hetty found that Mr. Arnold's fashion of celebrating Saturday afternoons was agreeably sympathetic. He called for her before she had had time to fidget and wonder when he was coming; almost before her Sunday kid gloves (some sizes too large) were put on, and wasted no time in unnecessary disputations with her aunt, as most old gentlemen would have done. No. He seemed quite as eager as herself to be in the sun-soaked afternoon—all green and gold, garish pink may and white blossoms—wending their way across the park to where the delicious growls of the "larger carnivora" invited their company and respectful admiration.

"Let's pretend," Mr. Arnold began, as the pair walked with brisk, unequal steps along the broad centre path of the dear old Zoological Gardens.

"Pretend what?" Hetty asked, with a look of amused inquiry. Somehow, this new friend of hers hardly seemed any older or more dignified than she did. He actually blushed, and gave his head a nervous little sideways jerk, a funny trick he had, in keeping with his shy, apologetic laugh and slight stammer. "That I am—that you are—that you are *really* my d—daughter; then, you know—if you don't mind—I should like to call you Alice. Hetty is a very—p—pretty name; but my little girl would have been Alice—"

"Why?"

Again the little jerk and wistful, broken laugh.

"W—well, be—because—because her mother was Alice, you see."

"And was her mother like me?"

"Yes, to be sure. Alice had fair hair—not yellow, but pale, like yours—and brown eyes, and her little girl must be just like her."

"Was there ever a little Alice?"

"I suppose not—only in dreams," he answered slowly, and this time there was no smile on his lips.

"But a big Alice, that might have been her mother if she had really lived; but you're pretending I'm the little Alice—*was* there a big one, Mr. Arnold?"

"Yes, dear, there was—a long while since, before God's finger touched her and she slept. But don't call me 'Mr. Arnold,' little Alice; we're pretending, you know."

"But what shall I call you?"

"Daddy. The child I dream of always says 'daddy.' She's such a merry little thing. She says 'father' is too solemn a name, and 'papa' is silly, so she chooses 'daddy.'"

"All right, I'll say it—daddy—there! And I'm Alice—Alice Arnold, I suppose? Not Hetty Wingate. It's funny to have a new name! Well, if you're my daddy, you know, I shall have to tell you everything, and ask you to do just what I want—at least, May Farrell's daddy does. Aunt Ellen calls her a spoilt child, and says the insub—something or other—of children nowadays is awful; she does not say 'awful,' but I can't remember what. All the same, I call it lovely. I do envy May!"

"To be sure," he cried, with almost tremulous eagerness. "You're to tell me everything, and ask for anything you want."

"It'll be a jolly sort of game for me!" the child said, skipping with delight. "But suppose I asked for things you couldn't afford? Whenever I want anything, Aunt Ellen says, 'My dear, I can't possibly afford.' And I don't suppose," with a shy glance at his rusty and old-fashioned garments, "that you're very rich."

"I daresay, though, I could afford something you like. Begin and think. What do you want very much—very, very much?"

A sudden prick of conscience reminded Hetty of all sorts of wise precepts against selfishness, rudeness, greediness; and she coloured with the delicacy of a nice-minded child. "Oh, I don't really want things—not that cost money, you know. I couldn't think of anything."

"Let's go and buy buns and nuts and things for the creatures, shall we, first of all, little Alice? That doesn't cost much, any way; and it's fun to see them eat in their different ways, isn't it?"

So they went hand in hand, absorbed in interest, to peer at haughty lions, staring



"Was there a big Alice, Mr. Arnold?"—p. 1015.

always into dim distances for the desert spaces they never shall see again; at "tigers burning bright," fiercest, most beautiful, most unlovable of beasts; to watch, half fascinated, half disgusted, the antics of the monkeys, which, to my mind, always look as if the souls of wicked men were imprisoned in them; to give tributes of affection to the dear old elephant, so ugly, so beloved; to see the small quaint animals, the large-eyed deer, the absurd cranes, and all the other strange, fascinating inhabitants of that entrancing wild world. Mr. Arnold proved as satisfactory a companion as he had promised to be. He was never in a hurry; he never urged her to move on to the next cage; he had always some odd appreciative comment to make, some funny trait to point out. He was just as good as "someone of your own age," without the drawbacks incidental to youth, querulousness or contradiction.

"You *are* a nice pretend daddy!" Hetty said, sighing with satisfaction. And these words stirred a sudden sympathetic joy in a heart well used to patience, not at all to delight. So sweet and radiant an expression lighted up the pale, worn old face that an angel might have claimed kinship there.

When they had exhausted—not the endless resources of the much-loved Zoological, but their two selves, Mr. Arnold suggested a hansom and tea at a restaurant. These two were untasted joys to our small Hetty, and she cried aloud with delight. To skim over the streets with a gay accompaniment of jingling bells was delicious—even those "Olympians" who care for few things that children love acknowledge that this is pleasant. Hetty's heart sang to the jingle of the bells. And it was not a common, everyday, uninteresting bread-and-butter and seed-cake tea which followed, but a glorious repast in a decorated palace, filled with rustling silken gowns and the babble of laughter and youth; not weak tea, but strong stuff such as aunts and uncles drink, with fascinating little jugs of cream, and cakes to dream of, not describe—cakes all froth, sweetness, pink sugar, and beauty. Hetty had long ago forgotten the dull mutton munched in a hurry at one o'clock to get it over, and was hungry for cakes, as any healthy child should be. Then, when they emerged into the street, full of wonderful shops, her companion said, "Now, little Alice, suppose we pretend it is your birthday; suppose you show your daddy what present he is to buy you."

She hung back a little, but he turned it all into such a game of play that he beguiled her into a shy avowal of affection for a long-clothes baby doll, very precocious in the matter of

hair and teeth, and much lovelier and rosier than any baby Hetty knew. And then a hansom again, more skimming along, more faint jingle of bells, and home—with oceans to tell, and a delightful new baby to undress. She reached up her soft, smiling lips to kiss the thin, stooping old man, who left her with a pang—ridiculous, no doubt, but genuine enough. His dark old room, all lined with volumes in sober brown, looked darker than usual as he sat wearily down to smoke his evening pipe. As the rings of thin blue smoke floated upwards and broke, visions of what had never been, would never be, floated airily round his grey head; and his tired old eyes sought a portrait they always sought—the feeble, washy water-colour that hung over his fireplace. A poor painting enough, and representing a girl by no means beautiful; but she had lint-white hair and brown eyes and a little wistful smile, and as he smoked and dreamed he spoke aloud, and called the dim image "Alice."

"The child is like you, Alice dear; she has just your sweet ways. When she grows up and we are old, what a comfort she'll be to us!"

Soft, was he?—cracked?—a harmless lunatic? Perhaps; but he had lived so long with no joys but fancy ones, with no living wife or child to sweep the cobwebs from his kind, bewildered brain, that this dream life was a very real thing to him.

That Saturday began a close and happy friendship between Hetty Wingate and her "Daddy Arnold." Every week-end he tried to invent some amusement for her; she had tea at his rooms, and he came to woo her aunt with grave, old-fashioned courtesies—hypocrite that he was, for he only cared to win her for his little Alice's sake, for her own "Aunt Ellen" was nothing to him, but she had it in her power to close the doors of his paradise upon him. So the summer and autumn passed, and the pair of friends were only parted during the month when Hetty went to the seaside.

"Won't you come, too, Daddy Arnold? Do!" the child entreated, clinging to him as he came to say good-bye.

He shook his grey head with a faint, wistful smile. "No, no, little maid. I never leave London—"

"But why not?" she persisted, shaking his arm.

"It costs too much money," he said, twisting his face with what she called his queer look.

He wondered why Hetty's face fell so at his words, and she looked so piteous. She was suddenly pricked by an unchildish remorse. He was so poor, then, that he had to stay in those "nasty, stuffy rooms" all through the summer, and she had let him spend, oh! heaps

of money on presents, treats, jaunts, and rides. "Oh," she said, with a trembling under lip, "then I must be a greedy little thing!" The gentle, simple, wool-gathering old man did not at first understand her meaning; when he did he was deeply anxious to assure her that he liked London best, that he was really quite rich—rich enough to go away if he wanted, but he never cared to go out of his accustomed groove. The child was only half convinced. She was a faithful little soul, and even in the midst of the joys of the seaside—the purest joys, surely, that childhood knows—she was now and then pensive, and even half sad, thinking of her kind, dreamy "pretend daddy" who loved her so, and who was in the steaming, foggy, exhausting heat, the dust and dirt of the great city, while she breathed sweet salt air and set her bare feet on cool, untrodden sands. She gave up more than one sunshiny hour to writing laborious letters to him—letters which took her so long to finish that she would have been surprised to know how quickly they were read. She had answers to her first two in a queer, shaky handwriting, always beginning, "My dear little Alice," and ending, "Your loving old daddy," full of quaint jokes, nonsense verses, puzzles, riddles—the sort of letters to delight a child of her age. Yet, for all the fun, Hetty felt something within her that suggested the vague underlying sense of pathos; in the trembling characters, or here and there in a half laughing, half pitiful plea of loneliness, hinting how much he missed her. Her third letter obtained no answer; she wondered a little, was a little disappointed, and then, as the happy hours brought each its own swift delight, she forgot to be sorry about anything. The holiday time came to an end, and a subdued and sober Hetty came back to London with a thought of school and all the routine of Aunt Ellen's well-ordered house.

Mr. Morley, Aunt Ellen's friend and clergyman, called the day after they returned, and Hetty burst in upon the grave *tête-à-tête* with a sudden question flung like a bomb between them.

"Oh, please, Mr. Morley, please to tell me how my old gentleman is, for he never answered my last letter."

"Your old gentleman?" The good vicar was not nimble-witted, and he stared in a bewildered fashion at the breathless little girl; while her aunt began to frown upon her, and to murmur a rebuke for the rudeness of her interruption.

"Please," Hetty said, more breathless than ever, "I don't want to be rude nor interrupting; but I *do* want to know—because cock says as she'd heard—"

"Hetty!"

"Cook says so, Aunt Ellen, *as she heard* as

he was very ill, so I thought you'd be sure to know. My dear old gentleman—Mr. Arnold—"

"Oh, oh!" Mr. Morley began to see his way through the tangle of Hetty's volubility. "Mr. Arnold. Well, yes, he is ill, I'm sorry to say. In fact, Dr. Baxter says he's breaking up fast."

Aunt Ellen, who, though of opinion that children wanted much "keeping in order," was truly kind, was sorry for the swift fear and pallor in the little face, with large, moist brown eyes and open mouth, that was turned in mute dismay on the speaker. She put out her hand and clasped one of the hot little wavering ones near her.

"Oh, Aunt Ellen!" The big brown eyes now turned their entreaty on her, that pathetic entreaty of childhood, to *understand* the vagueness that makes it sad. "What does he mean by 'breaking up fast'? How do people 'break up'?"

"Getting old, dear. Everybody gets old."

"Yes; but that isn't like being ill. Old people don't always—I mean they don't always die till they are very, very old. Breaking up doesn't mean dying." Hetty swallowed the choking lump in her throat that had come while she thought of old Caesar, her dear curly brown spaniel, who had last year grown suddenly, it seemed to her, wheezy, decrepit, blind, deaf, and then *disappeared*—where, she never dared to ask, and yet she knew quite well. Oh, yes, she knew that the dear old dog was nowhere alive in the world. And she dimly recalled that Aunt Ellen had told someone that Caesar was 'breaking up fast.'

"I'm very much afraid that Mr. Arnold—" the vicar began, tactlessly unaware of Miss Marshall's nods and frowns. She interrupted him quite rudely, and Hetty presently slipped noiselessly away.

That night, when she came to kiss Aunt Ellen before going to bed, her aunt's eyes, through her severe-looking spectacles, detected signs of tears.

"Aunt Ellen," the child said in a low and rather unsteady little voice, "may Ann take me to see Mr. Arnold to-morrow?"

She expected the usual "I will think it over, Hetty; we'll see." But there was something in her eyes that Miss Marshall could not withstand. She always wished Hetty was not such an "emotional" child, forgetting that youth cannot know the autumn calm of middle age which sees all things neither black nor rosy, but simply grey. "Yes, my dear, you shall go," she said, and was almost overpowered, almost shocked, by the unusual vehemence of the embrace which thanked her promptitude.

So Ann and Hetty made their morning walk across the park to Mr. Arnold's lodgings.

Mrs. Prescott, his respectable but somewhat

grim housekeeper and landlady, opened the door to them with a more doleful face even than usual. Hetty took the words out of Ann's mouth.

"Oh, please," she said, in breathless hurry, "we've come to see Mr. Arnold. Please let me in. I know he'd like me to come, even if he is—if he isn't—very well."

"Bless you, missy," the woman said, with the frankness which seems so brutal to all above her class, "the poor, dear old gentleman's a-dyin'—"

Like a flash the child flew past her up the dark narrow staircase and into the book-lined room where she had feasted and laughed over festal teas, leaving the two women staring below dismayed. The sitting-room was empty, fireless, primly tidy. No litter of shabby books, no scattered pens, pipes, paper; it looked strange and coldly unwelcoming. The bedroom opened out of it; the door was half open, and without pause or hesitation Hetty ran through it. A long, thin form was outlined under the bed coverings; a grey white face, with flowing silvery hair and sharpened features, was raised on a heap of pillows. Was *that* her "pretend daddy" so awfully changed? Is *that* what dying looks like? But when the sunken and lustreless old eyes, so weary, so patient, turned on the little eager figure, the dilated eyes, the terror-stricken expression, the old sweet, pathetic, humorous smile came back and recalled the love that had been and still was there for her—yes, still even in these grey ashes.

"Why, my little darling girl!" The feeble voice was resolute to be heard between the labouring breaths. "My sweet—little—Alice—have you—come—back to your old—daddy?"

The child sprang on the bed; her soft flaxen hair was mingled with the silver of his; her warm and trembling little hands caressed him; she kissed his cold, sunken cheeks. Then sobs and tears came. "My daddy! My daddy Arnold! You're *not*—dying! You're *not* breaking up! You *will* get better! You sha'n't be my pretend daddy now, but my real, real own daddy. I'm not going to leave you. Aunt Ellen's well—she can do without me. Oh, say—say you'll get well."

"Why, Alice—Alice—darling," he protested, struggling after a strange hollow laugh, "what makes you cry so? Don't cry, dear. I'm very—well—quite—well. There's nothing hurts me—dear. I'm—happy—if only you won't cry. Quite happy—now that I've seen my little girl—again."

"You missed me dreadful much?"

"Yes—I—missed you. But I'm glad to have—*you*—happy. You'll tell me—all—about it."

"But you talk so—so queer, daddy; and

you're so altered"—looking at him with tear-laden, frightened eyes, the terror of parting gripping her tender little soul. "You *will* get better?" she said, her words breaking on another sob.

"I'll be much—much—better soon, dear. Don't fret. It's only—my breath—it's a bit short, you know. You mustn't be frightened. Maybe—to-morrow—you and I will have a long talk. You must say good-bye now, little Alice—for to-day. See, there's Ann waiting for you; and Mrs. Preston will be angry if I talk—any more—now. But you'll promise your own old daddy not to cry—because he is—quite—quite comfortable—and—happy."

"I'll come to-morrow; but I'd like to stay now."

But she yielded to his gentle coaxing, not to Ann's entreaties nor Mrs. Preston's commands. With that choking in her poor little chest and throat that hurt her sorely and tears perpetually rising to blind her, she kissed the old man, repeating more and more vehemently for her fears that she would come to-morrow.

But to-morrow the brown eyes of the girl's picture that had been moved into his bed-chamber looked down on a still silence, broken by no more panting breaths of the worn-out machinery. Charles Arnold had gone to look for Alice, the wife that had never left his thoughts on earth; Hetty's dream father had left his dreams behind.

He had no relations, and only a very few friends. No one had known how little he had lived on, and even that little had died with him, so there was nothing to leave but the quaint old furnishings, the books and curiosities he had collected round him; and all these he left, "with her old daddy's love and blessing," to Hetty Wingate, with a tender, playful little letter of farewell, written when he believed he should see her no more, telling her how she had sweetened and brightened those last few months. He could hardly tell whether, in very truth, she belonged to him or not; but she was his own little girl, and he knew she would not forget her daddy. He asked her to take care of the picture that he liked to think was her mother's. A few old, old letters and keepsakes were left lying, as he directed, on his cold heart when they put him into his last bed. Hester Wingate in future days could never think of him without a certain contraction of the heart. Her children—the eldest of whom she called *Alice* in remembrance of him—liked to hear the story of her "pretend daddy," who had fed his lonely heart on a dream of fatherhood that in life had been denied him. Perhaps, Hester thought sometimes, God let him have a little girl to love in Heaven.

POVERTY'S CASTLES.



EVER an ardent temperance reformer might see a little advantage in brewers growing wealthy, when they put their wealth to such excellent use as Sir Edward Guinness, of Dublin, has done. Under the circumstances, the most rabid democrat can hardly grudge him the peerage which was awarded him in 1801, with the title Lord Iveagh. A peerage has often been bestowed for far less honourable service. In 1880 Sir Edward Guinness made over to three trustees—Lord Rowton, the Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. D. R. Plunket, M.P.—a sum of £250,000 to be expended on improved dwellings for the poorer classes of London and Dublin, £200,000 being allocated to the metropolis.

This princely gift has resulted in the erection of seven great blocks of working-class dwellings, situated in Walworth—the first to be erected—in Chelsea (on a site presented by Lord Cadogan), in Bethnal Green, Finsbury, Lambeth, and Bermondsey. To see over the first and one of the latest of these model dwellings is instructive, for one is able to note the advance the Guinness trustees have made since they first began building. The blocks have not been entirely raised out

of the original gift of £200,000. Of course a rent yielding a certain percentage, generally 3 to 4 per cent., has been charged. The net income goes to swell the capital fund, and thus fresh dwellings continue to be erected; so that, practically, there is hardly any limit to the field of usefulness of the Guinness Trustees. The Goldsmiths' Company, convinced that they were doing a great and much needed work, presented the trustees with a munificent gift of £25,000, which enabled them to extend their blocks in Finsbury. A more convincing proof of appreciation could hardly be offered.

The capital of the fund now amounts to £307,084; the net income for the year is £8,944.

By the kindness of the secretary, Captain Vickers, I was enabled to see over the first block the trustees had built, Brandon Street, Walworth, and one of the most recent blocks, Page's Walk, Bermondsey. This enabled me to gauge the improvements that had taken place. Brandon Street was not completed until December, 1891; Page's Walk in the summer of 1895. Even the earliest block is admirably fitted up, and as the superintendent accompanied me from one block to another, showing rooms and arrangements, I could not help reflecting that the trustees had begun on right lines. For Brandon Street has its club-room with papers, games, stage, piano, just as the last block has; a shelter for children when it rains, seats in a spacious court, hot water supply, arrangements for ventilation, and many other admirable

devices. The superintendent gave me the following scale of the rentals:—

For a single room from the ground to the fourth floor, 2s. 9d. to 1s. 9d., prices decreasing by 3d. as one ascends the various floors.

For two rooms according to floor—4s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 3s. 9d., 3s. 6d.

For three rooms—5s. 6d., 5s. 3d., 4s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

The buildings are really attractive-looking, in bright-red brick, with balconettes for flower-pots on the window-sills, bas-relief decorations over the doors, such as "Home, sweet home," "Be just and fear not"; thus removing the reproach that block dwellings can scarcely be distinguished from Wormwood Scrubs. The superintendent, after kindly showing me round, accompanied me to Page's Walk. Rain began to pour down with an evident determination to make up for the shortcomings of the winter, and just as we reached the newest buildings we fell across Captain Vickers, umbrella unfurled, bent on one of his pretty frequent surprise visits. It was in his society that I made the tour of these handsome buildings. He told me that it is quite a common thing for visitors to ask to see over the place. Bad as London is in its general provision of dwellings for the poor, the Guinness Trust have made a name for London amongst the nations. Americans, Danes, Germans come to see what

has been done, and all admit that nothing equal to it has yet been attempted. Is not this typical of old England? She is careless, indifferent, behindhand in very many things, and yet, when she chooses to undertake a piece of work, she is second to none. It is part of that infinite capacity for improvement, of turning back and doing quite differently, which even our enemies admit is characteristic of us. The worst slums on one hand, the finest workmen's dwellings on the other. May the latter increase, the former decrease!

It will therefore be easily understood that in briefly describing the Guinness Trust Building at Page's Walk we are dealing with something almost unique.

There are four great blocks in Page's Walk, each couple connected by a handsome red-brick façade with arches resting on pillars. Between every two is a pretty wide courtyard, with seats down the middle and a children's shelter at the end. Each shelter has quite an elegant tiled roof, and a clock in a conspicuous position, so that every inhabitant of the 500 tenements can ascertain the time, by putting his head out of the window. Even at night the clock face can be seen, for a lamp is so situated that it is lighted up. The courtyard is excellently drained; water cannot stand on it: when the rain ceases, it begins to dry.



THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

The buildings are six storeys high, the air-space provided allowing sunlight to reach every room. Towards the street the buildings are set back, and railings provided, so that the trail of ragamuffin fingers and scribbings is evaded. First Captain Vickers took me to the club-room; light, lofty, warm, well-ventilated, it is all that can be desired. It has a small stage, and dressing-rooms at each side, and is lighted with incandescent lights, each covered by an elegant globe. Besides pictures of battles and cricket matches, the walls are adorned with portraits of the Royal Family, whose faces and figures, if not inspiring, have an English, or rather German, air of solidity about them, calling to one's mind that mighty mammoth the Constitution. Newspapers and games are provided, as well as a mineral water bar; but no intoxicants can here be obtained.

On Saturday evenings the residents get up a concert or other entertainment, and it is the rule that the programme be subsequently examined to show at the office that nothing low or coarse has appeared. Of course one does not look for Beethoven or Wagner in such a quarter, and there is a plentiful sprinkling of popular songs, the entertainment being provided by the tenants for the tenants. It seemed to me that here might be an admirable opportunity of usefulness for some of those ladies and gentlemen who have musical ability and are at the same time bitten by a little zeal for humanity. But it must be noted that smoking is permitted in the club-rooms, and I am not aware that high-class tobacco is provided, along with all the rest. It is regrettable to state that the club-rooms have not been successful; the difficulty of finding able voluntary management and acceptable attractions have proved insuperable obstacles.

Then we passed to view the rooms of the porter and superintendent. The trustees have wisely provided their officials with extra and superior accommodation and comforts, including gas. The visit was really a surprise, and I could not help laughing (in my sleeve of course) when the porter rushed to turn out gas burning in his quarters before there was need for it. "You needn't turn out the gas on my account," said Captain Vickers, with admirable good humour. More than once I had reason to admire his easy, genial manner both with officials and tenants. All tenements on the ground floor have first a layer of concrete, then a layer of pitch, on which blocks of pitch-pine are laid and dovetailed in a herring-bone pattern. A band of concrete is laid all round the skirting, in this case made of composition, and thus dampness is excluded and vermin discouraged.

Every ceiling has in the centre a strong hook, fastened to a beam, from which a lamp can depend. Above each door is a ventilator. Of course the poor hate ventilation, and he who is not the poor man's friend might find cause to scoff in that some ventilators had brown paper pasted over them. Another effort has been made at the window, which fits into a very deep sill, so that by raising it a few inches from the bottom, fresh air can flow in between the upper and lower sashes.

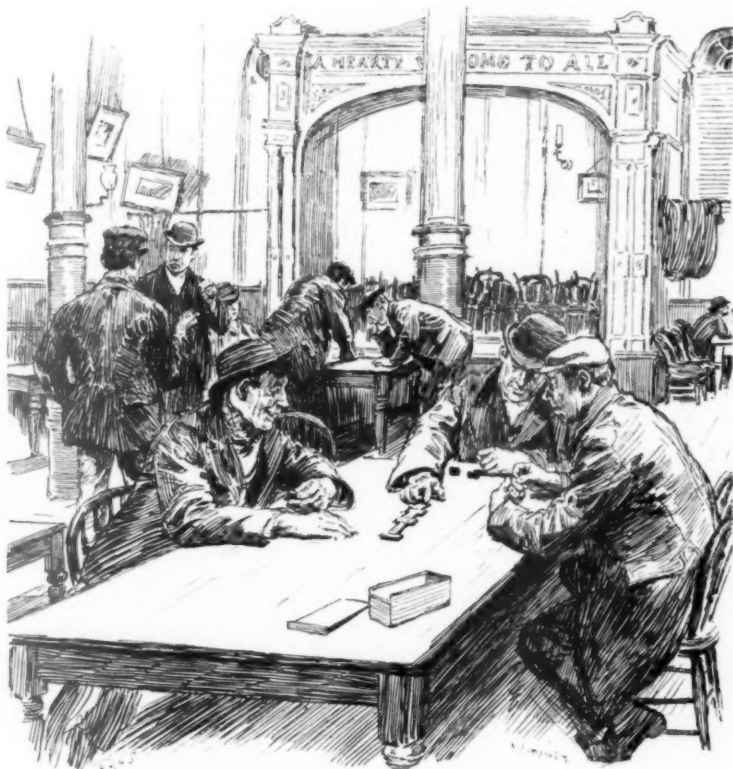
Each room has a hanging cupboard for dresses, fitted with brass hooks, two shelves above the hooks for bonnet boxes; the coal bunk has a double door, the upper to use when full, the lower, as the stock diminishes. By its side is the neatest possible little saucepan cupboard. Above the coals, a dish and food cupboard, *with a ventilating brick to the outside* (take note of this, ye jerry-builders). Above the mantelpiece is a shelf; some rooms have a whole array of shelves in a recess. The Guinness range at once took my fancy. It is extremely neat, burns the minimum of fuel, has a dish-rack, shelves at the back, and all sorts of contrivances. Parts of it are in polished steel, and it is made in sections, so that a broken part may be renewed. What woman does not know the worry of that dirty job, cleaning out the oven flues? In the Guinness range you pull the oven out, lay it on the floor, sweep out the soot, and replace the oven!

Every four or five tenants have a small laundry on their floor, to be used by each tenant on her own day. This rather allows of the smell of steam on the landings; but there is compensation in clothes not being lost, as is the case where many women wash at the same time, and in the fact that a mother remains on the same floor as her children. I could not help admiring the beautiful glazed white tiles with which all landings and staircases are lined, to the height of five feet. The dirty walls which disgrace many "model" dwellings, where four times the rental of Page's Walk is asked, are thus impossible. Landings and stairs struck me as particularly clean; tenants must take their turn in keeping them so. Not the least striking feature is half a dozen expensive delf baths, and a shower douche, all kept constantly going every night. On different nights men and boys bathe, with the porter in attendance; on the women and children's nights the porter's wife attends. The baths were beautifully clean on the occasion of my visit. In two different areas hot water could be drawn for domestic purposes all day. I asked if baths and hot water were free.

"Venetian blinds, baths, hot water, the sweeping of the chimneys, the club room, are all provided, and included in the rent. No one may say he would rather not have these. Sometimes tenants who do not understand that the charge is compulsory (about

be quite sure that it is bought and paid for by the tenants themselves."

In the secretary's company I visited many of the tenements, and on almost all occasions we asked the husband's wage. I do not think it once exceeded twenty-five shillings



IN THE CLUB-ROOM.

sixpence per week being added to the rent), tell us after their first week's tenancy that they have not used these things. But when they find they must pay for them, they do use them, with a solid determination to get as much as possible for the money. And a notable improvement is effected in personal cleanliness. Boiling water for tea and breakfast has proved a great convenience."

"Then the baths, hot water and so on, are not charity."

"Certainly not," was the emphatic reply. "We erect these buildings, fit them up in the way you have seen, and charge such a rent as will allow us to earn a fair low rate of interest on the money invested. You may

weekly. It is often urged that these dwellings are not used by the people for whom they were intended. Judging by their meagre furniture, the tenants could not be well off. We repeatedly asked the husband's business, and were told porter, carman, shoemaker, shopman, and so forth, whilst women were seamstresses, charwomen, and hands in factories. One little woman told us quite frankly that she had not liked the idea of "buildings" for her home; regulations alarmed her. But after a trial, she was much pleased, finding the regulations only such as common-sense has shown to be necessary.

Not a word has been said about costers' sheds at Brandon Street, where fruit, fish

vegetables, can be stored with the cart, thus avoiding danger to food and to human beings by storage in a living-room. Page's Walk has a goodly number of perambulator sheds,

mind of any middle-class person used to a fair amount of space, is the tight fit in narrow quarters, though it is evident that the buildings are a great improvement on



HOT WATER FOR TEA.

where for the modest sum of a weekly penny a carriage can be stored. Box-spaces are also obtainable at the same figure. A sink and other conveniences are shared between every two tenants, the glazed white tiles being again conspicuous.

The Guinness trustees are opposed to overcrowding; on an average, they house from one and a half persons per room in their Chelsea buildings to two persons in various other blocks. The bedroom is usually very small. Undoubtedly the real hardship, to the

what has obtained and is still the rule in working-class quarters in London. A working man, his wife and three children, *may* occupy a two-roomed tenement, one room being very small. It is easy to understand why wide courts, airy rooms, and numerous open spaces and playgrounds are necessary, if our workers are to retain (or ought one say, to gain?) health and strength.

Rents are payable in advance, and the trustees are very strict on this point. To be a week beforehand is simply so much money

in the bank; the advance system is no hardship, and is really preferred by the tenants. At one great block £80 per week is due from the tenants; on the Monday preceding my visit £77 was at once paid down. The trustees used to be rather lenient about payments in advance when they started business; but now it is one of their articles of faith.

No drunken or disorderly person, no person below a certain standard of cleanliness, may hope to remain a permanent tenant. An outburst of hilarity, a little conviviality may be overlooked once or twice; patience is shown with ladies whose standard of cleanliness falls below the mark. But drunkenness or dirt will not be tolerated. As a matter of fact, only decent people put themselves voluntarily under regulation, so that compulsory ejections are quite rare. There is a spirit among the tenants, allied to that law-abiding spirit which distinguishes the English people, that the rules are sacred and must be kept by all alike. They are bent on obedience to rule.

One sometimes hears ignorant people declare that the working-man pays hardly any

taxes. It may interest those who make such thoughtless statements to hear that the local rates for the Guinness Buildings in Page's Walk amount to upwards of £1,000 per annum. The buildings cost £80,000, and the number of rooms is 1,000, forming 458 separate tenements. In all, the trustees now house 8,500 persons in 5,200 rooms. Messrs. Joseph and Smith, the firm who also planned the Guinness Buildings in Walworth and Finsbury, designed the blocks in Page's Walk, and not a little is due to the skill and ingenuity which have produced so admirable a result. Another building of the trustees, erected later than Page's Walk, is Snow's Fields, also in Bermondsey. Although erected on a site similar in size, it has only 830 rooms instead of 1,000, the London Building Act of 1894 requiring wider courtyards than those of Page's Walk. The cost of Snow's Fields was £70,000. The eighth collection of blocks of the Guinness Trust is now in course of erection in Fulham Palace Road, Hammer-smith, where the same general features are being carried out. My visit recalled to mind a saying of Lord Beaconsfield's: "The best security for civilisation is the dwelling."

C. S. BREMNER.



WARM WATER "AD. LIS."



By E. S. Curry, Author of "The Minor Canon's Daughter," "One of the Greatest." Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A PLAN.



JOYCE never mentioned to her sister the outcome of that interview with Mr. Mallion, ceasing, indeed, to speak of him at all. And Nora thought it best to imitate her reticence.

"No good can come of talking about it," she decided with wise discretion. "Joyce will go her own way, and is

more likely to be obstinate if she meets opposition, so I will try to be amiable about Morwyn. But I will take care, when the time comes, that Christabel and Christina shall have no chance of falling in love with the wrong man. I won't have one about."

At the precise moment of this decision Joyce sought her sister.

"I don't know whether you mind, Nora, but the children left Mary when they saw me."

"Not at all," said Nora graciously. "If you are good enough to look after them, and they won't bother you, Joy," looking critically at the rather tired expression on

the face of her young sister. "Mary can get some needlework done."

"But I was going to tell you—I was right away under the beech trees by the lane, and I thought the chicks were all safe, not near the river."

"Have they tumbled in?" inquired Nora hastily. "I suppose you've sent them to be dried?"

"No, they haven't tumbled in—they're on dry ground. But they crept through the hedge—they've made a run like rabbits—and at this present moment they're talking through the palings to some of the village children going home from school!"

"Oh!" said Nora, hesitating.

"And as I couldn't creep after them, and they declined to come when I called to them, and Judy shouted, 'Such a nice liddle boy over here, Auntie Joy!' I thought I had better find out what you wished."

Joyce spoke with a certain malicious satisfaction. She had not been blind to her brother-in-law's scowls and curt remarks, any more than to the silent dignity with which Nora had treated her during breakfast. "Just like a man to go and tell!" she had reflected angrily.

"I suppose it is all right about smallpox, and measles, and scarlet fever, and whooping cough?" she asked.

"Good gracious, Joy, yes!" said Nora, rising quickly; "but that little boy——"

And Nora vanished.

"I shall love to see Nora when Judy has a lover," thought Joyce, as she followed. "She'll entirely forget the fuss she made about marrying Geoffrey, when father wanted them to wait. Yes, I think I'll back Judy to be a match for her mother."

"Punch! Judy! where are you?" called out Nora, through a beautiful beech hedge, several feet thick, bounding a lawn. "Christopher! Christabel!"—with a little access of impatience and severity.

Just as Joyce reached Nora's side, the baby's round face became visible through the overhanging branches, and in a moment her little body crawled through the hole.

"Boy!" she announced in triumph, as she flung herself at her mother.

Murmurs and chuckles of delight, together with suspicious succulent and osculatory sounds, reached the sisters' ears, but the twins appeared to be deaf to their mother's voice.

"A new edition of *Pyramus and Thisbe*," said Joyce.

"That hole shall be barred up," said Nora, "when I get them."

"Shall I go round, and interview them from the other side?" volunteered Joyce. "Perhaps I could rout the attraction."

"Nonsense!" said Nora angrily. "Punch! do you hear mother?" she called out again. "Mother wants you both directly."

The murmurs ceased, so did the laughter, and presently, with much rustling, Punch presented himself, feet foremost. Rising, he remarked with an injured air:

"Awful 'cratchy way—Toby maked it first," with a look of reproach at the exulting infant.

"How like a man, shifting the sin!" murmured Joyce.

"Christina can't have made it unless you had showed her the way," Nora said. She was herself now prone on the grassy bank in front of the hole, endeavouring to look through it, and her baby was scrambling over her, intending apparently to make another incursion.

"It's a nice 'ole," remarked Punch indulgently. "Finks Judy must have biggered it," he adventured.

"What is Judy doing?" Nora lifted a red face to ask. "Go and tell her, Punch, mother wants her at once."

"There's a wery nice little boy," said Punch meditatively. "Judy was kissin' him—he'd got choklets."

Nora went prone again, and her head and shoulders disappeared in encompassing leaves, whilst a muffled cry of "Judy! Judy!" delivered with some impatience of tone, reached Joyce's ears.

A moment of silence. Then Nora wriggled back, and with a baffled air of weakness remarked, "I don't believe she's there. Punch, go and find her."

Rather ruefully, murmuring something about 'cratches, Punch disappeared, and soon shouts were heard, and a skirmish, as of battle. The baby grew greatly excited, and, taking advantage of her mother's momentary inattention, made for the entrance to the scene of action. Her disappearing legs were seized by Joyce, who dragged her back and held her fast, whilst Nora interviewed the other culprits.

Judy appeared first, her eyes brilliant, her cheeks scarlet, her whole attitude that of triumph, whilst for some inches round her mouth the "choklets" were in evidence. She rushed at Nora, and began rapidly:

"Oh, mummie! Boy—nice lickle boy—giv'd Judy choklets. Punch giv'd him a bit of apple—Judy eated hers—and some naughty girls fighted him for it."

"An' Judy frowed a stone at 'em," said Punch.

"An' hitted 'em," added Judy.

The baby here gave a crow of satisfaction, endeavouring to fling herself upon her sister.

"You mustn't go into that hole again," Joyce, as she struggled with Christina, heard the even accents of her sister command.

"And you mustn't throw stones, Judy."

"Judy like to."

"Yes, but you mustn't. And I hope, Punch, the bit of apple you gave the little boy was as big as the chocolates he gave you."

A pause for thought, and a violent shake of Judy's head.

"One, two, free, four, Judy did have."

"Not Punch," said Punch sorrowfully.

"Only giv'd apple."

"In hopes of favours to come," suggested Joyce.

"Don't laugh and interrupt, Joyce. Mind Christina!" as a sudden lurch nearly precipitated the baby, head downwards, out of Joyce's arms.

"Boy liked Judy best," said Judy impressively. "Judy kissed him, mother: giv'd him one, two, free, four—ever so many"—throwing her arms wide to show the immensity of the gift.

"This comes of encouraging children to kiss people," said Joyce. "It's a horrid, hypocritical habit."

"Come and have your mouth washed," said Nora to her daughter. "Did you kiss anybody, Punch?"

Punch having signified, with some scorn, that he had received nothing to kiss for, Nora departed, with Judy in a dancing trot beside her. Presently Nurse arrived, breathless, and, with a look of restrained reproof

at Joyce, bore off Punch and the welcoming baby.

"I see that marriage and motherhood, as I have always thought," reflected Joyce, "completely change a person's nature. Once Nora wouldn't have thought it wicked to kiss a boy through the palings; now these precious children are really even naughtier than we were—at least, about the same"—as some of the misdemeanours of her childhood recurred to her memory—"though Nora says they are ever so much better brought up, being so much with her, and not left to nurses."

Then some other thought reflected itself on Joyce's face, and for a minute or two the tired look Nora had noticed returned to her eyes.

"The happiest way—would be—not to care. He needn't have been so horrid. I shall do what I like."

An hour later Nora joined her in the drawing-room, sinking down with a sigh of weariness and satisfaction on a wide sofa.

Joyce put down her pen, and looked at her.

"I had a letter from Morwyn this morning, Nora—he forgot to settle on Wednesday some day for going to that gallery. He says he shall be there this afternoon at four, if we could join him. Are you busy?"

"Not particularly. It's rather hot, isn't it, to go toiling into town? I thought you told him you wouldn't go?"

"Yes; I did then because he bothered. But I shall have to go."

"Have to? Why?"

"Oh! because I must. It would be unfriendly, somehow, not to. See what he says," holding out the letter.

Nora took it languidly, and without interest, and glanced down the page.

"I think it is very impertinent of him to write so badly," she said crossly. "I am sure nothing he ever says is worth the bother of finding out what he means. Here, take it, Joyce; I can't bother to read it."

"How are the children now?" Joyce asked inconsequently. "Any more mischief?"

"Asleep," said Nora gratefully. "And I think we will go to town after lunch, Joyce. Perhaps it would seem rather unfriendly to such an old friend as Lady Hume."

So it happened that Mr. Mallion, walking down Pall Mall that afternoon, noticed and recognised two tall and slim figures before him. With a quickened heart-beat he increased his pace. Even if Joyce had refused him, he was not going to let her think that so slight a thing as that could put him out of her life, or deprive him of the Blundells' friendship. Her refusal had, indeed, not troubled him over-much. He rather admired her girlish resentment at his implied reproof.

At Suffolk Street the two figures paused, and one lowered a white parasol in a gesture of greeting. Then Oliver saw that Sir Morwyn Hume was slowly sauntering along the shady side of the street.

The sight stirred his blood quickly. He forgot to realise that what he now angrily thought of as an arranged meeting was nothing more than might have been said with truth about himself two days ago. He had taken Joyce to a cricket match; Sir Morwyn was taking her to a picture gallery. In his hasty anger he turned to follow.

"What an idiot I am!" he thought, turning back as hastily, "to put myself in the way of mortification!"

He sauntered back, and turned into his club, where for a time he fumed over a newspaper. Then, suddenly, as he read, a plot entered Oliver Mallion's head. He seized a sheet of note-paper, and wrote a letter, which he addressed to "Mrs. Ede, Home Farm, Gardale Moor, Yorks."

The day before, Nora had lamented that when she took her children to stay with their grandparents they were spoilt. A short stay might be won through, but a long one was fatal to their behaviour. She was longing to take them to some bracing place, away from the heat radiating round London. Mr. Mallion had then been too much occupied with his own concerns to pay much heed to Nora's wants, but they now recurred to him. He remembered a shooting-box on a northern moor, which he had inherited with other property. It was lovely; it was wild. Perhaps the farm a little way off would meet Nora's need. He would write and ask its possibilities. And Joyce would, of course, accompany her sister.

Mr. Mallion went out of his club more alertly than he had entered it, and was not unduly depressed when, in descending the steps, he came upon Nora and Joyce escorted by Sir Morwyn Hume. They all bowed, and Joyce turned red. Nora fell back a step and half turned, and he took the movement as an invitation to join her.

"I have been hatching a plot," he said softly, as they paced after the couple in front:

"Can you keep a secret?"

"It depends."

"From Geoffrey?"

"If it is for his good—or anyone's."

"It is. Mine—and——" A nod indicated Joyce.

"What is it?"

"Supposing there is room—would you take your children up to Gardale Moor, in Yorkshire? Geoffrey can have shooting or fishing, or whatever he wants. The sea is not far off, the lake is lovely, the moor is high, and the air is bracing."



The twins immediately rallied to the point of interest.—p. 1031.

"It would be the very thing for the children—what I am longing for," said Nora fervently.

"Then you won't give me away? Geoffrey isn't to be trusted—I know him of old. You will understand if you hear from Mrs. Ede."

Nora laughed, and nodded, and Mr. Mallion took his leave, resolving to follow his scarcely posted letter to Gardale the next day, and judge of the farm's capacity himself.

CHAPTER V.

TO THE MOOR.

"I SUPPOSE you know, Nora, that you've been smiling to yourself all the morning," Joyce said a few days later, rather disconsolately. "You might tell me if there is anything amusing happening."

"Smiling, have I?" Nora asked, lifting up her eyes to regard her sister. "How bored you look, Joyce!"

"I am"—sighing. "Of course, I haven't my usual pursuits here," she explained; "my work, and so on. I hope I haven't been rude, but the children being out of the way, and you so busy, makes it seem dull. You seem so occupied now."

"What do you call your work?" Nora inquired.

Joyce considered. "Trotting after mother and father, and the flowers, and so on, and I have been sketching a good deal lately."

"You could do that here."

"Yes, but scientifically, I mean. I can't sketch very well without someone to direct me."

"Someone being Morwyn, I suppose?"

"Yes. I hate his pictures, but he can teach."

"What I am so busy about is arranging for the children and everything. Mrs. Ede has most obligingly sent me a plan of the rooms—she must have some education—and I wanted to catch the post."

"Is it a quite wild place?" Joyce asked, holding out her hand for the paper.

"Quite. Here is a little photograph of it."

"It certainly does look a lovely place, but is it large enough for you?"

"That's what I am considering." And again Nora's head was bent over the paper. "Sitting-rooms don't much matter—we shall be out all day—and there seem to be several bedrooms."

A few minutes' more study and Nora looked up satisfied.

"We can do it. I've planned it all, and that is your room, Joyce. You won't mind having Punch next door? He doesn't wake till six, and will only want a story telling, whereas Judy begins to sing about five."

"Am I going, too? That is delightful!"

"Of course you are going, Joyce. Until Geoffrey comes I shall be alone, and I hope it won't be too dull for you. There are the bicycles, besides a boat and a cart."

Mr. Mallion had not been at Moreford during the last few days, a neglect Joyce was beginning to wonder at and regret. Part of her dullness, indeed, arose from this absence. He was always interesting and amusing, besides being ready to listen to her theories. Unlike Morwyn Hume, who professed himself bored whenever the conversation strayed from art and æstheticism. Joyce was beginning to find art a little unsatisfying as sole mental food, and the critical faculty which Morwyn Hume had nurtured too often found himself disappointing and shallow.

Nora, watching her sister, read aright her restlessness and dullness, and sent a note to Oliver to stop away.

"Don't come here again. We are busy packing, and mean to start on Monday. I prefer to be ignorant of your plans, so don't mention them. Many thanks for all your trouble."

Joyce, ignorant of the ownership of the farm to which they were going, found herself wondering if she should see Mr. Mallion again. At last she ventured a question.

"Does Mr. Mallion know you—we are going away to-morrow, Nora?" she asked on Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, probably!" returned Nora indifferently.

Geoffrey had said casually at lunch that probably Mallion would be down as usual, and Nora had not contradicted him.

"If he comes, he will be foolish," this conspirator thought. "A little neglect now will be most wholesome for Joyce. She will have to learn that men are not like women, and won't stand playing with."

She had been obliged to tell Geoffrey about the ownership of the farm, but had begged him not to reveal it to Joyce.

"If you do," she said impressively, "Joyce won't go, and I shall be all alone."

"It's just like you women to manoeuvre in all sorts of ways," returned Geoffrey. "You'll feel rather small if, when Joyce does know, she turns tail, and comes home straight away."

"Oh, she won't do that. Coming back is very different from going, and besides, by that time—" She stopped and smiled. "It's vastly amusing," she said.

The peaceful scene, spread out before the husband and wife, of lawn and river and trees, was occasionally broken by the flitting figures of the children. To them, Sunday afternoon was a time of bliss and relaxed superintendence. Their father, in the division of labour

which, in regard to his family, he had undertaken, was supposed to "mind" them on those Sundays when their attendants were away. The children loved his rule, which had now continued since the twins as infants had reposed on either knee. Christina held all her male friends—above all, her father—in thrall to her wiles, and when she presently appeared alone, dragging herself across the lawn with a woe-begone face, ornamented with streaks of dirt, the channels of recent tears, Geoffrey caught her up commiseratingly.

She was pitying herself immensely, and in response to his tender inquiries, big drops began to gather in and fill the turquoise orbs raised appealingly to his.

"There, then! there, then!" said Geoffrey, transferring the streaks to his immaculate handkerchief. "What is the matter, baby? Don't cry, sweet."

He drew the baby's arms round his neck, and received with delight the fervent pressure of soft, moist lips upon his cheek. She then murmured in his ears the cause of her tribulation. Perplexed, Geoffrey listened, and Nora, appealed to, vainly tried to comprehend.

"Wor'r'," essayed the baby, growing cheerful in her efforts. "Wor'r', baby wor'r'."

"What can she mean?" Godfrey wondered. "Look, Nora, at her hands."

Nora examined the chubby fingers, surveying them attentively.

"Been digging, haven't you, Christina?" she asked.

Christina's face expanded into smiles, and her restless little body began to wriggle, as the eager infant manifested a desire to return to her occupation.

"This comes of your fishing yesterday," said Nora astutely, watching the approach of the twins. Punch was bending under the weight of a little basket, whilst Judy straggled after, laden with a tin can. Both had rather anxious faces, directed not to their parents, but to Christina. The white garments of both were no longer white, and their feet were muddy.

"What have you been doing?" their mother asked, as they drew up alongside, and put down their burdens.

"Here's your worm, Christina," said Punch, unheeding his mother.

Christina wriggled agitatedly down from her father's knee, and bent an enchanted face over the tin can. It contained mud, on which a little pink worm rested.

"We was in our gardens," explained Judy in rapid accents; "we was goin' to give the little chicks thens tea, mother—you did say we might on Sunday days—"

"An' Christina wanted to water her garden stead," put in Punch, whilst Judy drew fresh breath, "so we got some water—"

"Wor'r'!" shouted the baby ecstatically.

"An' Christina spilled it all over—"

"And a lickle worm, a teeny tiny one, comed up an' nearly drowned itself—"

"An' baby tooked it—" This from Punch with disgust.

"An' Punch frowed it away. An' Toby screamed—"

"And fought," added Punch.

"Creamed an' fought," echoed the baby, sitting suddenly down on the grass, as she looked at her accusers.

"It was hers," reminded Judy reproachfully to Punch—"lived in her garden."

"Yes," said Nora judicially. "You mustn't take the things out of baby's garden, either of you—not her worms or anything, Punch. Everything in it is hers, just as everything in yours is yours; and she mustn't take yours."

"Most just judge!" murmured Geoffrey, under his moustache.

"Baby tredded all over my garden," sighed Punch, "after that worm."

"An' mine," echoed Judy.

Christina gave a crow of delight, shaking her little fat body in cheerful agreement.

"Your children seem to me to be very badly brought up," remarked Geoffrey, regarding his family.

"You are in charge now," reminded Nora.

"But my efforts once a week or so won't undo your teaching all the other time."

"It's a strange thing," remarked Nora placidly, "that they should be my children when you are in any difficulty as to management, but yours when their behaviour and clothes are immaculate."

"Which neither can be called just now," he said; "so on that principle, may I be allowed to suggest that you get rid of that worm, and clean up your baby."

Nora rose from her seat, and sat down on the grass beside Christina and the worm. The faces of mother and child touched, as they both looked together into the tin can, the twins also immediately rallied to the point of interest. Geoffrey watched them. Rarely, indeed, could a man have a prettier quartette to look at.

"Poor little thing!" said Nora presently; "shall we take it back to its home, baby?"

Christina lifted her head, and looked at her mother.

"Baby wor'r'," she gurgled.

"Yes; come and let us take it back to its home in baby's garden."

"Don't put it in mine, mother," begged Punch.

"Not in mine," echoed Judy; "it broked and eated all my lilies."

Nora rose and helped Christina to her feet. Geoffrey's eyes followed them as they crossed the bridge and disappeared amongst the trees.

Then he watched Joyce, in her white dress and shady hat, slowly approaching, her head bent over a book.

To his inconsequent mind, released for the moment from the pressure of fatherly administration, the sight of Joyce brought back to his recollection the unwonted defecation of Mr. Mallion. As Joyce approached his seat he made room for her, and said:

"What's become of Mallion, I wonder? He is generally here long before now." Then, noticing the flushing cheek beside him: "How silly men are to bother themselves about girls!"

"Yes," agreed Joyce; "I always say so. I remember what a goose—no, a gander—Gladys and I thought you, when you used to come bothering about Nora. To be quite candid, we thought you the dullest bore it was possible to imagine a man could be. It was pitiable to see Nora—Nora as she was then—trying to make you out a miracle of cleverness. In response to her sallies of wit, intended to draw you out for our admiration, you used to look at her in silence with your mouth open. I can see you now."

"I have tried to warn Mallion," Geoffrey said, "that no girl is worth troubling after, much less giving a second chance to——"

"Very polite to your wife. I hope she has heard of your efforts."

"And I think he agrees with me"—placidly. "I don't suppose he will come to-day, now I come to think of it, as we are going to dine together to-morrow, after you're all gone."

"How nice that will be—to have another opportunity of exchanging confidences at Nora's expense."

"Men don't care for being played with," Geoffrey went on, growing stern. "I know I for one wouldn't take all the trouble he's taking, not I."

Joyce pondered. "What trouble is he taking? About what?"

"I don't tell tales," said Geoffrey. "When I saw him yesterday, he was with a lady—that's all I know for certain. But he told me he had something important to tell me to-morrow night—after you're gone, you know."

Joyce was silent. Over the summer afternoon had come a cloud. She did not analyse her feelings, but she looked out over the sunny lawn and sparkling river, with eyes into which had come a sharp regret. The beautiful garden was no longer full of hope and unconfessed expectation.

Geoffrey gave a quick glance at her, and rejoiced.

"You may look plaintive, my lady," he said to himself. "I shan't pity you—don't think it."

Nora sauntered to them, a twin hanging to either hand, looking immaculate and prim.

"Tea is coming out, Geoffrey, and I thought, as we should not see you for such a long time"—the note of regret in Nora's voice was emphasised by the appealing faces of the twins—"we might all have tea out here together."

"All have tea out here together," echoed Punch and Judy.

Geoffrey looked on the shining faces of his offspring.

"I bar the worm," he said softly.

"B'lieve Christina's deaded the worm," Punch confided, and Judy said pensively, "B'lieve so."

"No, dears, only buried it," explained Nora.

"Fings is deaded fore they's buried," asserted Judy.

"It's the worm's home," said Nora. "It lives in the earth. I showed you how pleased it was to get back."

Geoffrey secretly chuckled at the disbelief expressed in the faces of the twins.

"It lied very quiet," Punch allowed.

"Vewy kiet," Judy added pensively.

"It was tired," said the mother, "like you when you've been a long walk, and lie down in your nice cosy beds."

"Wasn't cosy," objected Punch. "All dirt, and smudge, and baby's tramples."

"An' wet, an' sticky, an'-an'——" Judy broke off, unable to find a word.

"Your children, Nora," said her husband, "I perceive, have begun to become New. They refuse to take other folks' opinions for theirs."

Nora regarded her children for a moment in deep thought. Then:

"Dears, you saw it resting a moment, and then put itself to bed, didn't you?" she asked sweetly.

"Saw it twinkle its tail," allowed Punch.

"Yes," mused Judy, "tinkle its tail."

"And you throw some dirt over it, mother."

"That was its bed-clothes."

The twins looked at each other in solemn counsel.

"Don't think it was bed-clothes," Punch asserted.

"Nor me don't fink it was bed-clothes," acquiesced Judy. "There wasn't no—no"—searching round for a word—"comfy there, mummie."

"Oh, Christina!" Nora exclaimed in wailing accents, turning her head suddenly. "Where have you been, darling?"

Christina was wobbling towards them from the river's bank in woeful plight, water dripping from every inch of her except her head. In her hand she carried the tin can, in which lay the little pink worm. Her aspect was one of beaming exultation.

"Water—baby bin washn—wor'r," she announced.

"She've been an' digged him up again," said Judy shrilly.

"Oh, baby!" said Nora. "Your nice clean things—the third lot to-day."

"All ready for tea," Christina was understood to announce, holding out her pail—"kite clean." Then she was borne off.

"Yes," said Geoffrey; "evidently the children have begun to become New. What can we do, Joyce?"

At first she supposed it was Nora, or one of the nurses come to see that Punch was all right in his new quarters. He had a little room next to Joyce's. Both were situated in a corridor leading from the central land-

CHAPTER VI.

AT GARDALE.

JOYCE was standing outside the open door at Gardale farm, gazing over the lake below to the purple hills beyond. She had a look of strong discomfort on her face. The two sisters, with the children and servants, had arrived at Gardale, too late the evening before to do more than settle into their respective quarters for the night. Nora was now busy arranging household matters with the farmer's wife. The children with a nurse were exploring the premises, and Joyce had come out to think. She had had a perplexing and rather startling experience, and was in doubt whether to speak of it to Nora, or to keep it to herself.

She had gone to bed late, and at first had been too tired to sleep. When at last sleep seemed on the point of chasing away her uneasy reflections—for Mr. Mallion's non-appearance had disturbed her—she was suddenly aroused to complete wakefulness by a sound. Somebody was moving along the passage outside her door.



She found Joyce hard at work in a cool, dark shed.—p. 1035.

ing, where the children's nurseries were, Nora herself occupying a similar corridor on the other side.

The steps had not paused at Punch's door. They passed on, and seemed to halt. Then Joyce felt, rather than heard, her own door open, as a draught of cold air passed across her face.

"Who is there?" she called out. "Is it you, Nora?"

Receiving no answer, she sat up in bed and tried to pierce the summer darkness.

Objects in the room were faintly visible, and her door seemed fast closed. She hastily lighted a match, which flickered, as if blown by a soft wind, and glanced round the room. No one was there, and the door was shut.

Lighting her candle, Joyce opened the door softly; she had not heard the steps retreat. But outside, the passage was quite empty, and the house quite still. A little frightened, and a good deal perplexed, Joyce returned to bed, leaving the candle alight on the dressing-table.

Again she tried to go to sleep, and to banish discomforting thoughts. And then, after a time, slowly advancing down the passage, she heard again the approaching steps. Fixing her eyes on the door, Joyce lay still, her heart beating quickly.

Again she was conscious of the draught of air, as though the door were thrown open, although by the evidence of her eyes it remained shut. Again, although she guessed it would be useless, she sprang out of bed and opened the door, only to face again emptiness and quiet outside. Very much perplexed, she returned to bed, and after a time slept.

"I won't say anything to Nora," she had decided, as she dressed, "until after I have thought it over. Of course, there is an explanation."

Before going downstairs, she had examined her room and the passage outside, which ended in a blank wall three feet beyond her door. Her room was of moderate size. One side of it was occupied by two narrow, deep windows, furnished with shutters, and with wide seats below them. In the corner of the wall opposite was the door, flanked on one side by the bed. To the right was the fireplace, with a chest of drawers on one side and washing apparatus on the other. There remained the last wall. This was occupied by a wardrobe near the window, the remainder being filled up to the corner by the door with a long bookcase, filled with books. Joyce noticed that the bookcase had evidently not been made for the books, being, in fact, a set of rough shelves, without back, an interval of two or three inches occurring between the tops of the books and the shelf above them.

Joyce finished her unpacking, and then went out into the passage. It was a wide passage, ending in a blank wall covered with an old-fashioned wall-paper. In the opposite wall were windows, with low seats like those in her room. Punch's little room was beside hers, and beyond it there was a step down into a narrower passage, which, turning sharply, opened on to the landing set apart for the children's rooms.

In the sunny summer morning midnight fears are apt to vanish, and as Joyce ran downstairs, and looked out at the open door

over the lake and mountains, she forgot everything but the beauty before her. Only later, when the children had vanished in eager chatter to explore, and Nora had betaken herself to the kitchen for a prolonged stay, Joyce recollected her alarm of the night.

"It seems silly to be afraid of steps and draughts," she cogitated, glancing over the exterior of the house. "But I should prefer their not coming in the night. My wing is evidently the old part; the rest has been built on to it."

Then presently she sauntered round the house to look after her bicycle.

Meanwhile, Nora, too, was having her disagreeables to encounter. She had a good deal to arrange for her children's well-being, not possible by letter, but she found Mrs. Ede, the farmer's wife, unobliging and surly. Many difficulties were suggested, which had never occurred to Nora before transferring her large party to these wilds. At last she said in a somewhat exasperated tone:

"You must, of course, have a woman to help you when necessary, but it will be merely with the cooking—my servants will do all the rest. I understood from Mr. Mallion that the house was frequently used for shooting parties, and that you were accustomed to them."

"Oh! they never stayed," Mrs. Ede said quickly, between tight lips.

"No, but I suppose one party followed another; the work would be the same."

"No party ever stayed more than two or three nights—and never that, for some years past."

Her manner, rather than her words, conveyed to Nora an irritating impression of some mystery.

"Why did they not stay?" she asked.

Mrs. Ede's blank gaze was fixed on the window, and her face was quite expressionless as she replied:

"They did not like what they heard. I told Mr. Mallion, but he laughed."

Nora's thoughts flew towards her children, as she asked quickly:

"What could they hear? What is wrong about the place?"

"Nothing wrong, ma'am—only—well! people hear things."

"Hear things! What sort of things?"

"It is hard to say. Sometimes footsteps and—sounds."

"Have you ever heard them? What are they supposed to be?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard them, now and then," composedly. "I heard them last night; but I'm used to them."

"What did you hear last night? And what do you think they are?"

"I couldn't say, ma'am. Old houses have stories." She paused.

"Is there a story about this one? It doesn't seem very old."

"Not this part of it. Most of the old house was burnt down; all this part, with the wing where your room is, was added after the fire. The family lived here then, before they built the shooting-box up the hill."

"And what is the story?" persisted Nora. Mrs. Ede pondered. "I would rather ask my husband, before telling you, ma'am, as Mr. Mallion hasn't mentioned it."

"Oh! very well," said Nora sharply. "As Mr. Mallion hasn't mentioned it, I consider there is no story. Of course, anyone can make up one." She was very angry. Something in the woman's attitude and tone she found most exasperating. She felt convinced that the story was a made-up one, and that the reference to the woman's husband was made merely to gain time to concoct one that would hold water.

"If you wish to retain your lodgers—and I understand from Mr. Mallion that you are glad of the extra money they bring—you will not suggest so many difficulties. You will not find us exacting, and I will undertake all the providing and arranging with tradespeople. And I think," added Nora, "you will find it best not to rake up old stories."

With a heightened colour, and her head in the air, Nora took her way to the drawing-room. She wanted to write to her husband, to recall her rather scattered thoughts, and to make all her plans about things that were needed before the afternoon. After lunch, she proposed to ride, with Joyce, to the nearest town, some ten miles away.

The drawing-room was a long, low room with three windows, situated in the old wing of the house, under Joyce's room, and the little dressing-room, where Punch had his quarters. It had a disused air, which Nora promised herself should soon be altered, as she gazed in pleased observation round it, admiring its old-fashioned furniture. The windows were like those in Joyce's room, deeply embrasured, and with heavy shutters, and wide seats below them. Some steps led up to the room from the passage, this higher flooring giving an added view from the windows, although at the same time, of course, deducting from the height of the room.

"It is a pretty room," Nora decided, "with that glorious view, and all the prettier for being low. I suppose all those books were left behind, when the family move took place. A pity they don't fit the bookcase better."

A long, low bookcase, full of books, lined the whole length of one wall, adding much to the old-world character of the room.

Nora wrote a bright letter to her husband,

describing the place and the people, and not alluding to her worries; and then she went out to find Joyce and the children. The latter soon revealed themselves as white dots on the moor above the house, whence their shrill cries reached their mother's ears as they caught sight of her. Exploring round the house, she found Joyce, hard at work in a cool, dark shed, making good the havoc to the bicycles wrought by the long journey. She lifted up a heated face as Nora approached.

"I thought I had best see to these—they're pretty well knocked about. Have you found everything else all right?"

"Yes," responded Nora, in a rather doubtful tone. "But I don't altogether like Mrs. Ede; she seems to be full of difficulties. She says, for one thing, we shall have to fetch every bit of food from Paniston, if we want to be sure of it, the tradespeople come round so irregularly. There is nothing at the farm but a cart, which they go to market with."

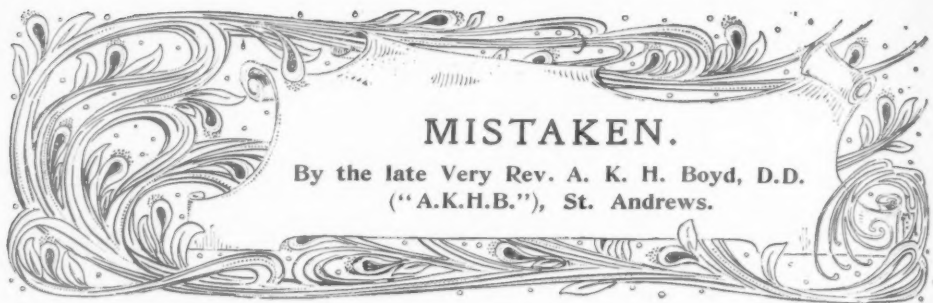
"That won't matter," said Joyce cheerfully. "Fortunately, we can both drive anything, I should say." And she laughed. "And we've got the bicycles. And I believe there's a boat, and we can both row. It will save miles round the lake. I've been asking about it. It's tubby, but with the children that's better. Any other difficulty?"

"No other difficulty, except the usual one of too much work without help. But that's fudge. Oh! yes, there is something else," Nora said, lowering her voice, as she bent her head to examine her tyre, forgetting for the moment that she had decided not to reveal Mrs. Ede's mysterious allusions. "There's some story about the house, which she wouldn't tell me. She was very irritating about it, and I can foresee trouble with the maids. She says there are sounds in the night, and footsteps. I daresay it's all rubbish. What's the matter, Joyce?"

For Joyce had straightened herself, and was looking at Nora with suddenly attentive eyes.

"Yes," said Joyce quietly. She had "thought" all the morning without any effect, and was no nearer being able to account to herself for her experience of the night before. "I heard the sounds twice last night, Nora. It is true that there are noises and footsteps—no doubt about that."

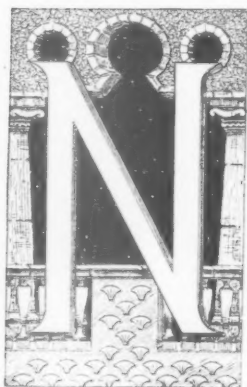
A sound of quick footsteps on the gravel behind them made both sisters turn quickly; and it was with a feeling of relief both were conscious of that they saw coming round the corner of the house—his customary air of indifferent languor exchanged for an alert and expectant bearing—Sir Morwyn Hume! [END OF CHAPTER SIX.]



MISTAKEN.

By the late Very Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D.
("A.K.H.B."), St. Andrews.

"I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul."—1 SAMUEL xxvii. 1.



Not that. It was not to be that. Many troubles would come to David, Psalmist and King, before the day of his departure from this anxious being: some of them just as heavy as could come to mortal man. But the thing he went in special fear of would not come. The thing he thought sure to

come would not come. Quite as bad would come: but not that. Here is something that is characteristic of poor human nature: to go in fear of the wrong thing. It is a long, long time since the Psalmist was here. And he saw just the years which one of the most famous of the Psalms, which we used to fancy were all written by him, measures out to man. But while David was going through the proverbial three-score and ten which were named (perhaps) by Moses, you can make out that human nature was vitally what it is to-day. Few things are better ascertained than that human nature has changed, unspeakably, but very slowly, through unimaginable ages and generations. And doubtless the race which inhabits this planet would need to change, still unspeakably, for the better, before we can suppose that God the Creator could look with any pleasure on the creatures He made; or God the Saviour could "see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied" in the view of a world redeemed.

But not that, now. Note only this: that David went in mortal dread of something which was never to be, and he did not think of far worse which really was to come. The whole wretched story of Uriah the Hittite, with its wicked cruelty and selfishness and its mean and despicable trickery, is a much sadder thing than if David had come to a sharp and short end at the hand of any enemy whomsoever. And, indeed, I fancy we have all thought it would have been a more creditable end than to have sneaked out of this world leaving his son, and ordering his son, to carry out bloody deeds of malignant revenge which he was too great a coward to carry out himself.

But I call that Oriental despot to your remembrance for the single thought which is suggested by my text—a thought which gathers to itself so much of pathetic human experience. It was said by a great archbishop, long departed, that it is very likely that a great many very unlikely things may happen. And, on the other side, those who have seen a good deal of this life have learnt, when they see that something seems likely to happen, to have that distrust of our calculations which lands them in the confused sense that therefore the thing is not likely to happen. For it is the unexpected that occurs, and not that which we had made sure of. Many have read, with a curious recognition of what has been in their own mind, a passage in the most pleasing book of a genius called away, in which the woman who chose to call herself George Eliot describes a man as waiting in mortal apprehension for the falling of a blow which he thought absolutely certain to fall; yet at the same time cherishing in himself a dull, vague hope that this steady anticipation and expectation of the blow would, in fact, prevent its falling.

The most eminent physicians have put it

on record that, if people feel quite sure they have a certain terrible and fatal trouble, it is nearly certain they have it not. But the person who, after alarming symptoms, assures you with fatuous repetition that there is nothing earthly the matter with him, is likely some day soon to go out instantaneously.

Then one has known those who went through life under the ever-intruding fear of dying through some painful disease of which they had, in fact, serious warnings. But in God's time they had an easy and speedy passage across the division between the seen and the unseen. They had wrestled on under a needless fear. Likewise, we have known such a thing as the head of a family going through a great part of life, making perfectly sure that he was to die before his children, and taking great pains to provide for those who should survive him, while yet in God's strange providence all these pains were to go for nothing. The younger were to depart before the old, and the old to spend the last days alone. There are solitary days in the life of many in which the outlook is forward and things are hoped for. And in some lives there are solitary days wherein the outlook is backward and things are remembered.

Many ageing and aged folk understand these things well. Indeed, it is true that man proposes, but God disposes; and disposes oftentimes with a sovereignty which sets aside all likelihoods.

To go on: as matter of fact, David ought not to have yielded to that fear, when he thus spoke to himself. Spoke to himself, I repeat; for the last word of devout scholarship is that the verse should run, "And David said to his heart, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." His outlook was dark, no doubt. Saul was resolutely set to destroy him; and while David remained in the region where he was, he was within Saul's power. But then David had God's promise that he was to live to be king. And one is ready to say that David had forgotten that promise; or else that he was not able for that faithless moment to really trust God's word. Still, it is only fair to remember that God's promise took for granted that there should be no presumptuous foolhardiness on David's part; rather that all fair exercise of caution and use of means, fitted for his preservation, should be present. There is a striking instance, much further on in Scripture, going to prove that God's most explicit promise may be set aside by man's recklessness. You remember how St. Paul, in that perilous voyage, received the assurance, with no reservation whatsoever, no condition named, that "there shall be no loss of any man's life among you"; and yet, when by-and-by the cowardly sailors proposed to escape by themselves, St. Paul's warning

was instant: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." They did abide; and all "escaped safe to land." But you have the Apostle's assurance as to what would have followed otherwise.

Strange doubts have been raised by metaphysicians whether Omniscience itself can know what would have followed had something happened which did not happen. I fancy it appears to most of us that knowledge infinitely short of Omniscience can in many cases know that perfectly well. I could easily give instances; but that would be curious rather than profitable. And I take my text for its practical suggestion that one great want in almost all Christian people is the want of more faith in our God and Saviour.

Possibly the prayer for very many men in these days is that which the Apostles once made to Christ: "Increase our faith." I take faith to mean a real, living working belief and conviction of the great vital truths which make essential Christianity. But, in addition, faith also means grace to trust God with all that concerns us as we go on through our daily life and work and care. You know God has promised, if we have indeed given ourselves over to our Saviour's keeping, that He will see us well through this troublesome life. Every reader of the New Testament knows it. "All things work together for good to them that love God," is enough to quote. And there are declarations, by human souls tried like ourselves, ranging from the Twenty-third Psalm, with "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," and the Hundred and Fifteenth with "The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us," up to the sublime outburst of exalted assurance: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God." You know the meaning of *Jehovah-Jireh*; you know its homely rendering into our own language: "In some way or other the Lord will provide." Dear friends, when you think what a change it would make if we were but perfectly sure of that—what a change in our weary hearts and anxious homes—do you not feel impelled to cry aloud as from the depths, "Lord, increase our faith"?

Yet we dare not delude ourselves with the fancy that all these promises that we shall, if we indeed be Christ's people, be held safe through the weary pilgrimage, give us the smallest assurance that great trial may not come: just the trial we may feel most painfully. And still, notwithstanding all that, the best of our race have testified that the Psalmist spoke truth, when he said God "led them forth by the right way." It seems a hard saying, sometimes; thinking how in the

early youth of the children the young father has been taken away; and there was such a different life for them through that: the straits and hardships of poverty, so inferior an education, so unfavourable a start in life, and all the rude experience of cold charity. Often, I believe, in actual life, we can only say, like Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"; which just means, I will cleave to my faith in God though all appearances and facts look exactly the other way. Yet, even in such a case as that I have named, one has seen things right themselves wonderfully, after a time. Surely a providential "and was there! And where things did not come right in that way which everybody could see; still, through the reconciling power of habit, through the strange instinct that is in us of accommodation to present circumstances and of resignation to the inevitable (which, of course, are instruments in God's Hand), hard and crushing as was the blow which fell on many poor souls, yet nothing came but what they were somehow brought through. I speak, indeed, as to people tried and to be tried by great trouble, and who can understand. I speak, too, as one mindful of the terrible exceptional strokes which God, in His mysterious sovereignty, has allowed to fall on one here and one there; in the presence of which all that even Christ could say was merely, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him"—poor comfort, indeed, to the poor creature that must go through life under some awful disability, with no other explanation than that "it takes all sorts to make a world"; and so there must be lame people, and mad people, and broken-hearted people, and people smashed by terrible accidents, and people the victims of brutal outrage and inhuman wickedness which remain unpunished. Think, for just one thing, of the black despair which came down on the poor poet who declared that, let the unknown morrow bring with it what it may,

"It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through."

Ah! did he find that so, himself? I fear, I fear we must look beyond this present life, and this sinful and sorrowful world, to another which will set it right, ere we can reconcile our hearts to things here. And then, indeed, thinking of a bright and peaceful heaven, and of the martyr's crown vouchsafed to such as have gone through unendurable suffering, one may, in an hour of special elevation, get to the point at which one really discerns what is many times said only as something wished to be true, that any possible thing is good which brings us nearer to our Saviour. Then, of a surety, with the force of actual assurance,

you may be able to say what in ordinary circumstances appears much liker St. Paul or St. Peter, or some other of the noble army—

"E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Aye, much liker to great Apostles than to us, the least of all saints! One has smiled, sorrowfully, when told what kind of people have declared that their favourite hymn was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." They knew not what the words of its first verse mean.

So it is that, looking at this great and perplexing question, which sometimes lies heavily upon thoughtful persons desiring, even to their own souls, and sense of right and wrong, to "justify the ways of God" (as was said by Milton), we turn quite away from easy-going explanations which break down utterly under the strain and shock of Armenian horrors, and negro slave-ships, and the history of France before the Revolution; and we simply cling to Christ's own words: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." It is far better to confess at once that this is all we can do. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." That we plainly see. As for the remainder of the verse, "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne," we cannot see it at all. "Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, shrieks against" the doctrine that God is love, or even that He is the common justice which laws and rulers (in civilised countries, which are few) pretend to aim at. I do not believe it is possible to make out that, thinking only of this world, it is in any real and satisfying sense true that, if you are Christ's people, all is sure to go well with you. Think of the martyrs who were burnt on spots close to us. You must go beyond this world to find a moral government that can justify the creed that there is a Moral Governor at all. It is a poor, weak shadow here. The head of the Government of this country declared lately that an awful punishment would surely come in time on nations and sovereigns guilty of brutal outrage. Let us hope that it will. But it has taken long ages to come to a country which is a foul blot on the map of Europe. It has not come yet.

Look beyond this world. Think of all perplexities made clear. Think of abundant recompense there to the martyr; and in a true sense, everyone is a martyr whom God permits to be the sufferer through the human brutality He allows to have its way here. Think, too, of abundant recompense to the inhuman inflicter of suffering and his apologists, whether hired or merely cynical:

sultans and emperors and hack-writers and hack-speakers. Think of the just and needful hell which awaits such creatures if there be a God, because there is a God. And then, looking round a world which for long times together could not have been worse if the devil had ruled it, you may have grace (not selfishness, not hard-heartedness, but grace) to be content, for this little while, with anything God may send us. For, in some sense, He orders all. But never forget that God, somehow, permits things here which He does not approve; yea, that all wrong-doing, all cruelty, all selfishness, all diplomatic lying, is the "abominable thing He hates"; and sooner or later—if not here, then hereafter—that which God hates must perish. You cannot suppose that the devil will beat Him in the long run.

But I turn, rather wearily, from these larger views of this intricate and awful system of things, in whose presence our minds are beaten down; and we can but bow in the very dust, as Job did, to what is nearer to ourselves; to what comes closely home to us. Thinking of David looking forward in fear to what seemed sure to come, let us ask, as we close, how shall we poor individual souls look on, humbly trusting we are Christian people, to what lies before us? After all, "My times are in Thy Hand": and we desire, with a little child's unspoiled simplicity, to believe where we cannot prove. God's will be done, in us and about us. That is all. Our wish is to have no wishes left, but to leave everything to Him. We may have many painful things to go through, much to suffer in body and mind, in circumstances and connections. But He knows.

It may be appointed us, so to speak, "to perish one day by the hand of Saul": that is, to suffer just the trouble that now we fear. Or we may escape it all and slip peacefully away. One has seen that. Just the day I wrote this page, one said to me, "I am suffering a great deal, but I know it must grow far worse." It may be so. Those who live will see. But

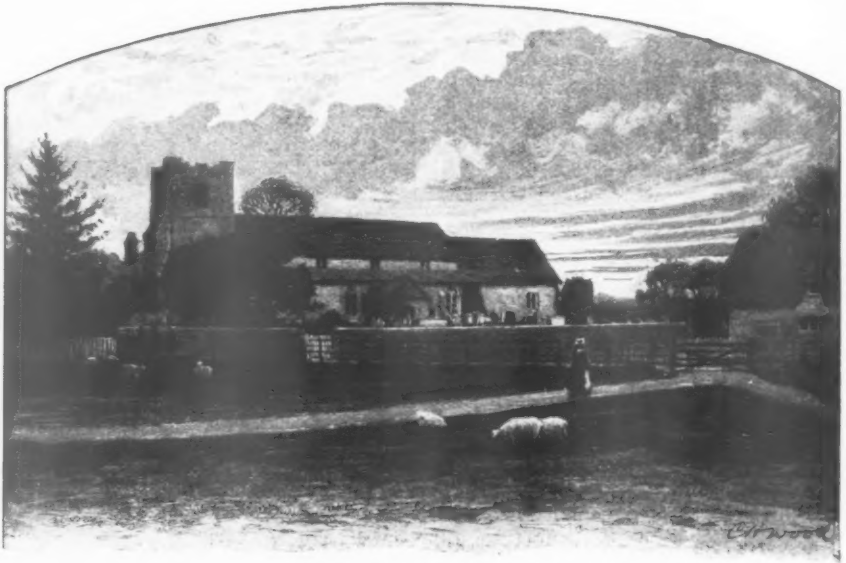
one has known a case where it seemed sure there must be much suffering, and there was none at all. Be it howsoever with each of us in the season of the great change, it will be well to be weaned from this world which was always too much with us, and taken to the rest whereto others have gone before. In the hour of reunion there, all will be well; the weariness, the sharp thorns, the deep waters, the "much tribulation" will have passed by; and in the touching sense of a pleasant and welcome interpretation, there shall be "no more sea." Knowing what we do not and cannot know here, we shall see the light which is on the other side brighten (as we humbly trust) all that was dark and dreary on this side, and testify, as here was beyond us, that He led us by the right way; for that is the right way which brings the pilgrim home.

Each morning, rising to face the day, thinking of the anxious work, and probable mishaps, and possible bad news: how shall it be? Anything triumphant is not for most of us. There is a counsel of sublime and unattainable perfection written by the same good man who told us of a season when he "had no rest: without were fightings, within were fears," which sounds a different strain. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Well, even St. Paul was not always equal to that. And it is little like the anxious fact on many days. It was the brave St. Peter who wrote "Here in fear." And you have sometimes looked with a careworn face on St. Paul's "I would have you without carefulness." But there is a text which perhaps we may sometimes preach, and which will be good to aim at: "I know Whom I have believed; and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

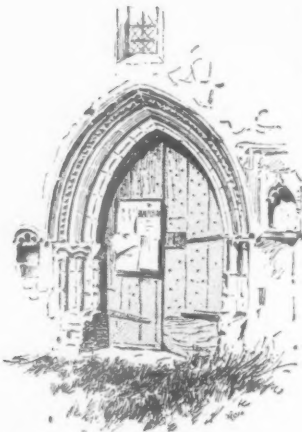


ANNE STEELE AND HER HYMNS.

By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, Editor of "The Poet's Bible," "Worship Song," Etc.



BROUGHTON CHURCH.



WEST DOOR: BROUGHTON CHURCH.

IT is a curious fact that, until comparatively recent times, women have rarely written hymns for the use of the Church. A glance over the Christian centuries reveals only one here and there whose pen was used in this di-

rection. Elpis, the wife of Boëthius, at the end of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century, is said to have been the authoress of one hymn in the Roman Breviary; in the latter part of the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth versified the Fourteenth Psalm, and the Countess of Pembroke took part with Sir Philip Sidney in a poetical version of the Psalms; in the same century St. Theresa, the great Spanish mystic and saint, and Anne Askew, who was burnt in Smithfield; in the seventeenth century, Antoinette Bourignon, of Holland, a holy and self-denying woman, one of whose hymns finds a place in John Wesley's hymn-book; Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, and the great French mystic, Madame Guyon; in the eighteenth century Elizabeth Rowe, Mary Masters, and Selina, Countess of Huntingdon—these are practically all the female hymnists that these eighteen centuries produced. This is the more remarkable when we remember that some of the grandest hymns of Scripture sprang from the lips of women—Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, in the Old Testament; and Mary, the mother of our Lord, in the New Testament.

Anne Steele wrote some hundred and forty-four hymns, thirty-four psalms in verse, and about thirty short religious poems. This number is small, compared with the six hundred of Dr. Watts, or the six thousand of Charles Wesley; but it is large, and I venture to add, large enough to proceed

from any one pen. It would, in my humble opinion, have been better if the number of hymns written by the two great hymnists I have named had been far smaller. Their fame would then have rested on a still more solid foundation.

Broughton is situated about an equal distance of twelve miles from the two cathedral cities of Salisbury and Winchester, near the old Roman road which connects these. Near it runs the little stream called the Wallop on its way to join the Test. It stands on the site of a town of old British times called Brige, or Brage, which Camden believes was destroyed by William of Normandy. The district around is well wooded. Broughton consists of one long straggling street of cottages, mostly thatched, with here and there a more pretentious house. In the centre of the village stands a fine old house, where for many years Dr. Fox, the father of Dr. Tilbury Fox, the well-known London physician, lived. This was the ancestral home of Anne Steele.

Here was a Baptist church, part of a still earlier one, which, since the time of Charles II., had met in a farmhouse at Porton, not far off, on the edge of Salisbury Plain. To it people from the district round resorted for worship and instruction. On the passing of the Act of Toleration, the Porton church divided into two parts, one establishing itself at Salisbury, about seven miles off, and which has continued to this day as a flourishing community, its late minister, the Rev. George Short, B.A., having been in 1804 President of the Baptist Union; the other being located at Broughton, with a branch at Wallop.

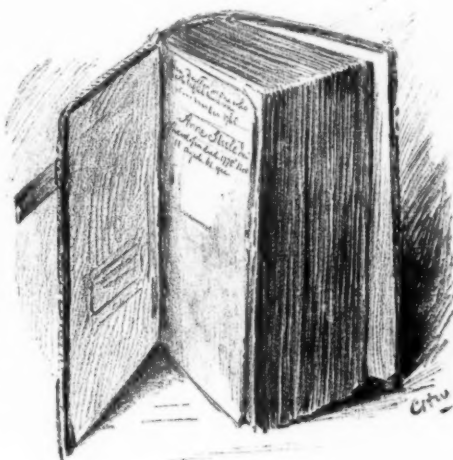
Of the Broughton church, Mr. Henry Steele, who had before belonged to the original community at Porton, was for forty years the pastor. He was so popular that the clergymen of Broughton complained to the Bishop of Salisbury (probably Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the well-known author of the "History of My Own Time") that one, Henry Steele, had set up preaching, and drawn all the people after him. They asked the Bishop's advice as to the best way to oppose him. "Go and preach better than Henry Steele, and the people will return," was the reply, more desirable and to the point than many episcopal methods of dealing with Dissent.

The popular Baptist preacher was succeeded in the pastorate at Broughton by his nephew, William Steele, a flourishing timber merchant, who was thus able to exercise his ministry without stipend from the people.

William Steele, a true successor of the Apostle of the Gentiles, both as to preaching and to trade, was the father of Anne Steele.

Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Edward Froud, of Tinhead, Wilts, a Baptist minister, described as "a man eminent for piety, benevolence, and learning, especially in the Hebrew tongue." In the month of May, 1717, Anne appeared on the scene at their comfortable house at Broughton. Three years later her mother passed away. After a similar period of widowhood, her father took to himself another wife, who, happily, proved a real mother to Anne and her younger brother William.

This stepmother's diary has been preserved. It is full of the most earnest solicitude concerning the well-being—bodily and spiritual—



ANNE STEELE'S BIBLE.

of both the children, especially of Anne. It is couched in the highly religious phraseology common among good people at that day, in which we are somewhat reticent on the deepest matters.

One great matter of concern was the state of Anne's health, which seemed likely to develop into consumption; but, though she remained weakly all her days, this fear was not realised.

At the age of fourteen Anne sought admission to the church at Broughton, then under her great-uncle's care—a formidable affair in those days, not merely on account of the baptism by immersion before the whole congregation, but by reason of the preliminary examination before the church, the candidate having to appear before the members in meeting assembled, and answer any questions that might be asked as to

spiritual experience and doctrinal belief—a very narrow gate to pass; but probably relieved in her case by the presence in the chair of her great-uncle, who still, and until his death, retained the pastorate of the church.

Entrance to the church, however, did not mean attainment of perfection—this, in the nature of things, cannot be, nor should it be, expected. The church is a school of discipline, not a home of the perfect. It is not to receive the finished article, but the rough clay of humanity, to mould it to nobler forms.

This careful stepmother—full of thoughtfulness as she was for what she saw in Anne's character—felt that much needed yet to be done. There is a touch of nature in her diary in a description of home trouble among her

and was drawn out in a particular manner about it before God, and I hope He will be pleased to put a stop to it; and wherein I am to blame, or if I am partial, I desire the Lord to make me sensible of it, and enable me for the future to act agreeable to His will."

Worse troubles than these little quarrels between the sisters were near; for, as the old song has it, "The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love." In the summer of 1735 Mr. Steele was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg, whilst a few weeks after Anne met with a like accident, which injured her hip. Concerning these troubles there is a quaint entry in the diary: "I desired our Heavenly Father to heal all our family's infirm limbs."

A greater trouble was soon to follow. Anne was engaged to a young man at Ringwood.

The wedding day was fixed; but the very day before her fiancé met his death by drowning in the river below that town. Anne was then twenty, and he one year her senior.

These two events cast, as was to be expected, a shadow over her life, and largely account for the pensive tone of her verse. She learnt in suffering what she taught in song.

Her days went on quietly, with scarcely any incident worth record. Life in such a place as Broughton, though only about seventy miles from London, was a very still affair, for then no railway connected that part of the country with the great centre. She does not seem to have gone to London even to arrange for the publication of her verses. This seems to have been done through a Mr. Wakeford, of Andover, the nearest town.

In 1761 her stepmother died, and eight years later her father, who had reached four-score years—after preaching for thirty years occasionally, and

for a like period regularly to the same congregation.

On the death of her father, Anne Steele left the house where she was born, and where she had lived for half a century, and took up her residence with her brother William, at

The excellency of the Holy Scriptures

*Father of Mercies, in thy Words
What endless glory shines.
Forever be thy Name ador'd,
For these Celestial Lines*

*Immortal Treasures here disclose
Their bright unbounded store,
The sparkling gem no longer glows,
And golden Mines are poor*

*Here, may the wretched Sons of want
Exhaustless Riches find,
Riches beyond a mortal grant,
And lasting as the Mind*

BY ANNE STEELE.

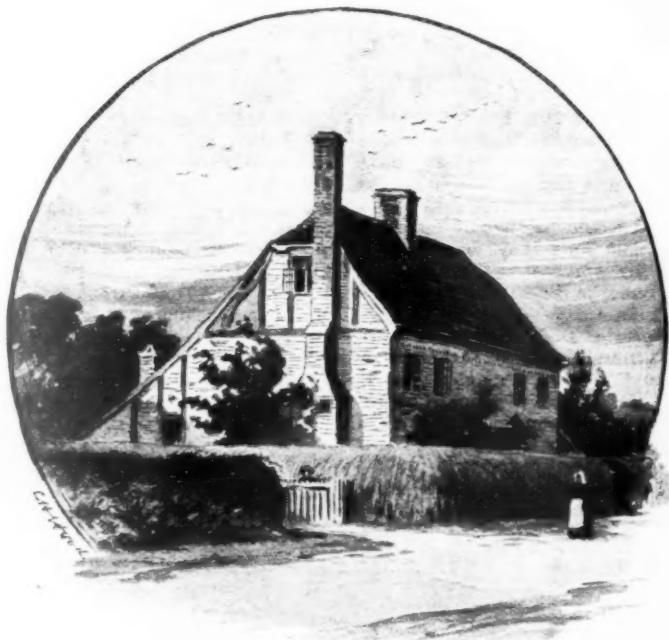
FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL MS.

children: "There is often feuds, and heats do arise between our two daughters" (that is, Anne and Mary, a child of her own), "which I've been concerned about of late, and have often endeavoured that it might not be so. I have now soberly reasoned with them both,

Broughton House—a red brick dwelling he had built for himself. Here, in her weakness, she found a devoted helper in her niece. Infirmary confined her to her own room for

Praise," and the Rev. Josiah Miller in his "Singers and Songs of the Church."

A large number—sixty-two—of her hymns were included in the "Bristol Baptist Collec-



ANNE STEELE'S BIRTHPLACE, BROUGHTON.

some years—years marked by great suffering, borne with quietness of spirit and anticipation of her departure to a higher world.

At the age of sixty-one she passed away, full of peace and even joy, her last words being, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her body was buried in Broughton churchyard. On her tombstone are the following words:

"Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song.
In more harmonious, more exalted lays."

Her verses were published in 1760, in two volumes, under the title "Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional," by "Theodosia." In 1778 a new edition was issued, with an additional volume, and a preface by the Rev. Dr. Caleb Evans, of Bristol. In 1863 the three volumes were reprinted and issued in one, by Daniel Sedgwick, the well-known hymnologist, to whom Sir Roundell Palmer was so much indebted in the preparation of his "Book of

tion," edited by Ash and Evans, the letter "T" being affixed to these, the initial of her *nom de plume*, "Theodosia." Forty-seven were given in Dr. Rippon's selection of 1787, and twenty-six in Dr. W. B. Collyer's collection of 1812. Anne Steele stands first, therefore, among Baptist hymn-writers, both for the number of her hymns and the frequency with which they were sung.

The late Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., a great authority on Baptist hymnody, compares her hymns to those of Miss Havergal, and accounts for the differences between them by the altered spirit of the times—in the earlier, doctrinal ideas being emphasised, the later being more marked by an emotional and practical spirit.

Miss Steele's fame rests upon her hymns—her poems have long been forgotten—a few of which have acquired a well-deserved popularity, and have passed into many of the most important hymnals both of this country and America. The best and most popular is

"When I survey life's varied scene." A later version of this was published in 1871 by the Rev. R. Bingham. Almost equal are "Father of mercies, in Thy word," and "Far from these narrow scenes of night." It is curious that each of these hymns consists of ten stanzas. In hymnals they are usually presented in an abbreviated form. Like many another hymnist, especially of her sex, Miss Steele does not realise that the half is sometimes more than the whole.

Present-day readers of Miss Steele's volume of hymns would pronounce them rather dull and wanting in variety. The judgment would be right, but it would not be fair to judge her hymns by present-day standards. The only fair standard would be that of her own time. And for that time they were good—certainly above the average. It is true, as John Shepherd remarks, in no one hymn did she rise as high as Isaac Watts, or Charles Wesley, or Cowper, or Doddridge do in their best; but the general level is higher than that of Watts and Wesley, though I should not include, as Mr. Shepherd does, Cowper and Doddridge. One reason for this is that she did not write so many hymns as the two first named.

Her quiet lot and the infirmities from which she suffered have given to her verse

a soothing, and at times a pensive, sympathetic tone which is very noteworthy. Her hymns were penned chiefly in the chamber of weakness, and in the main are more suited to those passing through a like experience than for the multitude that keep holy-day. For the former, hymns have a special value and fascination—they form their best devotional manual; and for an invalid's hymn-book Miss Steele's pages furnish many a suitable verse.

It is indeed strange that this quiet woman—for a good part of her life full of infirmity, and who never went beyond her own quiet village, save for a visit to a neighbouring county—should now be speaking through a few of her hymns to Christian hearts throughout her own land and over the sea in the kindred land of America. It is no less strange that one who came of Baptist parentage—belonged to a Baptist church, and all her life worshipped within its walls—should now have a place in the worship-song, not only of her own community, not only of all the Nonconformist bodies, but even of the National Church.

[For the extracts from Mrs. Steele's diary, and some facts in Anne Steele's life, I am indebted to the Rev. A. W. Wood, of Winchester, formerly minister of the Baptist Church at Broughton.]



BROUGHTON HOUSE.

(From the terrace where Anne Steele wrote most of her hymns.)

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A TEMPERANCE AUTHOR.



(Photo: J. Curtis, Plymouth.)

MRS. JOHN RIPLEY.

MRS. JOHN RIPLEY, of Plymouth, is known in Temperance circles all over the world by her maiden name, M. A. Paull, a name which has stood on the title-page of so many books treasured in the homes of the people. She is the daughter of the late John

and Maria Paull, of Tavistock, and is a life abstinence. "Sought and Saved" gained the prize of £100 offered by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and "Tim's Troubles" secured the prize of £50 offered by the same body. Both books have had an enormous sale, and are still in active demand. They have been most helpful in carrying Temperance teaching into the family circle, and, as Mrs. Ripley has an intimate knowledge of practical Temperance work in all its bearings, her writings are free from those inconvenient errors which so frequently lessen the value of Temperance tales written by persons outside the movement. Mrs. Ripley is an excellent lecturer and speaker, and, besides being the author of some three-score volumes, is a frequent contributor to periodical literature. Her husband, who died in 1892, was widely known for his popular lectures on his travels in the Holy Land and the East. A vivid sketch of his career is given in Mrs. Ripley's little book, "Teetotaler and Traveller: The Life and Journeyings of John Ripley."

ANOTHER SOCIETY WORKER.

The recently elected President of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, was one of the first ladies of rank to identify herself with active Temperance work. The county of Hants (more particularly Southampton and the neighbourhood of her charming house at Netley), has long had the benefit of Mrs. Yorke's vigorous and intelligent labours. The Band of Hope movement has enjoyed a large measure of her support, and she was one of the

first ladies to accept a seat on the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. At the great demonstration in Exeter Hall in connection with the World's Temperance Congress, Mrs. Yorke's speech was, while felicitous in phrase, notably remarkable for a neat and telling arrangement of facts. She is essentially a worker, and her year of office is certain to be an example of conscientious industry which cannot fail to exercise a far-reaching influence.

LONDON AND THE C.E.T.S.

The need for increased activity in the diocese of London, so far as the work of the Church of England Temperance Society is concerned, is evidenced by some observations of the Rev. J. H. A. Law, who reports that there are only 200 adult branches, and that there are actually 417 parishes in the diocese without any adult branch of the C.E.T.S. The black picture is intensified by the further statement that since January 1st, 1898, no fewer than seventy-six branches



(Photo: Messrs. Bateman, Old Bond Street, W.)

THE HON. MRS. ELIOT YORKE.

have ceased to exist. As London had for so many years the benefit of the self-denying labours of Dr. Temple and his wife, it is certainly distressing to find that so little headway has been made. It would be interesting to have a similar statement of the position of adult work in every other diocese; one could then perhaps hope for some combined effort to bring about a general improvement.

TEMPERANCE CATERING.

Some time ago we referred to the excellent work of the Irish Temperance League by means of its coffee stalls in the various public thoroughfares of Belfast. Londonderry is now making an experiment on the same lines, and within the past few months the Liverpool Centre of the National British Women's Temperance Association has started a Coffee Cart at one of the Electric Car Termini, close to Sefton Park, Liverpool. It begins its day's work at five o'clock in the morning, and has already secured a very large breakfast trade. It is hoped in time to provide several additional "Coffee Carts," for there can be little doubt that respectable working men are prepared to give a cordial welcome to this practical attempt to provide a counter-attraction to the public-house. The Liverpool B.W.T.A. has a most active working executive. The President, Miss Harriet Johnson, is widely known for the part which she has taken in promoting the "Children's Bill." Her pamphlets on the subject have had an extensive circulation, and her evidence before the Royal Commission was specially valuable. In Mrs. Lovitt, the Treasurer, and Miss Leila E. Watson, the

Hon. Secretary of the Branch, Miss Johnson has earnest and devoted supporters. Good food and beverages at the smallest possible cost, well-served and with the utmost cleanliness, may be named as the "business principles" of the Liverpool Coffee Cart.

A MILLION NEW PLEDGES.

A striking appeal has been issued by the Free Churches approving of the proposed Million Pledge Crusade as a fitting inauguration of the Twentieth Century. Dr. Clifford, Dr. McLaren, Dr. Newman Hall, Dr. Monro Gibson, Dr. Mackennal, the Rev. Charles Garrett, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and many other well-known and representative men have signed the appeal. Intemperance is impeached as a physical and moral evil, and an urgent call is made for personal example. The spirit of the appeal is indicated in the sentence: "Temperance work has in the past been marked, in some directions at least, more by activity than by prayer. We can have no better wish for the Twentieth Century than that its Temperance work should be united more intimately with the devotional life. . . . The great gate of promise is before us: 'Ask and it shall be given you.'"

COMING EVENTS.

A great Temperance Demonstration will be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne the last Monday in this month, in connection with the Church Congress. The autumnal meetings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union will be held at Manchester, also this month. The autumnal meetings of the Women's Total Abstinence Union will be held at Halifax on October 9th, 10th, and 11th. On October 20th, and following days, the Kent Band of Hope Union will hold a Conference at Beckenham. On October 21st, 22nd, and 23rd the autumnal meetings of the C.E.T.S. will be held at Oxford. On November 2nd the Police Court Mission will have a meeting at the Mansion House. On November 8th Canon Scott Holland will conduct a quiet day for Temperance workers in St. Paul's Cathedral. On November 25th, 26th, and 27th the annual meeting of the C.E.T.S. for the diocese will be held at Bristol.



A LIVERPOOL COFFEE CART.

(Provided by the Liverpool Centre of the British Women's Temperance Association.)

ROBIN REDBREAST

AN INDIAN LEGEND



HAT a great big robin!" said a little English boy, looking out of a Canadian window.

"Oh!" said his sister, "everything's big here. The country's three thousand miles wide, and the river's a mile and a half across, and — oh, dear! what's that?"

She had leaned out of the window as she spoke, and there, squatting on the ground and listening to all

their conversation, was a bundle of rags with a long black head of hair sticking out at the top.

Toby and Tilda drew back in a hurry from the window, stole quietly out of the back door, and came peeping round the corner of the house, as if they were half-afraid the bundle of rags would bite.

A pair of black eyes and a very dark brown face showed them that the black head of hair belonged to a little Indian girl, and the face was a kindly one; so Toby and Tilda, instead of darting back, as they meant to do, went bravely on and stood in front of the stranger, staring as if it were a new kind of pet monkey. The little stranger stared back, without even a wink, till Toby and Tilda were half-ashamed, and Tilda whispered to Toby, "I wonder if she can speak English?"

"Of course I can," said the little Indian girl.

"Oh!" said Toby and Tilda together; and that was all they could think of to say, though they were very much interested. At last, when they had stared at the stranger

for a minute or two, getting more shy and uncomfortable all the time, and wishing the little Indian would start the conversation again, Tilda spoke up.

"Would you like a biscuit?" she said.

It was a happy thought. There never was a child, with a white face or a brown face, or any other kind of face at all (so long as there was a mouth in it), that did not like biscuits.

"Yes," said the little Indian, jumping up; "two or three."

Toby and Tilda scampered off in a great hurry, and raced back in about two seconds with their hands full. The little Indian sat happily munching till all the biscuits were gone; the two white children looking on with delight, as they used to do when the lions were fed at the Zoo. Then the brown-faced girl looked up and said:

"What sort of robins do you have in the country you came from?"

"Oh!" said Toby, "a tiny little bit of a thing."

"Was it a tiny little bit of a boy, before it became a bird?"

Toby and Tilda looked at each other and laughed out loud.

"Of course not, you silly," said Toby. "How could a boy become a bird?"

"I'm not silly," said the little Indian. "The first robin that ever was in this country used to be a boy."

Toby and Tilda looked at each other and laughed again but not so loud this time. It was certainly very different country from England, this Canada that they had got to, so possibly the things that only happened in

fairy tales at home might happen really and truly here. At any rate, both Toby and Tilda were eager to hear the story.

"Tell us all about it," said Tilda.

So the little girl began to tell her story, just as she had heard her grandfather tell it, on a long winter evening, beside the crackling fire in the little log-house by the rapids.

"There was once a hunter," she said, "who had only one son, and when his son grew up he said to him, 'My son, I am growing old, and you must hunt for me.'

"Very well, my father," said his son, and he took his father's bow and arrows and went out into the woods. But he was a dreamy boy, and forgot what he had come for, and spent the morning wondering at the beautiful flowers, and trees, and mosses, and hills and valleys that he saw. When he saw a bird on a tree, he forgot that he had come to shoot it, and lay listening to its song; and when he saw a deer come down to drink at the stream he put down his bow and arrows and began to talk to the deer in the deer's own language, until he saw that the sun was setting. Then he looked round for his bow and arrows, and they were gone!

"When he got home to the wigwam, his father met him at the door and said, 'My son, you have had a long day's hunting. Have you killed so much that you had to leave it in the woods? Let us go and fetch it together.'

"His son looked very much ashamed of himself, and said, 'Father, I forgot all about the hunting. The woods, and the sky, and the flowers, and the birds, and the beasts were so interesting that I forgot all about what you had sent me to do.'

"His father was in a terrible rage with him, and in the morning he sent him out again, with new bow and arrows, saying, 'Take care that you don't forget this time.' The son went along saying to himself, 'I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget.' But as soon as a bird flew across the path he forgot all about what his father had said, and called to the bird in the bird's own language, and the bird came and sat on the tree above him, and sang to him so beautifully all day that the young man sat as if in a dream until sunset.

"Oh, dear!" said the young man, "what shall I do? My father will kill me if I go back without anything to eat."

"Never mind," said the bird; "if he kills you, we shall give you feathers and paint, and you can fly away and be a bird like ourselves."

"When the young man reached the village he scarcely dared to go near his father's wigwam; but his father saw him coming,

and ran to meet him, calling out in a hurry, 'What have you brought? What have you brought?'

"I have brought nothing, father; nothing at all," said the boy.

"His father was angrier than ever, and in the morning he said, 'Come with me. No more bow and arrows for you, and not a bite to eat, till I have taught you to be a hunter like any other good Indian.' So he took his son into the middle of the forest, and there built for him a little wigwam, with no door, only a little hole in the side.

"There!" said his father, when the young man was inside, and the wigwam was laced up tight. 'When you have lived and fasted in this wigwam for twelve days, the spirit of a hunter will come into you.'

"Every day the young man's father came to see him, and every day the young man begged for food, until at last, on the tenth day, he could only beg in a whisper.

"No!" said his father. 'In two days more you can both hunt and eat.'

"On the eleventh day, when the father came and spoke to his son, he got no answer. Looking through the hole, he saw the lad lying as if dead on the ground; but when he called out aloud his son awoke, and whispered, 'Father, bring me food! Give me some food!'

"No," said his father. 'You have only one day more to wait. To-morrow you will hunt and eat.' And he went away home to the village.

"On the twelfth day the father came loaded with meal and venison. As he came near to the wigwam he heard a curious chirping sound, and when he looked through the hole in the wigwam he saw his son standing up inside, and painting his breast with bright red paint.

"What are you doing, my son? Come and eat! Here is meal and venison for you. Come and eat and hunt like a good Indian.' But the son could only reply in a chirping little voice, 'It is too late, father. You have killed me at last, and now I am becoming a bird.' And as he spoke he turned into the o-pe-che—the robin redbreast—and flew out of the hole and away to join the other birds; but he never flew very far from the dwellings of men.

"The cruel father set out to go back to his wigwam; but he could never find the village again, and after he had wandered about a long time he lay down in the forest and died; and soon afterwards the redbreast found him, and buried him under a heap of dry leaves. Every year after that, when the time of the hunter's fast came round, the redbreast perched on his father's empty wigwam and sang the song of the dead."

"Our robins used to cover up little children with withered leaves," said Toby, thinking of the babes in the wood; "but I don't think they'd have taken the trouble with a wicked, cruel man like that."

"Grandfather says that everybody was cruel in those days before the missionaries came," said the Indian girl. "And he said it served the boy right for moony-mooning about in the woods, instead of doing what he was told."

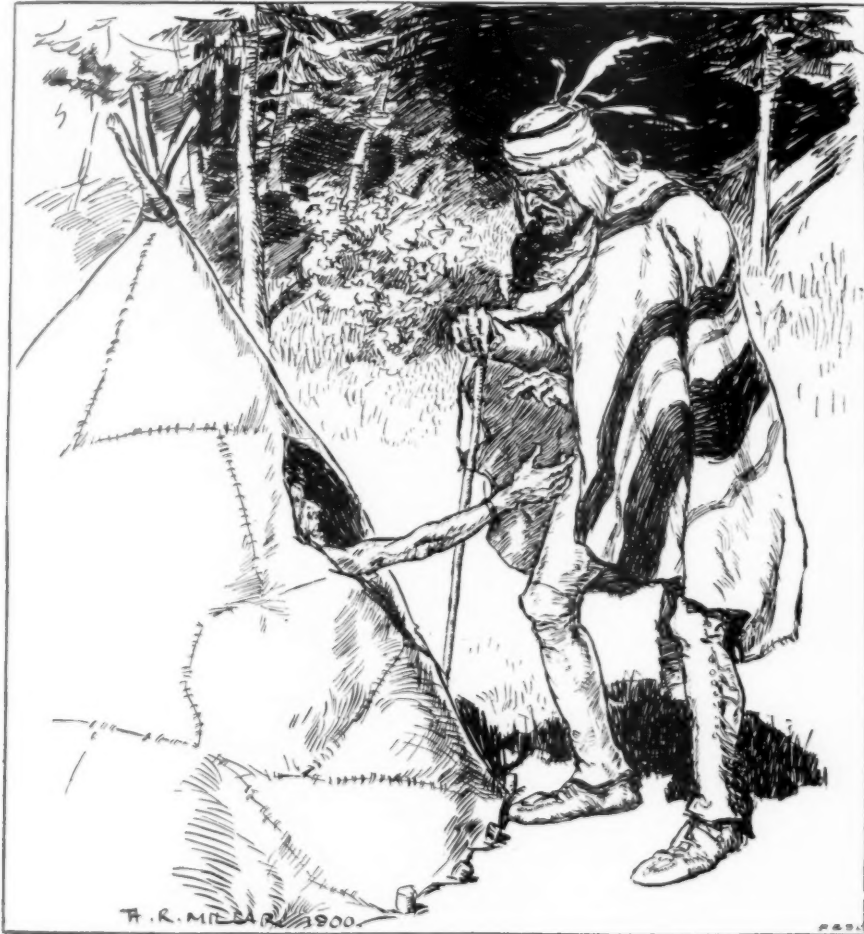
"Your grandfather's a sensible man," said

Toby's and Tilda's mother, who had come to the window to listen.

The little Indian girl jumped up, being rather afraid of grown-up white folk, and scurried away through the maple grove to the little log-house by the rapids.

Whenever Toby and Tilda let their wits go wool-gathering now, mother holds up a finger and says, "Now, children, remember the moony-mooning boy that got turned into a robin—and such a great big gawky robin, too!"

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.



Every day the young man begged for food.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS AND ANECDOTES.

FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—Feeding the Multitude.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark vi. 31–41.*



- POINTS.** 1. Christ the consoler of His disciples.
2. Christ the provider of His people's wants.
3. Christ the lover of order and thankfulness.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Christ the Consoler. The disciples had come back safely from their first mission. They wanted Christ's sympathy with their failures as well as with their successes. So He took them apart. There in the fields He communed

with them. And, as the sun is as ready to pour its light and warmth upon the daisies on a village common as upon the oaks in Windsor Park, so did Christ cheer the hearts of these simple fishermen and warm them with fresh love to Himself. Tell all your sorrows to Christ. He is Christ the consoler.

Food in the Desert. Mungo Park, the great African traveller, was alone in the desert. The nearest European settlement was five hundred miles away. His food was all spent, and water there was none. No wonder his spirits failed him and he felt that he must soon die. But he caught sight of a tiny piece of moss. The whole plant was not larger than the top of a man's finger. He was struck by the marvellous beauty and delicate formation of its roots and leaves. He said to himself: "Can God, Who placed in this desert this plant, which seems of no use to anyone, look with unconcern upon the sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?" The thought gave him courage. He went on his way, and before long found food.

Thankfulness. Oberlin, when in training for the ministry, was travelling one winter from Strasbourg. He had reached the middle of his journey, when he was struck down by the cold. He was rapidly freezing to death, and sleep began to overpower him. Commending himself to God, he yielded to what he knew would be the sleep of death. But he was aroused by a waggoner, who gave him food, when the spirit of life returned. The waggon soon brought him to the next village. Oberlin was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused. "It is only a duty to help one another," he said, "and I can take nothing but thanks for what I have done." "Then," said Oberlin, "tell me your name, that I may ask God's blessing upon you." "I see," said the waggoner, "that you are a servant of God. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan." "I cannot," said Oberlin, "for it is not told us." "Then," said he, "until you can tell me his name, allow me to withhold mine." But God does reveal His name to us, and that name is Love.

SEPTEMBER 23RD.—Christ Walking on the Water and Healing the Sick.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark vi. 45–56.*

- POINTS.** 1. Christ an example of prayer.
2. Man's extremity God's opportunity.
3. He healeth all thy diseases.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Scots at Bannockburn. On the day before the battle the whole army assembled for prayer, and perhaps no grander sight can be imagined than the appearance of those 30,000 men, all ready to die for their country, on their knees before God in prayer. Then Bruce made the heralds proclaim that if any man was not prepared to fight and fall with honour he might depart. A wild shout was the answer, and no man quitted the ranks. Once again the Scots, when they saw the mighty host of 100,000 English rolling towards them like a human sea, fell down on their knees and prayed. "They crave mercy," said King Edward when he saw them. "It is of Heaven, and not of your majesty," answered one of his knights, "for on that field they will be victorious or die."

Wondrous Deliverance. A terrible hurricane took place a few years ago at Antigua, one of the West Indian Islands. Many ships were lost, and among others the *Duke of Cumberland*. But the crew of this latter were saved in a marvellous way. The vessel was driven broadside on the rocks, and at last struck with violence. Every hope of safety fled. The crew could with difficulty hold out against the force of the mighty waves. At last the chief mate, with a rope wound round him, flung himself into the sea; a tremendous wave threw him upon the rocks, and a second one carried him still higher. The crew watched with the most intense anxiety, and not a few sent up a prayer for God's help. Another rope was thrown to him from the maintop, and by means of this, in three hours, the whole crew were landed in safety. They fell on their knees and praised God for His goodness.

Christ near in Sickness. A poor man in a hospital was about to undergo a most painful and dangerous operation. They had laid him ready, and the surgeon was just about to begin, when he cried, "Wait a minute." Annoyed at the delay, they asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "wait a minute while I pray to the Lord Jesus to help me, for it will be dreadful hard to bear." And the Lord Jesus did help him. He bore the pain bravely, and made a good recovery.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—Two Miracles of Healing.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark vii. 24–37.*

- POINTS.** 1. A Gentile's great faith.
2. The Saviour's all-embracing love.
3. The tongue of the dumb loosed.

ILLUSTRATIONS. A Soldier's Faith. One day, when Napoleon was reviewing his troops in Paris, he let fall the reins of his horse upon the animal's

neck; whereupon the fiery steed ran away. Before the rider could recover the bridle a common soldier ran out of the ranks, caught the reins, stopped the horse, and placed the reins in the hands of the Emperor. "Much obliged to you, Captain," said Napoleon. The soldier immediately believed the chief, and said, "Of what regiment, sire?" Napoleon, delighted with his quick perception and manly trust in his word, said, "Of my Guards," and rode away. This is the way the woman believed the word of Christ. She went home, and found her daughter cured. According to our faith so shall we have.

Deaf Mutes Healed. "The age of miracles is passed." Yes, but God has given to this age what is better than miracles—namely, skill to discover cures which may be used on all. There are vast numbers of deaf persons, but almost all can make sounds. And now these deaf persons are taught to speak! They cannot hear what they themselves are saying, but they can speak words and sentences which others can understand! I have often been in a school for the deaf. They have greeted me with as loud a cheer as any other children would raise. I have spoken to them; and they have watched the movements of my lips, understood what I was saying, and answered me in words. So in this age the tongues of the dumb are being loosed, and the deaf-mutes can tell of the goodness of God with their lips as well as feel it in their hearts. (Rev. J. W. Gedge.)

OCTOBER 7TH.—Christ a Merciful but Suffering Saviour.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark viii. 22–33.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ sent to open the eyes of the blind.
2. Christ must needs suffer.
3. Motto for Christ's people—"No cross, no crown."

ILLUSTRATIONS. Gradual Light. There lived in a certain village, before the days of School Boards, a girl of sixteen. She had learned very little, but she had heard of Christ, and longed to know more about Him. She began to study her Bible. God sent her the light of His Holy Spirit. Then she desired to do something for others. So she gathered a class in her father's kitchen Sunday by Sunday. She obtained helpers, and built a school. Years passed on, and many received light and life through her means. One of her brothers has become a minister of the Gospel at home; while one of her scholars has gone to Africa to open the eyes of the blind heathen there to see the light of truth.

Bearing the Cross. St. Christopher, says the legend, was a giant of the land of Canaan, and he entered the service of a certain mighty king. One day a minstrel came and played before the court, and sang of Satan and then of Jesus Christ. Christopher determined to seek for Jesus and enter His service. He came one day to a hermit's cell, and asked him to show him Christ. "Christ is the King of earth and heaven," said the hermit, "and if thou wouldst serve Him thou must fast and pray." "I will not fast," replied the giant, "and I know not how to pray." "Then," said the hermit, "go to such a river, and help wayfarers to cross its rushing stream."

This pleased Christopher, and, rooting up a palm tree for a staff, day and night he was ready to bear travellers on his shoulders across the flood. One night a little child stood upon the bank and cried, "Christopher, carry me over." And the giant lifted the child upon his shoulders, and plunged into the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the wind blew, and the child grew heavier and heavier, till Christopher feared he should sink. But, reaching the shore at last with tottering steps, he cried, "Who art thou, child? Had I carried the whole world upon my back, it had not been heavier than thou." And the child replied, "Christopher, thou hast borne Him upon thy shoulders Who made the world and thee. Thou wouldst serve Me in this work of love, and, behold! I have accepted thy service." So saying, He vanished; but Christopher knew that he was accepted, and he worshipped Christ. And his name was called Christopher, which means "Christ-bearer."

OCTOBER 14TH.—The Transfiguration of Christ.

Passage for reading—*St. Mark ix. 1–13.*

- POINTS. 1. Christ holds communion with His Father.
2. Christ's sonship borne witness to by the Father.
3. The Son shall suffer, but shall rise from the dead.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Communion with God. I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another, not welded nor linked, and yet with such firm hold as to bear its own weight. What is the cause? A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's-breadth, and the piece joined on drops dead to the ground. Even so a stream of life from the Lord brought into contact with a human spirit keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power can rend the two asunder. From God the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of His servant it spreads, and then to the Lord it returns again.

The Resurrection of Christ. "Come see the place where the Lord lay." He is not there now, for He is risen. He is gone, and we are to be with Him, not where He was, but where He is. Look at His tomb. There is no door to it. There was one—a huge stone, and none could move it. It was sealed and made quite secure, and a guard of soldiers was there to watch that no one meddled with it. But now the seal is broken, the guards dispersed, the stone is gone. So will it be with our graves. They will be covered up and sods of green turf laid upon them. There shall we sleep. But on the Resurrection morn the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and the light of the eternal day shall dawn. All that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth, from the mossy graves of the country churchyard, from the stone-built vaults of the city tombs, from the countless depths of the mighty ocean. All shall rise and stand before the Judge. And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, for has not their Saviour said, "Because I live, ye shall live also"? (C. H. Spurgeon.)

SHORTLY ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.



"But One Chance of Life."

HERE is," says Ruskin, "but one chance of life, in admitting so far the possibility of the Christian verity as to try it on its own terms." There is not the slightest possibility of finding out whether it be true or not at first. "Show me a sign first, and I will come," you say. "No," answers God; "come first, and then you will see a sign." If Christianity were a problem of science or a question of history, all would depend upon evidence, dates, documents, authors; but the religion of

Jesus is not this. It is a life, a spirit, a method of living, and it is only satisfactorily verified when it is lived. In every sphere of investigation, reason not only permits, but enjoins a working hypothesis. A good reply, then, to anyone who says that the evidences for Christianity do not convince him is to say, "Never mind the evidences; try the religion as a working hypothesis. In thought, word, and deed endeavour to live as if Christianity were true; and if no assurance comes to you, if its promises all disappoint, if you repent you of your delusion, then yours will be the first experience of the kind that anyone has ever had during the long history of Christ's religion."

"Prisoners of Hope."

It was a life and death crisis. A little company of British officials, captured by foul treachery in an

Oriental city when bearing a flag of truce, had been for many days imprisoned amid a swarm of criminals, vile and diseased; had been buffeted, tortured, bound with iron chains by neck, hands, and feet to overhead beams; had been twice condemned to instant execution, and at the last moment reprieved. Steadfastly they refused to purchase life and liberty by disclosure of British plans and resources, or to embarrass their chiefs by any appeal to save them by compromise with the foe. At length, unknown to the imperilled men, their captors, in terror of threatened reprisals from the enemy's headquarters, decided to release their victims. These were placed in a cart closely curtained, and were ordered not to show themselves for a moment to the populace. It was, indeed, an anxious ride, all unknowing whether or not a final decision was carrying them to their death. At last the intolerable suspense drove one of the party to peep through the shrouding curtains—to behold a red-coated English sentry, and to know they were saved as by a miracle! When this incident was narrated to us by a near relative of the principal envoy concerned, the thought occurred to us: What a striking type is here of some of the dark passages in our earthly way, and what a lesson in trustfulness! Many a time, when to us our unseen path may seem leading on to heavy trouble and suffering, He "who knows the end from the beginning" is actually directing our course towards relief and full deliverance; turning our sorrow into joy, the shadow of night into morning. Taking our life as a whole, this is absolutely sure concerning all who have committed their way unto Him. Amid all earthly uncertainties, it is certain that all things are working together for those who put their trust in Him.

Exeter College Chapel, Oxford.

THE charm of Oxford never dies. Here, the old and the new, the ancient and the modern, blend in a fascinating stream of history and of life. Exeter College is one of the oldest of the Oxford foundations, and dates back to 1314. Only three of the Oxford Colleges are older—Merton, Balliol, and University. Exeter was founded by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter—hence its name—but the buildings are mostly modern, and have been much enlarged during the nineteenth century. The chapel,

indeed, is a fine specimen of Sir Gilbert Scott's work about 1858, and contains excellent examples of modern stained glass and tapestry. Unfortunately, a library built in 1383, at Stapledon Hall, as the College was then called, has long since disappeared. But among the reminiscences of those days that come down to us, as we

bought other tenements within the town wall between the Smith and the Turl gates, and these became the beginnings of Exeter College; further endowments have, of course, been added. At first the scholars were twelve or thirteen in number; and, as vacancies arose, the places were to be filled up by a two-thirds vote of the body,



EXETER COLLEGE CHAPEL.
(Photo: Gillman and Co., Oxford.)

learn from Boase's Register, are the removal by Archbishop Courtenay of the Chaplain, William Serle, on account of his Wycliffite opinions; showing how the Morning Star of the Reformation was influencing his University. Also from Mr. Maxwell Lyte's History we gather that the southern element was generally predominant at Merton and Stapledon Hall, and the northern element at University, Balliol, and Queen's. The original scheme provided that the scholars were to come from Devon and Cornwall. Exeter College presents a wonderfully different appearance now from that of its early days. The good Bishop purchased two houses in St. Peter's-in-the-East parish, known as Hart Hall and Arthur Hall, and the original scholars being in Hart Hall, it received for a time the name of Stapledon Hall. In October, 1315, however, the Bishop

the chief qualifications being uprightness of conduct, poverty, and aptitude for study. This fine chapel reminds us of the nobility of character and the great public spirit which animated those old founders of colleges and schools in the days that are so far past; and we may well pray that such valuable characteristics may yet remain to benefit the race. What do we not owe to our country! and each one in his several ways, and according to his capacity, may still seek to exercise that public spirit and thought for others which animated the great founders of the past.

"Good-bye, God!"

SOME people were talking lately, in the writer's presence, about the proper age at which children

should go to church. A bishop said that he did not approve of their being brought very young, and then went on to tell how a little girl of his acquaintance, when she got tired of her first Sunday at church, got up, and saying "Good-bye, God!" slipped out. After all, the child's action was not unlike that of those grown-up people who, when they have attended church on Sunday, think that they may bid good-bye to God until Sunday comes round again. Indeed, all act in this way who do not obey St. Paul's precept: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The only idea of worship many persons have is to go to church; and yet, properly speaking, this is not worship, but only preparation for it. To labour is to pray. The highest form of worship, and that which all other kinds are meant to stimulate us to, is the doing of everything as ever in the great Taskmaster's sight.

A Terrible Power.

If the religion of Christ is true, not one jot or tittle of its truth can fail. Men may believe or they may not believe, but, though this matters much to themselves, it does not matter to truth. There is one terrible power, however, which we men have, and that is the power of preventing our brother-men from believing. If our Christianity become to us only a creed, a bundle of opinions, a sentiment—if it cease to be a power for good in our lives—men will think that it is a dead thing which should be buried out of sight.

As Others See Us.

A MAN was found outside a public-house lying on the ground. He had been fighting, and he was covered with dirt and blood. Those who found him put a mirror before him, so that when he woke he saw his face in a looking-glass. From that moment the man ceased to be a drunkard.

Faith Triumphant.

THE war in South Africa has been a trial to the faith of not a few. Almost every family I know has had to pay toll to it. In many cases only sons were amongst the fatal "casualties." And often there was dreadful suspense. The dear boy was "missing"—was he dead, or only a prisoner at Pretoria? In very many cases, however, faith has triumphed. It has enabled wives and mothers to smile through their tears, to say that they would not have it otherwise, that they would not begrudge to their husband or son the honour of a soldier's grave, or wish that he had not been faithful unto death. Well! the parting is not for long. "The farewells of the vale below shall be followed by greetings in the hills above."

New Books.

MR. W. R. MOODY has lost no time in fulfilling his promise of a full and authoritative record of

his father's life, which has now been completed, and issued, through Messrs. Morgan and Scott, in very attractive form. It is impossible to read this faithful account of the great evangelist's remarkable career without feeling that Dwight L. Moody's life was indeed inspired. A careful study of the life-story of this humble but gifted and strenuous Christian worker cannot fail to brighten the hope, deepen the faith, and increase the enthusiasm of those who desire to follow, however imperfectly, in his footsteps.—The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks is better known in the United States than in the United Kingdom, but two books which he has just published, through the Funk and Wagnalls Co., of New York and London, might well be placed in the hands of the young people of both countries. They are entitled "David and his Friends" and "Twentieth Century Knighthood," and both are distinguished by sound counsels and helpful advice, together with genuine appreciation of and sympathy with difficulties, which combine to make Dr. Banks's works of real help.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Zechariah, the Prophet of Hope," by our contributor the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., the value of whose work is well known to all our readers; and also of a very brightly written life of Joseph, by the Rev. Thomas Champness, contained in a little volume issued by the Joyful News Book Depot at Rochdale, under the title "The Slave that Saved the Land."

Spiritual Gymnastics.

"BODILY exercise," St. Paul says, "profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things." When people find out that they are not as young as they were, they begin, if they did not do so before, to take care of their physical health. They partake only of the quantity and kind of food which they "dare eat." It is literally of vital importance to them that they should have each day a round or two of golf; or, thinking that there is nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse, they take a daily canter. How careful they are not to get a chill or over-fatigue themselves! They are quite right. It is a duty to look after our health, and if we do not do so we put trouble upon others, only we ought to be not less careful to avoid the moral ill-health which often threatens us when "getting on in life." If we would keep ourselves up to our best possibilities in middle life, and enter upon a graceful old age, impulse, intention and effort must be renewed day by day, by conscious and repeated endeavour, as surely as the wear and tear of our bodies requires to be repaired by fresh daily material. As our bodily muscles must be exercised if they are not to stiffen, so the powers and faculties of the soul require spiritual gymnastics to keep them in health and training.

"Did We Win?"

AT the battle of Spion Kop one of our men had his left eye carried away by a piece of a shell, and his left upper jaw. Of course, he could not speak, so, on being brought into hospital,

he made signs for writing materials. Pencil and paper were given to him, and it was supposed that he wanted to ask for something. He merely wrote, "Did we win?" Surely this was sublime self-forgetfulness, and we would do well to imitate it in our Christian life and work. What we ought to desire is, not ease and comfort, and riches and position, and victory for our pet fad and party, but that we should all win the highest victory—the victory over sin and selfishness, not merely individually, but as a household, a nation, a church. Not—"Did I get as much comfort and happiness in life as possible?" but "Did I help the common cause of righteousness; did we win?"

Counsel and Contradiction.

"It would be positive impertinence for me to give advice to women old enough to be my mother, just because they happen to be poor," a young district visitor maintained, when reminded that she ought to exercise a moral and spiritual influence rather than be an almoner alone; "I shall not attempt it." Strong in a sense of commendable humility, she knocked at a door which never failed to open and reveal an anxious, melancholy face. "Oh! come in, miss, come in," said the mistress, even more woebegone than usual; "I want your advice about the best way to manage my husband." Her visitor forgot her recent resolution and entered. "He is coming home to-day from the asylum," pursued her hostess, "and you could always manage him when he was here before, and I never could." "I never contradicted him, you know." "Do you think that was it?" inquired the poor woman. "Then, if you were me, you would not contradict him, even if he spoke that unreasonable that you could not bear it." "I am afraid that a person in an unreasonable mood would never listen to reason," said the younger and more educated woman. "Now, that is what I call sensible," remarked the perplexed wife. Thus encouraged, her youthful monitor amplified her text, and spoke of the Perfect Example Who kept silence when unreasonable and wicked men would have provoked Him to speak unadvisedly. Her mind was so full of this incident that when she reached home she mentioned the appeal for her advice. "So the poor woman wanted to know the best way to manage her husband!" said her mother. "What did you tell her out of your vast experience?" "I told her not to contradict him," answered the girl humbly. "Most admirable advice," said her father. "You will be a useful person in the district as long as you preach it. Don't wait until you are married, my dear, to practise silence when you are with unreasonable persons. It is the best way of talking to them, as Paddy would say."

Human Wisdom and Divine.

"EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But

God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." No text is more generally misunderstood than this. It is a quotation made by St. Paul from an unknown source. It is not from the Old Testament, though there are passages in the Prophets that may have suggested it, as, for instance, Isaiah lxiv. 4 (R.V.). Origen and Jerome say that it came from a book called "The Apocalypse of Elijah." The context shows that St. Paul did not quote the words in reference to the joys which await the blessed in Heaven, as inattentive readers suppose. He was thinking, not of the future, but of the present. He was contrasting the source of the philosophy of which the Corinthians were so proud and that of the religion of the Cross, which seemed to them foolishness. The former is discerned by the senses, the latter by the Spirit of God in conjunction with the spirit of man.

What we Should Doubt.

DOUBT is a two-edged weapon, and when impartially wielded it may do good service to the



"Come in, miss, I want your advice."

cause of truth. It would be well, for instance, if people doubted a little more the contradictory theories that are invented to explain the origin and rapid spread of the Christian religion by those who do not believe its historical truth or the inferences and hypotheses that are too hastily drawn from the facts of science. Of course, the facts of science cannot be denied. What can and what should be doubted are the conclusions hostile to religion which are drawn from these facts.

Our Waifs.

WE recently had the pleasure of forwarding to Dr. Barnardo and to Miss Sharman cheques for the maintenance during the current year of THE QUIVER waif in each of the Homes. The amounts were drawn from the Fund so generously subscribed by our readers, who, we feel sure, will be interested in the following letters which we have received in acknowledgment.

Dr. Barnardo writes:—

"I cordially thank you for the addition to our exchequer which you have sent me from the readers of THE QUIVER for one year's maintenance of your special waif in our Homes. I wish you would take some opportunity of telling your readers how greatly I appreciate their continued sympathy and co-operation.

"THE QUIVER Waif," John Harrison, who has been now three years in the Homes, is, I am glad to tell you, in good general health; but, as you, I think, already know, he is lame, and his eyes are weak.

"He is in the infants' class at school, where he is getting on very fairly well. At present he is boarded out at Broxted."

The following comes from Miss Sharman:—

"Will you please accept my very grateful thanks yourself, and convey the same to the readers of THE QUIVER, for your generous help in this matter? Your little *protégé*, Rosie Heelis, is now four years old. I am sorry to tell you she is

a very delicate little child, and is constantly needing extra care and attention. At times she looks very frail and thin, and then, again, she will pick up as rapidly as she runs down. She only goes into school a very little, as I think, considering all things, fresh air and play are the best for her till she is a little older and stronger."

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

LIST of contributions received from July 3rd, 1900, up to and including July 23rd, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

OUR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

NINTH LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.		£	s.	d.	
Amount previously acknowledged271	11	7	
Per B. Darkins, Billingshurst	0	4	0
C. D. L. Lewes	0	5	0
Per Bertha Wilson, Stockton-on-Tees	0	6	6
		£272	7	1	

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: A Glasgow Mother (122nd donation), 1s.; Mrs. L., Brighton (6th donation), 5s.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: We are asked to acknowledge the receipt of 2s. 6d. from A. W. C.

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: M. Smith, Blackheath, 2s. 6d.; Ellen Burman, Grange-over-Sands, 5s.; E. F. G., £1 10s.

For The Indian Famine Fund: A Constant Reader, Brighton, 4s.; E. P. B., 5s.; L. A. M., 5s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

121. What became of the disciples of St. John the Baptist after his death?

122. Where could the Apostles obtain the baskets in which they collected the broken food after the feeding of the five thousand in the wilderness?

123. What lessons does our Lord teach us by His example at the feeding of the five thousand?

124. Why was it that Jesus insisted upon His Apostles going away in a ship while He sent away the multitude?

125. Our Lord went to the help of His disciples walking on the sea. Where is this referred to in the Old Testament as an instance of Divine power?

126. What great illustration of our Lord's healing power was given in the land of Gennesaret?

127. In His reply to the Syrophenician woman, Jesus said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." What do we learn from this?

128. What is there remarkable in the two miracles recorded only by St. Mark—the healing of the deaf and dumb, and the giving sight to a blind man?

129. In what words did our Lord resist the temptation of the Devil, who through St. Peter sought to turn away our Lord from His sufferings and death?

130. What is the great duty our Lord lays upon every Christian?

131. What special circumstance in connection with our Lord's transfiguration is mentioned only by St. Luke?

132. In what way was our Lord's Divinity set forth at His transfiguration?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 960.

100. To the growth of a plant, of which we see the result, but know not how it grows (St. Mark iv. 26-29).

110. The Parable of the Grain of Mustard Seed, which, being the smallest of seeds, finally becomes the greatest of herbs (St. Mark iv. 31, 32).

111. St. Mark iv. 37-41; Ps. xlv. 1.

112. When our Lord healed the sick woman on His way to the house of Jairus, it is said that "she touched the hem (or fringe) of His garment" (St. Matt. ix. 20; Numb. xv. 38).

113. At the Transfiguration, the raising to life of Jairus' daughter, and at His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane (St. Matt. xvii. 1, 2; St. Mark v. 37, and xiv. 33-34).

114. The custom of hiring minstrels and women to make a noise at funerals (St. Matt. ix. 23; Jer. ix. 17 and xlviii. 36).

115. His seeming lowly origin and His occupation as a carpenter (St. Mark vi. 3).

116. When the Apostles were sent on their mission journey by our blessed Lord (St. Mark vi. 13).

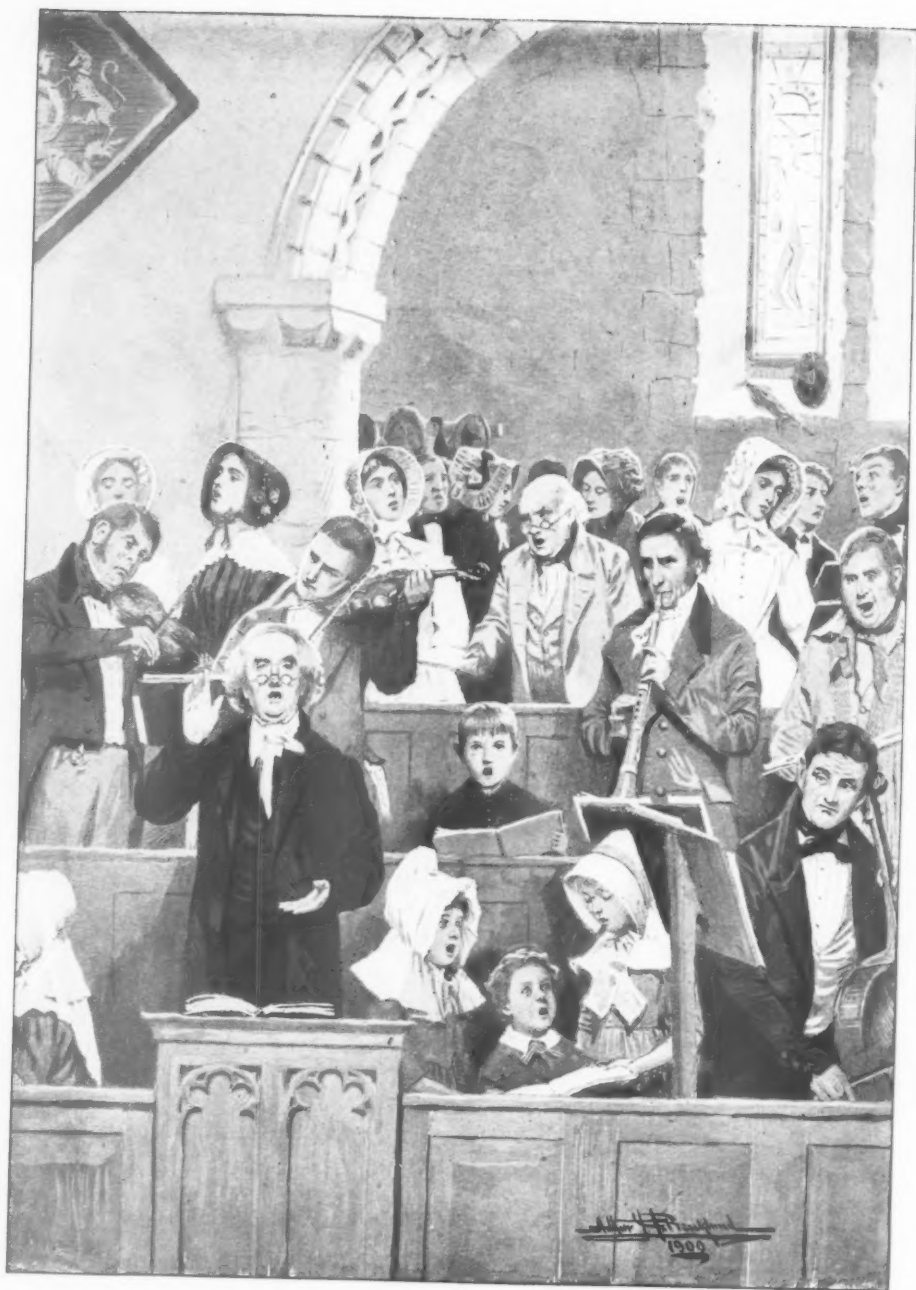
117. "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city" (St. Mark vi. 11; St. Luke x. 16).

118. He was beheaded by order of Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great (St. Mark vi. 17, 27).

119. "Be not rash with thy mouth and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God" (Eccles. v. 2, 4).

120. To be brave for the truth's sake, and if need be to suffer for it (St. Mark vi. 17, 18; St. Matt. v. 10).





A VILLAGE CHOIR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

NATURE'S GOLDEN TREASURY



A GOLDEN VALLEY.

From the Painting by George Wetherbee, R.I.)

AT no season of the year does an English landscape present so rich an aspect as at the time of harvest. A field of ripened corn stands out from the green setting of the hedgerows like

a burnished mirror, and by the glory of its joyous colour enforces the attention of those who are the least observant of Nature's beauties. The brilliancy of the spring foliage and the lusciousness of full summertide have their charm, but neither can equal the wondrous splendour of the harvest season. There is no sight in either spring or summer to be compared to that of a cornfield when the ripened ears are swayed to and fro by the passing breeze; its wealth of colour is unsurpassable, and can only be compared to the ripples of a sea the wave-crests of which are of pure gold.

All nature seems to rejoice in the season; the orchards are ready with their tribute to the labour and skill bestowed upon them; the very hedgerows offer their quota of fruitfulness, for which no man has toiled or thought. Truly, harvest-tide is the crown of the year, the fulfilment of the hopes and anticipations of spring and summer, the

final outcome of the year's strivings. The snows of winter, the shower and shine of the other seasons, have all been but the precursors of this joyous time: the tilling and the sowing, the anxious waiting and watching, all find their culmination in the days when the fields are

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf."

And therein lies the joy of harvest-tide. The anxiety is ended; the hopes of spring and summer find realisation; it is the time of the bringing in of the sheaves, of which the sowing and the growth were attended with much labour and care. "Harvest Home," then, means so much that there is no cause for wonder that it is made an occasion for rejoicing and pleasure. True, that much of the poetry and picturesqueness have been removed from harvesting operations by the introduction of machinery, but there still remains the gladness of the harvest home, as the last heavily laden waggon toils into the rick-yard and the assurance is felt that "all is safely gathered in." It is distinctly a season for national thanksgiving, and dwellers in the towns and cities have of late years rightly claimed a share in it. Harvest festivals

have become a feature among all sections of the religious community, and if the efforts at decoration sometimes suggest the tribute of the suburban market garden rather than the harvest-field proper, we do not cavil, but accept the result out of consideration of the spirit that prompted it.

To artists, of course, harvest-tide has

"Cornfield" by this artist. Sometimes called "The Country Lane," the picture is a characteristic work of the artist. It is all so typical of the Suffolk that Constable loved to paint, and of which he wrote in one of his letters, "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village" (East Bergholt, his native place). "As long as I am able to hold a brush, I

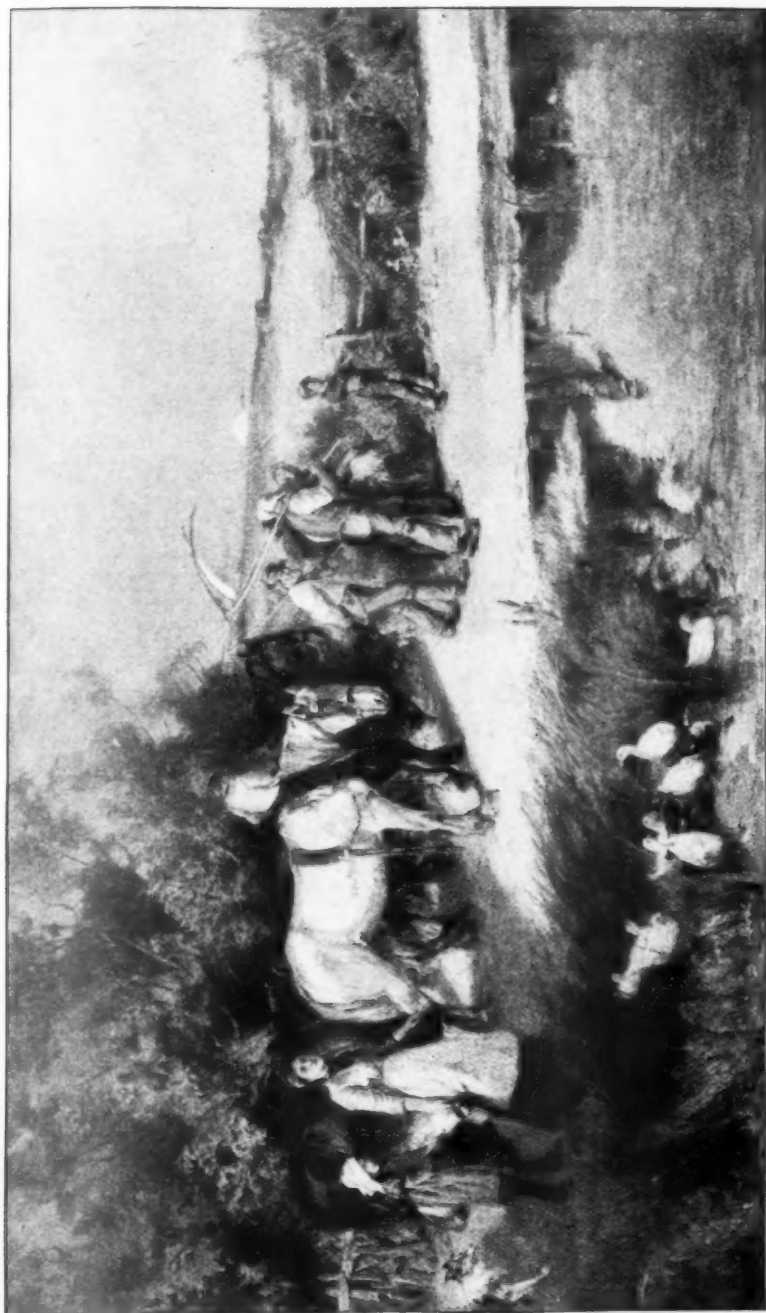


THE CROW BOY.

(From the Painting by Percy R. Craft.)

always been a season of inspiration and effort. The tremendous difficulty attaching to the representation of such a blaze of colour seems to have an attraction for the painter, and some of the finest efforts of our English landscape artists have been centred upon such scenes. The greatest group—from the point of view of power and skill—of artists which England has produced, the men of the Norwich School, living as they did in one of the chiefest of the agricultural districts of the country, revelled in the richness of the harvest glow. Constable, the son of a miller, produced one of his most wonderful canvases under its spell, and all visitors to the National Gallery will remember, above other works, the

shall never cease to paint them." We look up the lane to the "eye" of the picture, the golden-crested cornfield at the top, and noting the little flock of sheep straggling up the centre of the canvas, and the thirsty boy lying at full length to drink at the pool, we feel that it is the work of a man who delighted in nature; who had lived with and studied it under every phase. But there was something more than this: he felt the solemnity of nature. He wrote once: "All nature revives, and everything around me is springing up and coming into life. At every step I am reminded of the words of Scripture, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'" And again, in one of his lectures, he said:



THE BREAD-WINNERS.

(From the *Painting* by Gilbert Foster, R.E.A.)

"The landscape painter must walk in the fields with an humble mind. No arrogant mind was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty. If I may be allowed to use a very solemn quota-

struck by the picturesqueness of the men wielding their sickles, or by the groups of men and women sitting at their midday meal under the shade of the trees, while out in the sunshine is the partly cut field of corn, with the sheaves "stooked" ready for carting. And on through all succeeding years painters have tried to record their impressions of the glowing, sunny, harvest-tide. Every Academy exhibition produces its crop of pictures relating to harvest, and the walls glow under the warmth of the colour of the sunlit corn, or the mellow tones of the harvest moon. Indeed, the moonlit scenes seem as favoured as those under the glare of noonday heat, as will be seen by reference to the pictures reproduced in these pages. No one who has witnessed the scene under the light of the harvest moon can fail to be impressed by its beauty. "The moon is up, and yet it is not night"; the curious silence is solemn in itself, while the silvery light lends a touch of romance and sentiment to the landscape from which it is impossible to escape.

"It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded
vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country
lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendour
rests."

It is the human element, however—always supreme in interest—which claims the greater share of the artist's attention,

and it is to this phase of harvest-tide art that we have drawn attention in our illustrations. We have already referred to the picturesqueness of harvest operations, and, in spite of the triumph of mechanical agencies in use for the ingathering of the harvest, much of this element is still retained.

Most of these pictures of the sentiment of harvest time owe their existence to the inspiration of that charming poem:



THE END OF THE DAY.

(From the Painting by Rudolf Onslow Ford.)

tion, I would say most emphatically to the student, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

Those other great masters of landscape, too, David Cox and John Linnell, rejoiced in the presentation of harvest scenes. The charm of the season was strong upon them, and in many of their works they have transferred to paper and canvas the glowing colours of the harvest field. They show us how forcibly they were



LOVE IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

(From the Painting by H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.)



THE STORY OF RUTH AND BOAZ

(From the Painting by F. W. W. Topham, R.I.)

picture "The Harvest Moon," by George Mason. It is so familiar by means of engravings that no description of it is necessary here. Painted in 1872, it occupies the position of one of the most telling works of the kind. The procession of reapers and gleaners of all ages moves gracefully across the picture, and the spirit and sentiment of the scene impress us forcibly with the wonderful talent of the artist. In the pictures illustrated here we have the expression of this same sentiment. The lad and lass portrayed by Mr. La Thangue are rough, uncouth folk, but they are under the spell of the harvest moon, and the artist has transfigured them into creatures of poetry. Mr. La Thangue lives and works in the footsteps of Millet and Bastien Lepage, elects to find his subjects among the people with whom he lives; who sees the beauty of the humblest form of labour, and loves to paint the scenes of daily life that are to be witnessed round

his country home. Mr. George Clausen, too, is of the same school, although he has chosen the agricultural district of Essex as his home and painting ground. Working on the same lines, these two artists are steadily carrying out their individual aims and methods. Inspired by the same spirit, they seek out beauty in common things, and their works bear testimony to the fact that beauty and nature go hand in hand. Their representations of harvest scenes are transcripts from nature; their studio is under the broad vault of heaven.

Miss Kemp-Welch and Mr. Gilbert Foster have chosen the same theme for their brushes, but each rendering betrays the individuality of the artist. Both have chosen to depict the harvesters wending their weary way homeward, the day's work finished, the night's repose well earned. In each picture the harvest moon takes an important position, and allows the artist to display the skill necessary to represent the difficult scheme of light and colour under its beams. Once

again we have the poetic influence of the scene strongly in evidence, and the sentiment of the harvest time is impressively felt.

"Again thou reignest in the golden hall
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight:
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall."

Mr. Topham has chosen a pretty incident for representation in the picture on the opposite page. "The Story of Ruth and Boaz" could not be read in a more appropriate place than the harvest-field—the "setting" of the story itself.

The other pictures need no special reference; they each depict incidents which may be seen in any harvest-field—the sleepy crow-boy; the old man whetting his scythe; the reapers resting for a moment from their labour.

Of course, artists, as well as poets, have felt and given expression to the sadness

alone remains to mark the place of the wealth of the year, it is felt that the glory of the season is gone, and once more winter will soon hold sway over the land. It is as though another milestone in life were passed, that another notch had been marked on our record of years.

The words—

"And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more"—

fitly express this phase of harvest sentiment, and Longfellow's poem of "The Reaper and the Flowers" emphasises the sadness of harvest similes. This poem finds its counterpart in art in Mr. La Thangue's picture in the Tate Gallery, entitled "The Man with the Scythe." Before the door of a humble cottage sits a pretty little girl propped up with a pillow in an old arm chair. It is easy



THE HARVESTERS' RETURN.

(From the Printing by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch. By permission of A. H. Harman, Esq., the owner of the picture and copyright.)

that is inevitably associated with harvest-tide. When the crops are ingathered, when the gleaners have finished their work on the shorn fields, and the stubble

to see that the hand of "the reaper whose name is Death" is not far off, and that very soon the young life will be gathered in. The little head has

sunk wearily upon the pillow, and the arms and legs hang in the listless manner which is the outcome of prolonged illness.

garden path at the pathetic scene: he is on his way home from the reaping, the harvest is ended—



THE GLEANERS.

(From the Painting by George Choussin, A.R.A.)

The mother, who has come out to look at the child, peers anxiously into her face, all in fear that the blow has fallen. Passing the gate in the evening light is "the man with the scythe," the subject and symbol of the picture. With his scythe across his shoulder he glances up the

"The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheaf'd is the golden corn;
The harvest now is gather'd,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are scar'd and wither'd
That late shone in their prime."

ARTHUR FISH.



By E. S. Curry, Author of "The Minor Canon's Daughter," "One of the Greatest," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD LOVE STORY.



TWO days had passed away—days of perfect summer weather, of unalloyed delight out of doors. The sisters had visited the little town in the heart of the hills, and the commissariat for the party had been arranged. The boat had been

inspected and tried, and the engagement for the afternoon was to be an excursion in it, to a little promontory half a mile away, where some pine trees with a shelving landing place invited a picnic.

The children were busy gathering all their belongings together, under the impression that they were again on the move. A variety of toys strewed the gravel before the door, and on the steps the boat cushions were piled in the sun.

Indoors the enjoyment was not so manifest. Mrs. Ede was watching the preparations for tea with a tightening mouth, and in the drawing-room Joyce was standing looking out over the hills with unseeing eyes, whilst Nora was rapidly writing a note. The note ran:

"If you have arrived, I shall be glad to see you as soon as possible," and it was

addressed to Oliver Mallion at Gardale Lodge. That morning Joyce had sought a conversation with Mrs. Ede.

"Have you ever seen anything strange in the house, Mrs. Ede?" she asked, suddenly arresting Mrs. Ede in her passage from the dining-room after breakfast. "I should like to hear your experiences. Come up to my room."

Sitting down on one of the wide window seats, Joyce motioned Mrs. Ede to a chair close by, and the woman soon began to grow uncomfortably conscious of the keen inspection of a pair of beautiful eyes. Joyce was beginning to share Nora's dislike to the woman, and was feeling tired and unstrung after a second repetition of her first night's disquieting experiences. Again, as it had seemed to her, her door had been thrown open, again the footsteps had passed along the passage, again she had assured herself that no one was there.

"Tell me if you have seen anything," Joyce said.

"No, miss, not seen anything, but many have. But Mrs. Blundell said I was not to rake up old stories."

"There is a story, then? What about? Mrs. Blundell did not mean you were not to tell me."

"The burning of the house, a hundred or more years ago. The master, Mr. Garth of Gardale, had forbidden his only child to see her lover. But he came one winter afternoon

to say 'Good-bye' before he went to the war, and Mr. Garth knew he was there. He had climbed in at the window of the young lady's parlour, the room below this. Suddenly, as evening drew on, there was an alarm of fire—the house was burning. The lovers ran to the door, but it was locked, and when Mr. Mallion had found his way through the window, and gone round to open the door, he couldn't. Then he ran back; but the young lady was gone, and the door was still locked."

"And then?"

"That is all. The house was burnt down, all but this wing, where the fire stopped. The master was found dead. It was said that he had fired the house himself, intending to burn only this wing, and the fire had gone just the opposite way to what he had intended."

"And what about the girl?"

"She married her lover. She was found hidden in the cellar half dead with fright, but she never could tell how she got there."

Joyce pondered over the story. Then she asked quickly:

"Then what have people seen or heard?"

"They have heard footsteps along the passage, and the door is opened suddenly."

"And who is it supposed to be, for according to the story the door could not be opened."

"Except by the hands that had closed it," suggested Mrs. Ede.

"Oh, then, it is the old father whose steps are heard? I thought it was perhaps the girl."

"I think it is—the father," the house-keeper admitted, with some hesitation.

"Thank you for telling me," Joyce said, rising with a cheerful aspect. "I must look out. A girl isn't very terrifying, but a wicked old madman might scare me."

"I wish I were sure of my own courage," Joyce thought to herself as she went downstairs. "Somehow, things that can't possibly harm you are so terrifying in the night."

But when this story and Joyce's second experience had been related to Nora, she had looked grave. After telling Joyce who was the owner of the farm, she said:

"I shall tell Mr. Mallion at once; he spoke of coming to the Lodge. If there is anything, he ought not to have let me bring children here."

"How could there be anything?" Joyce asked, turning a rosy and by no means down-cast face to her sister.

"Well, to-night I shall move Punch to my room, and I will come to his. It would be dreadful to have a child frightened. And then I shall hear what you hear."

The children were in the wildest spirits, as

they were landed, a little later, in a tiny cove of shelving pebbles, and saw the busy preparations for the picnic tea.

"A nice new 'ome," said Punch, planting his feet on a mossy knoll with the true Briton's delight in annexation. "Is all this land our new home, mother?"

"Where shall us go to bed?" asked Judy, patting the soft, dry moss with proprietary fingers. "You can sit down, Toby, without hurting you," she kindly signified, giving Christina a shove, down on to a soft place. For poor Christina, by reason of her wobbly legs, was addicted to sitting down suddenly in unprepared fashion, and had complained loudly of the unsatisfactory character of gorse and heather as cushions for the young and soft.

"T'won't 'cratch," said Judy benevolently. Something quite necessary is usually forgotten on these occasions, and when everything was unpacked, it was found that the matches had been left behind. So the elaborate hot water tin full of water, and the spirit kettle and spirit by which to boil it, were not of much use.

"I shall have to go for some," Joyce said. "It won't take a quarter of an hour. They can be cutting the bread and butter. You must help me scull to the boathouse, Nora, and I will run up through the wood."

As Joyce's light figure, springing up the side of the hill, disappeared amongst the trees, Nora forgot her own cares for the moment, to dream of her sister's future.

Here were both lovers close at hand—for she knew Morwyn Hume too well to doubt his earnestness, now that he had taken the trouble to follow Joyce to the end of England; and by this time, she supposed Mr. Mallion to be at Gardale.

Which of the two would it be? She had not missed the added colour in Joyce's cheek as she greeted Sir Morwyn Hume two days before. The colour had equally deepened, and, more significantly, Joyce had made no comment, on learning that the farm belonged to Mr. Mallion, and that he himself was hard by. She had made no comment, but a wistful look in her eyes had made Nora wonder. Which would it be? Which did she care for?

Meanwhile, Joyce had reached the farm.

"How easy it would be for a tramp to come and steal everything," she thought, as she ascended the steps to the open door. No one was in sight—not a sound was to be heard—the afternoon silence was profound. Almost unconsciously she stilled her own footsteps in the hall, as she paused to consider where the nearest matches could be found.

"It almost makes one afraid," she thought, ascending to her room; "it is so quiet. Ah!"

She had reached the turning into her own passage, when she was suddenly arrested. Someone was walking along it, away from her—a peculiar, old-world figure. It was that of a man, dressed apparently in a long dark dressing gown or coat. It was the vision of a moment, and left on Joyce the transient effect of a vision—a flashlight, as it were, into another world, revealing just the moving figure, with its crown of long grey hair. The next, the passage was empty, and she herself was walking softly along it, feeling no fear.

"It can't be a ghost," her common sense declared, "I will find out what it is," her somewhat stubborn spirit next resolved.

She passed her own door, and minutely examined the wall beyond it. There was no trace of any break—and yet, somehow, through it the figure had vanished.

Then she went into her room for her matches, as she remembered that Nora was waiting. Running downstairs, she met Mrs. Ede in the hall.

"I thought I heard someone," Mrs. Ede said.

"Yes, you did," Joyce said briskly. "Someone has just gone through the wall upstairs. I suppose it's rather inviting to tramps, leaving the door open with no one about."

"No tramps come about here," said Mrs. Ede, with a heightened colour. But she followed Joyce, and shut the door.

The whirr of a bicycle brought Joyce up at the drive gate, and Morwyn Hume jumped down beside her.

"No need to go any further," Joyce laughed, in greeting. "We're all out."

"I'll come with you then."

"You won't care for it. It's a picnic, and a tub of a boat, and all the young in the noisiest of spirits."

"Will the tub hold this, or can I hide it anywhere?" he asked.

"It might," Joyce answered, surveying the bicycle. "Do you believe in ghosts?" she went on, realising, with a little self-contempt, that she felt decidedly glad of Morwyn's company at this juncture.

"Well, it would depend. Have you seen any?" looking at her curiously. "For I heard yesterday at the hotel, that your farm has a reputation for one."

"What kind?" she asked.

"An old man, supposed to be Mr. Garth of Gardale, who burnt down the house, in the kind hope of burning his daughter and her lover, is said to appear. That is the tale—but I can't fancy the veriest old fool doing such a silly thing."

"Ghost stories always seem to me wanting in motive," said Joyce. "But all the same, I have just seen that old man." And she related her vision to her companion.

Sir Morwyn listened to the story, and then said:

"If I were Mrs. Blundell, I should clear out of this house at once. What could Mallion be thinking of, to send you to such a place?"

"Mr. Mallion is too sensible," began Joyce hotly. "He probably knows nothing about it. The place has only come to him so recently, through his cousin being drowned."

"Well, I advise clearing out, and coming to the hotel at Paniston, which is fairly comfortable. It's never any good fighting stories of this sort, true or not."

"Nora isn't likely to be ousted either by a story or a ghost," laughed Joyce, "when everything is so delightful here. And as for me, I should hate to leave without finding out what that old man is. There is Nora."

The excursion did not turn out a conspicuous success, Joyce seemed to be possessed with a spirit of contradiction. Nora watched in puzzled amusement, her contrivances to make Morwyn Hume uncomfortable. She encouraged the children to be noisy, and talkative, and restless, and refused to slip into a trap for a tête-à-tête row on the lake which Sir Morwyn suggested.

"Shall we leave you here to rest and read your paper, Nora?" Joyce artlessly inquired. "Should you really like it? Come along, then, children, with Auntie Joy," she invited cheerfully.

The children trotted, chattering, down the pebbles, and Sir Morwyn said something to himself in a low tone. Nora would have felt sorry for him, if she were not accustomed to regard him with some contempt.

"I can't be responsible for those quicksilver infants of yours," he said to her, a little pettishly.

"Oh, no. I'll be responsible for them. No one could expect it of you," said Joyce ironically. "You can row."

This sort of nursery enjoyment, was not at all in Sir Morwyn's line, and Nora, laughing to herself over her newspaper, noticed that the boat's nose was soon turned landward. Its load was in a high state of contentment, chattering at the top of their voices. Only on Sir Morwyn's face, was an expression of sulky discontent.

"Why did you bore that poor man so, Joyce?" Nora inquired, when their guest, having helped to row the whole party to the harbourage, took his leave.

"Because he irritated me. He hasn't even the grit of a snail."

As they walked up the wood, she related to Nora her afternoon vision, and repeated Sir Morwyn's suggestion of flight. Nora laughed it to scorn.



"I'll go first with the light."

After the household had retired that night, Nora carried the sleeping Punch to her own bed, and, returning to the old wing, laid down in her dressing-gown on his. She had agreed with Joyce that they should not watch together, but should each leave her door slightly ajar, so as to be able to see the passage, should any sound occur.

Both lay awake in the darkness, imagining noises through the silence, until at last sleep triumphed. The dawnlight was creeping into the shadowy corners of her room, when Joyce suddenly awoke with the same consciousness as before, of cold air blowing in upon her. She was on her feet in a moment, and opened her closed door wide. The passage was empty: Nora's door remained as she had left it, and Nora herself she found fast asleep. She forbore to wake her.

"There can be no reason for going on like this," Joyce thought angrily, as she returned to her room, "unless—unless—" Her thoughts here ran away into subtle imaginings, and she brought them back to common life by a determined resolution.

Drawing aside her curtains, she watched the slowly crimsoning sky.

"Before another dawn I will somehow find out this mystery. It's ridiculous,"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HIDDEN STAIRCASE.

"MOTHER, please make Auntie Joy come and play wiv us."

Nora, busy writing letters in the drawing-room, was arrested by Punch's pleading tones.

"Auntie Joy no good at all," added Judy.

"What's she doing?" asked Nora.

"She got a bit of string—" began Punch vaguely.

"An' she's tying up the house," said Judy.

"An' Toby's tredded over the flowers."

"So has Auntie Joy"—this triumphantly from Judy.

"An' she won't come and play," Punch whined dismally.

Nora rose, and leaned over the wide window seat, to put her head out of the window.

"What are you doing, Joyce?" she asked curiously.

She was writing to her husband, and had just related Joyce's vision, stating that she thought it must be imagination, as she herself had neither seen nor heard anything.

"Satisfying myself," said Joyce oracularly.

"Will it take long? The children——"

"The children have run away from Mary, and had best run back," said Joyce. "Christina has trampled down all the flowers, and I can't be bothered just now to chastise her. I'm discovering."

"What's discoverin'?" asked Punch shrilly.

The twins had hurried out hopefully, after making their complaint, to witness Joyce's reception of their mother's orders, and were now gazing at her from the wide steps.

"Discovering is most interesting," Joyce replied, pulling together the bit of string with which she had been "tying up" the house. "Go to Mary, chicks—you are not to come after me."

Knowing her audience, she made a dash for the steps, and sprang up them; and the clatter of pursuit rang through the house as they followed, banging on the baize door which shut off the staircase. They were presently borne off, lamenting, to the hill-side; and quiet reigned, Nora continuing her narrative.

Meanwhile, Joyce was, as she said, discovering, but so far her discoveries had not led to satisfaction. In her puzzled observations of the exterior of the house, she had noted that the distance from the angle of the outside wall to her window frame seemed much further than the size both of bedroom and drawing-room seemed to account for. On measurement she found it to be so. A width of wall of rather more than three feet, from top to bottom of the house, remained to be accounted for.

"They wouldn't have been likely to brick it up with a wall three feet thick. There is something there—between the walls."

She shut the door of her room, and sat down on one of the deep window seats to puzzle it out.

"What I saw can't be a ghost. I don't believe this story. Whatever it is, it doesn't seem to want to do any harm."

She turned her puzzled eyes from the view outside, and they rested on the bookcase within.

"Now if I could find any plan or any description of the old house amongst those books. Mrs. Ede said it was like the present one—only at this end of this wing."

She crossed the room and ran her eyes along the topmost row of books, taking one out here and there to examine it. Old and not over interesting books most of them. Letters of Madame de Sevigné in many volumes, South's Sermons, Boswell's Life of Johnson,

Spectator, *Tatler*, "The Antiquary" in three volumes.

"Why ever were these books put here, I wonder, in no sort of order or arrangement? The bookcase in the drawing-room is in just the same place. Can it be to hide anything, I wonder?"

Filled with this new thought, Joyce tumbled all the books from the top shelf on to the floor. Heedless of the dust thereby raised, she eagerly scanned the wall behind them. It was papered with the same curious old-world paper as the rest of the room. Chinese figures, and peacocks, and houses of the kind which the willow pattern ware has made familiar. The drawing-room had the same paper; so had the passage outside. Joyce emptied all the books on to the floor, but the wall behind was exactly like the other walls of the room, and revealed nothing that anybody could wish to hide. Joyce put them back with a baffled feeling. Then she went down to the drawing-room.

"Whatever have you been doing?" Nora asked. "I thought you must be pulling down the house."

"No, I was arranging the books—and I'm going to do the same here," Joyce announced. "In all stories of mysteries, the people might have solved them, if they had only used a little common sense. The secret was always just under their nose."

"You don't think you can have—have fancied what you saw, Joyce?"

"If I had, I shouldn't have seen it. It's to be hoped you don't mind about dust, Nora," vigorously tumbling the books from their shelves, "for now I'm on the scent I really can't stop, specially as I've made a resolve not to go to bed again till this business is cleared up."

"But we might as well have a duster! What a mess, Joyce!"

"I can't bother about a duster just now," said Joyce, scanning carefully the wall she had laid open. "The maids can get rid of that. Well, there is nothing there," drawing her hand along the pictured surface. "So hurry up the books again."

"Mrs. Ede is a provoking woman," said Nora in a vexed tone as she worked. "She wants to go to Paniston this afternoon—and I asked Morwyn Hume to dinner. She won't be back till late."

"Never mind. There'll be some cold chicken or something. He can't expect dinner in a farmhouse."

"But I don't think he is a man who will like 'cold chicken or something,'" laughed Nora.

"Send him a wire—oh, I forgot. Well, ask Mrs. Ede to take a note in, and put him off; we don't want him."

"Sure?"

"Certain. I've made up my mind to work out this puzzle, and he'll be in the way and nothing but a bother. One realises, in times of need, where grit is, and where it isn't."

Joyce watched Mrs. Ede drive off in the light cart with her husband, with a certain feeling of relief. Sensations of undefined distrust had passed through her mind during the last few hours, as she reviewed the incidents of their stay at Gardale. Mrs. Ede evidently did not want them, and had put difficulties of all kinds in the way of their finding their stay pleasant. This jaunt to-day was evidently nothing but an excuse for stopping Nora's little dinner.

"Well! let her think she has succeeded," Joyce said. "Now to get everybody else out of the way; and it is odd to me if I don't find out something."

"Send all the maids out with the children and tea," she suggested to Nora. "You and I will keep house. We can lock it up, and go up on the moor for tea when it is ready. Punch can blow his horn, and Judy her whistle."

Enchanted at their part of the programme, and solemnly warned by Joyce not to be too previous, the twins trotted off; beginning their musical efforts before they left the garden. Their instruments were confiscated, and placed in the mailcart, in which Christina and the tea materials were to be conveyed to the tea-party.

"Now, Nora, let us set to work," Joyce exhorted. "We shall never get another such chance. And as I always notice in a crisis such as this, that everything fails for want of a match, or a candle, or a two-foot rule, I've got all handy. We'll begin from the top."

The sisters ran upstairs, and entered the passage of the floor above Joyce's room. It was papered exactly like the two below it, but differed from them in being pierced by a casement window at its further end. The rooms above Joyce's, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ede, the sisters, of course, did not enter; but Joyce instantly drew Nora's attention to the length of the passage.

"This is much longer than the others. From my door to the wall there are three feet—here there are over six. I knew my two-foot rule would come in handy. Now, Nora, use your wits. I've blunted mine going along one groove—point the distance, which I felt sure of this morning when I noticed this window outside."

"You mean that the outside wall, and the walls of your room and the drawing-room, are three feet apart—that there is something between them?"

"Just so—a passage, or, it might be, a staircase perhaps. But how to get in? Where is

its entrance? I think that is why this sort of paper has been chosen. There is a room at Langdales which it reminds me of—once in, you can't possibly find your way out, unless you know about it. There, the door-knobs were in the peacocks' eyes. But I've tried all the Chinamen's eyes downstairs without avail."

"Sure not to be the same. Do you think that low window step has anything to do with it? It looks more like a step than a window seat; and look, Joyce: it is worn away like a step here. This shutter—" Nora stepped on the seat, and pulled the little handle of the shutter.

"You are right, Nora!" exclaimed Joyce. "That little casement wants no shutters like these. Ah! how clever!"

For Nora, working away at the handle, was pushing a door back into the wall. A cooler air blew over the heated faces of the sisters; and Joyce, recognising one of the characteristics of her midnight vision, struck a match and lighted the candle.

A narrow staircase descended from the door.

"We'll leave this open behind us—in case of anything going wrong, or if we should want to run back," Joyce said. "I'll go first with the light. The old man isn't in the least alarming, if we do meet him."

They descended about a dozen steep steps, and found themselves at the end of a passage which doubled back under the staircase.

"We are now on the level of my room, and I suspect, somewhere in this wall, there is a way into it, as well as into the corridor. I wish we had brought more candles. This is such a very feeble light."

"Shall I fetch some more?" asked Nora.

"Not on any account," Joyce responded vehemently. "That is just what people in a story do, and they can't find any, and get lost, and there's a general nightmare to the end. There are no Chinamen on this side, anyway, so we shall find the doors. Think again, Nora. Your last think was a good one."

It was very simple when it was found, though it took some time to guess it. The sisters had carefully examined the wall where they had descended, before it occurred to Joyce that the entrance from the corridor would be at the other end of the passage. Here, again, the descent began on to the lower floor, and just where it started, an irregularity in the panelling pointed out the door. The sisters entered the corridor near Joyce's room, noting the simple contrivance by which the concealed entrance coincided with the lines of the pagoda pictured on the wall.

"So far, so good. But we are not in the room yet," said Joyce. "There is an opening

somewhere to account for that cold air. Behind the bookcase, it must be."

Here, again, Joyce's rule came in usefully. By looking for the lines of the pagoda behind the books, and by carefully measuring the distance from the angle of the wall on the other side, she lighted on the entrance she had expected. It proved to be a low door, like the other one, opening out into the concealed passage on pressure of a hidden spring in the panelling, which released the catch of the door.

The remainder of the task was easy. On precisely similar lines, the drawing-room and the cellar below it were reached.

"It is evidently one of the old staircases of the house," Joyce said, as they emerged from the lower floor, and began to ascend the stairs. "It didn't get burnt, or was repaired when that outside wall was built. And I suppose it wasn't needed, so was papered over, and forgotten."

"But your old man?" Nora asked.

"Ah! it will be a pleasure to tackle that old man," said Joyce. "As for the footsteps, a well like that would echo footsteps from any part of it. No wonder I could never see anybody outside. Now, I'm going to run upstairs before we forget it, and shut that door we left open. That would spoil everything."

A loud knocking at the front door startled Nora, as she awaited Joyce's return in the hall. Some feeling induced by her late quest, as well as the peculiar silence of the empty house, where only the patter of Joyce's rapid ascent echoed in her ears, made her breath come quickly, and hesitate in opening the door.

Not until she again heard Joyce's footsteps in rapid descent, did she summon courage to unbolt the door. A breathless and surprised young maid stood outside.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "Mary thought I had better come down and tell you that tea has been ready a long time, and that the children have been blowing and whistling, and are very disappointed."

"Thank you, Jennie. Go back and set them to work again, poor little chicks, and we'll come when we hear. I had no idea it was so late."

Jennie, privately wondering why her mistress looked so pale, and Joyce so sparkling, and why the latter was carrying a guttering candle alight on so bright an afternoon, went on:

"And about half an hour ago, ma'am, we saw a man come to the door and knock and ring for some time; and then he went round to the back and did the same. And he looked in at all the windows, and I believe, ma'am, he must have got in at one of them, for we never saw him go away."

"What was he like?" Nora asked.

"He looked—sort of grey all over," said Jennie, musing.

"It wasn't Sir Morwyn Hume?"

"Oh no, ma'am—bigger, I should think, or p'raps he mightn't have been so big. But it wasn't Sir Morwyn's clothes, not the same as yesterday. He came over the hill and seemed as if he didn't quite know his way—he was dodging about like. Mary and Susan are not quite sure that he isn't a tramp. That's why they said I'd better come and tell you, ma'am."

A sound of footsteps coming along the passage from the drawing-room, made the three women unconsciously look at one another. Joyce, laughing at her own feelings, felt a desire to back into the garden. Instead, being nearest, she turned to survey the oncomer.

"It's the tramp, ma'am, p'raps," whispered Jennie, and Nora involuntarily moved a step or two forward. So that it was Joyce alone—in her white dress, with blown hair and sparkling eyes, and with an air of alert expectation in her whole figure, framed in brilliant sunshine—on whom Oliver Mallion's eyes first rested.

And he may be pardoned for attributing the brilliant colour which flamed up into Joyce's cheeks, entirely to his presence.

CHAPTER IX.

RETRIBUTION.

THERE was a moment of silent surprise. Then, "Allow me," said Mr. Mallion, taking the candle from Joyce's hand. "Do you want this?"

"No," said Joyce, laughing.

As she gave up the candle, and met the appeal in the keen eyes, searching hers, she had a sudden, happy sensation of relief, and protection, and irresponsibility. Everything was all right. Nothing mattered now. And from the extent of this relief, she realised how—in spite of her pretended *insouciance*—the unwonted experiences and strain of the last few days, had really weighed upon her. Only for Nora's sake she had kept bright and happy.

"I only got your note an hour ago, Mrs. Blundell, when I arrived," Mr. Mallion said; "and as it seemed urgent, I came off at once. I hope nothing is wrong. I was afraid everybody had gone, but was reassured, when I at last managed to get in at the drawing-room window, by hearing muffled voices somewhere."

"Yes, we have been having some experiences; but nothing is wrong," Nora said brightly. "Listen to that blast! That

means that there's tea on the hillside, and there only—nobody here to get it ready. Shall we go?"

Hatless and gloveless, with wind-blown hair, and the rich air of the moorland colouring their faces, the sisters guided Mr. Mallion to the little shaded rift in the hill, which they had annexed as an outdoor parlour. Both felt at ease with this guest—Nora knew that with him, the presence of her happy children needed no apology. Joyce felt, that here was someone who could be leant on and trusted. She forgot his offence, and her own bad behaviour; the present relief blotted out many sentiments, which had delighted her in the past.

"So you've come at last!" was Punch's greeting, as the twins ran down the hill to meet them.

"We's blowed and blowed," panted Judy—"an' you didn't come never."

Christina hailed the guest with a shriek of delight, bestowing on him a bit of cake she had grabbed when no one was looking. The lowly tea table suited Christina's tactics admirably. Only ceaseless wariness could circumvent her ambles across the tablecloth.

This guest remained to dine off the cold chicken and other remains, which Nora's kitchen, under the circumstances of Mrs. Ede's absence, was able to produce. Whilst she and her maids were arranging the meal, Joyce introduced Mr. Mallion to the hidden staircase. He had previously, with a stern face, listened to her story.

"And you were not afraid?" he asked; and there was a look in his eyes, at which Joyce felt herself tremble.

"Not afraid. But I feel glad that it will not come again."

His heart leapt. Nothing hurtful or perplexing should ever come near her again, he resolved.

"You must go to your sister to-night, and Punch also, and leave this wing to me."

"And you will not be very hard," Joyce pleaded. "There may be some explanation; and the children have not been troubled—nobody but me."

"The punishment will be according to the sin—or its motive," he said sternly.

Mr. and Mrs. Ede arrived at home, as the twilight was settling down into darkness. Mrs. Ede brought into the drawing-room some commission she had executed for Nora, and said, as she was retiring:

"I saw Sir Morwyn Hume, ma'am, when I went to the hotel with your note. He asked whether you were going to Paniston, and said the hotel was comfortable. He asked me about the—the—" Mrs. Ede stopped, and glanced at Mr. Mallion. "You remember, sir, I told you about it?"

"You told me some silly story. I believed it then, as little as I believe it now. Have you ever seen it yourself?"

"No, sir, not seen. We've never had no trouble."

"Then you've no experience yourself, of the alarm such an unusual sight or sound would give, in the middle of the night? Perhaps you may be frightened some night."

"I think not, sir. It's been going on now for more than ten years. If I'd been meant to see, I should have seen before now." Quite complacently Mrs. Ede made her assertion.

A few minutes later, as she lingered in the hall, carefully fastening shutters and doors, she returned Mr. Mallion's good-night, and bolted the door after him with alacrity.

"I don't hold with no newcomers," she thought. "The old man was much better to deal with. This one's like all of 'em as succeeds unexpected—always wanting to upset everyone and everything as is. I don't think after to-night, his fine miss will want to stay much longer. It'll be good-bye to her to-morrow, I guess."

By midnight the house was in silent darkness. Punch had been removed to Nora's dressing-room. Joyce was fast asleep in Nora's room, relieved from the tension of the past few nights. Oliver Mallion, in an arm-chair in Joyce's room, was confidently awaiting the expected visitor. He had gone home, made a few preparations, and had been readmitted by Nora and taken upstairs. As he sat in the darkness, his thoughts were all of Joyce. How brightly tender this "bit of china," as he once had called her, could be! He could not fancy any house being dreary, with Joyce as its occupant. And with all her brightness, she yet kept what he so much admired in her—that charm of reticence and aloofness, which had been to him her first attraction. So that, after a man's fashion, he now felt sure of her; yet, as his thoughts wound round about her sayings and doings, his breath came quickly in a faint fear, lest he might be mistaken.

He was aroused to quick alertness by a sound outside. He took up his position by the door, which he had put slightly ajar. Slowly coming along the corridor, was the dim figure of a man, clad in the long loose coat or dressing-gown, Joyce had described.

The light by which alone he was visible in the surrounding darkness, came from his own face—a pallid, grey-bearded face, from which shone a luminous gleam, lighting up the features. The footsteps were plainly audible—shuffling yet firm—as he walked on straight, without pause, through the unopposing wall.

"Thank God she did not see this!" the watcher thought, his wrath arising hotly, as



Full across the uncovered face flashed the glare of the lantern.—p. 1074.

his keen eyes noted the cleverness of the fraud. "Even her bright courage—" A draught of cool air blowing over him, showed him that the rest of the programme was being duly carried out. If sight failed, then the sense of chill would convince of the evil presence.

He waited till he judged that the performance was about to be repeated, when he noiselessly slipped in the darkness into the corridor and through the wall. He took up his position at the further angle of the wall, after carefully masking the bull's-eye which he carried. He had longer to wait than he had expected, before his alert ears heard the faint sounds heralding the visitor's approach. The usual programme was gone through, the wearer removing the luminous mask, before throwing open the door behind the bookcase in Joyce's room. A few steps, and then, full across the uncovered face, flashed the glare of the lantern. There was a cry of fright, as the disguised figure turned and strove frantically to regain the door into the corridor. But strong hands held her back. Without a word, Mr. Mallion guided her before him down the narrow stairs, till the lowest floor was reached. There, still silently, he locked her in a cellar.

"She had no pity, she shall have none," he thought fiercely, disregarding her frantic promises and appeals to him to let her go.

In another minute he stood in the cool night outside, and looked up at Nora's window. All was dark and silent. Only a little basket hung from it by a cord. In this, as arranged, he put the key of the front door. Then, as he stood for a moment, in the twilight preceding the summer dawn, deeply thankful thoughts of the girl he loved, freed from her fears, filled his heart. The fragrance of roses scented the air. He sought about till he had found a blossom to his mind, and placed it in the basket. She will understand, he thought—and she did.

Long before there was any stir in the dim house, first Joyce, then Nora awoke.

"He has done it," Nora said, as she drew up the basket. "See, Joyce, there is a rose."

Joyce's face grew the colour of the flower, as Nora laughingly held it out.

"Now we will go and interview the prisoner," she said. "I only hope she has had a good fright."

The sisters went softly through the house, and reached the door of the cellar. Even Nora pitied the forlorn-looking, tear-stained woman who confronted them. Her spirit was quite broken, and she made no excuses, and but a feeble defence.

"Why did you do it, Mrs. Ede?" Joyce asked gently. "I had done nothing to hurt you."

"No, but I had begun, so I went on. I didn't want anyone here. And once, in the

old master's time years ago, somebody found out the passage, and done it for a bit of play acting. So I went on, to get rid of the visitors."

"And did they go?" Joyce asked incredulously.

"Always; some stood it a night or two, but most—men are not like you. They'd sooner go than take any trouble. What are you going to do?" she inquired anxiously.

"Nothing," said Joyce gently. "Only don't frighten anyone again. Promise."

"I promise, and," with a fresh burst of tears, "you are good, miss. I am truly grateful. And my husband need never know; I was so afraid."

And what Joyce promised, on that moment's pitying impulse, she exacted from Mr. Mallion later. No one ever knew of the impersonation and discovery, but Mrs. Blundell's maids found Mrs. Ede a different and obliging woman, for the remainder of their stay.

"I hate the usual story-book ends," Joyce said later in the day.

She had carried the cushions down to the boat, and was lazily rocking it to and fro in its little harbour, for the amusement of Christina and the twins, when Mr Mallion found her.

"So it all ended well?" he asked.

"Quite well," Joyce answered. "And it is to be the end, please—absolutely the end."

For a moment the stern look came back to his face, as he looked down at Joyce. She looked very young, very like the bit of china he had called her, in her soft white dress, with her delicate colouring, framed by the red cushions, the shimmering water, and the overhanging trees. Surely nothing prettier was ever seen, he thought. But it was no bit of china, whatever the colouring and aspect, but a courageous and loving woman. And then Joyce did, what she never afterwards—whenever she thought of this sunny morning and all its happenings—could understand herself doing. She put such an appealing look into her beautiful eyes, as she feared he was not going to grant her request, that Mr. Mallion lost his head. He stooped down suddenly, and bent over her in rapture.

"My darling! yes! if you will say yes too. Say it," he pleaded.

Six solemn eyes were fixed on the two, on whose faces, for the moment, was the rapt look of those who see visions. The rocking of the boat ceased—even to Christina's infant observation, something unusual was happening. By Joyce, time and circumstances were forgotten. She was conscious only of those holding eyes. She could not speak, so she lifted up her hand, and with the touch of her soft fingers Mr. Mallion knew that he was blest.

"Make the boat loose, and get Mr. Mallion in, and take us for a ride, Auntie Joy," pleaded Punch wistfully, feeling the situation dull.

"When you done looking," added Judy.

"I can't, dearie."

"Why are you rocking here?" asked Mr. Mallion, brought back to common life by the voices of the children. "Where are the sculls?"

"I forgot to bring them down, also the key of the padlock. You know we've had to protect—your property, since the tourists found out the harbour, and took the boat for a trip."

"Ah, well, it is yours now," he said happily. "And since there's no key and no sculls, we may as well go home, don't you think?"

"We is at home, isn't us, Auntie Joy," expostulated Judy, swaying her small body to set the boat rocking. "You can come into our home if you wants," she smiled graciously.

And then nearly ensued a tragedy, for, released from Joyce's restraining hands, Christina suddenly lifted herself, and bent over the side of the swaying boat.

In a moment, there was a flash of white embroideries, a shrill cry of fright, and the baby was under water. Only for a moment though. The next, she was in Mr. Mallion's arms, and he was gently soothing her cries.

"Quite safe, baby," he reassured, standing in the water, while the little arms clung tightly round his neck.

"Mummie! mummie!" murmured the baby in his ears, regarding with frightened eyes, over his shoulder, the boat and its occupants.

"Yes, please," said Joyce energetically. "Take her to Nora as quickly as you can. Now, Punch and Judy, let us see which of us can run quickest; we, or Mr. Mallion and that wet baby." In the stampede that ensued, Christina's fright vanished, and it was a laughing, if drenched, burden, that Mr. Mallion handed to Nora. Then he turned.

"Now, Joyce, I want you. Come with me."

The twins wandered disconsolately up and down, hand in hand. The confidences they exchanged, and presently imparted to their mother, were calculated to confuse any aunt.

Nora had appeared, with a somewhat subdued Christina in her arms, a Christina resplendent in white array and damp locks. Her oppression arose from feeling clean at midday, as by that time she had usually annexed at least one layer of dirt. Her face shone from the rubbing it had undergone, and she felt dignified and important, conscious of the agitation in her mother's clasp.

"Whatever is the matter, children?" inquired Nora, as she saw the disconsolate attitude of the twins. "See, baby is all right, bless her!"

The twins looked at Christina with in-

difference, mingled with contempt at her cleanness. Still hand in hand, as was ever their custom in crises, they came to a stand opposite Nora.

"Whatever is the matter?" she repeated.

"Have you been naughty?"

"Auntie Joy—" began Punch splutteringly, eager to confide his grievance.

"And the man," added Judy with emphasis. Judy always avoided proper names, but her vocabulary was quite equal to distinguish people. "They's forgottet us—Punch an' me," she said tragically.

"Oh! What are they doing, Judy?"

"They's in there," nodding in the direction of the drawing-room, "an' they won't come out."

"They didn't not see us, not when we spoket to 'em. Mother, is Auntie Joy quite growed up?"

Nora considered. Did Joyce's nineteen years warrant that description? She thought they did. Her young sister was a discreetly behaved young person.

"Yes, Punch, quite grown up, I think."

"Then what for—what for—Judy an' me finks she's a sitting on his knee, mother."

"An' he's all squishy an' wet, mummie; he did get into the water wiv Toby, an' he said," mimicked Judy with infinite amusement, "'Go 'way, darlings.'"

Nora bent down suddenly and kissed the eager mouth.

"What that for, mummie?" asked Judy, passing a grubby hand across her lips. "Judy ain't been naughty."

"No, darling; it was for comfort. Mother thinks Auntie Joy is going to leave us."

"Where's she going?" Punch asked anxiously. "Is it a long way, mother?"

"Not very far, perhaps, but—" A step behind her made Nora turn.

A wet and bedraggled man with a triumphant mien came towards her.

"I've advised your sister to go and change her wet clothes," he explained. "And I'm going to do the same."

"It would be advisable," Nora replied, surveying him. Then, "I hadn't realised that Joyce had been in the water too."

"No, no," he said eagerly. Then, remarking the wide-eyed observation of the children, he went on, "She must have touched something wet, I think. Wish us joy, Mrs. Blundell," he pleaded.

"So you've ended everything up in the commonest story-book way after all, Joyce," Nora remarked.

"Well! not quite. Kiss me, darlings—all of you. I have never read of spectators being present at the finish, and we"—a little happy pause—"we had three."

THE END.



(From the Painting by W. H. Y. Titcomb, exhibited at the Royal Academy 1899.)

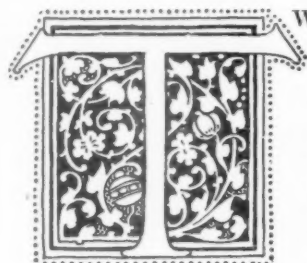
A MARINE'S SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER

THE ATONING WORK OF CHRIST.

TWO OLD OBJECTIONS RECONSIDERED.

By the Most Rev. William Alexander, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.



WO objections are ever recurring to men's minds.

(a) First, is it likely that we should be forgiven upon such easy conditions? Are the conditions

so easy? Let me take as a parable of one way in which souls are brought back to God, that mysterious story of Jacob's wrestling. He crossed the ford into the darkness alone, and there wrestled a man with him. The time was come for Jacob to be changed, and he must pass through an awful struggle. The mysterious wrestler asks him, "What is thy name?" And he answered, "Jacob." The man's name was a prophetic summary of his character and life. Jacob fittingly enough was so called "Supplanter." Indeed! Such was his nature—false, selfish, sparing no man when he could gain by deceiving—not his brother in the fierce pangs of hunger; not the saintly and stately old man his father in his blindness—cowardly too, and as "capital is timid," ready to buy off danger by giving presents of his beloved cattle to his now beloved brother. One redeeming point there was, a sense of natural religion

and the Presence of God. And now in the darkness he is touched by that awful finger, scathed, branded, burnt into bone and sinew, lamed; then a voice—"Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel." He was baptised with a baptism of fire, the issue of a penitential baptism of tears; and the Eternal God lit up the crimson blaze of the meteor morning along the Syrian hills for the coronation of a Prince.

This parable has found many fulfillments. Take one instance. It is in the autobiography of Arthur Young.

This remarkable man, travelling in Ireland and in France towards the close of the last century, read the history of those two strange countries more truly than Burke or Gibbon. He found his key to the interpretation of their condition in places overlooked by the haughty eye of the professional statesman—in the cultivation of turnips and carrots in the peasant's garden. For years he lived like other men of his day and of our own: good fare, pleasant company, art and music, the objects of his life.

Then, he came within the sphere of the evangelical revival. His hour struck, and the night fell round him, and he went forth to wrestle in the darkness—halt and lame indeed he passed out. His vast knowledge of agriculture which enriched others seemed to make him poorer; the worry of paltry debts half

broke his heart; his wife made his home wretched by bitter taunts and bitterer silence, the implement of prolonged torture when the last needle point of epigram has been broken and the last available tear fallen; the child, whom he loved as his soul, faded away before his eyes, and was laid in the churchyard; his passionate love of writing, covering as he did sheet after sheet of foolscap in his solitary hours, was his last and only earthly solace—and he became stone-blind. A French writer has noted that the pages of autobiography written after his conversion are "dull grey in tint," and that they are only enlivened by one outbreak of his old vivacity, by a shrewd touch or two, *e.g.* that which speaks of Charles Simeon's contented look and well-groomed horses—"he must be very well off."

Christ is the wrestler along the whole history of His Church. He wrestled on Gethsemane with a sweat of blood; upon Calvary with the thirst of death and the darkness of the dereliction. And age after age He wrestles with soul after soul, that through suffering they may be dead with Him and crucified with Him. And so it shall be until the splendour of the dawn strikes upon ridge and hill-top for the last of the pilgrims who shall go halting over Peniel!

The preliminary conditions, then, may not be so easy for those who are brought to realise that "Christ suffered for all men, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." The salvation of rescue is imperfect without the salvation of restoration; and the last is a work of time and love, of wrestling and tear. The purification of the foulest vapours of the haunted bagnio of the imagination is its final result.

(b) Again, many, in all ages, think it unlikely that one isolated act, one look of excited feeling, should have a real moral effect—that through His death so long ago Christ should present us to God.

But are these not acts of affection to persons—elicited by a sense of their goodness and moral beauty—which have a pervasive bearing upon the whole moral character of those who submit themselves to the influence? There is a fascination and fertility in a high and pure personality which is the magic of

the moral sphere. A wild and reckless son, on the road to much evil, observed that his mother was often in tears; and once at last he overheard his name come from her gentle lips. He went to her, and called out, "Mother, I am not worth your crying for me—indeed, indeed I am not." But this was the beginning of a change of motive and conduct which soon extended itself over his whole life. Why in the noble and pathetic sacrifice of the Incarnate Son of God should there not be an all-round moral leverage—a moral electricity, an all inclusive nucleus of virtue—an appeal to all that is noblest in our nature, admiration and pity for Him, self-condemnation, shame for ourselves, until the heart is new-born under the Cross, and the drops of death become a baptism of life? and those few Last Words fill us with an infinite pity, which is in itself a renovation—

"His are the thousand sparkling rills,
Which from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills,
And yet He cries—'I thirst.'"

"He changes sunset to sunrise, and death to life." One who should have known better a few years ago wrote—"Of warning or reformation there is no mention in the orthodox doctrine of the Atonement—work, conduct, are not necessary. We can be saved just as well without them. They are luxuries or adornments; we can be frugal with them."

Nay! "Christ once for all suffered concerning, with a view to, our sins; such an One as was just for the advantage of such as were unjust; that He might as their chamberlain present them to God." Here, no doubt, the presentation is isolated and initial. But elsewhere we are taught that the presentation is continuous and perpetual. We are told that before his observations Tycho Brahe put on his court suit, out of reverence for the dignity of the law of God manifested in the heavens. The Christian should ever be in a garb of thought and will to be ushered by Christ into the Presence of the Eternal. The majesty and the tenderness of the chamberlain calls upon us to see to it that we be ever ready for that Presentation.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this series of papers each writer is responsible for the views expressed in his own contribution only.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOOK OF DAYS.

OCTOBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



HE striking development in recent years of the Paulinus, Missionary and Archbishop. zeal for

foreign missions should direct attention once more to the pioneers of Christianity in Great Britain. Conspicuous amongst them is Paulinus, first Archbishop of York, who is commemorated on October 10th.

Paulinus was one of those Roman

monks sent over by Gregory to help Augustine in the evangelisation of Southern England. His work in the North was the result of a royal marriage. Edwin, King of Northumbria, having lost his first wife, sought the hand of Ethelburga, daughter of Ethelbert and sister of the King of Kent. But Edwin was still a Pagan, and Ethelburga's brother felt some hesitation about handing over his Christian sister to a heathen bridegroom. Edwin, however, gave pledges that her faith should be respected, and that he himself would offer its claims respectful consideration. It was agreed therefore that Ethelburga should go North, and Paulinus was chosen to accompany her as a guide and protector. Before leaving, he was consecrated Bishop. On arriving in

Northumbria he married Edwin and Ethelburga, and then turned his attention to the spiritual necessities of the people and their ruler. For some time the results were few; but at last the King summoned the Parliament of Northumberland, and held a kind of debate on the wisdom or otherwise of accepting Christianity. The mind of the assembly was in favour of the faith preached by Paulinus. The King then announced his assent to Christianity, and, led by the high priest, the people violated and destroyed the sanctuaries of the old heathen divinities. On Easter-day, 627, Paulinus baptized Edwin at York in a wooden church on the site of which rose the noble minster. In 630, Paulinus, Bishop of York, was made Metropolitan: but sorrows were about to fall on the kingdom of which he had been the evangelist. Edwin lost his life at the battle of Hatfield in 633, and a flood of Paganism swept Christianity from Northumbria. Paulinus returned, with the King's widow, to Kent, was appointed to the Bishopric of Rochester, and died in 644.

On October 6th, 1892, died Alfred Lord Tennyson, full of years and of honours. It

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

has been no small thing for the nation that its greatest singers in the Victorian age have sung in faith and hope, and that their words have helped to strengthen the nation's hold on Christian faith and Christian ideals. They did not study to present that faith and hope in the precise language of creeds or schools; indeed they have often been challenged by the orthodox. But of that men made least who cared most that the spirit of Christ's teaching should be found pervading the permanent literature of the

age. And in truth, people who had warred over the precise theological significance of this and that from "In Memoriam," felt little disposition to continue the strife beside the grave of the aged singer whose last message to the world was—

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

October 13th is the day of King Edward the Confessor, and at the Council of Oxford in 1222 was commanded to be kept as a holiday. Last of a noble dynasty, a man of piety and of personal asceticism in an age of warriors, Edward the Confessor has not always fared well at the hands of historians. But, despite the monkish turn in his character,

Glastonbury. Edward died in 1066. On October 14th in the same year, his successor fell in the battle of Hastings. The gallant Harold, by the victory of Stamford Bridge, saved England from a further infusion of the old rough spirit that came with the Norse blood. His defeat by Norman William brought in a refining and combining influence. The severe disciplinary measures resorted to by the Conqueror have kept the careless reader of history from recognising the country's debt to the Norman Conquest. The constitution of the country, the relations of its classes, the combination of freedom with order, and the independence of the English Church, all are things which we owe in some measure to the Conqueror's success. Many sources have been drawn upon for the building up of the British nation. The Nor-



THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

(After the Picture by Le Barbier.)

Edward had his merits. He did not shrink from kingly duty. He faced his enemies with courage; he laboured for the peace of the country; he was a zealous son of the Church; he gave an impulse to architecture. Westminster Abbey still has some remains of the Church he built where Dunstan had planted down the Benedictines brought from

man element was one that we can never lightly esteem.

October 25th, 1415, was the day of Agincourt. Henry's small army had in seventeen days marched over 300 miles; they were short of food; and they were confronted

Victory and
Defeat.

by an army of some 50,000 Frenchmen. Henry attacked, and by four o'clock his victory was complete. The French nobles slain on the field have been variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000. Agincourt seems to have been largely responsible for the theory that an English army could not but defeat its French opponents, however numerous. It was a foolish vaunt, and yet perhaps it has counted for something. It is good, however, to recall defeat as well as victory. On October 17th, 1777, General Burgoyne, who had defeated the American colonists at Germanstown earlier in the same month, was surrounded, and, with his army of nearly 6,000 men captured at Saratoga.

On October 19th 1781, Lord Cornwallis, after a trying defence of Yorktown against the combined forces of France and of the American colonists, was forced to surrender with his army of some 7,000 men. This calamitous reverse led to the end of the war. But for these losses, what might not have happened? It is useless to predict; and yet it seems probable that the attempt to coerce the colonists must inevitably have failed sooner or later. The end came by the humbling of British pride; but it was better than temporary success with the promise of prolonged strife and bloodshed. And the end of those colonies was also to be the beginning of a great Nation.



FUNERAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

(From the Bayeux Tapestry.)

FINIS.

By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A., Author of "The Church's One Foundation," Etc.

AN end, an end—What hath an end?
The false, the base, the small;
These none may keep: these none defend:
Death claims them all.

Hath life an end? Life hath an end,
The creature of to-day;
This none may hold: this none defend:
Doomed to decay.

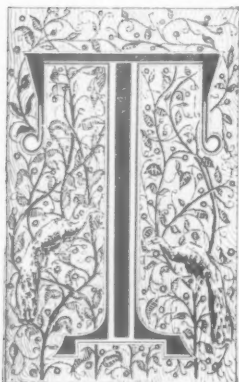
An end, an end—What hath no end
By Right Divine of youth?
Which all may keep, and all defend?
Immortal TRUTH.

Hath life an end? Life hath no end,
Earth-born, yet born above;
This man may hold, and God defend:
The life of LOVE.

THE LITTLE TIN BOX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARRACK BABIES."

"And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold."



THE old blind woman sat waiting in her arm-chair. Day after day she sits thus, her sweet old face framed in its frilled white cap, her hands crossed patiently on her lap. Idle hands they are now, but they have been busy hands in their day and have toiled early and late for those she loved. They have no need to toil any

more now, even had they the power, for all those the blind woman loved have gone before her long, long years ago. The brothers and sisters and friends of her childhood's days, the young sailor-husband who perished at sea on his homeward voyage, the little children, safely folded lambs in the kingdom of God, all are gone now, and she is waiting the day when she too shall arise and go to them.

"The Lord is very good, very *sweet* He is to me." This is her reply when anyone asks her of her welfare. "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," she answers, with radiant face, to those who pity her for her loneliness and blindness. Beside her on the table lie two things, the only two things that greatly interest her now. One is the big Bible, ready for any chance comer who will read her some of its words of life; the other is a little common tin box.

"'Tis for the ragged schools," she explains. "I wanted to do something for my Lord, and thinking of my own little ones, so safe with the good Shepherd, my heart just yearned over the poor lost lambs about the streets. There's a many steps in to see me, week in, week out; and so I hit upon the plan of just asking each one as comes for a penny or two; and you see there's many a little thing I can save in myself. I don't want much now, and a little bit of sugar more or less in my tea don't signify; and being blind, you see, that saves in candles. Just you feel how heavy it's getting. I never thought I should get so much. I lie awake at night and ask

the Lord that somehow my tin box may be blessed to one of His poor little straying lambs."

Thus all the week Hannah sits waiting, with folded hands and happy thoughts. Now and then, on a Sunday morning, led by a kindly neighbour, she manages to creep to church, and the great joy of her life is to be present at the table of her Lord. Her radiant face, as she comes down the aisle at these times, is something good to see.

"For long years I never went to the Lord's table," she said one day, "although I loved my Saviour. I got the wrong end of it somehow and thought I was not worthy; but one night I had a dream and I have been present ever since, as often as I could. I dreamed I was in a great church. Many worshippers were gathered round the table of the Lord, but I remained in my place afar off. Then as I knelt I heard footsteps approaching, and looking up I saw it was the Lord Himself. I knew it was He, for He was 'altogether lovely,' and the marks of the nails were in His hands and feet. In one hand He held bread and it was lily-white, and in the other wine—red like crimson; and He stretched out His hand and said, 'Take this in remembrance of Me.' Then I fell at His feet and kissed them, and said, 'I am not worthy, Lord'; and He looked on me with sorrowful reproach (I think it must have been just such a look as He gave St. Peter), and He said, 'Will you not do this in remembrance of Me?' And all in a moment I felt as the prodigal son, when he *could* not, in the presence of his father's full forgiving love, ask to be made a hired servant. What was my feeling of unworthiness but a sign I needed Him the more? How could I refuse what He, my Lord, asked of me? And all trembling with joy and fear I took the bread and wine from His pierced hand."

The call came at last; but not as we could have wished, sweetly and peacefully! God's ways are not as our ways, and there are sudden terrible events in real life when we can only bow the head and cling in blind faith to the eternal love of God, feeling His hand in the darkness. He willed that His sweet old servant should pass in a chariot of fire to the green fields and still waters of the Home Eternal. Through some acci-

dent a fire broke out in the house in which she lodged, and though noble efforts were made to save the blind woman in her attic it was in vain. Perhaps the end was not terrible, after all: one moment of bewildered

opened"; and everything belonging to her, including the little tin box, was destroyed.

Was it lost, that little gift, so lovingly thought out, so carefully provided? Nay! for no gift to God *can* perish, no loving effort



The old blind woman sat waiting in her arm-chair.

awakening, of blind terror—perhaps not even that—and then quick, merciful stupefaction and painless passing away, ere the vivid flames reach the attic chamber! And so old Hannah rejoined those she loved in the land where “the eyes of the blind shall be

for Him but is blessed and used in His good time.

The superintendent of the ragged school sat at home with his wife. The labours of the day were over, and he leaned back in his

arm-chair and looked at her with a bright smile. She was accustomed to see him often weary and depressed on a Sunday evening, and was struck by his cheery look.

"You've had a good day, John," she said; "you don't look a bit tired to-night. Did things go better than usual?"

"I've had a wonderful Sunday afternoon, wife," he answered her thoughtfully. "I don't know how it was, but there seemed a special blessing on the place; the teachers felt it, the children seemed unconsciously to feel it, too. They settled down without a word and *listened*. The teachers said that many who never seemed to listen before, listened to-day. It was as though a spell kept those wild spirits quiet, and when I gave my little address at the close, you might have heard a pin drop. I reckon it was the answer to someone's prayer. After school was over, Joe Merton lingered behind, wanting to speak to me. 'What is it, my lad?' I said, and then it came out bit by bit. 'I say, mister, couldn't you get me aboard one of they training ships, or some at for young uns? I wants to turn over a new leaf, I do.' And when I questioned him further, the boy answered quite simply, pointing to the picture of the Crucifixion of our Lord between two thieves, hanging on the wall: 'I never seed it before, but I do feel a mean chap, swearing and stealing and being a bad un, and all the time He did that for *me*.' There were tears in the lad's eyes, and he spoke quite huskily. I said 'Thank God, my lad, you see that; I'll do all I can for you, and, please God, you'll be a Christian, God-fearing man yet.'

"Well, he went away quite quietly for him, for though he leapt over two forms at the further end of the school, on his way out, I believe that was only in the very joy of his heart. A teacher saw him afterwards standing on his head at the corner of the street, but he came right end uppermost quickly enough when he spied young Jones teasing one of the little girls. 'Take that, yer big coward,' he cried, 'for bullying of a kid,' and bowled him over as neat as a ninepin. He must learn not to be quite so ready with his fists as heretofore, but if he only uses them henceforth in defence of the weak, he will not err. I feel very hopeful about that lad, and I do believe the good seed was sown in

many a child's heart to-day. It seemed as though God's spirit was moving over the face of the waters."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and a tall, business-like looking man entered.

"I've brought this for you, Mr. Hutton," he said, laying down a five-pound note on the table, "to use in whatever way you should think best, to help on any of your ragged regiment to a new and better state of affairs. I've never given you anything yet, and I am fairly ashamed of myself. Shall I tell you why? You knew old Hannah, the blind widow? Well, the house she lodged in, and that was burnt to the ground the other day, was one of mine. I used to collect the rent myself, and the last time I called for Hannah's, 'Mr. Jenkins,' she said, 'could you spare me a penny for my box? 'Tis for the poor lost lambs, straying from Christ's fold,' she added, looking up at me pitifully with her blind eyes. Well, I had not any pence about me, and I said: 'I should think you haven't much spare cash, my good woman. That sort of thing isn't expected from you.' And she just said quietly: 'It's *all* I can do, master.'

"Well, you know the house was insured, and I have lost nothing by the fire, and I was turning it over in my mind last night, and I thought of that poor old woman's tin box, her little effort for the Lord. And I thought I should like to make the money good, at any rate. I do not suppose there could have been more than a few shillings, at most, in it, and I have brought you five pounds. Yet I feel somehow that I am giving you tinsel for her gold."

An honest Jack Tar, serving his Queen and country; a brave, God-fearing sailor, who is not ashamed to stick to his colours through thick and thin; who says to his mates, "Now, lads, I tell you straight, whether you likes it or whether you don't, I am a man as goes down on his knees." Such is Joe Merton, the erstwhile ragged-school boy.

"One soweth and another reapeth, but God giveth the increase."

Is it too much to believe that the love of that old servant of God and her prayers and self-denial were answered in richest blessing upon one of the stray lambs of Christ?



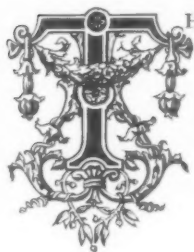
THE HOME OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By an American Clergyman.



(Photo: L. B. Howard, Brant Rock, Mass.)

THE GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH.



THE New World's Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers, is doubly attractive, because of its fair location and its historic interest. The situation, on the New England coast, is so beautiful that the visitor will not be disposed to upbraid an enthusiastic American

who extolled its attractions in this inclusive, if not exhaustive, summary: "There is an inexhaustible and most romantic variety in the bays, capes, beaches, inlets, islands, promontories, crags, and marsh meadows of its rock-bound shores."

Plymouth, now a town of about ten thousand souls, is remarkably well watered, eight streams entering its harbour; and, beside, there are some two hundred ponds in the township.

New England prides itself upon the hardy stock of settlers who made the Colony of New Plymouth. If the Briton be not infrequently credited with satisfaction in his "splendid insulation," it may not be so very

surprising to see expressed a little exclusiveness by an Anglo-Saxon across the Atlantic. This writer, a New Englander, in the middle of the present century exclaimed: "Let us be thankful to God that He kept the ocean between us and Europe for two hundred years, before He lessened the distance or the difficulty of its navigation, or permitted the tide of an ignorant and vicious emigration to set with such fury upon us as would have destroyed our infant institutions in the bud." The patriotic American of to-day, alarmed at the threatening social influences with which the immigration of undesirable foreign classes presses his country, may almost envy the people of the early Plymouth in their insularity.

Two communities were established in what is now Massachusetts, namely, the "Plymouth Colony," and the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay." The Pilgrim Fathers, who founded New Plymouth, were separatists from the Church of England; the settlers of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay had sought in England to reform the Church within as to ceremonies they deemed corrupt. A Puritan writer, addressing a Separatist adherent, declared: "We" (the Puritans) "suffer for separating in the Church; you" (*i.e.* the

Separatists) "out of the Church." Some of the imprisoned Puritans in England, petitioning the Privy Council, disclaimed sympathy with the Brownists, or Separatists, even affirming: "We abhor them and we punish them." It is curious to read in a dictionary (published in 1753) by John Wesley the definition of a "Puritan" as "an old, strict Church of England man." The Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth, advocating popular Church government, were Independents, or, as they would now be called, Congregationalists. But this, after all, was a matter of terms, not of principles.

It is claimed that more religious tolerance was allowed by the Plymouth people than by those of Massachusetts Bay. In 1659 the latter colonists were prohibited from "observing any such day as Christmas, either by forbearing to labour, or feasting, or any other way." No such legislation was enacted by the Plymouth Colony. While in the other community thirteen crimes received capital punishment, only five were so treated in Plymouth. By comparison with both colonies, it must be remembered that at the time of the accession of King James I. there were thirty-one capital crimes in England. In the Plymouth Colony but two trials for witchcraft occurred, neither case resulting in sentence of death.



(Photo: L. B. Howard, Grant Rock, Mass.)

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The Pilgrim movement, destined to be so momentous in New World history, originated at Scrooby, near Retford, Nottinghamshire. William Brewster, the postmaster (in those days officially termed the "post") of the little village, lived in the old Manor House, originally a palace of the Archbishops of York—a former occupant being Cardinal Wolsey. Here, in 1606, Brewster and like-minded spirits held religious meetings, but in the next year the company took refuge in Holland. At Leyden, in 1608, John Robinson was chosen pastor, and William Brewster became the elder.

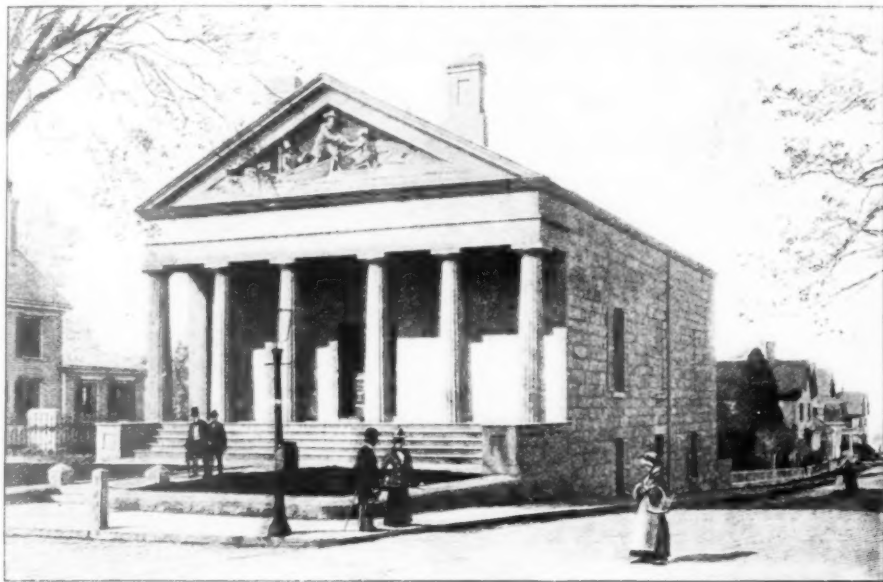
On Tuesday, July 11th (O. S.), 1620, the eventful Atlantic voyage was undertaken, the pilgrims embarking from Delft Haven, near Leyden. From Southampton, on August 5th, the company, numbering one hundred and two (besides crew), set sail in two small craft, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*. Trials came at the very outset. The *Speedwell* captain alleging that she was leaking dangerously, both vessels put in at Dartmouth, and ten days passed in repairs. The same trouble again met the voyagers when about three hundred miles from Land's End. Back then to Plymouth they sailed, and the *Speedwell* was returned to London. A defection occurred, and eighteen of her discouraged passengers went back to London, the remaining twelve joining their *Mayflower* co-religionists. Wonderfully enough, the frail little *Mayflower* outrode the terrific storms that were encountered, and after sixty-eight days Cape Cod was sighted. One voyager had died; but there was also a birth, so the number of pilgrims (one hundred and two) remained intact. Stephen and Elizabeth Hopkins named their offspring Oceanus, and in later life he made himself a sailor.

The New England landing-place was *not* the destination of the pilgrims, who really purposed settling near the Hudson River and near where New York is now. The ship's course may not have been diverted accidentally, for many have believed that the captain was bribed by the jealous Dutch of New Amsterdam (now New York) to take the fresh colonists to New England. The patent granted them was from the Virginia Company, which had control south of what is now New England.

The New World at last reached, the pilgrims, before leaving the ship that had been their ocean-home, drew up a Social Compact, the foundation of their commonwealth. Dated November 11th (or, as it would be now, the 21st), 1620, it was signed by John Carver and forty others, who say: "We covenant and bind ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation," etc.

While the *Mayflower* lay anchored at Cape Cod three exploring parties, under Captain Myles Standish, were consecutively sent ashore, the beautiful spot where New Plymouth soon arose being finally selected for the settlement. The captain and crew ere long sailed for England. Fortunately, the

Indian tribes in the old-time New England seem strange to Europeans. They were the Pocassetts, Wampanoags, Saconets, Nemaskets, Nansites, Mattakees, Monamoys, Sankatucketts and Nobsquassetts. In the most eventful conflict with the red men, King Philip's War, which lasted about a year, some



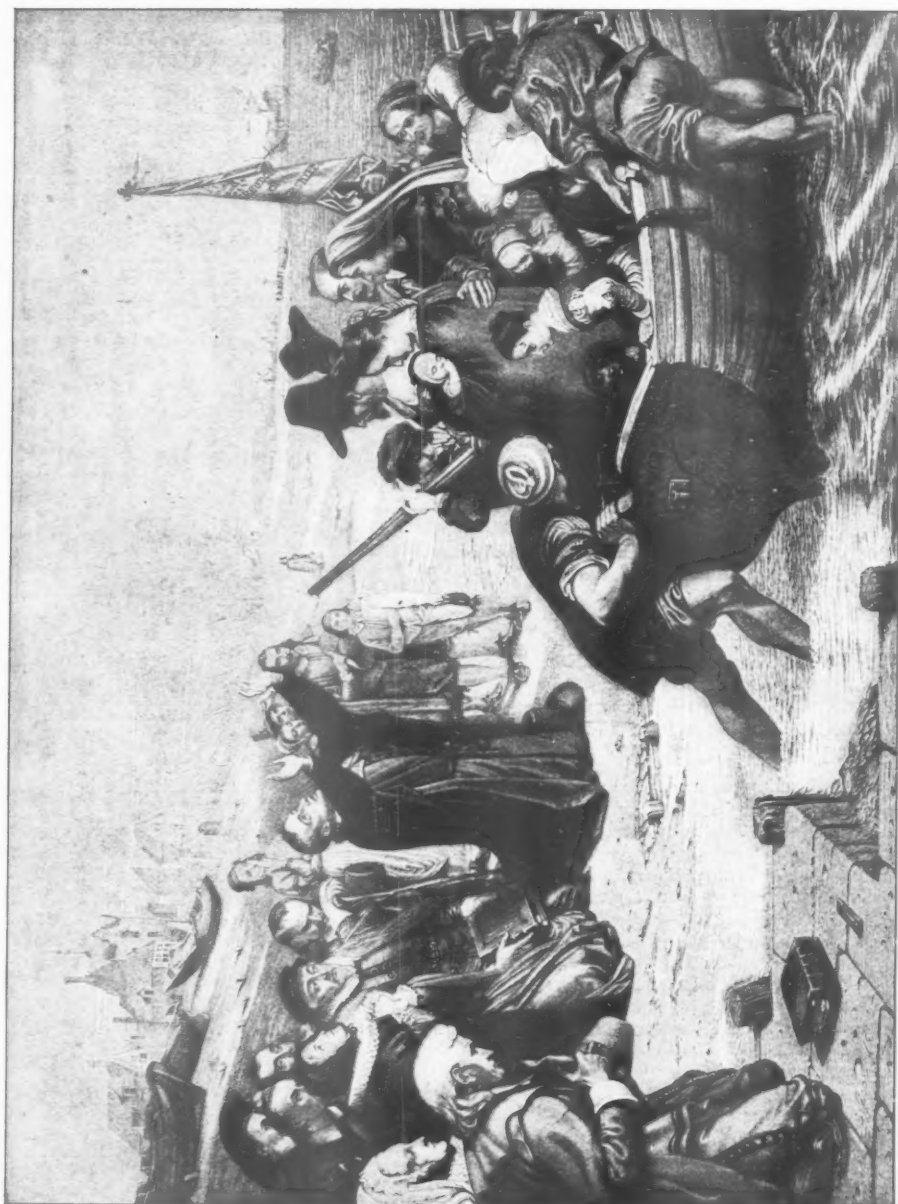
PILGRIM HALL : EXTERIOR VIEW.

new comers found the first winter in their strange home much less severe than some seasons following. The toils and privations of the settlers were shortly much more serious than are indicated by one quaint narrator, who wrote: ". . . Our greatest labour will be fetching of our wood, which is half a quarter (*sic*) of an English mile; but there is enough, so far off!" Happily, many of the pilgrims were more robust than this chronicler would seem to have been, and much honest toil and endurance were demanded of the colony. Indeed, their exertions and privations proved so trying that by the time the *Mayflower* sailed for England, April 5th, forty-four of the little group had died, and nearly half of the ship's crew. Surely the pilgrims deserve no small praise for enduring their vicissitudes and loneliness, instead of returning to their home-land. In addition to the pressure of their necessities—sometimes sufferings—the colonists endured weary conflicts with the aborigines, the Indians. The names of the various Red

six hundred colonists were killed in battle or massacred.

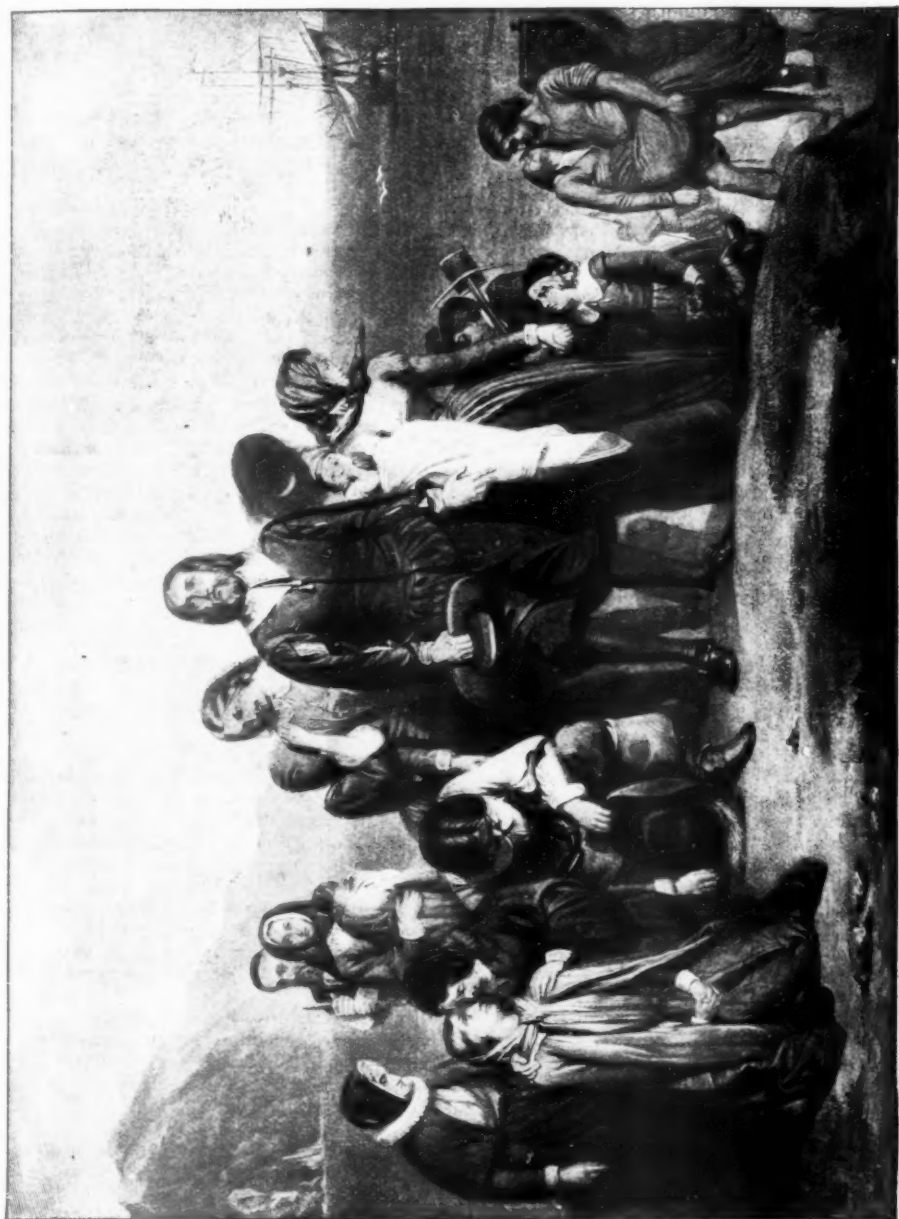
The pilgrims inaugurated their government by choosing as provisional governor John Carver, who had been a deacon in the community sheltered at Leyden. He also served two terms as governor of the Colony. Myles Standish was elected military captain. Soon after Carver's death William Bradford became governor.

The first marriage festivity was celebrated May 12th, 1621, in the union of Edward Winslow and Susanna White. It is interesting to read the record of the wedding in the words of one of the pilgrims, Bradford, who thus quaintly writes: "May 12 was ye first marriage in this place, which, according to ye laudable custome of ye Low Countries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans and most consonante to ye scripturs,



(From a Painting by C. W. Cope, R.A.)

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS FROM DELFT HAVEN.



(From the Painting by C. Lucy.)

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN AMERICA ON THE 15th OF NOVEMBER, 1620.

Ruth 4, and no wher found in ye gospell to be layed on ye ministers as a part of their office."

The members of Plymouth Colony forwarded by the *Mayflower*, on its return to England, an application through the Merchant Adventurers for the grant of the territory of New Plymouth. A patent, dated June 1st, 1621, was allowed the Plymouth colonists, and was issued in the name of John Pierce and his associates. It was probably taken to New England in the ship *Fortune*. This interesting document was found some years ago, among papers at the Land Office in Boston, Massachusetts, and was placed in custody at Plymouth. The third Plymouth patent, granted January 13th (O.S.), 1629, which named William Bradford and thirty-nine others, is also preserved at Plymouth. In 1602, by a charter of William and Mary, the two Colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were united, and Sir William Phipps became the first governor under the consolidation.

In the early days of Plymouth Colony an extensive trade in cattle was carried on, and in 1633 an average price of £20 was asked for a cow. Bricks were manufactured as early as 1643, when a watch-house of brick was erected. In 1631 corn was made a legal tender, and in 1635 musket-balls passed as farthings. It was not until 1652 that a mint was provided for what is now Massachusetts, it being established at Boston. In 1643 the Plymouth town expenses demanded a modest outlay, £9 in all; but in 1661 the town expenses had so advanced that actually "ten pounds was assessed to procure bellows and tools for a smith, for the use of the town." It was also arranged that £60 should be provided for "purchasing and procuring a place for a minister." In January, 1664, another sum of £60 was voted to finish the minister's house. For 1662 an outlay of £25 12s. 3d. sufficed to meet Plymouth's expenses.

In early days strict measures were adopted by the pilgrims to restrict smoking, which practice was curiously termed "drinking" tobacco. This was prohibited on the highway, and out of doors within a mile of a dwelling. No one while at work in the fields was allowed the "drinking" of tobacco.

It is probable that the first school was opened in 1671, by one John Morton, who the year before "proffers his services to the town, to teach the children and youth to read, write, and cast accounts." During the same year the Colony enacted laws for education. In 1674 was founded the Plymouth Free School, which seems to have been the first of the kind established by law in New England. Boston and several other places

had public schools previously, but they were not established by law.

All persons who value historic records will rejoice over the modern discovery of a treasure connected with the early annals of Plymouth Colony. Near the end of the eighteenth century a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts, found by chance, in a baker's shop at Halifax, Nova Scotia, some three hundred and thirty-eight leaves of the letter-book of Governor Bradford. They were intended by the shopkeeper to be used as wrapping paper! This rescued portion of the letter-book was subsequently republished by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

There is much of interest in the career and surroundings of the Pilgrim Fathers, and our sympathy is strongly attracted by the quaint and sturdy characters of Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Myles Standish. A modern New Englander thus tersely describes the picturesque Standish: "A man of choleric temper, having a taste for authority, energy, and military skill, he, at the age of thirty-six, turned his back on the attractions of the Old World . . . (He was) captain and magistrate, engineer and explorer, interpreter and merchant, a tender nurse in pestilence, a physician at all times, and the Cincinnatus of his Colony. . . Great as a ruler over others, he was far greater as a ruler over himself." Standish died in 1656, at Duxbury, near Plymouth, when about seventy. His grave, on Captain's Hill, Duxbury, is one of the chief places sought out by visitors to historic Plymouth.

The Plymouth of to-day is a brisk little town of some ten thousand people, and the place is well supplied with modern improvements. A strange contrast we see between the present-day Plymouth and the Plymouth of old time. The modern dwellers in the home of the Pilgrim Fathers have their electric railways and electric lights; about a dozen churches represent the religious interest, and five banks attest the financial welfare. There are seven good hotels, for no less than sixty or seventy thousand summer visitors each season enjoy the attractions of Plymouth and its coast scenery. Formerly a great fishing-post, the place now yields some seven or eight million dollars yearly in manufactures. There is a public library of twelve thousand volumes, and the little town is proud in the possession of public schools that are among the best in the State of Massachusetts.

In 1824 Pilgrim Hall, a substantial building, was erected, through the exertions of the Pilgrim Society. It was rebuilt in 1880, being made fire-proof, through the liberality of Mr. Joseph H. Stickney, a native

of Boston. Very many valuable records and relics of the pilgrims are preserved in the hall: books, old sacramental vessels, a volume printed by Elder Brewster, various autographs, etc., etc. On the wall hangs a commission in parchment from Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, to Governor Edward Winslow, as one of the arbitrators appointed between Great Britain and the United Provinces of Holland. A portrait of Cromwell, of the same period, is in a corner of this document.

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(Photo: L. B. Howard, Braintree, Mass.)

STATUE OF FAITH.

(The national monument to the forefathers who landed in Plymouth in 1620.)



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SOME INTERESTING RELICS.

(Myles Standish's sword, pot, and platter.)

County Court-house are preserved some original records of Plymouth Colony, in the handwriting of Bradford, Brewster, Standish, and other Pilgrim Fathers. The visitor may also see here the Colony's first patent and Myles Standish's will.

Overlooking Plymouth and the fair coast and waters surrounding is Burial Hill, called "Fort Hill" in early days. Tablets of marble have been erected here, to mark the locations of the old fort and watch-tower of the settlers. And here, too, high above their ancient home, may be seen the resting-places of the Pilgrim Fathers, their graves indicated by stones and other monuments.

Plymouth Rock (or "Forefather's Rock") is of prime interest in itself, and its vicissitudes are likewise deeply interesting. A well-credited tradition is held that Mary Chilton,

remained in the Town Square until 1834, when, on Independence Day, the 4th of July, it was taken in procession to Pilgrim Hall. In front of the hall it was then set up, with an iron railing around it. Finally, on September 27th, 1880, the broken part of the rock was restored, without ceremonies, to its original place. It was re-attached to the historic Plymouth Rock, over which was then built a massive granite canopy.

About a mile from Plymouth is Morton Park, of about one hundred and fifty acres, and singularly beautiful in natural attractiveness, unassisted by much of artificial adornment.

Plymouth folk are also proud of the national memorial of the Pilgrim Fathers erected in the town. It is the Faith Monument, which was dedicated August 1st, 1889.



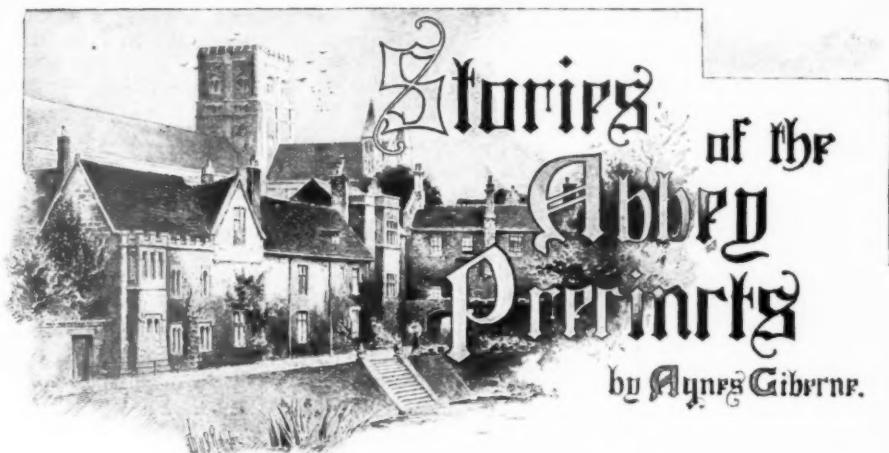
(Photo: L. B. Howard, Brant Rock, Mass.)

ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR AND PEREGRIN WHITE'S CRADLE

a young woman, was the first of the pilgrims to leap on the rock. The base of it still stands in its original position. But in 1775, an attempt being made to raise the rock, to prevent its injury from operations on an adjacent wharf, a piece of the historic stone split off. Just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Plymouth people removed the detached portion of the rock to the Town Square, amid much rejoicing, with the intention of using it as an incitement to revolt against the mother country. A liberty-pole was then erected, and the stone was made a liberty-pulpit, or rostrum, from which to deliver exhortations to revolution. The stone

The memorial is a beautiful one, and the female figure of Faith (thirty-six feet high and weighing two hundred tons) is claimed to be the largest piece of granite statuary in the world. The monument, which is eighty-one feet in height, has statues of Freedom, Law, Education, and Morality. Upon the pedestal are alto-reliefs, representing the departure from Delft Haven, the signing of the Social Compact, the landing at Plymouth, and the first treaty with Indians.

Visitors to New England assuredly miss a deeply interesting spot if they fail to make a sojourn at beautiful, historic Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers.



Story the Ninth: Sara's Ideal Man.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDEAL EXPRESSED.



"MY dear, you're the very image of your mother. The very image," declared Miss Hart excitedly, "Come in, come in. Such a wet day! You poor dear childie, to have to travel in such weather! Really, it's quite shocking. One doesn't expect a twenty-four hours' pelt in the month of May. But this is an exceptional year, you know; a most exceptional year. We generally pride ourselves on being so very seasonable in Tychester."

"I wonder if any year in England ever is not an exceptional year."

"That's exactly the way your dear mother would have spoken. Just precisely. She always did say things—you know—like that. And you are her living image."

"I am? Some think me like my father."

"Do they really? How extraordinary! Really—people are so blind! Though I don't deny that there's a look of him too. Just a look, you know." The plump small maiden lady, having flustered affectionately round her young friend, rising on the tips of her toes and almost dancing with eagerness, bustled her along from hall to drawing-room. "But the other likeness is much the stronger. Oh, very much. No doubt about that. Anybody with eyes couldn't help seeing. My dear, it's really *most* good of you to come all this

distance, just to visit a stupid person like me. It's really *most* self-denying."

Sara Lewis, looking down with amused eyes upon the impulsive elderly lady, knew that the assertion was meant to be contradicted. She did not contradict it, however, except by her smile, as she submitted to be ecstatically shoved and coaxed across the small room, into the tiny bay-window.

"But the flyman—" she suggested.

"That's all right, my dear. That's perfectly right. Benson will see to the flyman." Miss Hart was the reverse of rich, and she had to reckon the spending of her pennies; but a generous spirit inhabited her round-about little body. "It was not according to her notions of propriety that a guest should pay cab-fare. "Of course, if I had a carriage, I should send it to the station; and as I haven't I pay for the fly," she was wont to say. Whence it may be inferred that she had known wealthier days.

"Well, my dear, and how is your father? He must be getting oldish now. Really, quite oldish. It's astonishing how the years slip by. All at once those that one is accustomed to think of as young people turn out to be positively old. Not that I can remember your father when he was young! But still, when I was a girl, he was only in middle age. A very presentable man too. Fine-looking. And now of course he is getting on."

"Eighty-one last month."

"You don't say so! Eighty-one! Wonderful! But to be sure he was a good deal older than your mother. She was under thirty when they married, and he must have been—well, I should imagine very near sixty.

That makes such a difference, doesn't it? And he has outlived her fifteen years. Who would ever have thought it? And only to think that I have not once seen him in Twychester since her death. Nor you either, my dear, for six years past—except in London. And that doesn't count. So I'm glad you've managed to get down here at last. Now you'll have a cup of tea. And some teacake. We pride ourselves in Twychester on our teacakes."

Sara smilingly said "Thanks," and helped herself.

"I'm afraid you'll find it terribly dull after London—such a change. Nothing goes on in Twychester, you know."

"But you have the Abbey. And the Abbey circle."

"Yes, of course—"

"And that must be pleasant."

"Oh, I find the whole set most pleasant. Yes, indeed. I assure you I do. You see I've been here now so long—quite six years. I seem to belong to them. We are like one big family, you know. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody likes—Perhaps I can't quite say that everybody exactly likes everybody. That wouldn't be true, I suppose. But I'm sure we are all very nice and friendly, in a general way. And the Dean and his wife are perfectly delightful. And so are Canon and Mrs. Hardy. And then there are the Kerrs, and the Norths, and—oh, a great many. I don't really think we have any quite disagreeable people among us. Except—but I'd better not mention names. And I don't think the 'excepts' are in the Abbey circle itself so much; only people outside, that we all can't help knowing, you know. One doesn't often trouble to think about them. Just to-day I happened to meet one very unpleasant young man. I always do dislike him, because he is so off-hand to ladies. He seems to hate and detest woman-kind. And of course, as I'm a woman, I don't like him for it. But I won't tell you his name, because he is spending a night or two in Twychester, and you are pretty sure to see him. So it wouldn't be fair to set you against him beforehand, don't you see."

Miss Hart pursed up her lips with a mysterious air, fully expecting to be pressed to let out the name. Instead of which, to her disappointment, Sara said:—

"No, pray don't. You are quite right. I never like to be set against a stranger beforehand."

"But of course, if you want very much to know—"

"But I don't. I'd rather not. So you have nobody in the Abbey circle itself who isn't charming. You are fortunate."

"Well, perhaps—except Mrs. Lauderdale, and

Mrs.— But of course it's very select. We don't admit everybody into it. Not unless they're *especially* nice, you know. Yes, I think we're very well off. And the Archdeacon is at home just now. He's so often away. But of course we're very quiet."

"I shall have the Abbey. That will be enough for me."

"But at your age you want something lively. Tennis and so on. You'll have to play tennis with Rica Winfrith. And the General's son is in Twychester just now with his wife, so perhaps he'll play too. Everybody likes Major North. And there's to be a dinner-party at Canon Hardy's to-morrow. I'm glad you're in time for that. Mrs. Hardy is a capital manager. She always contrives to get the right people together. Not only just the Precincts set. She says she likes the infusion of fresh blood. That's so like Mrs. Hardy. She's a clever woman, and so is her husband—I mean he's a clever man. Rica Winfrith is sure to be there."

"The Dean's daughter? I want to see the Dean. One hears so much of him."

"I'm afraid he is away this week, but Rica is always at the Hardys' when anything goes on. You see, everybody expects her to marry the Canon's nephew, Mac. 'Mischievous Mac' was his name in the Precincts when he was a boy. Now he's an officer out in India. He and Rica were perfectly devoted to one another when they were children."

"That doesn't always mean marrying afterwards."

"No, I suppose not. But in this case— Oh, I don't mean that they are engaged. Rica is only twenty. When he went out, four years ago, they were both too ridiculously young. It couldn't have been allowed. There was some sort of boy-and-girl understanding between them, but it was stopped. At least, I believe so. Still, they correspond regularly."

"Like brother and sister, I dare say."

"Well, perhaps. But it would be very disappointing. The fact is, we all want him to marry Rica. He's such a nice young fellow, and he *did* look so fine in his uniform. And Rica is sweet. Such a dear girl. We don't think anybody else can be good enough for her. But you'll see what she is like to-morrow evening. I'm afraid we shall be badly off for young men. The only one likely to be there is that dull uninteresting creature that I've told you about already. He hates society and parties, so most likely he won't turn up; but I was told that he might. I only hope and trust he won't fall to your share. He's shy and plain, and hasn't one word to say for himself."

"And a woman-hater into the bargain. I think I'll keep clear of him."

"But you don't know his name yet. Though I can tell it you, if you like. We are wonderfully short of unmarried men just now in the Precincts."

"So much the better, perhaps," laughed Sara.

"Not that he's a Precincts man. Nonsense, my dear. Better! What can you mean?"

"Men are generally improved by marriage."

"But still—" with puzzled eyes. "At your age—"

"Don't trouble about my future, please, Miss Hart. It isn't worth while. I'm not in the very least susceptible. If I were I must have fallen a victim long ago. There are plenty of delightful men in the world. I know scores of them. But somehow they don't suit me, or I don't suit them. Perhaps I expect too much, and perhaps they do the same."

Miss Hart was not gifted with the "saving sense of humour," though she often gratified that sense in other people. She was very literal.

"But that's not wise, my love. You have to think of your future. And though one may be quite happy, unmarried—as I'm sure I can say from experience—still, I *should* like some day to see you with a home of your own, and a nice sensible husband too. It's quite a thing to be desired. Though of course I wouldn't wish you to marry the wrong man. But when women talk as they sometimes do about nobody being good enough for them, don't you think it sounds—?"

"Sounds awfully conceited, and a little unreal. Yes; I do. And I didn't say anything half so silly. I only meant that I have a rather high ideal—perhaps an impossible ideal. It isn't fair to look for more than can be found in mortal man—or woman. Perhaps that's what I do. So it will most likely end in my being a nice comfortable old—I beg your pardon."

"An old maid. You needn't be afraid to say that, my dear—just between ourselves. I'm not ashamed of being an old maid." Miss Hart surveyed Sara earnestly, and shook her head. "No. No, I don't think that's what you are meant for. Not cut out for it, I mean. And you are only—how old?—twenty-five. That's nothing. Nothing at all. You have plenty of time before you."

"I shall be the same at thirty-five—waiting still for the impossible." Sara spoke gravely, but her eyes were merry. "You see, I expect a great deal. He must be handsome—that's quite essential. And very intellectual. And a perfect gentleman. And well-connected. And chivalrous to women. And absolutely without fear. In fact, altogether somebody I can look up to. Quite hopeless, I'm afraid. Such individuals exist, but they're very much in request. If I did stumble up

against one of them, he would be morally certain not to take to me. So you must make up your mind that my lot is to be single blessedness."

"My love, I wouldn't joke about it—I really wouldn't," urged Miss Hart. "It's a very serious subject. The question of your whole life, you know. And it's a bad plan to make up your mind beforehand that nobody will do. I wouldn't take it in that way! And I don't quite see what you are laughing at now."

CHAPTER II.

NOT A LADIES' MAN.

MISS HART lived in one of the smaller Precincts houses, next door to that of Minor Canon Pratt, and on the same side of the Abbey as Canon Hardy. She had come as a stranger to Twychester some few years earlier, and had settled down happily, as a permanent feature of the place. By herself she was considered already one of the old residents. To the old residents, however, she appeared still to be a recent importation.

Most people in and around the Precincts knew her, and many liked her. Some laughed at her, but not unkindly. She was a good little woman; generous within her small means; perhaps disposed to gossip, but averse to scandal.

Nothing was farther from the mind of Sara Lewis, when the two ladies set off next evening for their dinner-party, than "the question of her whole life." Sara was not greatly given to thinking about herself; she generally found other people to be much more entertaining.

The pre-dinner waiting promised to be longer than usual. Some friends, expected from a distance, were late, doubtless delayed by the weather. Sara had a little chat with Mrs. Hardy, learning from her that a certain "Sir Richard" was expected from ten miles off, and a certain "Lord John" from nearly as far in the opposite direction. "I know they will not disappoint me, so we just have to be patient," Mrs. Hardy observed resignedly.

Sara was then left to herself for a few minutes, which she utilised in studying the guests already assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr were present; General North; Major and Mrs. Jocelyn North, on a visit to the General; the Archdeacon and his daughter; the Canon in Residence with his wife; two or three others, whose names Sara had not yet found out; also Rica Winfrith, but, to her disappointment, not the Dean or Mrs. Winfrith.

Among the few whose names she did not know was a young man, upon whom Sara at once fixed as the person described beforehand by Miss Hart.

Interesting he certainly was not. Undersized, disposed to stoutness, markedly plain, bashful and silent, evidently far from pleased with his present position, and, if she might judge from the difficulty shown in drawing him out, utterly without ideas. No wonder Miss Hart had voted him "dull." Sara quite pitied the Canon's young wife, to whom at that moment had fallen the task of entertaining him. Perhaps the Canon's wife pitied herself. She made one or two spiritless attempts, then yawned gently behind her fan, and gave it up.

Sara decided that it was not worth her while even to ask the man's name. Instead, she turned her attention to Rica Winfrith.

No lack of interest there. Very pretty, even lovely, was the Dean's daughter, in her white dress, with a child-like serenity of expression seldom seen in these days, and a supreme simplicity of manner. She did not exert herself in the least to win admiration. Sara, intently watching her, wondered if that look of "detachment," of indifference to her surroundings, meant that she was thinking about "Mac." It might be so.

Sara herself had a slight figure, a quiet grace of bearing, and an indefinable charm. So far as actual good looks went, she could not hold a candle to Rica Winfrith. Yet she had received more direct attention than often falls to the lot of many far prettier girls. Reddish hair full of curl, a clear skin, sympathetic eyes—these formed her stock-in-trade. Nobody ever called her beautiful; yet everybody noticed her.

She wore black to-night, a common habit of hers, because nothing else went so well with her difficult hair. It suited her altogether. Little Miss Hart, in strawberry red, which exactly matched the tint of her cheeks, would have looked far better in the same sombre hue.

One of the expected guests had arrived, unnoticed by Sara. Her attention was drawn by the approach of Mrs. Hardy, followed by a handsome dignified elderly man.

"Sir Richard Curtis—Miss Lewis. I believe you have met before," remarked Mrs. Hardy, who had just made this discovery. To the astonishment of Miss Hart, watching from across the room, instead of formal bows, smiles were exchanged, and Sara's offered hand was warmly grasped.

"Of course I remember," Sara said, in answer to a word. "How could I help it? You were so kind to me at Mrs. Ranyard's picnic last summer."

Sir Richard's fine ruddy features, set off by six feet of height and by abundant silvery hair, showed gratification.

"The recollection is at least as vivid on my part," he said. "I am not likely to forget a young lady who could be content to spend a whole hour in talk with a prosy old man, when she might have had any number of young fellows at her service."

So much reached Miss Hart's pricked-up little ears, and a few pleasant remarks passed. Then Sir Richard moved off, rather to Sara's disappointment, since she had hoped to see more of the charming old baronet. He paused to speak to Mrs. Hardy, and the next thing Sara knew was his fresh approach, followed this time by the heavy-looking young man—Miss Hart's *bête noir*. What on earth for? thought Sara. Sir Richard was beaming.

"Miss Hart, I want to introduce my son to you," he said genially. "And, though perhaps a father should not say it, one of the best sons ever known. Blake, this is Miss Hart, whom I had the pleasure of meeting last year. You know!"

Blake Curtis bowed stiffly, with no change in his blank and bored demeanour. Sara bowed too, and secretly contrasted the fine old baronet with his son, very much to the disparagement of the latter. She remembered Miss Hart's words, "He seems to hate and despise womankind"—an assertion which his air at this moment might well support. She was sorry for herself, but more sorry for him. "So few people are really shy in these days," she thought. "And it is much worse for a man than for a woman."

Canon Hardy came up to murmur a word in the young man's ear. "Sir Richard has already introduced Mr. Curtis," he said, with a smiling glance towards Sara; and it dawned then upon Sara, not only that Mr. Curtis was to be her lot, but that she might have been taken in by somebody else but for Sir Richard's interference. Sara felt far from grateful to the baronet. If it had been himself, she would not have minded.

However, the mischief was done, and she had to submit. Happily, she was in the habit of making the best of things, and of thinking about other people rather than about herself. Since it was her fate to be tied to "a very uninteresting young man," she would not accept that fate with lazy resignation, still less would she be sulky about it.

Shy or not shy, Blake Curtis showed sufficient presence of mind to deposit himself in the vacant chair by Sara's side; upon which his father moved away, with an air of content. Curtis's pluck had probably exhausted itself in that supreme effort, for he made no attempt to set the ball of conver-



"Will you wear these, for my sake?"—p. 1100.

sation rolling. Sara ventured a remark or two, and was relieved by the arrival of Lord John, followed at once by the move to dinner.

Then began her task in earnest; a task which she expected to be one of extreme difficulty. She took the business in hand systematically, spoke of weather and country, asked her companion's opinion on questions of the day, and felt her way in the dark to a discovery of his special proclivities—if he had any!

In ten minutes she had him in full swing. To her surprise, he dawned upon her as a man of intellectual mind and cultivated tastes, able to discuss politics, art, literature, or aught else that she might wish, out of a wide range of knowledge.

Sara was a good listener. She had the gift of becoming quickly interested in any subject, well handled; and many subjects proved to be very well handled by Mr. Curtis. Her attention was genuinely taken captive, and she forgot the flight of time.

Sir Richard sent many gratified glances in their direction. Nor were his the only glances.

The two, indeed, talked quietly enough. Their voices were low; their faces were interested, but not excited. Each had abundance to say, and each evidently enjoyed listening to the other. It was nothing more than may be seen at any pleasant dinner-party, with well-bred and cultured guests.

Yet they attracted a great deal of attention. And the reason simply was that Blake Curtis was famed among ladies for his absolute lack of conversational power.

He could talk well enough with men; so it was reported. But the presence of women had always acted on him as a muzzle. Sara's success was unique in the annals of the neighbourhood.

Curtis was a thorough gentleman. He could hardly be otherwise with such a father. He was never known to commit a social solecism. Also, he was never known, in the company of ladies, to show the smallest interest in anything that might be said.

He could answer shortly, very shortly, remarks addressed to himself. He could originate briefly, very briefly, observations of his own, with wide blanks intervening. But to discuss a question with or even before a lady, to give and take, to carry on the thread of ideas, to meet sally with sally, these things had been unknown in him.

It amazed Twychester, as represented in Mrs. Hardy's drawing-room, to hear his voice going continuously, to see his face lighted up with smiles, to find him laughing audibly. The ladies exchanged glances unutterable. The men knew him better and were less astonished.

Dinner ended, the former, during the quiet half-hour in the drawing-room, said nothing to Sara of her achievement. She was a stranger, and her unconscious manner protected her. Some of them said a good deal one to another.

Had Blake Curtis met his fate at last?

If so, he showed no unwillingness.

When the gentlemen appeared, he went straight as an arrow to Sara's side, and settled himself there afresh. No one else had any chance of improving his acquaintance with Sara. Nor had Sara a chance of escaping.

Had she any wish to escape? Some put that question. Others were curiously inquiring, Was Blake Curtis really shy? Or had he merely been bored with all the world, until he met Miss Lewis?

"My dear, I am surprised!" Miss Hart danced again on her toes, after their return home, in her excitement. "I'm perfectly amazed. To think that you should have made Mr. Curtis talk! The very dullest and stupidest man that ever lived. You poor dear childie, how tired you must be with the exertion."

"I didn't find him stupid."

"Not stupid. But of course it was you who kept him going." Miss Hart did not see so far as some who had been present. "He hasn't a single idea in his head. He never had."

"I think he has plenty of ideas."

"You must have put them into his mind. You certainly seemed to draw him out, somehow. Such a woman-hater as he is, too. But he really was quite civil to you this evening. Such an ugly little man!"

Sara was flushing.

"Mr. Curtis ugly! I don't see it."

Miss Hart whisked up her hands in despair. After that, nothing remained to be said.

CHAPTER III.

D, E, F, ETC.

THAT dinner-party was the A, B, C of an affair. The X, Y, Z of the same lay some little distance ahead.

Sara had come for a fortnight's visit. It was not worth while to take so long a journey for less, Miss Hart had said. The fortnight grew into nearly a month. Sara was a pleasant companion, and the Precincts approved of her. It liked refinement, and she was refined. It liked obliging ways, and her ways were obliging.

She saw a good deal of the Winfriths. The Dean from the first awoke in her a child-like confidence and sense of repose. He was a man to whom at any time she felt that

she could turn in trouble or perplexity. Mrs. Winfrith she found fascinating. Rica engaged much of her attention. The two girls were often together.

They were both reserved, and it was some time before either opened out to the other. But a day came when Rica took Sara into her own room, and showed her a miniature of "Mischievous Mac," mischievous no longer, in his uniform.

"He is so very dear and good," she said, with glistening eyes. "He has been abroad a long time now. I think—perhaps—he'll come home in a year or two on leave."

"And you will be glad to see him again. You and he are friends." Sara discreetly bore in mind what she had been told, and restrained herself, but her sympathetic eyes drew Rica on.

"Oh, great friends, always." Rica let out a little of her longing to see Mac again. The Precincts seemed so different without him. And before he went—"You know, Mac *did* want that we should be engaged," Rica said, looking down. "Only—my father and mother said we were too young. So we are just waiting. It won't be very much longer."

A dread swept over Sara, as she studied the fair face. Would Mac be true? Would he forget Rica out in far India, as year followed year?

"And he writes very often. Not quite so often as I do," admitted Rica quietly; "but then he is a man. That makes all the difference."

Meanwhile Sara had a good deal to occupy her thoughts on her own behalf. Blake Curtis was much *en evidence*.

It was not usually his wont to haunt Twychester. Occasionally he would be seen in the Abbey, or in High Street, more especially in the Abbey stationer's shop; but he always, if possible, avoided seeing or speaking with a lady. He hated society, shops, towns, anything; to do with a superfluity of human beings.

His tastes seemed now to have changed. He was perpetually in and out of Twychester. Ten miles of distance proved to be nothing when he wished to come. He haunted, not only Twychester in general, but Sara in particular, in a style which, though quiet, was persistent.

To Sir Richard the idea was no new one, though few as yet guessed this. "I decided last summer, when I first met Miss Lewis, that she was the woman for Blake," he said to Mrs. Hardy. "She will be the making of my boy." Other men counted Blake, in his twenty-seventh year, pretty well "made" already. Certain sides of his character had not, however, yet undergone development; and Sara might find her mission here.

If she cared for him! But did she?

On that point opinions differed.

Certainly, she made no efforts to gain his attention, to keep him to herself. When she could draw a third person into the talk, she was always ready to do so. Though she showed no dislike to his company, signs of direct liking were hard to find.

She had described to Miss Hart, more than half but not wholly in jest, her high ideal. Blake Curtis could not be called its embodiment.

But many excellent husbands are by no means precise fulfilments of the girlish ideals of their wives. It is quite possible that the said "ideals," in flesh and broadcloth, might fail to satisfy previous expectations. Blake Curtis, despite his defects, would perhaps make Sara happy.

She had wanted good looks, intellect, gentlemanly manners, desirable connections, chivalry, and heroism. A sufficiently large order!

As for good looks, they are greatly a matter of individual taste. Blake in a bashful and silent mood could be positively ugly. Blake, interested, wide-awake, pleased, was another being. Even Miss Hart, watching one day the far from classical features of her *bête noir* transformed by eagerness, while the dark eyes shone with thoughts to which he was giving utterance, was fain to admit afterwards that he *could* be agreeable if he chose, and even "almost good-looking."

As for manners, he was a gentleman. Eise and graciousness might arrive later under the companionship of a genial wife. As for chivalry and courage, nothing in Sara's presence had yet occurred to call out either virtue. He might or might not be a man of chivalrous instincts and of sublime courage.

The end of Sara's visit drew near, and a day's excursion was on the *tapis*.

Mrs. Hardy arranged it. She and the Canon, a few of their friends, and of course Miss Hart and Sara, were to drive to Sir Richard's place, ten miles off, for luncheon and tea. Nobody knew how the plan had originated, except Mrs. Hardy and Sir Richard. Everybody guessed the true object of the excursion. Willston was worth seeing, and Sara seemed pleased at the prospect.

Miss Hart was pulled two ways. She disliked very much to have to confess herself mistaken. She had always objected to Blake Curtis, and had labelled him as dull, disagreeable, and stupid. It was trying to a woman who was always in the right to find him, when he chose, neither dull, disagreeable, nor stupid. On the other hand, she liked the importance of a love affair in her house, and she fully appreciated the distinction conferred by it upon herself.

The party had luncheon in the grand old dining-room of Willston, where generations of Curtises had feasted through centuries. Sara was put next to Blake, which everybody looked upon as a matter of course—not without some subdued smiles. Sara submitted to the inevitable, but those around noted a look of unwonted gravity. Had she begun to realise whereto matters were tending?

Roses were a prime hobby with Sir Richard, and after luncheon a grand show of the Queen of Flowers had to be inspected. With unusual gallantry Blake set himself to gather blooms for all his father's guests, distributing the same in a laborious and painstaking manner. Upon Rica he bestowed a bunch of yellow blossoms, that being the only colour which she could not possibly wear. Rica thanked him, with her "detached" air, and presently disposed of them in a clump of bushes. Blake cared not a brass farthing whether any or all of the ladies kept or dropped his gifts—except one.

With Sara he made no blunder. Neither yellow nor red nor pink would have gone with her obtrusively red hair. When Rica saw Sara next she had a flush on her cheeks, and a spray of pure white rose-buds in her belt. Her eyes were dreamy, as if she hardly knew what was going on around her. And Blake's face was, to say the least, not unhappy.

The two had wandered off together, Sara not realising that they were alone until the rest of the party was out of sight. Then she had hesitated, and Blake had drawn her on, pleading for an inspection of his favourite bush.

"It was planted by my mother, a week before she died," he said. "My father values that rose tree." He chose the fairest buds upon it and gave them to Sara, saying simply, "Will you wear these, for my sake?"

Sara faltered. She could not tell how much or how little the words might mean. She raised inquiring eyes, and met those of Curtis. This was one of the moments when he did not look plain, when she was conscious of the manliness of the man, and was sure that she might trust him. And yet—!

"I think you will do what I ask," he urged. "It does not imply anything. I will not press you unduly. I only beg—do not, if you can help it, refuse. If you do—" and there was a pause, which to Sara seemed long, because her heart was beating strangely. "If you refuse, I shall understand. It will be to me a sign that you cannot possibly, by-and-by, accept anything that I may offer. You understand—I do not offer it yet. You do not know me well enough. I think I know you well enough, but that is different. I

only ask you now to wear these for my sake. It binds you to nothing in the future."

Sara glanced up again, then gazed downward.

"But—I am not sure," she whispered.

"I know. I understand. I do not ask you to make any promises. This merely means that I may go on—may try to, make you know me better and, if possible, to like me more."

Sara fastened the roses slowly in her belt. Blake spoke again.

"I cannot tell you how much you are to me—how much you have been, from that first evening. My father had often talked of you—wishing that we might meet. You will say, perhaps, that a son's tastes do not always run in the same groove as his father's. True, but the tie between us is exceptional. He has been everything to me. We are intimate friends. Anybody who suits one of us is almost sure to suit the other. I can honestly say that I have never before come across any woman, towards whom I have felt as I feel towards you. But I am not unreasonable. I do not expect that you should know your own mind so early. All that I ask is—may I come and see you at your home? May I do my best to make you like me? If I fail, the blame shall be mine, not yours."

Here was chivalry in good earnest. Sara was dimly aware of the fact as she hung her head, looking down upon the white buds, and pleading:—

"It is so sudden. Not even a month since we first met."

"Does it seem sudden to you? To me it is as if I had known you all my life. I begin to wonder what life was like without you. But indeed I will try not to be impatient. I only ask leave just to go on," pleaded Blake.

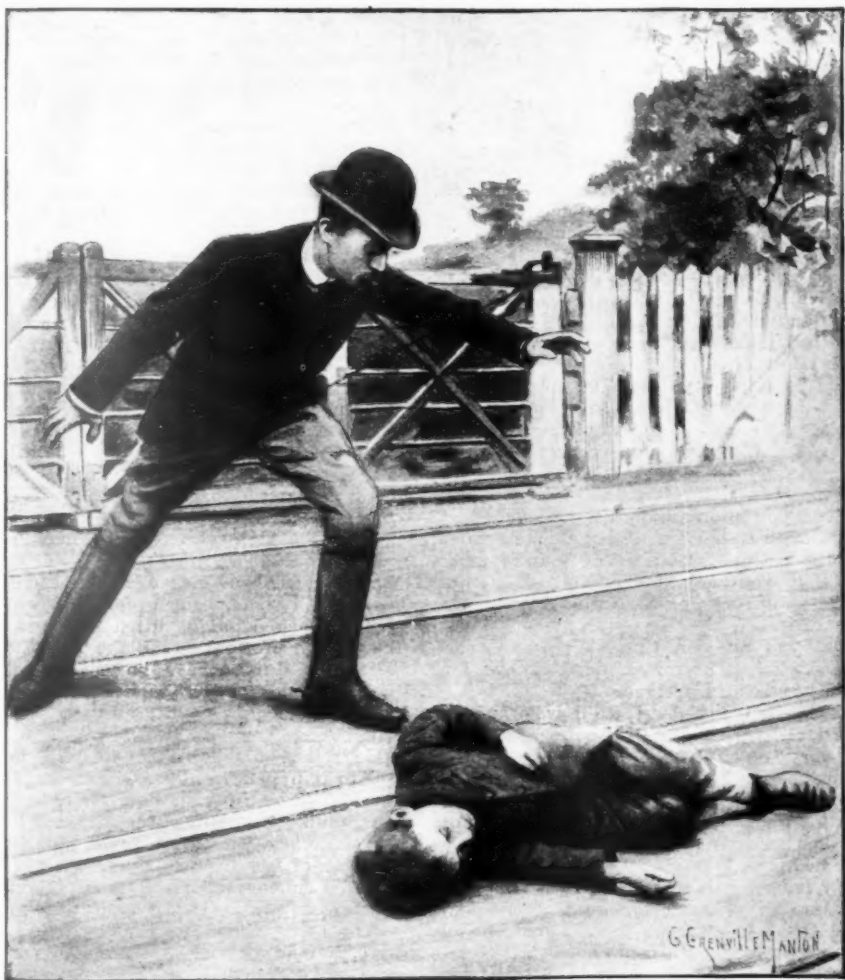
CHAPTER IV.

IN PERIL ON THE LINE.

FOUR months had passed, and Sara was once more in Twychester.

Blake Curtis had been to see her in London, many times. She was always pleased to meet him, and about his feelings there could be no doubt. Yet X, Y, Z was not reached. Sara could not make up her mind. And Blake loyally kept his promise. He did not hurry her.

Perhaps he was getting impatient. Perhaps it was Sir Richard, not Blake, who pulled certain wires, which resulted in Sara's early return to Twychester. A suggestion was enough to set going that fussy little Precincts lady, Miss Hart. Blake had wisely made



Would Blake be in time?

himself pleasant to her; and she was ready now to declare, not only that he was "a most agreeable young man," but that "for her part she had always said so."

So letters were written; and here was Sara, receiving as before an effusive welcome.

"My dear, I'm delighted. So good of you to come. And so sweet of your father to spare you. Yes, I really wanted cheering up, don't you see? I've been very dull. It's the weather, I suppose, but that's better now. Well, dear childie, and how are you? And you've seen your friend Mr. Curtis in town, I'm told. Ah—Sara! Sara!"

"He has been to call on us."

"And nothing more come of it. Why! dear me, we all thought— But I assure you he is really quite nice, when he chooses. I always did say there was something good in him—underneath, you know. Well, now I've got a piece of news. I wouldn't write about it beforehand. An invitation."

Sara looked unconscious. "A dinner-party?"

"No, indeed. More than that. An invitation to Willston. Sir Richard has been getting up one of his delightful house-parties

for next week; and you and I are to go. The Hardys will be there, and the Kerrs, and—I don't know who else."

Silence.

"You'll come, my dear, of course."

"I think you ought to have told me before."

"But if I had—"

"If I had not heard about it from Sir Richard, I should not know what to do."

"You've heard from Sir Richard!"

"Yes."

"Then of course—you are going, all right." Miss Hart beamed. "And of course you understand what that *means*."

"It means nothing."

"My dear child!"

"Sir Richard says so. He was afraid I should keep away. He wrote to say that this should bind me to nothing. All he wishes is that his son and I should become better acquainted. If I felt that it would bind me, I would refuse."

"Then you know he does want—that?"

Sara smiled slightly. "Sir Richard would like it, I think. I'm telling you so much, only that you may understand. You must not tell anybody else. Nothing may ever come of it."

"But you like Mr. Curtis?"

"Yes. I like him. I don't know how much. And till I feel sure—"

"Well, well, my dear, we'll wait and see. It will all come right in time." Miss Hart was very much afraid of saying a word which should frighten Sara off from the proposed visit.

Next week the house-party came off. Weather proved splendid, and amusements abounded. A pleasanter three days could hardly have been arranged. Blake was much the same as usual; cold, indifferently polite to all the ladies except to one, and entirely absorbed in her. He paid, however, certain attentions to Miss Hart, as to Sara's friend and hostess; and Miss Hart plumed herself thereupon.

Sara was quiet, gentle, almost shy, and disposed to keep, so far as might be, in the background.

The three days were stretched to a week. Sir Richard persuaded most of his guests to stay on. Such an extension was unusual in a Willston house-party. People generally left on the day first named.

"It's all Sara," whispered one. "It's solely on account of Miss Lewis," murmured others. But no one hinted anything of the kind to Sara herself. Her gentle little air of dignified unconsciousness kept remarks at bay. She bore her honours, too, so sweetly, that everybody liked her.

"He'll have his wish in the end, I believe,"

Canon Hardy said to his wife. "I hope he may. Curtis is a first-rate fellow—when one knows him. And she is a charming girl. He couldn't do better."

Blake himself could feel no certainty of coming success. He had still to wait. The week came to an end; and Sara gave no satisfying token. She was indeed quieter, and perhaps less cordial in manner, than when he had seen her in town. He began to be depressed.

"I want you to come for a ride this morning," he said to her, on the last day before the break-up of the party. There was a touch of determination in his tone. It was the outcome of a growing despair; but it was also the wisest tone that he could have adopted with Sara at that particular stage. "I am sure you will not refuse me. No, no," as she looked at him in doubt. "It means nothing. It shall mean nothing. I will not try to bind you down one moment before you wish to be bound. But you will come?"

Sara yielded to the resolute manner. "If you like," she said.

They started at eleven, none other of the party with them. The groom following was soon dismissed. Sara lifted her eyes again, in a dumb protest, and Blake met the look.

"Once! Just once!" he said. "I must have you to myself for once. It may be never again. Are you afraid, Miss Lewis? Cannot you trust me?"

He reined his horse in smartly, and she had to rein hers in also. One moment before she had been thinking how plain he was!—how unlike her long-cherished ideal! Now, as she met the dark eyes, stern with strength of feeling, she became vividly aware that other characteristics were of infinitely greater moment. If the man were indeed, as by this time she had reason to believe, a man of truth, of honour, of kindness, a good man, one on whom she might confidently depend, one who would live for God and for his fellow-creatures, did it then matter so very much if her girlish dreams of form and feature were not strictly realised in the person of her future husband?

But did she care enough for him?

That was the main question. Not only, what was he in himself? but what was he to her? Was her feeling for him—love? Trust, undoubtedly. How about *love*?

These thoughts must have flashed through her mind with great speed, for she scarcely kept him waiting six seconds for a reply.

"I do trust you," she said steadily. "I was only afraid that you might—perhaps—think—"

"If you can trust me, you have no reason to be afraid."

"I will not, be afraid."

"Thanks!" and they rode on again in silence.

Presently they were descending a gentle slope towards the railway. "One of your level crossings," Sara remarked, trying to be at her ease. "You have so many of them about here. What a pretty view! The autumn colouring is lovely."

Nobody at first was in sight. Then a girl, young and somewhat deformed, might be seen coming through the opposite gate. She walked heavily, holding by the hand a stout boy of five or six, who seemed to be strenuously resisting her pull.

"Come on—come on—don't lag so," she was saying, in a high-pitched voice. The words could be clearly heard. "We'll soon be home. I'm tired too. Make haste, there's a good boy."

She cast a glance up and down the line, so far as could be seen from where she stood, and started to cross. The boy allowed himself to be drawn across the first rail, and then plumped down upon the ground, actually sitting upon the second rail of the line farther away from Sara and Curtis. His feet were stuck out in front, and he broke into a dismal howl. When the girl tried her best to drag him up, he collapsed flat upon his back.

"Oh, look! They ought not to stay there," exclaimed Sara.

Blake, having his attention absorbed by his companion, had not till this moment noticed what was going on. "Hallo!" he said. "That won't do."

As he spoke the words he saw, and Sara saw, a train approaching, hidden from the girl by a curve in the iron road, but clearly visible to the riders.

Blake raised a shout. "Hallo! Get off that!" he called loudly, as he urged his horse nearer. "Hi! Hallo! Make haste!"

But the boy obstinately clung to the spot, and the girl tugged at his arm in vain.

Not yet did she see how near death was drawing to them both. And Sara had not instantly realised the imminence of their peril. At first she supposed the train to be upon the nearer line of rails. An abrupt change in Blake's tone opened her eyes.

"Stop here!" he said imperiously. "Sara! draw in!—stay where you are! Keep back, I order you."

Then as she flushed up, but instinctively obeyed with a pull at her reins, he spurred fiercely towards the gate, leaped from the saddle, tossed the reins over the post, and sprang upon the line.

Then Sara understood, and the blood rushed to her heart in a swirling tide, leaving her face colourless.

Time for thought seemed to be reduced to a minimum. Yet she did think, only not of herself. She had checked her steed's onward start, but the action was involuntary. Her whole attention was riveted on Blake. In one instant she knew, as by the revelation of a lightning-flash, that if he were slain her life would be void. Only a few months indeed had passed since first she met Blake Curtis! But existence without him—

He was bounding in strong leaps across the rails, shouting something which she could not translate into words. Evidently the girl understood, for with a shrill cry of terror she started aside, out of danger.

The train was tearing round the curve, awfully close at hand. A whistle sounded, and as Sara learnt afterwards, the engine was reversed. But the space between it and the boy was far too small for any hope of his escape.

Would Blake be in time? And if in time, could he possibly move that heavy child before the iron wheels overtook him? Was he to be crushed out of life, there, before her very eyes?

Sara did not scream. The tension was too great. The agony was too intense. Without knowing what she did, she let the reins fall upon the horse's neck—fortunately she rode a quiet animal—and held out both hands wildly.

"Oh, Blake!—Blake! Oh, God, have mercy!—save him!"

Her dazzled sight could make out nothing clearly. Yet without seeing she seemed to know what others saw, the extraordinary coolness and strength and dexterity with which he swept up the boy, and flung himself and his burden clear of the line. In time!—but only in time! As his feet touched the ground the train thundered past behind him.

"All right!" he called cheerfully, and he waved his handkerchief as a signal to Sara.

Then he dashed across, and reached Sara, to find her white as a sheet, panting and shuddering, with hands clasped together.

"Were you very much startled?" he asked.

As she slid helplessly from the saddle he caught her in his strong arms, and would have laid her on the ground, but she clung to him with the tenacity of a scared child. Yet though half-unconscious, though quite unaware of this vehement clutch, Sara was oddly awake to the fact that on his face no change of colour might be seen, no sign was visible to show that he had just had the narrowest possible escape from death.

"My darling," he said, and his lips were very near to the pale cheek; yet still he restrained himself. "My darling, were you so frightened?"

"Oh, Blake, I thought you would be killed!" she sobbed.

HYMN TUNES WITH A HISTORY.



WRITING just fifty years ago, the Rev. W. H. Havergal declared that the distinctive character of the old Church tunes had even then "long been out of common recollection." The

statement was perhaps a trifle exaggerated—for there has never been a time when a certain proportion of the old tunes has not been in popular use.

Before proceeding to deal with individual specimens of these old-time hymn- and psalm-tunes it may be well, especially in view of our musical illustrations, to say a word or two about the early practice of assigning the melody to the tenor. The custom would appear to have arisen in Reformation times from a desire to render unisonous singing in the congregation more agreeable to lovers of harmony. The devout musician, leaving the melody to be sung with all simplicity and fullness, employed a few superior voices to encompass it with harmony, two parts being always added above the melody and one below. The practice survived as late as the close of the eighteenth century, when it is seen in Harrison's "Sacred Harmony," a work which was long the authority in Lancashire. Even when Webbe issued the third edition of this "Collection of Psalm Tunes"—a work first published in 1808—he speaks of having been "apprehensive that its circulation would be considerably impeded by deviating from the common, but absurd, usage in works of this kind of converting the melody into the tenor, and of employing only the treble or G clef for the three parts above the bass." The modern method

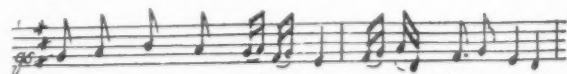
assumes that the singers shall be proportionately distributed among the various parts; the ancient method was based upon the conviction that the great majority of the people would sing the melody only, while the harmony was meant to afford scope for the attainments of the skilful few, and thus became merely a graceful appendage.

And now let us look at one or two of the old tunes. Suppose we begin with the Easter Hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," with its florid "Alleluias." The history of this stirring melody, which still holds

The Resurrection.



Jesus Christ is Risen to Day Halleluiah



Our triumphant Holiday Halleluiah.



Who so layeth on the Cross Halleluiah



Suffered to redeem our loss Halleluiah.



FH Souleport

TUNE AS GIVEN IN "LYRA DAVIDICA."

its own in spite of attempts to supersede it, has been, and continues to be, somewhat unfortunate. In Dibdin's "Standard Psalm Tune Book," published in 1852, we read of it: "Dr. Rimbault has seen this tune in the 'Lyra Davidica,' by Walsh, 1708, where the composition is ascribed to Henry Carey. A note in Callcott's 'Musical Grammar'—a work noticeable for its careful editorship—confirms the Doctor's statement. The common prefix of Worgan's name to the tune is therefore erroneous." Alas! yes. And so is the ascription of the tune to Carey! Whatever Rimbault may have seen, no composer's name is given in the "Lyra Davidica," nor is Carey mentioned at all. It is strange to note with what tenacity the name of Dr. Worgan has clung to this old melody. As a matter of fact, the tune appeared sixteen years before Worgan was born. How it ever came to be associated with his name has long been a puzzle to those who know the real facts of its history. The following is an exact reproduction of the tune as it was first printed in the "Lyra Davidica" of 1708.

The hymn, it may be added, is followed by "A Resurrection Dialogue" of ten stanzas to the same tune. It is much to be regretted that the name of the composer of so popular a melody cannot be ascertained, but it is really time that we had heard the last of Dr. Worgan's name in connection with it.

Another hymn-tune of a somewhat kindred character has also had a confused history. We refer to "Helmsley," so long associated with the Advent Hymn, "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending." Musicians rightly point to the somewhat boisterous style of this tune as a reason for supplanting it, but "Helmsley" keeps its place notwithstanding. It is certainly melodious, and it represents a part of the historical life of the Church, which must be allowed to count for something. And, after all, its vulgarity is, perhaps, to some extent imaginary; for the popular misconception of the tune's having been derived from a hornpipe melody leads the popular mind to see what it expects to see. At any rate, the notion is exceedingly unfair to the tune; for instead of "Helmsley" having been adapted from the hornpipe, the hornpipe was very likely adapted from "Helmsley"! The statement usually made is this: that "Helmsley" traces its origin to a hornpipe danced by Miss Catley in *The Golden Pippin*, produced at Covent Garden in 1773. Now this is very easily disposed of, because

"Helmsley" was published by John Wesley in 1765, under the name of "Olivers," thus preceding *The Golden Pippin* by eight years. The tune, according to a tradition among musical Wesleyans, was the composition of Thomas Olivers, one of John Wesley's travelling preachers; and as it bears his name in a collection issued by Wesley himself while Olivers was alive, there is no reason to doubt the tradition.

The tune, it may just be added, was first called "Helmsley" in the Lock Hospital collection of 1769, published by Madan, the chaplain of that institution, who was a cousin of William Cowper. As usually harmonised it is somewhat weak, but under the clever hands of the late



THOMAS OLIVERS.

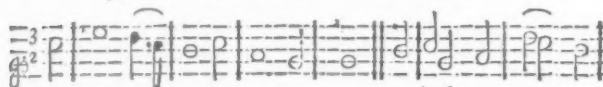
Henry Smart (see his "Choral Book") it is transformed into a stirring and dignified melody. There is another fine arrangement in Hugo Pierson's little-known oratorio, *Jerusalem*.

In the ever-popular "Wareham" we have a fine old tune, constructed, with one exception, from consecutive notes of the scale. The composer of "Wareham," William Knapp, was born at the little Dorsetshire town from which the tune takes its name. One of the editions of

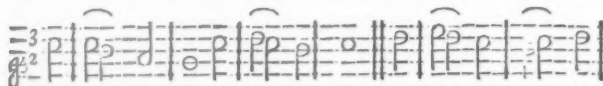
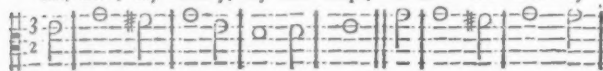
his "Sacred Harmony" contains a steel portrait of the composer, with the inscrip-

appears for the first time in Knapp's "Sett of New Psalm Tunes and Anthems

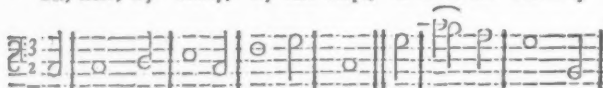
Wareham Tune. PSALM XXXVI, Verses 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. For the HOLY SACRAMENT.



But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope, a--bove the heav'n-ly



But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope, a--bove the heav'n-ly



6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains, unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are :

7 Thy Providence the World sustains, the whole Creation is thy Care.

7 Since of thy Goodness all partake, with what Assurance should the Just

Thy shel'ring Wings their Refuge make, and Saints to thy Protection trust !

Continued.

FROM KNAPP'S "SETT OF NEW PSALMS, TUNES AND ANTHEMS."

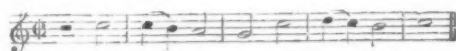
(The tune is in the third line.)

tion, "Guil. Knapp, ætat. 54, A.D. 1753." He was therefore born in 1698 or 1699. Very little seems to be known regarding him. He is said to have been organist of one of the Wareham churches, but the statement wants confirmation. What is known with certainty is that he settled at the neighbouring town of Poole, and was parish clerk of St. James's Church there for a period of thirty-nine years. He died in 1768, and was buried at Poole, "somewhere near the old town wall," according to one of his descendants now (or recently) living in Manchester. There is a curious reference to him in a pamphlet published in 1743 by "a land waiter in the Port of Poole." The writer prays to be delivered from certain terrible things—"From Pope and Swift, and such-like men, and Cibber's annual lay"; from doctors' bills and lawyers' fees, and so on—

"And what is ten times worse than these:
George Savage and Will Knapp."

Savage was sexton of the parish, which explains the uncomplimentary reference to him; in Knapp's case the matter is not so plain. But as to "Wareham." The tune

in four parts, on various occasions," 1738. It is wedded to Psalm xxxvi., "for ye holy sacrament," is in key C, and, like all the tunes of its time, has the melody in the tenor. In 1754 Knapp published another collection under the title of "New Church Melody." Here "Wareham" reappears as "Blandford," and in common time. It is now set to "Psalm 139th, New Ver., A 4 voc.," and over the music we have this direction: "The above and ye following tune are set in the two natural keys, viz.: one the natural \flat key, and C fa ut the natural \sharp key, and when sung, to be repeated every line." The first line of "Blandford" will give an idea of the transformation:



The melody is slightly altered, and the harmonies are entirely different.

"Bedford" is another of our old tunes which takes its name from the place of residence of its composer. William Weale—or as his name is sometimes given, Wheall—graduated Mus. Bac. at Cambridge, in 1719, and that is the first we hear of him. He was organist of St. Paul's Church, Bedford, and probably received that appointment when the organ was erected there by Gerard Schmidt in 1715. Weale is generally represented as having died in 1745, but a recent examination of the burial records of St. Paul's, Bedford, shows that he died in September, 1727. It seems to be impossible to fix the date of the first appearance of "Bedford." It is more than probable that the tune was printed during the lifetime of its composer, but the most industrious antiquaries can find no notice of it until it appears in the "Psalm Singer's Companion" of 1729. It has a place in Michael Broom's "Choice Collection of Psalm Tunes," published

at Isleworth, Middlesex, about 1731, where it is assigned to "W. Weale, organist of Bedford, B. of M." Again, in Matthew Wilkins' "Book of Psalmody," published also about 1731, it appears with certain quaint syncopations, which have now, of course, entirely disappeared. Here is the first line in this version:



There is a similar syncopation at the close of every line; in the original version these syncopations occur only in the second and fourth lines. "Bedford," it need hardly be said, has been tinkered like every other old melody. The harmonies have been altered very freely; but this is a small matter compared with the change which is sometimes made from triple to quadruple time. It is matter for regret that the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have perpetuated the common-time version; there is no authority whatever for it, any more than for the extra passing note which is invariably added in the penultimate bar of the melody. It is interesting to note that Weale's tune was played hourly by the chimes of St. Paul's, Bedford, from the middle of last century until the bells were taken down some years ago for repair of the tower.

And that reminds us of another of our favourite old tunes. Next to the Old Hundredth, "York" was once the most popular Church tune in England. Sir John Hawkins, writing in 1776, said of it: "Within memory half the nurses of England were used to sing it by way of lullaby, and the chimes of many country churches have played it six or eight times in four-and-twenty hours from time immemorial." The tune appears first in the Scottish Psalter of 1615, where it bears the curious name of "The Stilt." Some ingenious individual suggests that this name may have been given to it from the peculiar stilt-like progression of the intervals in the opening line! When Ravenscroft printed it in his "Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621, he expressed an opinion that it was "a northern tune," yet it was he who called it "York." There is a general belief that the tune was the com-

position of John Milton, the father of the poet; but all that Milton did was to "compose it into four parts"—that is, harmonise it—for Ravenscroft. It is a pity that we cannot ascribe the melody to Milton, for he is remembered specially on account of his faculty for music, and his abilities in that direction are celebrated by his son in a Latin poem. He had an organ and other instruments in his house, and much of his spare time was given to musical study and recreation. The tune "York" is, however, presumably of Scottish origin, since it appeared for the first time in an Edinburgh psalter. We have thought it more interesting in this case to give it as it stands in Ravenscroft, for the sake of Milton's harmonies. These harmonies, it need hardly be added, have not always been respected by editors.

The last tune that we shall have space to deal with is the venerable "Tallis's Canon," so long associated with Ken's "All praise to Thee, my God, this night." About the year 1557, during his exile, Archbishop Parker completed his versification of the Psalms. Some three years afterwards the volume was printed, but it was never actually published, and only four or five copies are known to be in existence. It is a fortunate circumstance that the work has survived at all, inasmuch as from it we get not only the "Canon," but also the fine old common-metre tune known

Psalm 66. CANTUS. John Milton.

Ye men on earth in God reioyce, with praise set forth his name:

Extoll his might with heart and voyce, giue glory to the same.

Yorke Tune. TENOR, or Playn Song.

Ec men on earth in God reioyce, with praise set forth his name:

Extoll his might with heart and voyce, giue glory to the same.

FROM RAVENSCROFT'S "THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS WITH TUNES."

generally as "Tallis's Ordinal." There were in all nine tunes in the Parker Psalter, one in each of the eight modes, and a tune for the "Veni Creator," all by Tallis. The composer thus quaintly characterises the eight:

"THE NATURE OF THE EYGH TUNES.

1. The first is meeke: devout to see,
2. The second sad: in majesty.
3. The third doth rage: and roughly brayth,
4. The fourth doth fawne: and flattery playth,



THOMAS TALLIS.

5. The fifth delighth: and laugheth the more,
6. The sixt bewayleth: it weepeth full sore,
7. The seventh tredeth stoute: in froward race,
8. The eighte goeth milde: in modest pace."

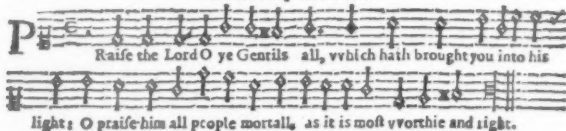
"The Tenor of these partes be for the people when they will syng alone, the other partes put for the greater queers [choirs], or to suche as will syng or play them privately."

The "milde eighte" is the tune which afterwards became known as "Tallis' Canon." It will be seen that the original is twice as long as the present form, each section being repeated before proceeding to the next. Moreover, the tenor leads in the canon, whereas now the soprano leads. It was Ravenscroft who reduced the tune to its present dimensions, when he set it to "A Psalm before Morning Prayer," in his collection of 1621. After that, it soon became shockingly corrupted: the melody was altered, the canon was omitted, and passing notes *ad nauseam* were introduced. It was called "Brentwood," "Evening Hymn," "Magdalen," "Suffolk," and one knows not what else; and, as Dr. Rimbault once said, hardly could it be recognised in its unredeemed vulgarity. Happily we have long since got back to nearly the original form of the tune, and now there is as little chance of its being mangled as there is of the fine old hymn to which it is sung being "edited."

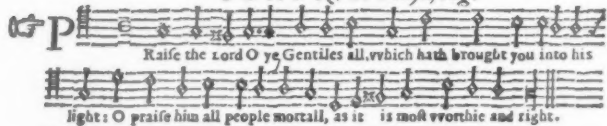
J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

260 A Psalm before Morning Prayer. CANTVS. T. Tallis.

Cannon 2. parts in one.



TENOR, or Playnsong.



For he is full determined,
on vs to poure out his mercy:

And the Lords truth be ye assured,
abideth perpetually.

"A PSALME BEFORE MORNING PRAYER."

DEAN VAUGHAN: AS I KNEW HIM.

By One of his Old Boys.

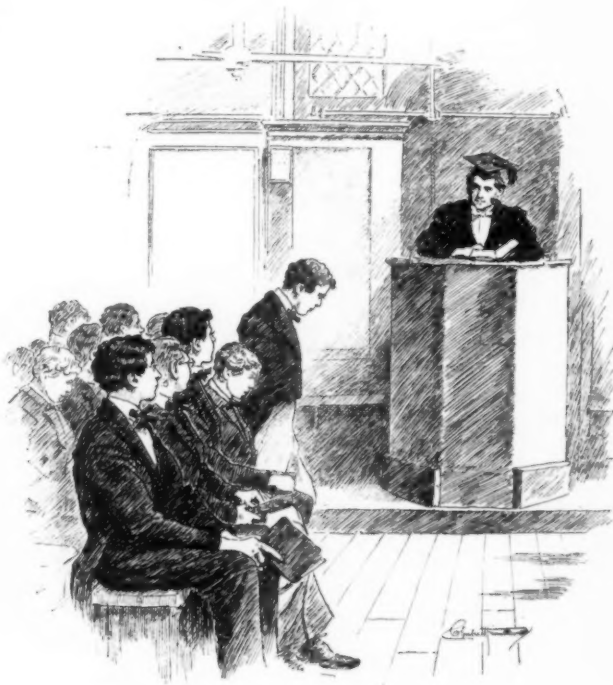
HERE were few men of those who have recently "left us"—I do not speak of the living—more thoroughly loved than "Vaughan of Harrow." The man himself, his unvarying freshness, his sympathy, his kindnesses, his unselfishness, his intimate recollection of all individuals with whom he had to do, and the happy way in which he kept up recol-

lections and relations, are imprinted on the memory and framed in love.

Like many others, I first saw him in the study of the headmaster's house at Harrow, and though it is well over forty years ago, I think I can recall even words and gestures with perfect accuracy, so profound was the impression he left on me. I remember that the first thing which struck me was the wonderful neatness of the man—everything about him seemed to be so exactly what and where it ought to be; then there was his marvellous voice, so weak yet so strong, sweet yet firm—I never heard such another. I was astonished at his interest in our home surroundings, and at the way in which he immediately found points of common ground with my father—a perfect stranger to him—and then, turning to me, he asked some questions about the inner working of the school from which I came, and told me

some incidents about some of my old school-fellows who were then at Harrow. Verily I began to think he knew everything, and I worshipped him accordingly.

It was in my second term that he gave me two proofs of his own strong notions of honour, and his expectations of finding the same value attached to it by others. It was "Billy's" week for calling "bill," and it was popularly supposed that his method was after rattling the names over with a speed which only long practice could give, to mark at random some twenty names as absentees. At any rate, one morning I, who had up to that date prided myself on never having been absent from a "bill" or half-holiday calling over, was ordered with some eighteen more to Dr. Vaughan at twelve. I can now recall the trembling tone in which I replied to the question, "Where were you at four



"Vaughan began to question me."

o'clock bill yesterday?" "I was there, sir"—a statement which was repeated by the whole eighteen. "Very strange," said the Doctor. "I must consult Mr. O——. Come to me again at six." On our second appearance we were told that "Billy" could not positively declare that we were none of us there, he "might have made some mistakes." "So," said the Doctor, "every boy who tells me on his honour that he was there yesterday will be treated as having been present; I shall trust your word." It was quite enough for us; those who had really been absent said so, and got their punishment; the others were treated as being present. As one of the real culprits said majestically, "I should feel worse, if I took in poor old Vaughan after that, than I shall feel doing my lines."

The second case was a lesson to myself personally. I was in the second shell, and we were actively engaged three afternoons a week in murdering the "Alcestis." For the only time in my recollection, I was unfairly fagged as boy-in-the-house, being sent on a troublesome errand twice, though I protested that I did not know my work for third school. I went up to school with about half the lesson learnt, and was horrified at hearing "the second shell are to go to Dr. Vaughan." To make matters worse, I was head of the form, and I felt that something would be expected of me. Things went on very well for a bit; the boys who were put on knew something about it, and I was able unhesitatingly to answer the questions that came my way. I began to breathe more freely; the time was almost up, the lesson nearly finished; indeed, they had got very much farther than I had. Vaughan was actually closing his book, when a new idea struck him. "We have a few minutes more," he said; "let me hear how your head remove can deal with this rather difficult bit." It

was terrible; there were all sorts of strange words, wicked dialects, and apparently impossible constructions. I made a gallant start, a dash, a hash, came a fearful cropper in my agony over a word that I did not know, and stood silent, looking and feeling an idiot, and expecting I knew not what. Vaughan began to question me as to whether I had looked at the lesson, and I replied that I had not got as far, whereupon he demanded the reason; and on my replying that I would rather not give it, he asked whether it concerned myself alone; I said "No." Then said he, "Have you given as much time to the lesson as in your opinion it was in your power to give?" I replied quite honestly that I thought so. Then said he, "Did anything unforeseen deprive you of the time that you had

a right to expect?" I again answered with a clear conscience, "Yes, sir, but I cannot say what it was." "Then," said the Doctor, "I think we shall do well to consider that the lesson ended when I was about to end it just now. Of course, I take your word." The lesson was not lost on the form; one thorough scamp said, "It's an awful shame to lie to Vaughan, for he always believes you; and, besides, you do feel such a beast." I do not feel certain that the Doctor did always believe, but I am sure he knew that his method made nine boys out of ten, if they told him a lie under such circumstances, "feel a beast."

He had a very quiet way of administering a reproof for an offence that he did not consider very serious. A regular rule was read out every term, "No boy may carry plates or dishes through the streets." This rule, like its twin brother which forbade the wearing of rings, pins, or studs, was more honoured in the breach than the observance. It was intended to deter the fifth and sixth forms from indulging in hot meat for breakfast and tea, but nothing was farther from



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE LATE DEAN VAUGHAN.

our thoughts than going without these luxuries. Winkley used to roll up sausages or kidneys cunningly in mashed potatoes with the juice inside, and the whole, after an interval of white paper, was made up into a respectable-looking brown paper parcel. One summer evening I was going home to tea the proud possessor of many sausages wrapped in the orthodox potato cover, when I was joined by no less a person than the Head Master; he talked most pleasantly, and I should have enjoyed the walk except for the sausages. At length we reached my "house," and he left me with a very cordial "Good evening," but when I had just got in at the door he called out as if in alarm, "R—, do you know your parcel is smoking?" Ten years afterwards, when I was sitting next to him at dinner at Doncaster, he reminded me of the circumstance, telling me, what of course I knew, that he "twigged" the nature of the articles carried, but did not very much mind. He was greatly amused at hearing of the orthodox method of putting the parcels together, but still more amused to hear from another of the guests, who had been head of his own house, that the boys used to get their hot meat from Fuller's, opposite, in a concertina case, and so bring it undetected in front of his very study windows.

I think few who heard him in chapel would ever forget him. Though there were finer voices to be heard there was such an intense devoutness in his, as I have implied before, that it was one of the greatest treats to hear him read the service; indeed, if there was anyone considered by us his equal in reading it was the present Dean of Canterbury. And then his sermons. You had to attend whether you wished to or not; you were thoroughly enchained, and even the most careless fellows would attend to him; indeed, I remember getting a terrible kicking from just such a one because, being very seedy, I went to sleep, much to my disgust, during the last sermon but three that he preached in the school chapel. But those sermons live in one's memory now. Who that heard his sermon on "Son, remember," did not long remember it? Also, "Two are better than one"; and I have come across many in late years who would discuss as if it were a thing of yesterday his solemn, parting words on "Yet once more."

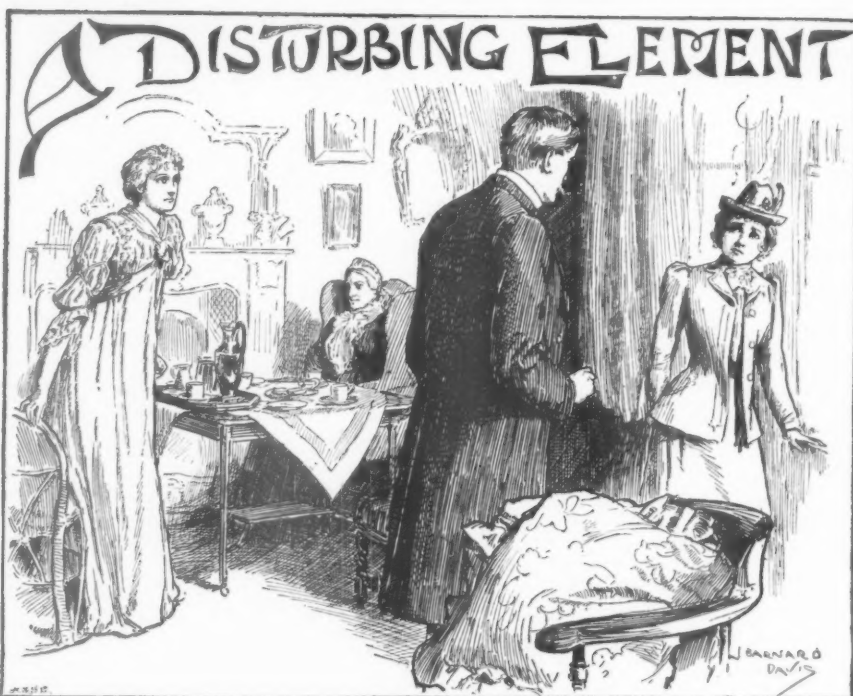
And the strange thing seemed to be that

he never forgot one. I wrote to him when he was at Doncaster, telling him of an approaching change in my life; the next post brought me an urgent invitation to go up and see him. Then I was told that I was to take my turn to sit up with him one evening before he went to bed, and I shall never forget that evening. "Will you have some bread and milk, like a little child—like me?" he asked, and was delighted as I accepted his invitation; and then he talked words of such love and wisdom, words that have been a help and guide through much of "life's rough way."

Then in after life, though I often wrote to him—always for advice—I never but once failed to receive a reply in his own hand by return of post, and that solitary occasion, when I think it was three days before the reply came, it was because he had in the meanwhile written for some information which should make his advice more useful. Many men have left their stamp on this generation, but I doubt if any has left a wider and deeper influence than Charles John Vaughan.



"Do you know your parcel is smoking?"



He turned to the little figure at the window.—p. 1114.

A Complete Story. By Margaret Westrup.

CHAPTER I.



EIL ARMSTRONG'S blue eyes twinkled, but he listened gravely to the advice that was being given to him by the pretty little woman on the other side of the fireplace. His cousin Dorothy as a British matron was such a joke. They had been good friends since her babyhood, but he had not seen her since her marriage, till now.

But Dorothy had been married four months and a half, and so was entitled to give herself little matronly airs and him matronly advice.

"Bachelors are so helpless, poor things," she said later on to her husband, and he, being a particularly happy Benedict, agreed

heartily. "Yes, Neil," she said, in her little emphatic way, "you really ought to get married. You would be so much happier. I went into your studio this morning, and, my dear boy!" holding up two beringed little hands, "well, really, it cried out for a wife, Neil!"

"The studio? Oh, I thought it was I who was to get married."

Dorothy shook her head sadly.

"The young men of to-day," she remarked, sententiously, "are inclined to be too frivolous."

Neil's blue eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Yes," he said meekly.

She nodded.

"You would have someone to sympathise with you about your work," she went on; "it would be a help. You know what some-one says, Neil—'Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one.' I think everyone ought to marry. I do not speak ignorantly, you know. It is a success—two are always better than one, and I speak from experience, you see."

"Four whole months' experience," said Neil, "isn't it?"

"Over four months; nearly five!"

"Dear me!"

She glanced at him swiftly, but the deep evening dusk hid his tell-tale eyes.

"More tea?" she said, and on receiving his "No, thanks," plunged back into the subject so dear to her. "Of course," she said, "Tom is a man in a thousand——"

"Of course. And you a woman in a thousand."

"Oh, no, I know Tom is too good for me. Oh, yes, he is, but as he seems content——" she laughed a little happy laugh, "look here, Neil," leaning towards him, "haven't you an ideal hidden away somewhere in that stony old heart of yours?"

"Why should I? Marriage has made you sentimental, Dorothy."

"Indeed it has not! It has made me sensible and practical. But you, an artist—tell me, Neil? Haven't you?"

The dusk was growing deeper. Neil bent forward, and looked into the red glow of the fire. Dorothy waited.

"Tall, stately, fair," he said in a low voice, "tranquil blue eyes—full of peace and gentleness. A woman who would always soothe—always move and speak softly—never be excitable and stormy—sweet and peaceful——" A coal dropped with a little clatter; he laughed and looked across at the dim figure in the easy chair opposite.

"Why," he said lightly, "you're making me as sentimental as you are yourself, Dorothy!"

Dorothy let the imputation pass in silence.

"She must be well-born, Neil," she said.

"That, of course, most worldly little matron."

She smiled triumphantly to herself in the dusk.

Then as he rose to his great height—"Must you go?" she said absently, "au revoir!" and she sat alone in the firelight and smiled again. "Oh," she murmured, "her very portrait! Tall, fair, stately, reposeful—oh! Neil, Neil, I'll make you happy yet!"

And then she picked up the kitten from the mat, and hugged it.

Of course, Tom knew all about it, and although he laughed and pinched his wife's little ear when she got as far as her dress for the wedding, he was nearly as much interested as she was. So when Neil Armstrong, big, cool, and handsome, strolled in at their next "at home," Tom and Dorothy both watched him anxiously, and a little smile passed between them as they saw Neil's eyes almost immediately fall on a fair, graceful woman in a low chair near the fire, and

stay there. Very soon Dorothy tripped up to him, and "Oh, Neil, I would like to introduce you to Margaret Winthrop," she said airily, "come along."

"I'm so comfortable here," he demurred, "which is she?"

"That fair girl in the dark blue velvet and furs."

He got up without another word. Dorothy left him on the lounge beside Miss Winthrop, and tripped about happily elsewhere.

He got on capitally with his companion, and when she rose to go, she gave him an invitation to call.

He called the next day, and it struck him that the slow, sweet smile, and the low voice that welcomed him would be very restful to live with.

"My mother is out; I am so sorry," she said gently. "Sheila, dear, this is Mr. Armstrong; my cousin, Miss O'Brien."

He looked down into the little dark face, and thought what a contrast this girl made to the other.

He sat down in the comfortable chair Margaret Winthrop indicated, and watched her long white hands amongst the little pink cups and saucers.

It was a beautiful room, soft and shaded and luxurious, with a faint scent lingering amongst the soft hangings and innumerable cushions. Instinctively his voice dropped to a low key as he spoke to her.

But across their peaceful murmurs a sweet clear young voice broke in that had nothing murmury about it. "Do you think it means to snow?" it said; and Neil frowned a little at the blatant interruption. He looked up into a pair of eyes that were startlingly blue in the little brown face, and for a moment he forgot to answer.

What were those big childish eyes full of? Mischief? No, it was mockery. Neil grew a little red.

"No," he said coldly, "I don't fancy it will."

He turned again to Margaret Winthrop. "You were saying——" he said, pointedly.

"Only that fires make a room look so comfortable," she said, in her slow, gentle tones.

"One in a room is quite enough for me," said the clear young voice. "I'm nearly roasted now."

"Why do you sit so close to it then, dear?"

"Oh, because I was cold."

Neil looked at the cross little face and smiled suddenly.

"If you will take my seat," he said rising, "you will find that screen——"

"It is needless, Mr. Armstrong," interrupted the soft low voice, "my cousin scorns a screen always; pray sit down."

Neil stood and looked at the little figure opposite him.

"I prefer to sit here," said the figure ungraciously, and Neil dropped back into his seat, and into his low-toned conversation with his beautiful young hostess.

But there was a disturbing element in the room. A little restless figure in blue worried him. It was rather a shabby little figure, too. He tried to draw her into the conversation, but she refused to be so drawn. Her answers were perverse and short, and she would not smile.

She bade him good-bye with the same gravity with which she had greeted him, and as Neil Armstrong went his way to his rooms his broad brow was puckered with thought.

Dorothy passing with Tom in a hansom, looked at him, and turned to Tom with a gay little laugh. "He's coming from her," she said, "and see how thoughtful he is!"

"Rather gloomy, isn't he, dear?" said Tom.

She screwed up her pretty mouth into a scornful little grimace. "Men don't understand these things," she said, superbly.

And Tom meekly acquiesced.

CHAPTER II.

THE next time Neil found himself in the long, softly-shaded drawing-room there was no discordant element to worry him. Only Margaret Winthrop and her gentle old mother, who sat by and looked harmonious, and said little. Margaret greeted him with low-toned sweetness, and he thought she looked very beautiful and restful in her long, pale, soft-falling tea-gown.

So when a breezy little intruder, in short walking skirt and business-like little coat and hat came gaily in, he turned rather impatiently to greet her.

"Bah! how stuffy it is in here," cried Sheila; "you haven't been out to-day, Margaret."

"You forget I have a slight cold, dear."

"It would do you good to go for a brisk walk. 'Tis lovely out."

"I am rather tired, dear. Do you think I ought to go out, Mr. Armstrong?"

He looked down into the appealing blue eyes.

"No; certainly not," he said. "If you have a cold I should not advise you to go out while it is so damp and cold."

She smiled at him softly.

"I am so glad you think as I do," she said; "Sheila is so very strong."

The trim little figure that was just settling down into a chair, jumped up quickly.

"Are you not going to have a cup of tea, my dear?" asked the gentle old mother.

"No, thanks. Don't look so surprised, Margaret. I believe you think one couldn't exist a day without tea!"

"But, dear, only yesterday you said you felt thirsty for the rest of the day if you missed your tea."

"So I did—yesterday. *Au revoir!*"

Neil opened the door for her, and as she passed under the heavy curtain she glanced up at him mockingly.

"Good afternoon," he said, mechanically.

She laid a slim little finger on her pretty, scornful mouth.

"Hush!" she murmured. "You spoke above a whisper!"—and she flitted out into the hall.

Neil went back into the drawing-room, and when he spoke he felt self-conscious.

He frowned angrily, and his voice grew aggressively loud. The door opened, and the trim little figure reappeared. He told himself it was out of place in this room, and he glanced approvingly at the long silken folds of Margaret's gown.

"I left my bunch of violets," said Sheila.

"They are on this table, I think," said Neil loudly, and suddenly a childish, silvery laugh rang out, and he smiled involuntarily into the mischievous gleeful eyes.

"What is it, Sheila dear?" asked Margaret.

"Oh—only something in my thoughts," answered the sweet voice, trembling a little with laughter.

"She was laughing at me, because I shouted so," said Neil calmly, "and she's going to have some tea after all, I think."

She glanced up at him wistfully.

"Sheila, you have left the door open," said Margaret.

The little brown face grew suddenly red. Neil hurried across and shut the door.

"I—no, I do not think I will have any, thank you—"

"If you want it, do have it, dear, but we must have some fresh made; this is quite cold—"

"Oh, no, please—no, I do not want any—"

"Let me ring," persisted Neil.

"We can have some fresh made, Sheila dear, if you care for it, but you said so emphatically that you did not want any, you see, that—"

"And I don't! Please, Mr. Armstrong, do leave off bothering me! I really don't need your help in making up my mind!"

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly.

He turned to Margaret, and bade her good-bye. He took his leave of the gentle old mother, and then he turned to the little figure at the window.

"Good-bye," he said, and held out his hand.

A little soft hand slid into his. "Good-bye," said the pretty voice, in a subdued key.

Neil looked at the small ruffled brown head turned away from him. "Er—good-bye," he said, thinking how small and cold the little hand felt in his.

"She drew it away. "Good-bye," she said again, but did not turn her head.

Now Neil was determined that she should look round at him. He did not quite know why, only he felt he wanted to see those blue eyes again before he left.

"Whereupon he suddenly ejaculated "Ah!" under his breath, as if he were hurt.

Instantly the dark little head darted round, and he saw the blue eyes—soft and misty with tears.

"What is it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing—er——"

"Is it snowing?" said Margaret's low voice at his shoulder. "No. I am so glad. I dislike snow so much."

Neil took his departure.

A few days later he was standing on the curb looking for a hansom. It was a horrible day, with melted snow and mud inches deep under foot, and a thick drizzling sleet was falling now. He turned his coat-collar up, and looked anxiously up and down the road, with his hands in his pockets. In front of him he saw a slim young figure struggling along in the snow and wind that he thought he recognised. He thought he must be mistaken, but he turned and strode after her. He soon overtook the figure, for it was getting along but slowly.

"Miss O'Brien!" he exclaimed.

Sheila looked up at him with never a smile in her pathetic little face.

"How do you do?" she said, breathlessly. "I can't shake hands," looking down at a big parcel in her arms, "and—I can't stop."

Neil took the parcel from her.

"Now you can," he said, gravely.

"It's heavy," said Sheila.

"Yes, it is; much too heavy for you to carry——"

"I'd rather," anxiously. "I'm so afraid you will drop it."

He smiled.

"We can't all be Hercules like you, of course," he said, "but still, I think I can manage to carry this all right."

They were walking on together.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, but it's glass. It is a great fruit dish—one of a set. The original one got broken; they had to make this one."

"And why did you have to fetch it? It's been snowing a long time; it's not fit for you to be out."

"Yes, but you see, there's the dinner party to-night—you are coming, you know—and Margaret wanted specially to have the dish, and she was afraid they wouldn't send in time——"

"Why didn't one of the servants go?"

"Aunt Mary did suggest it, but Margaret would not trust any but Parker—she was so afraid they would drop it."

"Why didn't Parker go, then?"

"Well—Margaret's dress needed some alteration——"

"So you were sent?"

She reddened a little and looked away.

"Was it snowing," he said slowly, "when you started?"

"Yes; but I don't mind snow much."

"Poor little girl."

It was the veriest murmur, and he did not mean her to hear.

But Sheila heard.

"The snow gets into my eyes," she said, with a little unsteady laugh, and she dashed her hand across them.

"Yes," he said, mechanically, and made a sign to a passing hansom. The man drew up and Neil helped her in, coolly disregarding all her expostulations, and then got in himself.

"Oh, but really——" she said.

"Really you are the most tiresome chattering young lady," finished Neil, "and ought not to have walked a step in all that mud and slush."

"Oh, but I am so *very* strong, you know," said Sheila, with a bitter little note in her sweet voice, and then she glanced up at him with swift repentance.

"Margaret will look so lovely to-night," she said, with apparent inconsequence, but Neil smiled to himself.

"Will she?" he said.

"Yes; of course, she is always lovely, but her gown—I won't tell you what it is—suits her so beautifully—the one she is going to wear to-night, I mean. You will have a treat."

"I expect I shall," said Neil, quietly, "unless I am snubbed again."

"*Snubbed?*" the wide blue eyes stared up at him incredulously. "Oh, but Margaret never snubs her—friends," suddenly stumbling and growing scarlet.

"Doesn't she? How good of her."

There was a pause.

"I meant you would have an *artistic* treat," went on Sheila, restlessly, "I'm glad I am not an artist—things must jar so." She laughed, but her eyes were grave.

At her door Neil got out, and saw her safely in.

"I'd like to thank you nicely," she said, earnestly, "you are so good—so kind—but I can't——"

"You have," said Neil gently, "good-bye."

"I—you see, Margaret is lying down," she burst out distressfully, "else——"

"I couldn't possibly come in, if that is what you mean, thanks. I'm going to hurry home in that cab. Good-bye—what, thanking me again? Good gracious, child, what have I done that you should thank me at all? If I have helped you a little—it is a privilege—the thanks are all on my side——"

"Oh, no," said Sheila, whimsically, "I'm not great lady enough to be able to feel like that."

That evening Neil sat beside Margaret, radiant in flowing white satin folds. It was a beautiful dinner, everything arranged most artistically, and everything soft and harmonious. There was no disturbing element. Neil himself seemed one when he turned abruptly to his beautiful neighbour and said abruptly, "Where is Miss O'Brien?"

The delicate pink in Margaret's cheek deepened as she answered softly:

"She does not care for dinners."

"She isn't ill?"

"Oh, no. Sheila is never ill."

"I thought she might have caught cold this afternoon. I met her out in the snow-storm."

"Did you? Oh, no, Sheila loves to be out in the snow."

Neil glared at a beautiful glass dish before him, full of luscious grapes.

Grapes were almost his favourite fruit.

But he did not have any that evening.

After the dinner, he called in to have a chat with Dorothy and Tom.

"You've had a good dinner, then," observed Tom, when he heard from whence he came.

"Oh, yes."

Dorothy's mouth curled scornfully.

"I suppose Margaret looked as beautiful as usual?" she said.

"Yes."

"What was she dressed in?"

"White."

"How lucid!" said Dorothy.

Neil smiled.

"Her eyes are nice," said Dorothy, after a pause. Woman-like, she could not leave the fascinating subject alone.

Neil was staring before him into a great bowl of violets.

"They are lovely," he said, quietly, "never the same two minutes together—pathetic—gleeful—sweet—stormy—but true—true as heaven—always——"

Dorothy's own eyes opened wide.

"Well," she said afterwards to Tom, "if he can find all that in Margaret Winthrop's still eyes, it won't be long before he proposes!"

CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL times after that Neil called on the gentle old lady and her daughter. He sat in the softly shaded room, and drank tea out of the little pink cups; and Margaret was very sweet, and the gentle old lady sat by and looked harmonious; and Neil found himself stifling yawns. He began to think a slow sweet smile and a slow sweet voice might grow monotonous.

It was all harmonious: there was no disturbing element—no restless little figure with a clear young voice that refused to murmur, and Neil found himself glancing eagerly at the door. He came across her one evening at a concert. Margaret greeted him very sweetly, but Sheila hardly noticed him; when she did it was to snub him. Neil turned his attention to Margaret, and when he spoke to Sheila again she looked at him frowningly, and "I do wish you would be quiet, Mr. Armstrong!" she said. "I don't come to a concert to talk."

Neil mildly pointed out that it was the interval.

"I did not say it wasn't," said Sheila, crossly, and quite inadequately.

When the concert was over he put them into their brougham. Margaret bent forward to smile and bow to him from the window, but Sheila did not appear.

He looked in at the window and made some trivial little remark. Margaret answered him, but the small figure huddled up in the corner did not move.

"Good-night, Miss O'Brien," he said.

"Good-night."

The light from a gas-lamp flashed into her face. Neil carried away an impression of utter gravity and crossness.

The next time he saw her she was looking in at the great draper's windows.

He greeted her gravely, remembering their last meeting.

She turned a radiant little face up to his.

"Come and help me, Sir Artist," she cried. "I am going to decide on a new winter costume."

"Yes?" he said, wondering at the change in her.

She nodded gaily.

"Money no object," she went on. "Now, what do you think of that brown cloth over there—with the sable trimmings?"

"No," he said; "not that."

"Well, how about that dark blue—over there to the right?"

He frowned dissatisfiedly. Then he looked down at her gravely.

"There's nothing there that will do," he said.

"Oh, good gracious! You are rather hard to please, are you not?"



"You didn't shake hands." he said, catching her up.—p. 1118.

"Sometimes. Let us walk on and look somewhere else."

"There!" he said at last; "that long, soft, grey-blue thing—have that, and some soft, whitey-fawn fur about it, and a big hat—a soft felt with feathers. You'd look—I wish you would have that."

"I would love to!" she said, with a longing sigh.

"Well, why not, then?"

She laughed sadly.

"I am a poor relation," she said.

He flushed.

"I beg your pardon; but, you see, you said—"

"Oh!" impatiently, "I was only pretending. I sometimes do. You've no idea what a greedy person I am. It," wistfully, "seems real for a little while—sometimes."

He felt a little lump come into his throat.

Suddenly she glanced up at him with mocking blue eyes.

"I could have had a lovely satin tea-gown to-day, if I had liked," she said.

"Didn't you like?"

She paused.

"It was that yellow one of Margaret's that you told her did not suit her," she said, evenly.

"I'm glad you didn't like," he said quietly.

She turned up her face to him, and he was surprised at the radiance in it.

"Some day," she cried, gaily, "when my ship comes home, I'll have a lovely grey-blue costume with fur, and a big hat. Oh! 't will be beautiful entirely!"

He smiled.

"Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Ah, now! what a question to ask an Irish girl!"

"And I'll know I am all correct," she went on demurely, "when a great artist like you has suggested my costume."

"I'd like to paint you in it," he said earnestly, "I'd like to paint you now—as you are."

"Me? Oh! I wouldn't make much of a picture!"

"Wouldn't you?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"Now Margaret—*she* would," she said.

He smiled to himself.

"Why wouldn't you come with Mrs. and Miss Winthrop to my studio last week?" he said suddenly.

She hung her head guiltily.

"I—didn't Margaret tell you I was going out?"

"Yes. Why wouldn't you come?" he repeated imperturbably.

"Oh, I—didn't Margaret tell you that I know nothing about pictures and art and so on?"

"Yes. You haven't answered my question yet."

She was silent.

Then, "Oh, Margaret is so clever—she always admires the right thing, and says the right thing—and then she says 'Shiela, dear!' when I make some stupid remark, and she is so sweet to her ad—to her friends, and I get cross, and I shout because she speaks in that low voice—and—and—oh, I am a bad-tempered girl entirely, and she—she's a girl out of a book—"

Her words burst forth, tumbling on top of each other, and she stopped abruptly, with a little catch in her breath.

Neil was silent.

Presently she glanced up with her old mocking expression.

"Poor Sir Artist," she cried, "having to listen to the bad temper of a discontented girl. Oh, please don't say anything polite," as he began to speak, "I'll take it all for granted."

"Will you come to my studio next week?" he said.

"No," crossly, "I told you I knew nothing about pictures, and—I'll say good-bye now."

"Mayn't I see you home?"

"I'd rather not, thanks. I'm used to my own company."

He looked down at her curiously.

"What a rude little thing you are," he said gently.

"Rude and bad-tempered!" she laughed mockingly; "don't I present a picturesque contrast to Margaret?"

"Yes."

Her eyes grew stormy.

"Thanks," she said, and turned away.

He strode after her.

"You didn't shake hands," he said, catching her up.

She turned swiftly and entered a shop.

Neil waited outside. He had to wait a long time.

Then the rather shabby little figure emerged and gave a start on seeing him.

"It must be nice to be thick-skinned," she said unkindly, and Neil grew red, and turned away without a word.

He called a few days later with some tickets for a concert.

Mrs. Winthrop and Margaret were out. He asked permission to come in and write a note, as the concert was for that very evening. He was shown into the study and left there.

Now as he wrote his note a sound smote on his ear. It was a very faint sound, but Neil's ears were keen. It was a sound like a suppressed little sob, and it came from the window seat behind the curtain. Neil got up and pulled the curtain aside. Then he gave a little cry full of tenderness, for huddled

up in the corner was a miserable little figure, and the eyes raised to his were drenched with tears, and all the mockery and crossness had gone from the pathetic little face. Something that flashed into the wet eyes at his little cry gave courage to Neil, and he bent down and gathered the little figure to him.

All her little prickles were washed away; she was soft and wistful and childlike. "Margaret said—you were amused—at me," she sobbed, "she said—anyone could see I—I—cared for you—and that you—laughed and—oh, you know you like her," struggling a little, "she is always—so sweet to you—and beautiful—and calm—and—"

"Uninteresting," supplemented Neil.

She put back her head and looked at him with wide eyes. Then she gave a happy little laugh, and Neil bent and kissed her.

"I never could see you cared for me," he said reproachfully. "I thought you disliked me, you cruel little witch, but you don't, do you, my sweet?"

"Not very much," she whispered.

"Sheila, tell me you love me, darling," he pleaded earnestly, "you are all the world to me—more than all the world—I will make you so happy—so happy. I love you so that you must be happy—say you love me, my little one—I want to hear you say it—and you have been so cruel to me, Sheila—"

She looked up at him earnestly.

"I have been horrid," she said remorsefully, "but Margaret drives me mad. When she began it all with you I felt so bad. She is always doing it—but you—were different. Oh, I will never be cross again—never, never! And I'm so happy. Oh, it isn't real—"

"Yes, it is, sweet, and you haven't said it yet."

So she said it.

Afterwards, when he sought Dorothy, she knew at once. She looked up at him with a little awe.

She had never seen him look like that before—never seen him with that light in his face. How handsome he was!

"Dorothy," and his voice sounded deeper with a new note of happiness in it, "I have something to tell you."

"Oh," she cried, "I know, Neil, I've known all along! I do hope you will be happy."

"Thanks, dear; I shall be happy," con-

tentedly, "and," earnestly, "please God I will make her happy—poor little soul!"

Then he smiled to himself as he thought of those eyes he had left, soft blue eyes so full of radiance and love that he had sworn passionately in his soul to keep them so—always.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "I don't see why you speak of her in that tone, and she won't be hard to please, I should think; she is very—very calm," lamely.

He stared at her.

"I should have called her anything but *that*," he said. "Why, she is the most impulsive, restless little mortal I ever saw."

Dorothy thought how nicely his voice softened as he spoke of her; then the sense of his words struck her.

"Goodness!" she ejaculated.

"Dorothy," said Neil, laughing rather shamefacedly, "do you remember that night when I told you my ideal?"

"Why, of course—"

"Well, please forget the rubbish I talked. What a fool I was to be sure!"

"But—but *why*, Neil?"

"Well, you see, she is so very different—what a milk-and-water, insipid creation the other was by-the-way—well, I couldn't have found a greater contrast if I had tried the world over—"

Dorothy sat erect.

"*Who* is it you are going to marry?" she demanded sternly.

"Why, Sheila O'Brien, of course!"

It took Dorothy some time to get over the shock.

"Men are so *tiresome*," she said, petulantly to Tom. "Fancy that *mean* Neil putting all my beautiful plans out like that! And I've actually promised (he looked so *nice*, Tom!) I've promised to be my nicest to that little brownie of a Sheila O'Brien!"

"Well," said Tom, philosophically, "he's got plenty of money, you know, darling, and she's well-born and all that—only poor, don't you know."

"Yes," said Dorothy pathetically; then she looked up with a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Margaret Winthrop is rather—monotonous, I think," she whispered.

"So do I," he answered, "and Sheila O'Brien—*isn't*!"

And then they laughed together.

GRACE AND TRUTH.

An Address to Boys. By R. Somervell, M.A., Assistant Master at Harrow School.

"And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."—ST. JOHN i. 14.



IN these words St. John sums up the impression, still fresh and vivid in his own old age, produced upon his mind by his Master — "Full of grace and truth."

Let us try for a few moments to realise what he means. "Grace." It is a word so rich in meaning that is a very hard one to define. If we say a man is full of pride, or courage, or conceit, we make ourselves easily understood. But what is it to be full of grace? Perhaps we can best understand what it means if we consider some of the adjectives in which the various aspects of grace are embodied.

"Graceful." We all know what is meant by a graceful act. It is not merely kind or generous. It is possible to do a kind or even a generous act and yet to pain the object of our kindness or generosity by our bluntness or clumsiness or want of consideration for his feelings. An act becomes graceful when to the kindness is added the thoughtful consideration and appropriateness that make the recipient of our favour almost forget he is receiving it. To confer a kindness as if you were receiving one—that is grace.

Again, we sometimes speak of a man as "gracious"; and we mean that, though he is raised above us in age, or rank, or learning, there is something in his manner that makes us forget our own inferiority and sets us at ease.

The adjective "grateful" embodies another aspect of grace. Some people take all the kindness that is shown them very much as a matter of course. Some commonplace expression of thanks they may bring themselves to utter; but it comes only from the lips. Grace is the warm feeling that rises in the heart, and kindles the eye, and prompts the tongue to something more than commonplace.

All that makes the wheels of life run smoothly, that spreads cheerfulness and good feeling and happiness around us—that is grace.

Now, of this grace, in its varied aspects, the life of our Lord was so full that it is hard to choose among all the instances one that is more striking than the rest. On one occasion He restored to life the little daughter of a ruler of the synagogue. This in itself was an act of grace, for the man, so far as we know, was an absolute stranger to Jesus. Conceive for a moment that one of us could have conferred such a kindness: how full we should have been of our own act, of the wonder and admiration we had excited, of the marvellous power we had exercised.

Jesus was apparently raised far above these reflections. Of such mean thoughts as too often mar our good deeds, He was apparently incapable. With a thoughtfulness that surpassed even that of the parents of the child, He turned to the admiring spectators, not to receive their thanks and congratulations, but to tell them not to forget to give the child something to eat.

A woman once, in her devotion to her Saviour, poured a box of most valuable ointment over His feet. It was an attention worthy of a prince, and so little in keeping with the simplicity and poverty of the life Jesus led that most of those who saw the act could only blame its misplaced extravagance, and suggest that the price of the ointment would have been better expended upon the poor. It was a commonplace and, let us add, a commonsense reflection, and we may be sure that Jesus Himself felt its full force. But He had a divine sympathy that lifted Him above the merely commonplace. He saw that the lavish gift was the expression of a lavish affection, of the most precious sentiment of which the human heart is capable—enthusiastic devotion, disinterested love. He accepted the gift with a gratitude that lifted a gathering cloud from the face of the giver, and firmly rebuked her detractors.

These are familiar incidents, and, if they do not surprise us, it is only because we have been so long familiar with them. But the more we know of the world and of men, the more surprising do they seem. For great men, and great leaders of men, are commonly not like this. They are often wanting in grace. Their minds are fixed upon some great

object, they are intent on the pursuit of some vast and important end, and they seem to have no time or thought to give to the grace of life. We excuse them on the ground that they have things so much more important to think of. But He Whose heart bore the griefs and carried the sorrows of men, Whose purpose was nothing less than the redemption of the human race, needs no such excuse. He was full of grace.

"Full of grace," says St. John; but that is not all. "Full of grace and truth." Full of all that gives charm to life; but full, too, of the higher and sterner quality without which grace is only a specious varnish.

It is the want of this balance, the oneness of our own characters and of the characters of others, that we oftenest have to mourn. We find sometimes that it is just the boy whose good nature and pleasant manners have made him a general favourite who bitterly disappoints us by untruthfulness or dishonesty.

And you perhaps could tell how often we, striving, it may be, in all earnestness, to teach you and labour for your good, lose patience, and blunder, and fail to do you justice, because we are too quick to take offence, and make too much of small faults; because we have so little of that divine grace that was the glory of our Master.

"Full of truth." It is much to say of our Lord that He invariably spoke the truth, at whatever cost to Himself; that He was so fearless that it is impossible even to conceive of His lying.

But the words mean more than this. His whole life was devoted, without a thought of personal ambition, to the proclamation of the deepest truths about God and man; truths unpalatable to the religious world of that day, and in defence of which He laid down His life. "To this end have I been born, and for this end came I into the world—that I might bear witness to the Truth."

"What," said Pilate, to whom these words were addressed by Jesus—"What is Truth?" Well, the Truth of which our Lord was full was something more than mere truthfulness in words, something more than truthfulness of doctrine. It was the Truthfulness of Life.

It is possible to speak the truth and yet to be selfish and covetous. It is impossible to teach the truth and yet be hard-hearted, and ungenerous. It is the glory of our Lord that all His deeds and thoughts were in harmony with His words and teaching; that at every point, and under all circumstances, you find Him the same. This is the severest test of character: not whether we speak the truth—that is much; not whether we care for and love the truth—that, too, is much; but whether we are true, genuine, all of a piece.

Need I prove to you by examples the truth of Jesus Christ? He moved the hearts of His

hearers by the story of the Prodigal Son. How perfect and how touching His picture of the Father! "While he was yet afar off, his Father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

What beautiful words! Ah! but between fine words and fine deeds, what an impassable gulf is too often set! How easy to picture a hero—how hard to be an average good man! But Jesus was Himself the compassionate father whose likeness He sketched in the parable. He saw the faint gleam of goodness in the wistful face of the despised publican Zacchæus, and fanned it by His love into a flame of generosity. It was a common charge of the respectable classes against Him that He received the outcasts of society and shared their humble meals. Every day of His life He fulfilled His Own promise, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

So, too, He taught His followers the hard duty of forgiveness—even the forgiveness of enemies. It was a sublime precept, but those who heard it may have doubted whether it really came from the depths of His nature, or was not rather a paradoxical saying, fit to extort the admiration of the hearers, but little likely to be acted upon in a moment of real trial. But here again the truth of our Lord was proved by the severest test. In the agony of His lingering death, He was heard to pray for those who crucified Him—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What a character! "Full of grace and truth." In feeble words I have tried to set it before you, tried to realise it for myself; for only as we gaze and ever gaze upon it, can we hope to grow into its likeness. I have asked you this evening for a few minutes to forget the work and play of which your life here is so full, and "to turn aside to see this great sight"—the glory of God revealed in human life. For we are like mirrors that reflect what is put before them. About most of us there is little that is original. In our words and deeds, and even in our thoughts, we reflect unconsciously, for the most part, the style and tone and opinions of the little world in which we live. Happy for us if we turn the mirror only on what is admirable and manly, and avert it from all that is base and vile! For we grow insensibly like what we look at most. We imitate unconsciously the style of a favourite player, the handwriting we admire, the turns of speech and manner, the very tone of voice, of those we love. We are made so; we cannot help it. And therefore I have tried to set before you the character of the Highest—"the glory of God"—that you may look upon it, and so looking may reflect some of that glory—"the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."



By A. E. Orpen, Author of "The Chronicles of the Sid," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

BYE-PRODUCTS.



LET it not be supposed, because we have given so much space to Gerrie and her active labours, that the rest of the household was idle at Willowdene. Gentle, quiet Anne was busy too, but perhaps in a less breezy and energetic fashion. She looked after the dairy. The girls had three good short-horn cows, half-breeds—Daisy, Dewdrop, and Queen Sophia. These furnished enough milk and butter for the home consumption. Now it is impossible to make small butter-making pay, but it is possible to squeeze a profit out of a small dairy by means of what Gerrie called the bye-products. These are—first, calves, and secondly, pigs. Devereux knew something about pigs. Most Irishmen do. When the milk was going to be plentiful in the spring, he bought four little pigs, and these were fattened with the produce of the dairy and the garden, supplemented by some meat to finish off with. Among the other things used were Jerusalem artichokes. These hardy tubers grow anywhere and with little or no attention. There was a caterpillar-infested paddock at Willowdene which suited them

admirably. The Jerusalem artichokes grew apace, and the dismay of the butterflies was extreme when they came to the paddock as usual to lay their pestiferous eggs. Not a cabbage could they find, and the rough hairy leaves of the artichokes were no good. These wicked butterflies went away sadder and wiser insects, and, let us hope, diminished the population of caterpillars.

"You can let me manage them pigs, miss," said Devereux. "'T aint the fust lot as I have had under my hand." So the valiant Devereux put them into a nearly dark vault under the stairs leading up to the high level of the haggard, and shut them in with a heap of rather musty hay, announcing "they'd do grand." By-and-by an odour of the most uninviting kind began to steal abroad, and reached Ellie's nose as she was staking up some especially early tomatoes in long boxes against the sunny wall of the cow-house.

"Phew, phew! Gerrie, what can that be?" said she.

"Filth somewhere," said Gerrie, who had a miraculous scent for evil smells.

The pig-bins were soon run to earth.

"Good gracious! why, they are actually wallowing in filth," said the disgusted Gerrie.

"Pigs always do," remarked Ellie, with her handkerchief to her nose.

"They shan't at Willowdene," replied Gerrie. She pulled out a long, thin book from her pocket and read in solemn tones:

"Proper styres should have an elevated position, plenty of room, should be lofty with ample ventilation overhead, and be furnished with skylights.' Now does this dark, noisome hole fill any of these conditions?"

To Devereux's disgust those pigs were moved to a house built against the warm side of the haggard wall, facing due south, where a good natural slope made for drainage, and to his further disgust they were ordered to be kept clean by his hands.

"Presarve us!" said he, "if Miss Gerrie ain't minded to keep pigs as if they were carriage horses."

This was quite true. The pig-sty was done out regularly every morning at the same time as the cow-house, and the animals were bedded down afresh. Moreover, they were brushed once a week. The pigs thrived amazingly on this novel regimen, and fattened considerably faster than Devereux had imagined would be the case. Pigs will grow and get fat amid dirt and filth, just as children will live amid the most insanitary surroundings, but both alike are benefited by fresh air, sunshine, good water, and cleanliness. This was the principle of the rearing of animals at Willowdene, common-sense and sanitation. The pigs' food was not cooked, chiefly because there was no available means of cooking it. Thus this great expense was saved; but, on the other hand, nothing putrid was given to them any more than it would have been given to a race-horse. The vegetables were fresh and appetising, and the skim milk, not being the product of the much-vaunted separator, contained a great deal of fattening properties in it. This, too, was kept in enamelled pans or earthenware crocks, which were frequently washed out by being placed under a strong head of water that flowed through the yard. The pigs' food, therefore, was never disgustingly rancid. They were given enough and no more, just like the hens, and were ready, fat, for the market in the early days of September.

In small farming, the main thing is to have no leakages, and everything should furnish its quota to the family expenses. There was still a crop to be captured by the most courageous and enterprising of the sisters, and this was not Gerrie, who owned to a mortal dread of—*bees*. Quiet, gentle Anne, with her soft, white hands, was the one who started bees, beyond the vegetable garden, under the shadow of the big trees, where a series of little white head-boards with names and dates denoted the burial place of the pets at Willowdene.

"I mean never to have rheumatism," said Anne one day, bursting into the dining-room, half sobbing, half laughing, and showing her pretty hands purple and swollen. "Doctors

say formic acid wards off rheumatism. These are formic acid drops."

Poor Anne! she was rather badly stung; but as it was only on her hands the trouble was but a passing one, and she valiantly continued to handle her bees without gloves. This is always the best way, since it prevents clumsiness and the consequent mauling of the bees, than which nothing enrages them more. One pound per hive is the average profit made by bee farmers upon their stock, although a much as £10 14s. has been received in one year from the honey of a single hive. This, however, is phenomenal. But here, again, the chances and changes of this uncertain world must be reckoned with. The honey yield may not always amount to one pound per hive, but in other ways the profit comes in for the bee-keeper. The bee is the grand natural fertiliser of the flowers, and wherever there is a fruit garden there should be the busy bee to lend her aid. Some fruit gardens have been known to go out of bearing by the enforced absence of bees, while their productiveness returned along with the bees.

Anne started gently with two hives, bar-frame, Association standard size, and two swarms of sweet-tempered Carniolans. It was these which had stung her so severely; but they were irritated by a long journey and wreaked their vengeance vicariously. In bee-keeping, more than in anything else, a few demonstration lessons are very useful. So Anne found. It gave her confidence to see an expert friend brush the bees gently into the hive, with no sudden jerks, no jolts, and no noise. Bees must be humored; they can be handled, but one must know how, and for this there is nothing so good as a few lessons. There are certain rules and conditions to follow. For instance, the hive in the middle of a summer day, when the honey is coming in fast, is in a good temper, and, like an alderman after dinner, may be approached without fear. Of a cool evening, that same hive will fly out at once for even lifting a corner of the quilt. On no account should the operator's breath enter the hive, and if stung he should not squirm or flinch, as this gives the other bees the idea it might be a good plan to repeat the operation.

Anne was not, perhaps, as energetic as Gerrie, but she had a quiet, gentle persistence that stood her in good stead; for all operations where bees are concerned require just that combination. When, for instance, a swarm of bees in July came and settled in the inside of the store-room windows on a Sunday afternoon, Ellie and Kate were all for having no fresh apple butter at tea, since the bees were everywhere. Anne said she would capture those bees. It was her first operation

without help, therefore she protected herself thoroughly, not only with her bee veil, which covered her head and neck and was fastened by elastic under her arms, but with other protectors too. It is a miserable sensation to imagine bees are crawling over your clothes and may sting you hours hence. A large calico bag, like a zouave dress with two openings, the ankles fastened with strong elastic, is just the thing to make you feel safe. The elastics fasten close around the tops of the boots, and the zouave is then drawn over the skirt. All is tied snug around the waist. The advantage of this is that the protecting skirt can be kept spotlessly clean, and, as bees have an objection to anything that has been much worn, it is as well to humour them. For this reason, the hives should not be near stables nor be tended by men who have been with horses, for the smell of horses is very much disliked by bees. Having got her straw skep, Anne next provided herself with a bunch of goose-wing feathers dipped in a weak solution of carbolic acid. Then she shut herself up in the store-room, while the three girls waited outside in breathless excitement, trying to look through the key-hole and only getting dust upon their noses in consequence.

"I would rather catch two game cocks and a fighting turkey gobbler," said Gerrie in a whisper.

"I would rather pull up nettles bare-handed," said Ellie, the gardener.

"And I would rather take a loaf of cake out of the oven without a cloth," said Kate, the baker.

Not a sound was heard, except a soft brushing noise, as if a butterfly was scratching its head, as Gerrie expressed it.

"She can't be stung so badly as not to be able to speak," said the latter in anxious tones. "I have read awful stories about swarms lighting on people's heads, you know, and they could neither speak nor cry out."

The handle of the door turned. The girls fairly started. "I've got them all, I think," said Anne, with a ring of triumph in her voice.

"Oh dear, Anne! are you hurt? Did you get stung badly?"

"Stung? No, of course not. First I subjugated them with a whiff of carbolic, and they just fell off the window blind like—like—the darlings they are. Not one mite of trouble."

This was said of a swarm of English black bees, the wickedest to be found anywhere.

She tapped the skep triumphantly, and walked off with her prize to the place under the big trees where the other hives were. A newly captured swarm of bees should at once

be placed close to where eventually it will reside, but it cannot be transferred into the bar-frame hive till the hour before sunset. Bees are dreadfully particular about the times and hours of their lives, and are so "sot" on their ways, as Devereux used to say, that one has to be very attentive to their small peculiarities. If everything is made comfortable and right, they will consent to move at the precise moment, the skep being placed exactly in front of the bar-frame hive with a board to act as avenue between the two. The bar-frame being tilted up an inch and securely propped, a gentle tap is administered to the side of the skep, which is also given a rolling motion. The bees are annoyed at this, and instantly a handful rush out to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. Their attention is arrested by the inviting-looking dark place that is made by the tilted-up bar frame hive. A few dash in and are charmed with their brilliant discovery of a suitable home. A swift signal is given to those lingering on the avenue-board outside. They rush in likewise. Another rolling tap makes another handful sea-sick and angry. They go through the same performance. By this time there are inquiring bees all around, running into the new hive. Give a violent jerk, a regular earthquake, this time, and throw all the bees out on to the board. Somehow they have all heard of the wonderful new discovery made by the first pioneer bees, and as a rule the whole swarm will pour pell-mell into the frame hive and the job will be over. Among bees, however, as among higher grades of creatures, there are always a few whose sole chance of distinguishing themselves is by being odd and doing something different from the "general run." These "independents" should be sternly dealt with. Therefore, if, instead of going sensibly into the hive prepared for them, they show a wish to bother around the sides and get under the entrance, just wave them back with goose feathers which have been dipped in a weak solution of carbolic. Bees don't like carbolic. A little whiff is enough to reduce the most obstreperous stalwart to submission.

And now we must leave these four sisters to continue the work which they began with so much spirit. There is little fear but that they will carry it on, and successfully too. There is not a fortune to be made out of women's farming, but there is a pleasant, healthful livelihood to be made out of it by people with brains and bodily vigour. In poultry farming especially there is an opening for women farmers. The poultry supply in England by no means keeps up with the demand, and until it does there is money to be made by those who know how. Instead

of crowding into the already overcrowded towns to swell the ranks of applicants for underpaid clerkships, let girls take to

is an overfed epicure. Try somewhere else, and always, if possible, to the north of your farm. In this way advantage will be taken



The three girls trying to look through the keyhole.—p. 1124.

poultry farming, if they can secure land on reasonable terms. One last piece of advice I would offer to English girls: don't think the only market for food is in London. London

of the earlier season, and what an advantage this is only those fully know who have offered for sale some commodity that was "out of season."



By J. F. Rowbotham, Author of "Solomon Built Him an House," "The Parson's Lighthouse," Etc.

PART II.



THE vicar never knew how it happened, or if it happened indeed, as he thought over the matter next morning, but the horrible idea haunted him, that possibly he had let slip a word or two about the mysterious treasure in the church to Mark during their long and rambling conversation that night.

"If I did, God forgive me!" he said to himself. "For it is putting a temptation in the boy's way. But, on second thoughts, I am sure I did not. Nay, even if I had, Mark is too noble ever to try and force me to break my trust to God and man, which I would never do—no, not were all the ruin in the world staring me in the face. This trust money shall never be touched by me now that I am leaving the village—nay, I will not even mention its existence. But when the new vicar comes I will give him full particulars of where to find it and how I discovered it. He will then be able to expend the money in a restoration which I would have given ten years of my life to have achieved. My beloved church will look beautiful, though beautified by another

hand than mine. But I shall be happy in the thought of what is done, and I shall forget the difference of the doer."

In a few days' time the Smedleights left the village. There was a scene of the greatest sympathy, grief, and commiseration on the part of the villagers when their beloved pastor turned the lock of the vicarage gate, and with a daughter on each arm (Mark had left by an early train in the morning), quitted the picturesque and romantic-looking house, which had been his residence for so many years.

"God bless you, sir!" was the general exclamation on all sides.

"We are sorry to lose you, sir," cried others. "The village loses its father when you go."

"Would that you could stay with us! We don't want you to go, sir!" chorused another band of villagers.

"God bless you all!" exclaimed the vicar, extending his hand to one after another. "God bless you! I should never have left you, had not fortune dealt me the cruellest blow which it has ever been my lot to bear. I pray to God that I may have the strength to support it, and that you may obtain another pastor who loves you with all the love that I do."

His voice trembled as he spoke the last words, and he broke down immediately afterwards, sobbing like a child. There was a scene of great emotion in the village. And in this way Mr. Smedleigh left his living, to which he had been beneficed for the last thirty years. ▲

waggonette conveyed him and his daughters to the neighbouring town, where they were to take the train to London, and where Mark was to join them. But the latter was not there, and the vicar and his daughters had to make the journey themselves.

Mr. Smedleigh had obtained a curacy at Hackney, having resolved to live there in temporary obscurity until Mark's affairs had improved or his difficulties been settled, neither of which contingencies seemed an event of the near future. It was a terrible come-down for the vicar to have to take up the work of a curate in his old age, yet he gallantly faced the necessity.

"To help poor Mark," he said to his daughters, "to be near him, to counsel him, to support him, if need be," that was the great ambition of his life. It had been arranged between them that Mark was to seek a post as clerk in some City house, and there endeavour to earn a competence as modest as the fortune was vast which he had aspired to possess without earning. There might be some difficulty in procuring such a post, and his father would help him. The old man trusted to his saintly profession and personal influence in recommending a son whose reputation in the commercial world was too sorely shattered to stand alone. This was to be after the crash had come, and the Maruba Gold Crushing Company had been wound up—a contingency which was daily expected.

Mark's non-appearance on the journey had been accounted for by a telegram, which was awaiting the family party when they arrived at London. It was to the effect that he had been suddenly called away to a meeting of the shareholders of the Maruba Gold Crushing Company, and that some days might elapse before he could join them at Mare Street, in the domicile in the East End which fortune had assigned the old vicar.

The family lamented the absence of Mark, but the girls set themselves to work to make the home comfortable; and as they all sat round the fire that evening there was even a touch of rose-colour in their prospects, as they canvassed them over, so sanguine and so ready to hope for the best is the nature of man.

Next morning early Mr. Smedleigh dressed himself with unusual care, and sallied out to call upon his vicar—this being the first day of his assumption of his new duties as curate of St. Ethelburga's, Hackney. The vicarage was a stiff, red-brick house, abutting on the crowded London thoroughfare, the very reverse of romantic, and utterly opposed in every way to the picturesque and beautiful old mansion which rose in the village of

Sleighbury, at once the vicarage and the Hall.

Mr. Smedleigh knocked at the door, and was straightway admitted and ushered into the vicar's study.

He had never seen his new employer up till now, having arranged the engagement by correspondence. The Rev. Helyar Fitzosborne was a much younger man than Mr. Smedleigh, with a very grandiose and haughty air, who looked as if he could say an unpleasant thing to perfection, if the necessity came before him. Mr. Smedleigh was not long in finding out this characteristic of his new vicar, to his cost and confusion.

"Mr. Smedleigh," said the Rev. Helyar Fitzosborne, immediately the old clergyman entered the room, "I am much obliged to you for coming to London, and for coming to Hackney. But this curacy can never be yours. I must decline to receive you as my curate. I do not know whether you are aware of the intelligence which makes all arrangements between us impossible."

"Intelligence?—impossible?" stammered Mr. Smedleigh, aghast at the words. "My references—my testimonials—my unblemished character as vicar of Sleighbury for thirty years—"

"Your son, Mark Smedleigh," said Mr. Fitzosborne curtly, "stole a sum of £8,000 yesterday from an old oak chest in Sleighbury parish church, and has decamped with his treasure to some place unknown."

"Impossible!" cried the old clergyman, covering his face with his hands and sinking down on a sofa.

"This paper," remarked Mr. Helyar Fitzosborne, extending him a copy of *The Somerset Herald*, "will give you full intelligence of the—the affair, and will amply explain to you how it is that I cannot—can never accept you as my curate."

The newspaper account, which the old vicar read with streaming eyes and shaking hand, ran as follows:—

"An extraordinary discovery was made at Sleighbury Church on the 17th inst., which revealed a still more extraordinary crime, that has been committed in the crypt of the church. As the clerk was making his rounds yesterday evening, before ringing the bell for evening service, he found a large piece of stonework wrenched away from a carved buttress in the crypt, and at the side of this piece of vandalism an old oak chest broken open, and a parchment, which turned out to be the will of Sir Frederick Chichester, a former squire, lying by it. The information which the parchment contained was to the following effect, that a sum of £8,000 was secured in the chest—to obtain which was no

doubt the object of the felony. Grave suspicion has fallen on Mark Smedleigh, the son of the late vicar, as he was known to have been in the neighbourhood of the church for some days past, and late one evening, a week or two ago, is believed to have entered it."

The old vicar laid down the paper. "I can never believe it—Mark, my son, Mark? He could never have done it. And yet the temptation—the need," he continued, rambling as if he were talking to himself for a few moments. At last, turning to Mr. Fitzosborne, he said—

"I can see very well, sir, how impossible it is that I should ever be your curate, or, indeed, anyone's curate. I can pardon your chilling reception now that I know the reason of it. Be assured that, had I been aware of one iota of this intelligence, I would never have troubled you with my presence. Indeed, from henceforth I shall cease not only to be a curate, but to exercise any of the duties of a clergyman."

Saying this, he left the vicarage, and returned home to find that the terrible news was already familiar to his daughters, who had received through the post a *Somerset Herald*, and were distracted with grief at the calamity.

It was several days before the family saw Mark. He wrote several letters from the city where he was engaged in arranging the affairs of the Maruba Gold Crushing Company, in all of which he stoutly denied all knowledge of the theft, and also of the existence of the money. Indeed, no action was ever taken against him—chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Smedleigh's friends in Somerset, who were strong believers in the young man's innocence, and also owing to the lack of any tangible evidence against him. But though the deed was never brought home to him, general suspicion attached to him so gravely that his father found it impossible to secure for him the most humble situation in any mercantile house, and he was constrained to come and live at home in the little Hackney dwelling, which the old vicar and his daughters supported by teaching French and Latin to their neighbours.

It was many a long day before Mark made his entry into commercial life again, but at last the opportunity came through the influence of a relative of his father's. A situation was offered him in the great house of Horbury, Tillan and Prescott, and the morning that Mark started for Lombard Street, where the business was, the old vicar accompanied him to the omnibus, saw him off with many felicitations and good wishes, and returned to the house, rubbing his hands, smiling and radiant all over.

But those smiles were not destined to last long. As he was putting his foot on the doorstep, a rough, ill-clad man pushed up against him, with a "Beg pardon, sir," but immediately afterwards turned round, and placing his hand on his brow, as if to make a careful scrutiny, exclaimed: "Be it you, vicar? Whoy, 'owever came you to come to these outlandish parts? I 'eerd of you leaving Sleighbury, but never knowed as 'ow you came to Lunnon."

Mr. Smedleigh recognised the man as George Black, or, as he was popularly called, Black George—a man of ill repute in Sleighbury, who, for the sake of a glass of ale, or to earn a sixpence, was always ready for wrong-doing. Their conversation soon showed that Black George was ready to bear out his character in London quite as much as in the country. For, having been very particular to ask how Mr. Mark was, and learning that he had just obtained a good place in the great house of Horbury, Tillan and Prescott, he said with a chuckle—

"Just got a crib, you say, vicar? Well, now, I should be glad to drink your health in not only a glass of beer, but in a glass of summat better. For, as sure as my name is what it is, I saw Maister Mark take the money out of the church that evening, and if I go to Messrs. 'Orbury and the others, and tell them, they wunnot keep him very long there."

"You saw him take it?" exclaimed the vicar, throwing his eyes to heaven, and clasping his hands in an attitude of prayer. "Then there is confirmation at last for the worst suspicions. What I would never let myself even whisper to my imagination as possible now turns out to be fact—terrible, heart-rending fact! Heart-rending—for my heart will break under the blow. I cannot bear it. My beloved son, a felon! For the love of God, tell me it is not true!"

"That I can't, vicar," said the man. "But I can keep 'mum' and say nowt. Will that content you? For a consideration I will say nothing to 'Orbury and Co. But I must have my consideration. That is only fair and reasonable."

The old clergyman had by now staggered into the house, helped by his daughters, who, observing the questionable character who was talking with their father, thought it best to go out to the doorstep and see what was the matter.

"He asks me, my dears," said Mr. Smedleigh, having briefly told his tale and pointing to Black George, "to pay him hush money. Your poor brother—my dear, well-beloved son—whom, after all the opposition and insinuations that have crushed him, I have at last started fairly in life once more—to find him branded as a malefactor, his hopes, his



"You—you are the culprit."—p. 1130.

future blasted! If only it were not true—if only not true—I would pay this man all that I have to hear those comforting words. But it is true, my dears," added the old man, shrinking closer to his daughters, as if they alone could help him in his terrible distress, "it is true, and poor Mark—poor boy!—will be doubly ruined; first, his livelihood will be taken from him, and, secondly, the charge, even if not brought home, will make him reckless and abandoned and despairing. He will be a free man, and perhaps a good man, no more. What to do? What to do?"

"Would it not be best," whispered Gertrude, "to give this man something and send him away?"

"Hush money, in such a case as this," added Lavinia, "has justification which on no other account it could have."

Their father sat for some time with his head between his hands, the picture of agony and mental distress untold. At last, after the paroxysms of his grief were over, he suddenly rose from his seat in a state of perfect calm and said:

"My mind is made up. My resolution fixed. No, my dears, I will never—I could never in the sight of God pay any hush money to shield even my own beloved son from the consequence of his sins. I go hence to tax him with his crime, and, if need be, to deliver him up to justice. I cannot shield him—I will not shield him. And you, sir," he added, turning to Black George, "shall go with me. Come."

"Eh? Oi?" stammered Black George in great confusion. "Noa, vicar, I bea't gentleman enough to go to 'Orbury's and such-like folk. I'm not a-going, sir. Give me what I ask for, and—and hush the whole matter up. Give me a fair amount, and I'll go off, and you shall never see me again."

"What?" exclaimed the vicar, a new light breaking in upon him. "You will not go with me to confront my son? And why? You dare not. My son is not the felon you would make him; he is innocent!—innocent!—innocent!—and proved to be so by you. But you—*you* are the culprit. You—how or when I know not—rifled the treasure chest in the crypt."

"Ere, now, vicar," exclaimed Black George, trying to wrench himself free from the old clergyman's grasp. "let me go, do you 'ear!"

And before anyone could prevent him, he had shaken himself free from the feeble grasp of the old clergyman and the equally faint resistance of the young ladies, and burst from the room into the street, where, showing a clean pair of heels, he was seen no more.

That night, what joy reigned in the little house at Hackney! Mark came home from

the first day of occupation which he had had for nearly a twelvemonth past. He heard the whole story. He made no comment, but simply pressed the old man's hand.

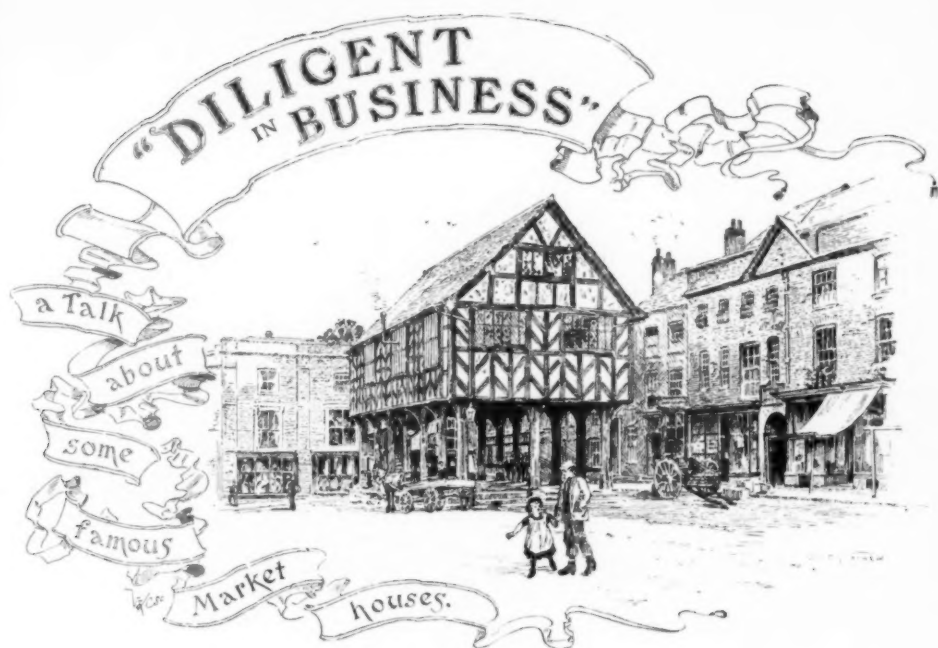
"I told you so, father," he said.

"And I, my boy," replied the aged vicar, shedding tears of joy, "I always believed you."

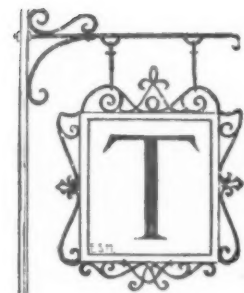
Scarcely a week had smiled upon their happiness and brightening prospects, when Black George, having been apprehended for some offence, and being confronted with the prospect of a long period of imprisonment, confessed, "for the sake of the old vicar," as he said, that "Maister Mark" was indeed innocent, and that he himself had cleverly contrived and executed the crime.

He had entered the church shortly after the vicar himself, one dark evening, and had been cognisant of the whole discovery of the treasure trove from the first moment when the clergyman's eyes fell on the scrollwork on the stone. He had been concealed in the crypt the whole time. His first intention had been to take the money that night, but not knowing how the hinge acted, and, moreover, being fearful of being locked in and having the crime brought home to him, by probable detection, he had watched his opportunity, and prowled about the church nightly, till the news of the vicar's impending departure, and of the pecuniary difficulties of Mark Smedleigh, decided him to commit the robbery immediately after they had left the vicarage, and so to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate son. This he had done, and, waiting for a while till the ferment had quieted, had decamped with his treasure to America, whence, in about a year, he had returned penniless and beggared to London. His utter destitution had made him conceive the idea of blackmailing Mr. Smedleigh as one means of coining money. How he succeeded has been told.

But the sequel of the story yet remains to be added. Mr. Smedleigh was ere long restored to his old living and to the house whence in such distress he had taken his departure. Simultaneously the affairs of the Maruba brightened up. The old vicar received, as we said, his church and his vicarage once more; but was no longer the abstracted antiquarian wandering about with a pick and plasterer's brush through the dilapidated fane. For, by a strange revolution of fortune, Mark Smedleigh, now attained to affluence, was enabled to place £8,000 in his father's hands as a free gift to the cause of God and St. Anne's, with which the old church was beautified, agreeably to the wish, though not by the ill-fated money, of Sir Frederick Chichester, which had become in such a singular way "The Vicar's Treasure Trove."



THE MARKET HALL LEONURY.



HERE is something about a market town which distinguishes it at once from its less happy neighbours: an air of briskness and bustle which it does not entirely shake off between one market day and the next, and which marks it out as the

hub of its little universe, the ganglion which gathers up the nerves of its district and communicates between them and that great brain which, being himself a Londoner, this present writer is too modest to mention. "Were you ever in London?" I once asked of a Cornish waiting-maid. "No, sir," said she, "but I have been to Liskeard!"—which, at any rate, was to her the next best thing; and her eyes sparkled at the mere recollection of that wonderful day when she had visited the market town and felt herself in touch with the great Outer World—an experience which had sent her home to her work in the village with ideas no longer parochial, but, relatively speaking, cosmopolitan. Is it wonderful that

country people drift into towns, and towns-people into larger towns? The great centripetal force, what is it but a natural and proper desire for a fuller and richer life?

But, after all, it may be said of the market towns of this historic land of ours that it is not only to the dumb emotions of the rude countryman that they appeal. There are few, indeed, which do not present to the eye something which has been made sacred by long acquaintance with human needs, or joys, or sorrows; some ancient conduit or market cross, some old timbered town hall, market house, or hostelry, or, mayhap, some gruesome memorial of the days when men and women were butchered in the sacred name of Religion, and when scenes more ghastly than those with which Mr. Rider Haggard delights to harrow our souls were enacted in the full light of day in these convenient public places. If, as has been said, every life contains the material for at least one romance—often enough for many—every one of these old buildings must be bursting with the accumulated romance of many generations. It is some such thought as this, perhaps but dimly perceived, which holds us staring up at their grey old weather-beaten faces, and makes us unwilling to descend to the mere guide-book point of view, and to lose in

known facts the more attractive pictures which fancy paints.

The buildings figured in our illustrations have at least that interest of age to which we have alluded. They descend to us from days and conditions which we have either outgrown or are fast outgrowing.

That picturesque, albeit somewhat heavy looking, building at Shrewsbury, for example, has long given place, in point of mere usefulness, to the great new market a few hundred feet away. Yet who will fail to be thankful that it was suffered to remain, instead of being pulled down for the sake of its site? This hall dates from 1596, though some timber houses, covering a corn exchange, occupied the same spot previously. It is a very substantial looking building, ornamented with the arms of Queen Elizabeth, those of the town, a statue in armour removed from the old "Welsh bridge," and the figure of an angel bearing a shield with the arms of France and England quartered with the Tudor rose, removed from the outer gate-tower of the castle. These last two figures stand in canopied niches. A clock at one end of the building corresponds to a sun-dial on the other end.

As is often the case with these old market houses, the upper portion of the building is used as a Court of Petty Sessions and for other

municipal purposes. In 1579 the Assizes were held out of doors in the market square itself; and in 1547 the pictures of Mary Magdalene (from St. Mary's Church) and St. Chad (from St. Chad's Church) were here publicly burned as savouring too much of Popish superstition. A statue of Lord Clive, stands where the square opens into High Street, and some of the most interesting and beautiful half-timbered houses in Shrewsbury—perhaps in England—are situated within a short distance of this old hall, including that in which King Henry VII. slept when he went to Bosworth Field in August, 1485.

There is a stone market house also at Ross, built of the local sandstone, and dating from 1670. It is associated, like almost everything else in Ross, with the name of John Kyrle, whose mansion, indeed, overlooks it (it is the house on the left in the illustration, with the projecting signboard). Although Pope's account of the "Man of Ross" is far from being a truthful one, there is no doubt that by a wise use of his income of £500 per annum, by acting as arbitrator between disputants, by hospitality and discreet charity, he acted the part of a true philanthropist, and, like his Master, "went about doing good." It is to him that the town owes that beautiful place of resort known as "The Prospect," overlooking the valley of the Wye, which



OLD MARKET HALL AT SHREWSBURY.

may be traced in either direction through many miles of lovely scenery. Everybody has heard of the tree which grows out of his grave in the fine old church behind his residence. It was he who adorned the market

not a private gentleman conceived the happy idea of converting it into a residence. It was originally known as the Butter Cross, and, of course, stood in the market place, presenting the appearance represented in the smaller



THE MARKET HALL AT ROSS.

house with the bust of Charles II. The building itself was, however, erected at the cost of Frances, Duchess of Somerset.

But perhaps a still more interesting market hall in the same county is that of Ledbury, near the western foot of the Malvern Hills. There is a delicious quaintness about this old town which finds its appropriate focus in the fine old building which we have pictured. It was erected in 1633 by John Abel, "the King's Carpenter," and stands upon sixteen timber pillars, said to be of Spanish chestnut from Malvern Chase. Ledbury has been a market town since the days of King Stephen. When I first made acquaintance with it, walking over from Malvern one summer morning before the mists had cleared from the hills, and when the dew lay thick on the stones of the market place, there was nothing of modernity about it. Even to-day the town gives an impression of extreme age, although within the last few years quite a number of modern villas have been erected in the neighbourhood of the railway station.

Ledbury has wisely kept and judiciously "restored" its market hall: Leominster, which owned a still more elaborate specimen of Abel's art, would have destroyed it, had

picture. It was sold for £95, and taken down in 1855 and reconstructed for Mr. Arkwright on a spot just outside the town, where it still stands, in the somewhat modified form shown in the other drawing. It is elaborately and beautifully carved, and has a series of mottoes in quaint spelling running around the architraves.

Hereford also owned until 1750 a town hall built by the same John Abel or Abell, who, moreover, greatly distinguished himself during the siege of that city by the Parliamentary troops in 1643. In a letter still extant Governor Scudamore speaks of him as "an expert carpenter, the only man in all the country to make mills, without whom we had been much disfurished of our means to make powder (after our powder-mill was burnt) or grind corn." A timber market hall of different construction existed until the year 1850 at Ashburton, in Devonshire. In both these cases considerations of safety necessitated the demolition of the buildings.

The market house of Peterborough is a picturesque building facing the great west front of the cathedral. It is of stone, and was erected in 1671, at the expense of the town. It is still used as a butter and poultry market below



THE MARKET HALL PETERBOROUGH



THE OLD MARKET HALL, LEOMINSTER, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

and a town hall above, and is ornamented with the royal arms on a gable which prettily breaks the straight lines of the roof.

Abingdon boasts a fine market house, designed by Inigo Jones on much the same plan as those we have been considering. It stands upon the site of the old market cross, a very fine one, of which the once celebrated Coventry Cross is believed to have been a copy. It was octagonal, adorned with three rows of statues, and was erected by the Brethren of the Holy Rood, of which guild Thomas Chaucer, son of the poet, was a governor; indeed, he is credited with having designed the cross. It was destroyed when Abingdon was occupied by Waller's army in 1644. The new building was erected in 1667, and restored in 1853; it is a very handsome structure of stone, crowned with a lantern.

There are, of course, many other market houses; some, like that at Reigate, plain to

downright ugliness. One at Chipping Campden, in Gloucestershire, although not beautiful, deserves notice on account of its age. It is believed to be fifteenth-century work, is built of stone, with a lower storey not unlike that at Ross, but with a curiously stunted upper storey, which is, in fact, little more than a many-gabled loft.

As at Abingdon, so elsewhere, the market hall, with its strictly civil uses, took the place of the earlier market cross which always had a certain religious significance. For in the days of the wandering preachers the steps of the cross formed a convenient rostrum from which the market folk might be addressed; and, indeed, some of these erections still extant are veritable stone pulpits. We have altered all that—perhaps not altogether to our advantage; for do we not still need to temper "diligence in business" with "fervency of spirit," and is it not still possible to "serve the Lord" in both the one and the other?



THE MARKET HALL, ABINGDON.

The God of Harvest Praise.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Music by SIR WALTER PARRATT, Mus.D.
(Organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor.)

With spirit.

1. The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanks - giv - ings
2. The God of har - vest praise; Hands, hearts, and voi - ces

raise Hand, heart, and voice! The val - leys laugh and sing,
raise With sweet ac - cord. From fields to gar - ner throng,

For - ests and moun - tains ring, The plains their tri - bute
Bear - ing your sheaves a - long, And in your har - vest

bring, The streams..... re - joice!
song Bless ye..... the Lord! A - men.



A Fairy Parable for Young and Old. By Myra Hamilton.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



NCE upon a time, within a palace that was situated far across the sea, there lived a widowed Queen, who greatly cherished her only child Biwa. When the Prince was quite a small baby, Her Majesty dismissed his nurses, declaring, when

she did so, her determination of taking entire charge of the boy herself, and now that he had become a tall, handsome youth, her pride in her son knew no bounds. Had he not been very sweet-témpered, he would have become terribly spoilt, owing to the amount of petting that was lavished upon him. As it was, however, his luxurious life made him learn to be more considerate for others, while his generosity and thoughtfulness for those occupying positions less exalted than his own was such that each day he became more popular among his subjects.

One afternoon the Queen Nahsotia stood at the window watching the rain as it splashed into some puddles that were quickly forming on the paths outside, and as she looked she longed to possess a charm that would enable her to regulate the elements. To surround her boy throughout his life with sunshine would be to give him happiness, she was sure; and to achieve such an object no sacrifice could be too great. To-day she was

aware that his ride had been prevented on account of the storm that had crept over the hills and most unexpectedly burst above them. "Oh, if only I could stop the rain for ever!" she exclaimed aloud, beating her fair white hands upon the panes of glass as she spoke.

"If you very much wish to do so, you shall," said a voice behind her, and when Her Majesty turned round she was astonished to see an old man standing near; an old man who bowed humbly before he spoke. In one hand this strange person carried a big cotton umbrella, which he evidently valued highly, for he never relinquished his hold upon it during the conversation that ensued.

"Why do you mock me?" cried the Queen haughtily, staring at the intruder as she spoke.

"My words are not uttered in a spirit of mockery, your Majesty," he responded soothingly. "I speak only the truth. If you will tell me why you desire this power so much, it may be that I could help you to realise it."

"It would be for the benefit of my son Biwa," she explained. "Could I check the storm clouds rising, and bid the rain withhold its unwelcomed presence here, the land would be bathed in continual sunshine. Day after day my boy could wander where he wished, without being oppressed by the dread of bad weather, or the knowledge that he might be drenched to the skin at any time."

"His Royal Highness would quickly weary of the bright sun," objected the old man. "And then he would long for a refreshing shower to, at any rate, lay the dust that surrounded him."

The Queen turned aside impatiently.

"You are unacquainted with the Prince, therefore you are not competent to speak," she said coldly. "I alone understand my son and know exactly what he likes. However, my good sir, I need detain you no longer," she added. "I cannot conceive by what means you entered these apartments, but the knowledge you possess will, no doubt, make it less difficult for you now to retire."

"Nay, madam, be not thus vexed with me," he pleaded gently. "I have only forced myself here because I wished to aid you. See this old umbrella that I hold in my hand? Its exterior is shabby enough, I fear, but the power that is hidden within it is very great. If you will deign to accept it, it will help you to attain your heart's desire. Should you wish for a shower, you need but convey it into the garden, and its presence there will instantly cause the rain to fall. You can enjoy continual sunshine by keeping the umbrella always in your room. Remember that in strange hands it will be of no avail, but when you use it the result will astonish you by its marvellous rapidity. But do not forget, either, it will only serve you once. The moment you willingly bring on a storm, its power will return to me."

Her Majesty eagerly held out her hands for the wonderful gift, but then a sudden feeling of mistrust overcame her, and she drew back.

"I cannot accept so mysterious a present from a complete stranger," she said firmly. "You have not even told me who you are."

"I am the Clerk of the Weather," confessed the old man. "For many, many years I have struggled to please mankind by providing for them the most suitable weather, but, in return for my thoughts, abuse and grumbles have been hurled at me all day long, therefore I am only too delighted to have a brief rest. Did I supply a bright day for the marriage of a pretty maid, then the sun was objected to by those whose gardens were parched; if, to improve the crops, I sent a shower, the consequence was that a royal procession or political garden party would have to be postponed. Nothing I did was right."

The Queen grasped the umbrella firmly by the handle as she profusely thanked her companion for his gift.

"It will remain with me for ever," she declared with conviction. "I shall not seek to

lose it by wishing for rain. My boy will always love the sun, I know, and the knowledge that there will be no storms for him to struggle against, will gladden each day of his life. I cannot tell you how fully we shall appreciate your gift."

But her companion shook his head gloomily at her words, and then, in silence, bowed himself out of the room.

For a long time after this episode the Court revelled in a wild season of gaiety. Being relieved from all uncertainty concerning the weather, the Prince and his mother daily organised river fêtes, garden parties, or moonlight picnics. But soon everybody began to weary of so many entertainments until, at last, by general consent, they were given up. The last function that had been held within the palace grounds could not be described as a success; many of the guests arrived with their clothes covered in dust, and this, besides ruining their garments, had so upset their tempers that they did not hesitate to loudly express their feelings.

"It is too selfish of Her Majesty to withhold the rain," they cried "when it would be so easy to arrange for one little shower to lay the dust."

But the Queen refused to consent to such a thing. His Royal Highness enjoyed the sunshine, and he looked so handsome in the costly suits that he could now wear without fear of spoiling that his mother would do nothing. "Rain would create mud, and then my son might be splashed," she argued, "and that I could not bear to see. Let those who desire a change of weather live in another kingdom. Here, the sun will always shine."

But at length pitiful rumours reached the Court. Everybody complained of the drought. The cattle belonging to the poor people dropped dead on the hills through want of water, and upon all sides could be heard sad stories concerning the failure of the crops. This state of things rapidly became worse, for soon the wells ran dry, and then fever raged furiously within the village; but, nevertheless, the Queen would not relent. She heard with indifference of the sufferings that her perverseness caused; in fact, she paid no heed to them, for she saw her son was happy, and that was all she cared about. But, at last, upon the young Prince's face there came a shadow, and one day as his mother met him in the grounds, returning from a fishing expedition, she could see he was greatly depressed. His face was moody, and he walked with his eyes bent on the ground, and even when he stopped to speak to the Queen he did not smile.

Nahsotia drew him down beside her on the garden seat, and then she asked what sport he had enjoyed.

"None, mother," was the sad reply. "The river is low for want of rain to swell it, and the way in which the grass is dying and the trees withering makes my heart ache. I lack the courage now to walk abroad, for I see the misery which surrounds us, and I know that, though I am unable to ease it, it is on my account our subjects suffer. This morning I arose early, for I could not sleep, and as I passed through the plague-stricken village down by yonder hill I saw the people gathered together in the fields, shaking their fists at the sun as it appeared in the sky.

And I sympathised with them and understood their feelings; for I, too, dread the tediousness which each day brings forth. Mother, I know you have acted in this manner solely for my sake, and I am grateful, but now I implore you to give us rain. We are tired of the fine weather, and you alone have the power to restore health and happiness to us all. Do not torture us longer. Let the thunder rage above us, and the angry wind whistle in our ears. I want to fight against the hail and the sleet, and to feel the sting of the rain as it beats in



With a cry of dismay she threw herself on her knees beside him.—p. 1140.

my face, while I battle with the storm. But to live as I live, like a pampered doll, in this flower-scented air, and to see everything fade around me, is terrible. I would sooner be dead."

But, in spite of the boy's earnest pleadings, the Queen remained firm. She was determined that, as long as she could prevent it, no rain should fall in her son's life, no heavy cloud should darken his days. In a little while his vexation would pass, she was sure, and then he would praise her firmness, although now he had turned away from her in annoyance.

The two did not meet again until the hour for dinner, and then Biwa was still very upset. Indeed, after trying to eat a little food, he broke down, and, begging his mother to excuse him, he hurried into the grounds. And there, later on, Her Majesty found him. Lying prone upon the parched lawn, with his face buried in his arms, he remained so motionless that Nahsotia thought he must be asleep, until she heard a suppressed sob break from him, only to be followed by another and then another. With a cry of dismay she threw herself on her knees beside him and entreated to share his trouble. But at first the lad drew away, and seemed as though he could not speak. At last, however, his reserve broke down.

"The rain, mother—oh, send the rain! You withhold the shower, I know, hoping to cause me pleasure, and I truly appreciate your goodness in doing so; but, though I dearly love the sun, I shall enjoy the shower none the less."

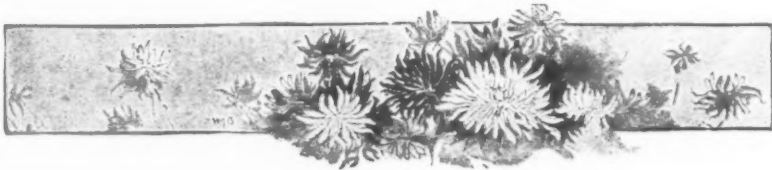
Slowly the Queen rose from the ground, and, with her head bowed in thought, she re-entered the palace. Her ladies-in-waiting dared not speak to her as she crossed the vast hall, and, with a dignified step, vanished

up the broad staircase; but when she returned, grasping the umbrella firmly in one hand, they all breathed sighs of relief. Heeding them not, Her Majesty stepped into the garden, and, with her face very pale, and her lips firmly pressed together, she opened the old umbrella and held it bravely above her as she crossed the lawn. She had only moved two steps when the growl of thunder could be heard in the distance and the heavy drops began to patter down. In a minute the storm burst over her head. Her dainty satin shoes were sodden and damp ere she reached her son's side, but she heeded nothing as she listened to his words of delight when he saw the rain pouring on to the dry ground. Through the silence of the night they could hear a faint cheer in the distance, and as they listened it was many times repeated.

"It is the poor people in the village rejoicing over the storm!" exclaimed Biwa, and then, seeing that his mother was becoming very wet, and knowing she did not yet wish to go indoors, he took off his coat and wrapped it round her shoulders.

"How fresh the earth smells!" said the Prince at last. "And see how gratefully the flowers hold up their thirsty heads. Oh! mother, do not you rejoice now to think of the pleasure your action has caused? I, too, am most happy to watch the raindrops falling so fast. Why did you delay so long? Did you fear that your son was but a 'fair weather' Prince?"

And as the Queen, half-ashamed, nodded her head, he laughed gaily. "You could not have kept my life bright for ever," he said thoughtfully. "And surely it is easy to face the clouds while you cherish me in your heart. Your love would bring sunshine into the darkest day, and while you still care for me I can have little to fear."



TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

LEEDS AND THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.



LEEDS has played a prominent part in Temperance history. Some of the most famous pioneers of the work "lived and moved and had their being" in the great city; and there is not the shadow of a doubt

that Leeds was the cradle of the Band of Hope movement. The visit of Mrs. Ann Jane Carlile to Leeds in August, 1847, and her addresses in many of the day schools, kindled the enthusiasm of a little knot of zealous workers, among whom the Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe was a conspicuous figure. He it was who proposed the formation of a Ladies' Committee "to visit the schools already opened through the labours of our esteemed friend, Mrs. Carlile." On October 4th this Ladies' Committee held a meeting, with Mr. Tunncliffe in the chair, when it was resolved "That no child beyond the age of sixteen be allowed to join this Society," and, further, "that it is the opinion of this Committee that a tea-meeting for the Temperance Band of Hope should be held at the Leeds November Fair, and that the price of tickets for children should be threepence each." This meeting took place on Tuesday, November 9th, 1847, in the South Parade Chapel schoolroom. Band of Hope children were gathered in from all parts of Leeds, and it is said that there was an attendance of about 400 persons. At this meeting a Band of Hope melody written by Mr. Tunncliffe, "Come, all ye children, sing a song," was given for the first time. It is of interest to note that this little song still retains its popularity, and is known the wide world round.

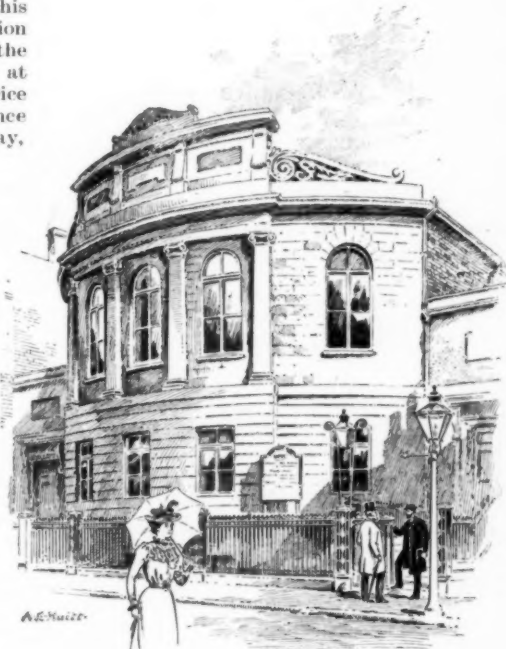
TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

A system of Travelling Temperance Libraries has been in use in Essex for some time, under the direction of Miss Docwra of Kelvedon. Miss Docwra says: "These boxes of books are greatly valued by the Bands of Hope. It is a universal testimony that they are most helpful in assisting the children to keep their pledge. The Library is one of our strong

points, and I venture to think it is of as much importance as the meetings; the parents read the books, and are influenced by them; and we reach the distant children too, and those unable to attend the meetings regularly." Miss Chaine has recently launched the scheme in the North of Ireland. Each Travelling Library contains thirty-six volumes, packed in a specially constructed case (with lock and key, adapted to meet the strain of railway wear and tear), which when opened forms a book-case. A Library is lent for three months free of charge, upon the undertaking of two persons to be responsible for its safety and careful keeping. We have every pleasure in recommending this practical development of Temperance work to the earnest consideration of our readers.

COMING EVENTS.

The Congregational Total Abstinence Association will hold a demonstration at Newcastle



SOUTH PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS.

on October 15th. A meeting of the C.E.T.S. Prison Gate Mission will be held in the Town Hall, Liverpool, on October 16th, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance will be held in Manchester on October 16th. The autumnal meetings of the C.E.T.S. will be held at Oxford on October 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

TEMPERANCE SIGN-BOARDS.

The sign-board has long played a prominent part in the trade of the publican. Temperance caterers have not done much in this direction. In the early days of the "public house without the drink," the following lines were frequently met with—

"A Public House without the Drink,
Where men may read and smoke and think,
Then sober home return!"

A Temperance house in a Surrey village exhibits the following:—

"Weary traveller, step within,
No temptation here to sin;
Wholesome viands here are sold,
Quite refreshing—hot and cold.
Tea and coffee, water clear,
Lemonade and ginger-beer.
Books and papers you will find
To cheer and elevate the mind."

A VENERABLE SOCIETY.

The British Temperance League, which has its headquarters in Sheffield, is one of the oldest Temperance organisations in the world. It was founded at a conference convened by Joseph Livesey, "the father of teetotalism," in Oak Street Chapel, Manchester, on September 16th, 1835. Its original name was "The British Association for the Promotion of Temperance," and it worked under this designation for twenty years, when the title was changed to that of the British Temperance League. In looking back at the foundation of the Association, one cannot but exclaim, "There were giants in those days!" The first President was the well-known Robert Guest White, of Dublin, and the Vice-Presidents included two Members of Parliament, Mr. J. Silk Buckingham and Mr. Joseph Brotherton, whose names are still remembered for the excellent work which they did both in and out of Parliament. The other Vice-Presidents were the Rev. J. Cheadle, M.A., of Colne; Mr. John Cropper, the eminent Liverpool philanthropist; Mr. Samuel Thompson, of Darlington; and Dr. Ralph Barnes Grindrod, of Manchester, one of the first medical men in the country to cast in his lot with the new reform. The Secretaries were a most capable trio, the Rev. F. Beardsall, of Manchester; the Rev. R. Fenney, of Macclesfield; and

Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston. With an excellent working executive, the society clearly meant business, and although it had an uphill fight in its early days, and has frequently had to face many vicissitudes, it still stands well to the front, ever keeping in view as its chief concern the making of teetotallers. Its President to-day is Mr. W. S. Caine, J.P., who has held the office for many years.



(Photo: E. O. Parlin, Sheffield.)

THE REV. H. J. BOYD, SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH
TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

There are some seventy or more Vice-Presidents, including many distinguished workers. The Chairman is Mr. J. C. Clegg, of Sheffield; the Treasurer, Mr. Fielden Thorp, of York; the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. S. Bramwell, of Sheffield; and the Financial and Corresponding Secretary, the Rev. H. J. Boyd. The sagacious counsels of Mr. Boyd have been most valuable, and have greatly conduced to the effective working of the League. Upon its small income of £2,000 it manages to show a record of work which makes good proof of economical administration. Its official paper, *The British Temperance Advocate*, is capably edited, and the series of "Pictorial Tracts" published by the League has long enjoyed a wide circulation. The League has from the first had the benefit of the labours of a brilliant company of agents, commencing with the venerated Thomas Whittaker, whose recent death was so much lamented. Fearless, unswerving and faithful, these noble men have travelled all over the land, holding their meetings in the open air when schoolrooms and mission halls were not available, many of them literally laying down their lives for the work's sake.



FOR BIBLE READERS AND TEACHERS.

OCTOBER 21ST.—**The Disciples Taught.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark* ix. 30—41.

POINTS. 1. Christ a suffering Saviour.

2. Christ's greatest servants are those who serve most.

3. Unity greater than uniformity.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Balsam Tree. This tree sheds its balm to heal the wounds of those who cut it. Did not our blessed Saviour do the same? His enemies mocked Him, and He prayed for them; they shed His blood, and He made it a medicine for their healing; they pierced His heart, and He opened therein a fountain for their sin and uncleanness. Was it ever heard before or since that a physician should bleed and thus heal his patient, or that a prince should die to atone for the treason of his rebellious subjects? Our heavenly balsam is a cure for all diseases. Never did a patient fail of a perfect cure who accepted from the great Physician the balm of His atoning blood.

A Working Bishop. There was an American bishop famous for his eloquence. A traveller was desirous of seeing him. Coming to the town where the bishop lived, he was struck with the beauty of a church that was nearly finished. He entered, and asked a workman, who seemed to be a foreman, where the bishop lived. The man pointed to a plain brick building across the street. The traveller was surprised, being accustomed to the palaces of bishops in England. He began to ask about the church. "Who designed this stone-work?" "I did," said the man. "And who was the architect?" "I was the architect too," said the man, smiling. The traveller was amused, and talked for some time with the workman, much pleased with his modest and quiet manner. Then he said, "I must go and pay my respects to the bishop. When am I likely to find him at home?" "I am the bishop," was the answer. Afterwards, the Englishman, telling the story, said: "I learned to know and reverence that true apostle well after that; and I never knew a man so truly humble and living to serve others. Whenever I thank God for the 'holy and humble men of heart,' I think of that American bishop."

Zeal for God. Bishop Latimer was not such a deep scholar as Cranmer or Ridley. He could not quote Fathers from memory as they did. He stuck to his Bible; and yet no English reformer made such a lasting impression as he did. What was the reason? His simple zeal. So, too, with Baxter the Puritan. His intellectual gifts were not great, but his zeal was. The same is true of many

others. Whitefield and Wesley were not men of great learning, nor did they always follow orthodox methods; but their zeal for God was great, and their efforts were blessed with marvellous success.

OCTOBER 28TH.—**Children Blessed; Ruler Unblessed.**

Passage for reading—*St. Mark* x. 13—31.

POINTS. 1. Children dear to the Saviour's heart.

2. Self-denial the law of Christ's service.

3. Cares of the world are a hindrance to religion.

ILLUSTRATIONS. On the Other Side. In a happy home one day the baby—the crowning joy of the house—died. On the evening of the day when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, the eldest girl said: "Mother, you took all the care of the baby while she was here, and you held her and carried her in your arms all the time she was ill. Now, mother, who took her on the other side?" "On the other side of what, my child?" "On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little, she could not go alone." "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "He cares for babes. It is He Who on earth took them up in His arms and blessed them. He it was Who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' In His Father's house are many resting-places, and some of them are happy children's homes."

Bearing the Cross. Whatever the path is, Christ is there, and to be with Him is joy enough for any creature, whether man or angel. He does not send us to walk in a dreary, desolate road. He does not say, "Go ye," pointing to a lonely way in which He is not to be found, but He says, "Come after Me," so that we need not take a single step where His footsteps cannot be seen, and where His presence may not still be found. If the sharp flints cut our feet, they have wounded His before. If the darkness gathers thickly here and there, it was a dense gloom that surrounded Him. If oftentimes we must stand and fight, it was through fiercer conflicts that He passed. If the cross is heavy to our shoulder, it is light when compared with the one He bore. If the road were a thousand times rougher than it is, it would be well worth while to walk in it for the sake of walking with Christ there. Following Jesus means fellowship with Jesus, and the joy of that fellowship cannot be told.

So near Home, and yet Lost! After a safe voyage round the world, that noble ship *The Royal Charter* went to pieces on the coast of Wales. A Christian minister went to visit and comfort

the wife of one of the officers of the ship made a widow by that calamity. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and the lady was sitting in the dining-room expecting her husband, with the table spread for his evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her that he was drowned. "Never can I forget," said that minister afterwards, "the terrible grief, so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung my hand as she said, 'So near home, and yet lost!' That seemed the most terrible of human sorrow. But that is nothing to the anguish that must wring the soul of a man compelled to say at the last, 'Once I was at the very gate of heaven, and had almost entered in, but now I am lost!'"

NOVEMBER 4TH.—The Unjust Steward.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xvi. 1-13.*

- POINTS. 1. Faithfulness in work necessary.
2. Foresight for the future commendable.
3. Fear of God comes before all.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Faithful unto Death.** During the American War of Independence, the English general had to send a despatch of great importance through a country filled with the enemy. A corporal of proved courage and faithfulness was selected to escort the messenger. The party had not proceeded far when they were fired upon. The messenger was killed, and the corporal was wounded in the side. Careless of his wounds, he thought only of his duty. He snatched the despatch from the dead man's satchel, and rode on till he fell from the loss of blood. Fearing the despatch would be taken by the enemy, he thrust it into the wound till it closed upon it. He was found next day by a British patrol, almost dead, but with a smile on his countenance as he pointed to the fatal hiding-place. In searching the wound the despatch was found. The surgeon declared that the wound was not in itself fatal, but had become so by the insertion of the paper. The corporal was faithful even unto death.

A Lie Sticks. A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sunday school. "Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a young lady teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," he answered very decidedly. "For sixpence, then?" "No, ma'am." "For a shilling?" "No, ma'am?" "For a thousand shillings?" Dick was staggered. A thousand shillings looked big. Wouldn't it buy a lot of things? While he was thinking, another boy behind him called out, "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because," said the boy, "when the thousand shillings are all gone, and all the things they've got with them have gone too, the lie is there, all the same." It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left, and it must be carried with you, whether you will or not. The master admired the cleverness of the unjust steward in securing a home for himself when found out, but he never trusted him again.

God before All. A godly young Frenchwoman resolutely gave up a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. She gave him first a gentle reproof, to which he replied "that a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." The

girl started with surprise, and, on recovering herself, said, "From this moment, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

NOVEMBER 11TH.—The Rich Man and Lazarus.

Passage for reading—*St. Luke xvi. 19-31.*

- POINTS. 1. The rich and poor meet together.
2. We take nothing away when we die.
3. The wicked shall be turned into hell.
4. Then shall the righteous shine as the sun.

ILLUSTRATIONS. **Blessedness of Giving.** A well dressed girl entered a confectioner's shop to eat an ice. At that very moment a wretched-looking old woman dressed in rags asked for help. She told a tale of misery. The young lady saw her state, and, giving her the money she had in her hand to spend, exclaimed, "This is one of God's poor," and darted out of her sight in a moment.

Eternity. Let us imagine to ourselves a huge mountain, the largest on the face of the earth—a great solid mass of granite rock. Now suppose that once in every hundred years a little bird came flying to the top of the mountain and rested there, and merely dusted its beak upon the summit. The time it would take before the bird's beak, with its little tap every hundred years, had completely worn away and levelled the whole mountain—is only a *moment* of eternity. And we, and all—whether bad or good—have to live through that.

Death of the Ungodly. There is a story of a man who, being reproved for his ungodly and vicious life, and exhorted to repent, answered that he would need only to say three words at his death, and he would be sure to be saved. Perhaps the three words he meant were "Lord, have mercy." But one day, riding over a bridge, his horse stumbled, and both horse and rider were thrown into the river. As he was falling he was heard to say three words: "Devil take all." He had been so familiar with the devil and his works all his life that he could think of nothing else at his death. Thus a wicked life without God has a wicked end. He who travels the downward path all his lifetime cannot always expect at the end of his journey to reach heaven.

The Joys of Heaven. But little is told of heaven in the Bible, and that little is mostly negative. We are told what there is *not* in heaven that we may learn what there is there. In the last two chapters of the Bible there are seven negatives about heaven, as follows:—

1. *No curse.* The curse of earth is sin. So there will be *perfect holiness*.
2. *No tears*—the outcome of sorrow and pain which come from sin. Therefore there will be *perfect happiness*.
3. *No candle* to light up darkness, because *perfect light* and knowledge.
4. *No temple*, because all one temple. Therefore *perfect worship*.
5. *No night*, because no weariness. Therefore *perfect work*.
6. *No sea* of troubles caused by cares, doubts, and dangers. *Perfect rest* for body, mind, and soul.
7. *No death* or parting from those loved. *Perfect life* for ever.

SHORT ARROWS

WORD AND WORK IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

The Bible in Africa.

GREAT BRITAIN now possesses two million eight hundred thousand square miles of Africa. In this vast continent there are said to be four hundred and thirty-eight languages and one hundred and fifty-three dialects. Of these ninety-one, at most, have been reduced to writing, and the Bible has been translated into about seventy. To about one-eighth of the population, therefore, of these peoples the Bible is an open book. To an enormous proportion the curse of Babel is as a locked clasp which Christian enterprise and devotion has yet to unloose.

plied, "Not peace, but war." Yes, but behind the battle of life, behind that war which we have all to wage against sin and sorrow, those have the peace of God who, while living on earth, can in heart and mind ascend into the heavens, and with Him continually dwell.

"Jesus the Messiah."

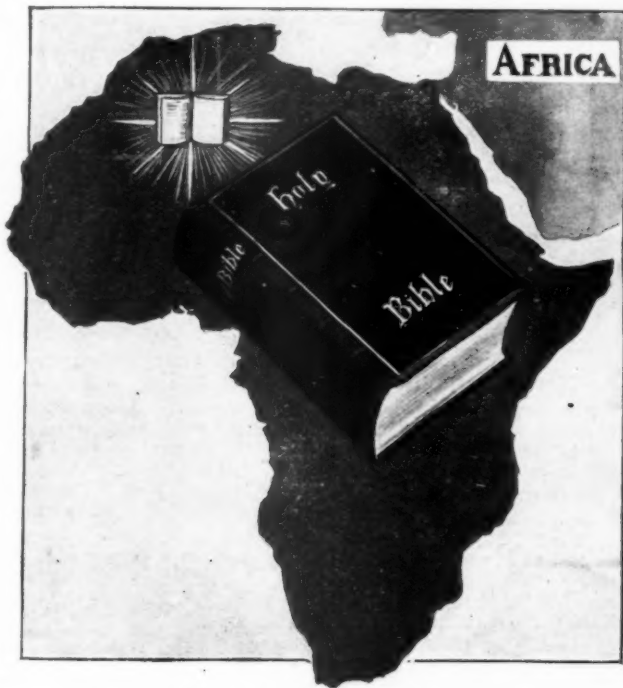
THE Christian reader will gratefully welcome the appearance of the new and cheaper edition of Dr. Edersheim's great work, "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," lately issued by Messrs. Longmans. It is one of the most informing books on this greatest of all subjects ever

God Alone Remains.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN visited Ireland for the first time in 1847, and stopped at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park. She sojourned at the same residence lately. What changes had taken place in herself, in Ireland, and in the world generally between those two dates! Only the everlasting hills, the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, which she saw from the windows, were unchanged. But even hills imperceptibly change, for what are hills now were once valleys and *vice versa*. Truly her Majesty might have said to herself, "They shall perish; but Thou remainest," and "Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; Thy throne from generation to generation."

Peace or War?

A WELL-MEANING but intrusive person asked a celebrated clergyman in a crowded railway carriage if he had found peace. Looking up from his newspaper, the clergyman re-



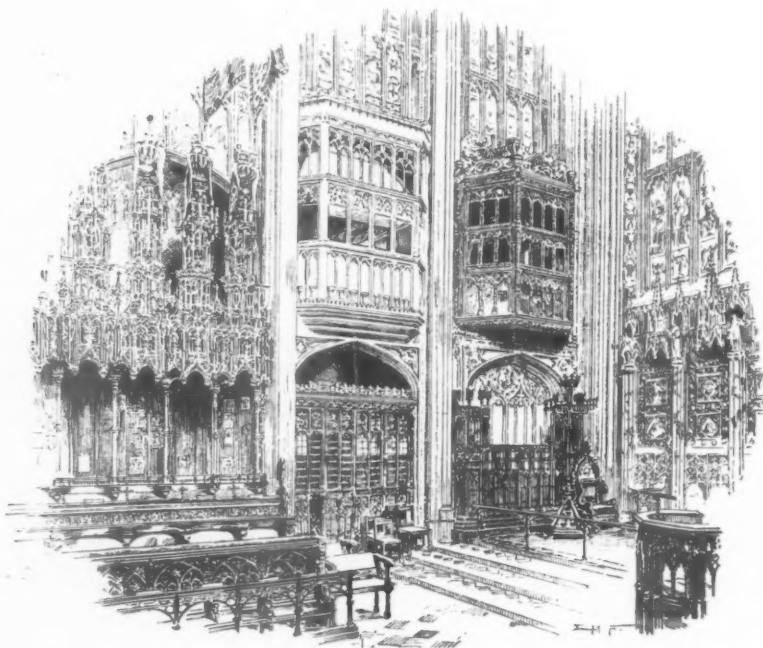
THE OPEN AND CLOSED BIBLE IN AFRICA.

penned. Combining profound scholarship with the deepest piety, the book is at once instructive and inspiring to the Christian student. It has a place of its own in the Christology of our language, neither affected by nor disputing the position held in popular esteem by the works of Farrar or Geikie. These three great studies of the Life of our Lord should, if possible, stand side by side in the library of every preacher and teacher of the "glad tidings of great joy."

An Annual Grace.

A HARVEST thanksgiving service is a sort of saying grace before partaking of the food of the year.

1519. As a royal mausoleum the magnificent chapel stands next to Westminster Abbey, but it is said to have suffered much in the Civil War, nothing now remaining of Edward IV.'s splendid tomb except part of the curious and elaborate iron grille which once surrounded it. Henry VIII. was also buried here, and he desired that his body should be placed beside that of Jane Seymour. The tomb was to be of great magnificence, and to be constructed of bronze and marble. But if it was ever completed—which is doubtful—no trace now remains, and it may have been razed to the ground during the Civil Wars. Full of eloquent memories of the past, St. George's Chapel Royal is one of the most beautiful, and also one of the most notable,



CHOIR STALLS AND ROYAL PEW, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL ROYAL, WINDSOR

St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL ROYAL, at Windsor, is regarded as even finer in design than the well-known Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The present building—which is in the style of architecture known as Perpendicular—was commenced by Edward IV., who desired to be buried there. In 1473 he caused almost the whole of the earlier chapel to be demolished, but the magnificent structure he began was not finished until Henry VIII.'s reign, when the cost of the beautiful vaulting was defrayed by subscription from the Knights of the Garter; the king contributed £100, and also built the great gateway. The choir groining was finished in 1507, the lantern and rood-screen in 1516, and the stalls in, or about,

places of worship in England. It must have witnessed many a christening, wedding, and funeral connected with the royal house of England.

The Quiver Funds.

LIST of contributions received from July 24th, 1900, up to and including August 22nd, 1900. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: The Twins, 1s.; A Glasgow Mother (123rd donation), 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, 17s. 6d. The following amount has been sent direct: Enid, 2s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: A Lover of the Little Ones, 10s.; C. F. M., 10s.; G. R. Eyre, 10s.; G. J. C., 10s.

For *The Indian Famine Fund*: E. M. S., 3s.; An Irish Girl, £1; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M., 3s. 6d.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

133. St. Matthew tells us that Jesus called a little child, and set him in the midst of the disciples, to teach them a lesson of humility. What additional particulars does St. Mark give?
134. On one occasion St. John wanted our Lord to forbid a man casting out devils. What parallel case is recorded in the Old Testament?
135. By what illustration does our Lord teach us that great sacrifices should be made to overcome sin?
136. What does our Lord say is necessary in order that we may obtain eternal life?
137. What does Jesus declare to be the greatest hindrance to men in their heavenward journey?
138. What promise is given to Christ's true followers in this world?
139. In what way did the Unjust Steward provide for his future needs which excited even the admiration of his master?
140. What advice does our Lord give to men as to making a spiritual provision for the future?
141. From what date does the fuller revelation of God to man, as set forth in the Gospels, commence?
142. In the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, what is set down as the fault of the rich man?
143. What words of the Psalmist illustrate the position of the rich man in the parable?
144. What is our Lord's estimate of the value of Holy Scripture to mankind?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1068.

121. His disciples buried the body and then became the followers of Jesus (St. Mark vi. 29; St. Matt. xiv. 12).
122. Ancient writers refer to the Jewish custom of carrying food in a basket when going into a Gentile district. It is very probable therefore that these baskets belonged to the twelve apostles (St. Mark vi. 43).
123. To thank God for our daily food, and to do all things "decently and in order" (St. Mark vi. 40, 41; 1 Cor. xiv. 40).
124. Because the multitude wanted to take our Lord and make Him a king, and He knew the apostles would have been led away by the multitude (St. Mark vi. 45; St. John vi. 15).
125. Job ix. 8.
126. St. Mark vi. 53-56.
127. That God intended the Jews to be the great preachers of the Gospel, but, having rejected Christ, the work was given to the Gentiles (St. Matt. xv. 24).
128. That in both miracles our Lord took the man away from the crowd, used spittle in the act of healing, and afterwards forbade any mention being made of the miracle (St. Mark vii. 33-36, and viii. 23-26).
129. St. Mark viii. 33.
130. The duty of self-denial (St. Mark viii. 34).
131. That our Lord engaged in prayer (St. Luke ix. 28, 29).
132. A voice was heard from heaven, which said, "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased" (St. Matt. xvii. 5; St. Luke ix. 31-35).

NEW THINGS IN STORE.

A Peep at our Next Number.

OUR constant readers will rejoice with us in the coming celebration of the Fortieth Year of our publication. Next month we inaugurate this year with several new attractions, some of the more important of which we now proceed briefly to describe.

I. Christ the Teacher. By the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

Inexhaustible and ever-attractive is the teaching of Him Who was and is the True Light of the World. The fresh and striking treatment of this subject by the Bishop of Ripon will command general attention. This is not the least important chapter of a series of original studies in the Life and Work of the Redeemer, specially contributed to THE QUIVER by some of the most eminent religious writers of our time. The Bishop's paper will in due course be followed by other chapters on various aspects of our Lord's ministry and example, from the pens of Dr. James Stalker, Dr. Alexander McLaren, the Dean of Norwich (Dr. Lefroy), Dr. Fairbairn, and other well-known authorities.

II. The Furnace for Gold. A New Serial Story. By JOHN K. LEYS.

Ellen Murray, an orphan, and governess at a private school of the hard, old-fashioned type, is a true-hearted woman who strives amidst adverse surroundings to do her duty at all costs, even to the giving up of her heart's dearest desire. The conflict of love with principle is caused by the suit of Arthur Challoner, who has lost all belief in religion, and yet fascinates her by his many otherwise good qualities. The later scene of the story is laid in one of the poorest districts of the town, and many striking incidents and situations are developed as the history proceeds.

III. Buildings Built from Books.

It is not generally known that some of our most popular authors have not only devoted their great gifts to the highest objects, but have actually set apart large sums out of the profits of their works for the benefit of religious and philanthropic undertakings. This article deals with some of the most remarkable instances of permanent memorials raised by means of this generous use of famous books.

IV. The Little Rascal. By K. E. VERNHAM.

In this bright though touching little tale, the author of "Colonel Kit" has sketched the story of

a small boy who has been brought before the magistrate as "an incorrigible." Sir John adopts a novel method of dealing with "the little rascal," the result of which is unfolded in the story.

V. The Strange Delay. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Deals with that episode in the history of the raising of Lazarus which caused so much perplexity to the sorrowing sisters and the disciples. Mr. Mark Guy Pearse handles the subject in that homely and forceful way which has drawn to him so many thousands of hearers and readers.

VI. The Maker of Headville. New Serial Story. By M. BRADFORD WHITING.

In more senses than one, this story is off the beaten track, and will command special attention. The scene opens in a Westralian mining town, to which comes a wealthy Victorian settler, Jaffray by name. He meets with an accident, and is attended by Mark Waynflete, a young doctor who, having suffered disappointments and disliking his profession, has thrown up his English prospects and migrated to Australia. During his illness Jaffray tells the young doctor his story—a tale of early poverty, ending in worldly success as the builder of a Victorian town. His boasting repels Mark, while his complex personality fascinates him. He urges Mark to return with him; and after much hesitation the young doctor agrees, with the understanding that he is to act as Jaffray's secretary and teach his only daughter, Glyn, a lovely and engaging girl of about fifteen. Such is the foundation of a story which is full of freshness and power, both in incident and in delineation of character.

VII. Things that Happened on a Sunday.

Great events in the world's history have come to pass on the Day of Rest, many of them having a peculiar significance by reason of such a connection. The present paper is the result of long and patient original research, and therefore has a value all its own as a collective record of Sunday happenings of the first importance and interest.

VIII. Thirza Harwood Decides. By HARRY DAVIES.

Who was Thirza Harwood? and what did she decide? These queries can only be satisfactorily answered by a perusal of the story itself, which is complete in this number, being brief and to the point. We can answer for it that Thirza will attract the interest and sympathy of our readers in the very trying ordeal through which she is made to pass. As a sketch of country life and character this idyll will be much enjoyed, nor will its higher lessons be missed.

IX. Mothers' Meetings for Ladies. By Mrs. ORMAN COOPER.

Mothers' meetings for the poorer parishioners are a familiar enough feature of church work, and most useful as a branch of spiritual and social effort. In this sphere Mrs. Orman Cooper is a recognised authority. The title of this paper, however, suggests an entirely new and somewhat bold idea, which, whatever may be said for or against it, is well worth the attention of the educated laity.

X. The New Canon. By AGNES GIBERNE.

A complete story of cathedral life, which always has a strong fascination for the general reader. Miss Giberne has written this story—which is one of a series—in her own inimitable manner. The new Canon is not a mere ecclesiastic, but a living person, whose acquaintance the reader will be glad to make, if only on account of his rare unselfishness and self-effacement at a critical moment.

XI. The Missionary Martyrs of the Century.

There is a painful and yet a most triumphant significance in the word "martyr," which was never more keenly realised than at the present moment. The Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Preacher at the famous Foundling Chapel, has written a powerful article on this subject, and to this contribution will be appended a very complete Roll of the Martyred Missionaries of the last hundred years, compiled from information specially supplied by all the great Foreign Missionary Societies of this country.

XII. In Praise of Autumn. By BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.

The novel and very beautiful presentment of this seasonable subject will be a pleasant surprise to our readers. The charming photographic reproductions in their settings of clear facsimile script are the work of the author, whose faculty for sympathetic description will at once be recognised.

All the usual attractive and useful features of this Magazine will be continued and reinforced, Christian Endeavour and Temperance Work, Bible Lessons (International Series), Sacred Music, Records of Missionary and Philanthropic Achievement, will have due place in the New Volume, which commences with our next Number.

